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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

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Made up of every creature's best."

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TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS
OF
THE LIVING AGE, VOLUME CLXXXVI.

THE SEVENTY-FIRST QUARTERLY VOLUME OF THE FIFTH SERIES.

JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

<p style="text-align: center;">EDINBURGH REVIEW.</p> <p>The Origin of Alphabets, 451 Progress in Japan, 785</p> <p style="text-align: center;">QUARTERLY REVIEW.</p> <p>Western China: its Products and Trade, 515</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.</p> <p>The Law in 1847 and the Law in 1889, . 26 Brought Back from Elysium, 38 Dante in his Relation to the Theology and Ethics of the Middle Ages, . 131 Mute Witnesses of the Revolution, . 228 A Journey to the Capital of Tibet, . 347 French Affairs, 387 The Shetland Isles in the Birds'-Nesting Season, 552</p> <p style="text-align: center;">FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.</p> <p>The Great Equatorial Forest of Africa, 3 A Glimpse at Contemporary Greece, . 43 A Visit to a Great Estate, 100 "Distinction," 119 The Poetry of John Donne, 195 Among the Euganean Hills, 431 Hogarth's Tour, 629 The Stronghold of the Sphakiotes, . 659 The Change of Government in Germany, 707</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NINETEENTH CENTURY.</p> <p>Charles the Twelfth: a Memoir, . . . 286 Official Polytheism in China, 323 A Voice from a Harem, 569 On the Rim of the Desert, 595 The American Silver Bubble, 643</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.</p> <p>Robert Browning, 771</p> <p style="text-align: center;">NATIONAL REVIEW.</p> <p>Great and Big, 52 A Kentish Pilgrim Road, 162 Vermin in England, 180 Political and Social Life in Holland, . 579</p> <p style="text-align: center;">SCOTTISH REVIEW.</p> <p>The Cession of Heligoland, 482 Odd Foods, 732</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">NEW REVIEW.</p> <p>Sultan Abdul Hamid, 109 The First General Election in Japan, . 313</p> <p style="text-align: center;">BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.</p> <p>Jamaica, 67 The Strange Occurrences in Canter- stone Jail, 83 The Holy Land, 259 Arthur Helps, 357 Comedy in Fiction, 472 "In Sickness and in Health," 502 The Bamboo, 566 Heligoland—the Island of Green, Red, and White, 606 Gueutch, 686</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.</p> <p>Some Old Churches, 668 Chairs by the River, 721 The Lost Lakes of New Zealand, . . 762</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CORNHILL MAGAZINE.</p> <p>Eight Days, 334, 588, 652, 799 An Advance Sheet, 400 Rural Reminiscences, 496 The Sea and Seaside, 561 Fish as Fathers, 622 In the Matter of Dodson and Fogg, Gentlemen, 680</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.</p> <p>George Wither, 174 A Waltz of Chopin, 205 Chapters from Some Unwritten Me- moirs, 493, 745 Scott's Heroines, 690 The Modern Spirit in Rome, 811</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TEMPLE BAR.</p> <p>The Romance of History. William Lithgow, 34 The Gods of Greece, 76 Lloyd Courtenay's Banishment, . . 143 An Idyl of Clods, 364 Napoleon Described by his Valet, . . 377 Vidocq, 410 The Waterproof, 438</p>
---	---

IV

CONTENTS.

Christmastide at Tangier,	485	The Spring Habits of British Quadru-	
Watteau — his Life and Work,	547	peda,	254
The Novels of Wilkie Collins,	632	The Cliff-Dwellers of Colorado,	319
A Perilous Amour,	672	A Manual for Interior Souls,	506
Dryden and Scott,	817	The "Smart" Way of Shaking Hands,	511
GOOD WORDS.		Ab-del-Kader's Favorite Resort,	703
Wasted Solar Heat,	318	Cardinal Newman,	756
SUNDAY MAGAZINE.		Five O'clock Tea,	827
Amelia Opie,	635, 698	SATURDAY REVIEW.	
LEISURE HOUR.		Notes from the Zoo — Tarantulas,	572
The Sultan of Turkey,	247	ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.	
The Kings of Sweden and Holland,	748	Paterfamilias Americanus,	382
LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.		Ad Lydiam,	440
Some Indian Wild Beasts,	154	SPEAKER.	
The Art and Mystery of Collaboration,	166	A West-Country Well,	442
My Islands,	222	"Yet in the Long Years Liker must	
Nero and St. Benedict,	298	they Grow,"	446
MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.		The Oxford Summer Meeting,	508
Marcia,	11, 271, 531	Cardinal Newman,	759
Court Functions,	56	CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.	
Early Days Recalled,	239	A Chat about Jersey,	380
The Empty Compartment,	303	The Evolution of the Umbrella,	444
Old Lord Kilconnell,	614	Hyacinth Culture in Holland,	574
TIME.		ALL THE YEAR ROUND.	
Kaffir Humor,	63	An English Monastery,	373
In the Brazilian Capital,	184	Roman Life,	421
SPECTATOR.		An Attractive Young Person,	466
Notes of a Pilgrimage,	61, 114, 307	TIMES.	
Mr. Patmore on Distinction,	124	A Great Russian Police Officer,	768
The Lady Wrangler,	126	PUBLIC OPINION.	
The Effect of the New Careers on		The Foundering of the Dacca,	447
Women's Happiness,	190		

INDEX TO VOLUME CLXXXVI.

<p>AFRICA, The Great Equatorial Forest of 3</p> <p>Abdul Hamid, Sultan 109</p> <p>Azores, The, Evolution in 222</p> <p>Americanus, Paterfamilias 382</p> <p>Advance Sheet, An 400</p> <p>Alphabets, The Origin of 451</p> <p>Attractive Young Person, An 466</p> <p>American Silver Bubble, The 643</p> <p>Ab-del-Kader's Favorite Resort, 703</p> <p>BRAZILIAN Capital, In the 184</p> <p>British Quadrupeds, The Spring Habits of 254</p> <p>Benedict, Saint, and Nero, 298</p> <p>Bethlehem and Bethany, 116</p> <p>Bamboo, The 566</p> <p>Browning, Robert 771</p> <p>COURT Functions, 56</p> <p>Collaboration, The Art and Mystery of 166</p> <p>Charles the Twelfth: a Memoir, 286</p> <p>Carmel, Mount 307</p> <p>Cliff-Dwellers, The, of Colorado, 319</p> <p>China, Official Polytheism in 323</p> <p>Clods, An Idyl of 364</p> <p>Comedy in Fiction, 472</p> <p>China, Western: its Products and Trade, 515</p> <p>Collins, Wilkie, The Novels of 632</p> <p>Churches, Some Old 668</p> <p>Chairs by the River, 721</p> <p>DISTINCTION, 119</p> <p>Distinction, Mr. Patmore on 124</p> <p>Dante in his Relation to the Theology and Ethics of the Middle Ages, 131</p> <p>Donne, John, The Poetry of 195</p> <p>Dacca, the, The Foundering of 447</p> <p>Desert, On the Rim of the 595</p> <p>Dodson and Fogg, Gentlemen, In the Matter of 680</p> <p>Dryden and Scott, 817</p> <p>ELYSIUM, Brought back from 38</p> <p>Early Days Recalled, 239</p> <p>Empty Compartment, The 303</p> <p>Eight Days, 334, 588, 652, 799</p> <p>English Monastery, An 373</p> <p>Euganean Hills, Among the 431</p> <p>Englishman, The, Abroad 639</p> <p>FRENCH Revolution, the Mute Witnesses of 228</p> <p>French Affairs, 387</p> <p>Fish as Fathers, 622</p> <p>Foods, Odd 732</p>	<p>GREECE, Contemporary, A Glance at 43</p> <p>Great and Big, 52</p> <p>Greece, The Gods of 76</p> <p>Galilee, 311</p> <p>Gueutch, 686</p> <p>Germany, The Change of Government in 707</p> <p>HISTORY, The Romance of 32</p> <p>Holy Land, The 259</p> <p>Heat, Solar, Wasted 318</p> <p>Helps, Arthur 357</p> <p>Heligoland, The Cession of 482</p> <p>Harem, a, A Voice from 569</p> <p>Hyacinth Culture in Holland, 574</p> <p>Holland, Political and Social Life in 579</p> <p>Heligoland—the Island of Green, Red, and White, 606</p> <p>Hogarth's Tour, 629</p> <p>Holland and Sweden, The Kings of 748</p> <p>INDIAN Wild Beasts, Some 154</p> <p>Islands, My 222</p> <p>Indian Mutiny, the, Eight Days in 334, 588, 652, 799</p> <p>Idyl of Clods, An 364</p> <p>Interior Souls, Manual for 506</p> <p>JERUSALEM, 61</p> <p>Jerusalem: The Temple 114</p> <p>Jamaica, 67</p> <p>Jericho, 116</p> <p>Japan, The First General Election in 313</p> <p>Jersey, A Chat about 380</p> <p>Japan, Progress in 785</p> <p>KAFFIR Humor, 63</p> <p>Kentish Pilgrim Road, A 162</p> <p>LAW, The, in 1847 and the Law in 1889, 26</p> <p>Lithgow, William 32</p> <p>Lady Wrangler, The 126</p> <p>Lloyd Courtenay's Banishment, 143</p> <p>Lhasá, A Journey to 347</p> <p>Lydiam, Ad 440</p> <p>Lost Lakes, The, of New Zealand, 762</p> <p>MARCIA, 11, 271, 531</p> <p>Monastery, An English 373</p> <p>Memoirs, Some Unwritten, Chapters from 493, 745</p> <p>NOTES of a Pilgrimage, 61, 114, 307</p> <p>Norwegian Estate, A Visit to a Great 100</p> <p>Nero and Saint Benedict, 298</p>
--	--

VI

INDEX.

Napoleon Described by his Valet,	377	Sphakiotes, the, The Stronghold of	659
Newman, Cardinal	756, 759	Scott's Heroines,	690
New Zealand, The Lost Lakes of	762	Sweden and Holland, The Kings of	748
OXFORD Summer Meeting, The	508	Scott and Dryden,	817
Old Lord Kilconnell,	614	TURKEY, The Sultan of	247
Opie, Amelia	635, 698	Tibet, A Journey to the Capital of	347
PILGRIMAGE, Notes of a	61, 114, 307	Tangier, Christmastide at	485
Polytheism, Official, in China,	323	Tarantulas,	572
Patertamilias Americanus,	382	Trepoff, General	768
Perilous Amour, A	672	Tea, Five O'clock	822
RIO DE JANEIRO,	184	UMBRELLA, the, The Evolution of	444
Revolution, the French, Mute Witnesses	228	Unwritten Memoirs, Some, Chapters	493, 745
of	228	VERMIN in England,	180
Roman Life,	421	Vidocq,	410
Rural Reminiscences,	496	WRANGLER, The Lady	126, 446
Russian Police Officer, A Great	768	Wither, George	174
Rome, Modern Spirit in	811	Women's Happiness, The Effect of the	190
STRANGE Occurrences, The, in Canter-	83	New Careers on	190
stone Jail,	83	Waltz of Chopin, A	205
Solar Heat, Wasted	318	Waterproof, The	438
"Sickness, In, and in Health,"	502	Well, A West-Country	442
"Smart" Way, The, of Shaking Hands,	511	Watteau — his Life and Work,	547
Shetland Isles, The, in the Birds'-Nest-	552	"YET in the Long Years Liker must	446
ing Season,	552	they Grow,"	446
Sea, The, and Seaside,	561		
Silver Bubble, The American	643		

POETRY.

"ALTRUISM,"	66	Louise de la Miséricorde,	386
Annette, To	322	Lost Love, To a	578
Anemones,	706	Legend, The, of the Briar Rose,	642
Blackbird, The: a Spring Song,	66	Memory, A	2
Bank Holiday Conceit, A	642	Meeting and Farewell,	130
Contentment,	66	"Man's life is born into a bootless	130
"Come to Him ye who weep,"	386	world,"	130
Dream, A	194	Mosque's Threshold, The	450
Dring,	386	Nightfall,	2
"Drift, The," Lincolnshire	770	Neckerei und Reue,	258
Evening,	578	Nightingale, To a	386
Fairies' Flitting, The	2	Newman, Cardinal	706
Flos Florum,	66	Pansies,	706
Fontana, The Springs of	258	Quiet,	130
Florence, Notes at	514	Spring Thrush, The	194
Girl's Hero, A	514	Stars, The	194
Gift of the Sea, The	578	Song, A, in the Night,	322
He loved me Once,	386	Spring, After	450
Happiness,	770	Truth,	66
King's Weir,	130	Tatton Mere,	514
Last Walk, The	2	Vilanelle,	450
Lines by Victor Hugo,	386	Whispering Woods,	258
		"Write me a Little Rippling Rhyme,"	514

T A L E S.

AN Advance Sheet,	400	Old Lord Kilconnell,	614
An Attractive Young Person,	466	Perilous Amour, A	672
Chairs by the River,	721	Strange Occurrences, The, in Canter- stone Jail,	83
Empty Compartment, The	303	Waltz, A, of Chopin,	205
Eight Days,	334, 588, 652, 799	Waterproof, The	438
Lloyd Courtenay's Banishment,	143		
Marcia,	11, 271, 531		

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI.

CONTENTS.

I. THE GREAT EQUATORIAL FOREST OF AFRICA. By P. B. du Chaillu,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	3
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part XI.,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	11
III. THE LAW IN 1847 AND THE LAW IN 1889. By Lord Coleridge,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	26
IV. THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY. WILLIAM LITHGOW,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	34
V. BROUGHT BACK FROM ELYSIUM,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	38
VI. A GLANCE AT CONTEMPORARY GREECE,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	43
VII. GREAT AND BIG,	<i>National Review,</i>	52
VIII. COURT FUNCTIONS,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	56
IX. NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE,	<i>Spectator,</i>	61
X. KAFFIR HUMOR,	<i>Time,</i>	63

POETRY.

THE FAIRIES' FLITTING,	2	NIGHTFALL,	2
THE LAST WALK,	2	A MEMORY,	2
MISCELLANY,			64

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THE FAIRIES' FLITTING.

THE fairies are floating, flying away
From bushy rath and from grassy dell;
From the dark rings seen on the valleys green;
But whither they're wandering none can tell.

In the dim blue haze, from the mountain spread
O'er river and landscape at close of day;
Through the amber furze; o'er the shining
pools,
The fleet-footed fairy folk pass away.

In the vapor floating o'er marsh and moor,
The bright clouds trailed o'er the mountain
height;
In the white mist-wraiths on the silent lakes,
They've taken their noiseless, secret flight.

In the rosy dawn, in the cloudy dusk,
They vanish, and with them the good old
times;
So we bid them farewell with regretful
thoughts,
With tender mem'ries, and gentle rhymes.

But where have they vanished? the small,
bright folk,
That never at matin or vesper bell
Have knelt down to prayer, yet were blithe
and gay —
Where have they vanished from hill and
dell?

Too frail to traverse the rolling seas,
In the billow's swell, in the tempest's roar;
Too light to sink to the underworld,
Where the shadows of death lie brooding
o'er.

Too feeble to reach heaven's gates of gold;
(Their wings are slight, though so light and
fleet);
They'd fail in the blue, so cold and pure,
And find no rest for their tiny feet.

Perhaps they are still near the moated hill,
The rank green grass, and the flower-sweet
sod.

May their sleep be soft on the earth, poor
souls!
Whose wings are too weak to ascend to
God.

Chambers' Journal. M. E. KENNEDY.

THE LAST WALK.

WITH feeble, failing, faltering feet she trod
Along the garden's grassy terraces,
Through all the rush of sweet spring har-
monies,
Hearing the low, clear summons from her
God.

The river sang along its willowed ways,
The thrushes filled the air with wooing trills,
And sweeping down the slope, the daffodils
Flashed back again the noonday's living blaze.

The "scent of violets, hidden in the green,"
Stole round her with the west wind's kisses
soft;

The daisies glimmered pearl-like on the
croft;

The blackthorn buds peeped, cleaving sheaths
between.

The sweet, reviving miracle of spring,
Instinct with life, pervaded earth and sky;
While, "Look on it, and leave it, thou
must die,"

Her doom amid it all was whispering.

I think the tears — that, to the patient eyes,
Dimmed all the glory of the April day,
Though still her Saviour whispered, "Come
away" —

Were looked on very gently from the skies.
All The Year Round.

NIGHTFALL.

THE shades of evening lengthen, — let us
close

The latticed window, and draw down the
blind:

These shadows seem as spirits, and the
wind

Moans in its wandering; mournfully it goes
As some poor soul that grievous sorrow
knows,

Or homeward traveller fearful lest he find
Beside his hearth the doom that haunts his
mind,

And o'er his pathway its grim visage shows.
As haunted houses are our haunted hearts,
Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell!

Wherein, as players that play many parts,
Presentiments their tragic tales foretell!
Draw close the curtain, — ay, shut out the
night;

The night is dark, let love then be our light.
S. WADDINGTON.

A MEMORY.

NO more those strips of springing wheat,
Nor olive orchards silver-grey,

Nor cypress-crowning lucent hills

Beneath the broad Italian day

Shall I behold — but arching lanes

And cowslip fields and tender grass,

And cool full streams with waving weeds

Where cloudy shadows stoop and pass;

And beechen woods and silent downs;

And far away a moist blue rim

Of distance, closing in a world

Of pallid colors, vague and dim.

But here or there, I bear with me

One scene engraven in my heart:

The still white bed, the patient face,

The last long look before we part.

Speaker. C. FELLOWES.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE GREAT EQUATORIAL FOREST OF AFRICA.

BY P. B. DU CHAILLU.

THE great forest of equatorial Africa, after having faded away from public attention for a quarter of a century, has once more come to the front as a subject of the most widespread interest, in consequence of the heroic exploits of Mr. Stanley and of his followers.

I have been invited to give in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* some of my experiences of this extraordinary region at the time when I, the first white man who had ever penetrated its recesses, journeyed thither, and I do so with the more readiness in that my methods of exploration were, from the necessity of the case, entirely different from those of Mr. Stanley, and that my experiences consequently represent in some respects a different aspect of the many-sided problem from that which he gives us.

I cannot but allude — though it be but a passing allusion — to the bitter storm of incredulity and opposition which my narrative at that time called forth in some quarters — the cannibals, the dwarfs, the mountains, the gorillas, the very forest itself, were ridiculed as fictions, or even worse, of my own imagination. I felt all this very keenly at the time, and but for the staunchness and kindness of the many friends who stood by me, and encouraged me through evil report and good report, I could not have faced it, and was content to reflect that the truth in the long run must prevail.

My experiences differed from those of Mr. Stanley chiefly in these respects. I was travelling alone, at my leisure, and at my own expense, accompanied only by native porters, who carried my stock of necessaries and my collections. I had no very large company to feed, and no immense stores of valuables to transport and to protect. I learned sufficient of the languages and dialects of the region to enable me to make friends with the natives among whom I resided. I was passed on from tribe to tribe as a friend, learning their customs, and — so far as was possible for a civilized man — living their life. I soon

found that it was useless for me to attempt to force a way through the impenetrable jungle, and that in order to make progress it was necessary to follow the intricate and labyrinthine native tracks from village to village, and to abandon all hope of travelling in a straight line from point to point.

Mr. Stanley, on the other hand, at the head of what was practically a small army, "tied to time," and hampered by the responsibilities of feeding his numerous followers, of transporting his valuable stores, and, above all, of fulfilling within a limited time his all-important mission, was compelled to force his way through obstacles which would have baffled a less strong man in a few days.

Once only during my explorations did I wish that I had a strong party, for then, when there was no other alternative, I would have made my way by force. While in the country of the dwarfs, the gun of one of my seven followers went off accidentally, and killed one man and the sister of the queen, and the natives naturally interpreted this as an attack, and retaliated so fiercely that we all, including myself, were wounded, and obliged to beat a retreat.

This vast difference in circumstances must of necessity be reflected in our reports on the country, but I think the comparison renders all the more striking the fact that Mr. Stanley has confirmed in all its main features, so far as the scenes of our expeditions coincided, my narrative of twenty-five years ago.

I will, without further preface, proceed to give some account of this great central African forest.

As the mariner approaches the western coast of Africa above the river Campo, situated 2° north of the equator, and sails southward along the land as far as the Gaboon estuary or river, the southern shores of which run in a parallel line with the equator and only a few miles north of it, he beholds all the way, reaching down to the water's edge, a dense, unbroken forest, and far inland, several mountain ranges covered with trees to their very top. These mountains are known under the name of Sierra del Crystal. They are gradually lost to sight as one nears the Gaboon.

This immense wooded country, in which I passed several years (1856-59) when but a lad, and which I again visited in 1863-65, forms the outskirts of the gigantic equatorial forest which I was the first to explore and which has been entered, and in part traversed further inland, by the heroic Stanley. The outer or western limit of this belt of forest-clad region is the very sea itself, for the roots of its trees spread to the beach.

A grand and magnificent sight greets the traveller as he finds himself in this woody wilderness. I was awed by the majesty of the scene and lost in admiration of the wonderful vegetation which is exhibited.

The silence of this forest, as one travels through it, is sometimes appalling. Mile after mile is traversed without even hearing the chatter of a monkey, the shrill cry of a parrot, the footstep of a gazelle or antelope. The falling of a leaf, the murmur of some hidden rivulet, the humming of insects, and here and there the solitary note of a bird, only come to give life and bring relief in the gloom of the vast solitude that surrounds you. The feeling which seizes you as you move along in the silent path is indescribable.

Once in a while the silence is broken by the heavy footstep of the elephant, the grunt of some wild boar, or the light footsteps of some other wild animals. Gigantic trees, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet and even more, tower over this sea of everlasting foliage like giants of the forest, ready to give the first warning of the coming tornado or tempest which is to break the tranquillity of their domain. Under these enormous trees other trees of less size grow, under these again others still smaller, of all sizes and shapes, and finally a thick jungle. What a jungle it is? Often the eye tries in vain to pierce through it even a yard or two. Lianas, like gigantic snakes, stretch in profusion from tree to tree, and twine themselves round the stems or hang from their branches; thorny creepers, malacca-like canes, with their hook-like thorns resting on the edge of the leaves; grass with edges as sharp as razors cling to your clothes, or cut deep into the flesh if they

chance to touch any exposed parts; or at times pineapples run wild are seen by the ten thousand — or aloes — while on the bark of trees hang in large festoons vast masses of orchids.

Trees covered with flowers, often of brilliant color and beautiful shape, relieve at certain seasons of the year the monotony of the dark green. Other trees and plants bear a bountiful crop of nuts, fruits, and berries of various sizes, colors, and shapes. The number of these fruit-bearing trees is very great; one of them specially presents a most beautiful sight when bearing; from its trunk hang large bunches of olive-shape fruits of the most gorgeous red color, delicious to eat, though somewhat acid.

Ebony, bar wood, and the indiarubber vine are found in abundance, specially the indiarubber; but unfortunately the latter is becoming rarer every day, owing to the reckless waste which takes place in tapping them. The native, in fact, says to himself, "If I do not take all I can, another will do it;" the vine dies from exhaustion. Ivory, beeswax, a little gum copal, bar wood, ebony, a little palm oil, are the natural products found.

South of the equator the monotony of the forest is broken along the seashore, and sometimes inland, by open prairies, till they again give place to the vast unbroken jungle. Several rivers water the land; their banks by the seashore are low and swampy, and covered with mangrove-trees as far as the brackish water goes.

I said in "Equatorial Africa:"—

The explorer finds here a region so densely wooded that the whole country may be described as an impenetrable jungle, through which man pushes on only by hewing his way with the axe. The forests, which have been resting for ages in their gloomy solitude, seem unfavorable for the increase of beasts which are their chief denizens.

I wrote also:—

Some of the slaves of the Apingi are brought from a distance to the eastward, which they counted as twenty days' journey, and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continued in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country.

I thought it probable that the impene-

trable forests of this mountain range and its savage inhabitants formed an insurmountable barrier to the victorious southward advance of Mohammedan conquerors. South of the equator, at any rate in west Africa, they never penetrated.

Hunger and starvation were continually before me, but when young and enthusiastic these privations count for little. I had to feed on nuts and berries often for a long time together — once for eleven days — and the starvation ended by eating part of a leopard I had shot. Here I may observe that we had to depend for our food on our guns and the natural products of the forest. I carried no supplies of European provisions with me, but lived as the natives do from hand to mouth, for porters to carry provisions were generally not obtainable. Besides starvation there was often a still greater impediment to my advance. I had more than fifty attacks of fever, taking more than fourteen ounces of quinine besides arsenic, to cure myself, and many a time I lay in the forest helpless under a tree with but a kind Providence watching over me. When well again, all the past starvation, diseases, hardship, home-sickness were forgotten — the African forest, and its hidden treasure of natural history not yet discovered were once more smiling before me.

This forest, so rich in berries, nuts, and fruits, is well adapted for the home of the ape. There lives the most powerful of all apes — the gorilla — a giant of strength, who roams to and fro in the great solitude as the king of the forest. The male comes and attacks man fiercely and without fear when disturbed in its haunts. One of my hunters was killed by one of these monsters, which, in its rage, bent the barrel of his gun, and then left him in his gore.

Besides the gorilla there are other varieties of apes, or chimpanzees; among them the kooloo-kamba, the nshiego-mbouve, or bald-headed ape, the nshiego-kengo, and the nshiego, the latter being the well-known chimpanzee. One may form an idea of the age and continuity of this great forest when one reflects that such apes as are found there are only the survivors of numerous species of a far past age.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the sound of distant thunder along the sky, and fills the forest with its reverberations.

Neither the lion, zebra, gnu, rhinoceros, giraffe, nor ostrich, nor the great number and varieties of antelopes so common in other parts of the continent, are known here. There are no tame cattle, no horses, no donkeys; in fact the only domesticated animals are goats and fowls and a species of sheep.

The insect world is very abundant, scorpions and centipedes, mosquitoes without number, and also a species of gnat, perhaps more troublesome than the mosquitoes. Among the terrible flies are the *ibolai*, twice as large as our common fly; the *nchouna*, which inserts its proboscis so gently that often it gets its fill of blood before you know you are bitten. Presently, however, the itching begins, and lasts for several hours, varied at intervals by sudden sharp stabs of pain which often last the whole day. The *iboca*, — its bite is the most severe of all, and clothing is no protection from it; often the blood has run from my face or arm, so that one would think that a leech had been at work. The most dreaded of all is the *elomay*, a kind of wasp.

The butterflies are at times extremely numerous, flitting along the path; their flight is as still as the forest itself.

Of snakes there is great abundance; a few are harmless, but the bite of most of the species is deadly. There are tree, land, and water snakes. I have often seen the latter coiled up and resting on the branches of trees under water. These vary in size and in poisonous venom. There are cases where the man bitten dies in a short time.

There are a great many species of ants, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the *bashikouay*, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the dread of all living animals of the forest, — the elephant, the leopard, the go-

rilla, and all the insect world — and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by fire and boiling water. It is the habit of the bashikouay to march through the forest in a long, regular line — about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they cannot bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It takes often more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. I myself have had to run for my life. Their advent is known beforehand; the still forest becomes alive, the trampling of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

I remember well the first time I met these bashikouays in their attacking raid. I knew not then what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself all alone, when suddenly the forest became alive in the manner I have described above; a sudden dread seized me; I did not know what all this meant. Some convulsion of nature was perhaps going to take place. I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun, when all at once, as if by magic, I was covered with them and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste for dear life in the same direction the animals had taken, and the middle of a stream became my refuge. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury, which causes it entirely to disregard its own safety and seek only the conquest of its prey. Sometimes men condemned to death on account of witchcraft are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry bashikouays passes, in a short time only his bare skeleton remains to tell the tale.

The power and the knowledge of the

white man extended but a few miles from the coast, and the interior was a *terra incognita*. To ascend the rivers, to acquaint myself with the superstitious customs and mode of life of the black tribes who had not hitherto been visited by white men, to hunt in the great forest, make natural history collections, to explore the country, were among the chief objects I had in view. In that great forest I travelled, always on foot, and in every direction, and unaccompanied by any white man, more than ten thousand miles; I shot, preserved, and brought home more than two thousand birds, many of which were new species; and more than two hundred quadrupeds — twenty of these were also new species; and more than eighty skeletons, and some hundred and twenty skulls. All these had to be carried on the backs of my followers and carefully packed and protected from the heavy rain.

What terrific weather and dangers often attended us in our marches may be seen from the fact that the rainy season near the seashore lasted nearly nine months, and the mountains actually seemed to have been the home of rain. In October the fierce tornado began, making the mighty forest tremble to its base; and often the old giant trees, unable to stand its force, fell, carrying everything before them. The loud crash of a hundred trees upon which it fell filled the forest. The tornado is followed by terrific thunder and most vivid lightning, and many a time, for several consecutive hours, there was no cessation even of a few seconds, and torrents of rain incessantly descended till morning.

In the morning, at the dawn of daylight, we all got up, food was cooked, we took a scanty breakfast, walked or travelled till noon, rested or cooked our food for about an hour, and then on the march again until nearly sunset. When we halted for the night the first thing to be done was for the men and women to gather firewood, large leaves to roof our sheds, and cut sticks for the building of these sheds, for I had no tent with me, it being impossible to carry heavy baggage through the forest. All these were so plentiful in the forest, that all were generally collected in less than half an hour. Some running little rivulets were close by, so that we could get our water. Then we built great fires and made ourselves comfortable, and were always careful to build the fires in such a manner that the rains of the night would not extinguish them. A long part of the evening was generally spent by me in

preparing the skins of birds and animals I had shot.

In order to explore the country my duty was first to make friends with the chief and people of the seacoast, and to learn their language. Then after a while these people would take me to the people of the next tribe; here I would make friends again and try my way further and get new porters; one language or a dialect would carry me through three or four tribes, then I had to stop and learn another dialect. There are no beasts of burden; man, or woman rather, is the only beast of burden. Paths lead from one village to another, consequently from one tribe to another; sometimes some of these are little used on account of war and enmity between villages or tribes; then they can hardly be seen and are almost at times quite lost in the jungle, so the utmost caution and all the skill of my men was necessary in order that we should not lose our way. In addition to these there are paths leading to plantations—which come to a sudden termination—and hunting tracks. Woe to the man who loses his way! Many of the villages are small and they are often far apart, so that no party of several hundred men could traverse the country without bringing famine, and finding themselves famished for want of procuring sufficient food; hence they would have to take the food by force, and their advance would be heralded by the war cries and the hostility of the natives as they made their appearance, and one bloody conflict after another would be sure to happen.

The advice of my old friend King Quengueza, of which I often proved the truth, ran thus:—

Now listen to what I say—you will visit many strange tribes. If you see on the road or in the streets of a village a fine bunch of plantains with ground nuts lying by its side, do not touch them, leave the village at once; this is a tricky village, for the people are on the watch to see what you will do with them. If the people of any village tell you to go and catch fowls or goats, or cut plantains for yourself, say to them, "Strangers do not help themselves: it is the duty of the host to catch the goat or fowl and to cut the plantains, and bring the present to the house that has been given to the guest." When a house is given to you in any village, keep to that house, and go into no other; and if you see a seat do not sit upon it, for there are seats which none but the owners can sit upon. But, above all, beware of women! I tell you these things that you may journey in safety.

The food of the country is maize, sweet

potatoes, plantains, yams, cassava (manioc), pumpkins, and ground nuts. The two first do not go far inland. Man is comparatively scarce in this great wilderness; the population is divided into a great number of tribes; I have myself been among thirty-five of them. The tribes are subdivided into clans. The people in many parts of the country live in an almost permanent state of war.

Polygamy and slavery are well-established institutions; most men own slaves, but the slaves must belong to some other tribe; no raids are made upon villages for the single purpose of procuring slaves. The children of slaves are not slaves, but form a class of their own. Parents in many cases, with the consent of their respective families, can sell their children.

The more powerful a man is, the more slaves and wives he possesses. Idol worship, the belief in good and evil spirits, in the power of fetiches, and of incantation, are prevalent everywhere. But there is a curse probably greater than slavery itself; it is the belief of the people in the power of witchcraft. Woe to the man who is believed to be a wizard, or to the woman who is supposed to be a witch; nothing but the ordeal of drinking the mboundou can expiate the crime, and fortunate indeed are those who pass safely through this ordeal, for this mboundou is a most powerful poison.

The most characteristic point about the negro tribes I have met is their great eagerness and love for trade. The fortunate or unfortunate man who kills an elephant and lives far inland has to wait a long time, often several years, before he gets goods in exchange for his ivory. The tusk either comes down the river or by the paths which lead from one village or tribe to another, and the journey takes a long time.

Trade is carried on by barter in the following manner: The tribes along the seashore are succeeded by one tribe after another in the interior. Each of the tribes claims the right of way, and assumes to itself the privilege of acting as go-between or middle-man to those next to it, and charges a heavy commission for this office, and no infraction of this rule is permitted. The lucky owner of a tusk is obliged by the laws of trade to intrust it to some man he knows in the next tribe nearer the coast. This one in turn forwards or takes it to the next chief or friend. So the ivory often passes through a dozen hands or more before it reaches the coast. But this is only half the evil. Although the producer

trusts his ivory, this trade is carried on entirely on credit, and no securities are given.

The ivory of the coast is said to be the finest obtained in western Africa, and is or was very plentiful in the days I speak of, about one hundred thousand pounds coming from the Gaboon alone yearly. Many of the ivory tusks find their way from the interior to the seashore from a long distance.

Now when the last black fellow disposes of his tusk of ivory to the white merchant, he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the return for his *valuable* services, and transfers the remainder of the goods to the next man or tribe in the series. He, in turn, takes a commission for his trouble in the transaction and passes on what is left, and so, finally, a very small remainder is handed to the fellow who killed the elephant, and the amount he receives is a very small one compared with the goods received on the coast. Slaves are sold in the same manner. Each man generally waits for the proceeds. The creditor in such case lives with the debtor; he is an honored guest, and while waiting, the host gives him one of his own wives — a hospitable custom in this part of Africa, which a man is always expected to observe towards his visitors. Whenever I entered a village, the chief always made haste to place a part, often all his wives, at my service. Time is literally of no account to an African. A friend's village is as jolly a place as any village of his own country, and perhaps in a few months his goods would come. So the days go on pleasantly.

Among the most curious tribes or people I discovered in that great forest were the cannibals and the dwarfs.

The cannibal tribes with which I came in contact were the Fans and the Oshebas. They are the finest, bravest-looking negroes I saw in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them, though I afterwards saw other Fan tribes whose members had not the fine air of these mountaineers.

The strangest thing about the Fans is their constant encroachments upon the land westward. They were much lighter in color than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, and well-made, and evidently active. The men were almost naked, and wore no cloth about the middle, but instead, the soft inside bark of a tree, over which in front was suspended the skin of some wild-cat or other animal. They had their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had their

teeth blackened besides. All the Fans wore queues. Their hair or "wool" was drawn out into long, thin plaits; on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps, but others wore long queues made of their own wool and a kind of tow, dyed black and mixed with it, and giving the wearer a strange appearance.

The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were much smaller than they, and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, who are called Boobies, I never saw such ugly women as these. These, too, had their teeth filed, and most had their bodies, like those of the men, painted red, by means of a dye obtained from the bar-wood. They carried their babies on their backs in a sling or rest made of some kind of tree-bark and fastened to the neck of the mother.

The king was a ferocious-looking fellow whose body was painted red, and whose face, chest, stomach, and back were tattooed in a rude but very effective manner.

The queue of Ndiayai, the king, was the biggest of all, and terminated in two tails, in which were strung brass rings, while the top was ornamented with white beads. Brass anklets jingled as he walked. The front of his middle-cloth was a fine piece of genetia-skin. His beard was plaited in several plaits, which also contained white beads, and stuck out stiffly from the face.

The queen was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of the Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. Her entire body was tattooed in the most fanciful manner; her skin, from long exposure, had become rough and knotty. She wore two enormous iron anklets — iron being a very precious metal with the Fan — and had in her ears a pair of copper ear-rings two inches in diameter, and very heavy. These had so weighed down the lobes of her ears that I could have put my little finger easily into the holes through which the rings were run.

All the Fan villages are strongly fenced or palisaded, and by night a careful watch is kept. They have also a little native dog, whose sharp bark is the signal of some one approaching from without. The villages are as a rule neat and clean, the streets being swept, and all garbage — except, indeed, the well-picked bones of their human victims — is thrown out.

Signs of cannibalism, in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses, were seen everywhere.

The villages consisted mostly of a single

street from six hundred to eight hundred yards long, on each side of which were built the houses. The latter were small, being only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were made of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of a palm-tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there were no windows.

As blacksmiths they very far surpass all the tribes of this region who have not come in contact with the whites. Their warlike habits have made iron a most necessary article to them; and though their tools are very simple, their patience is great, and they produce some very neat workmanship.

These cannibals have a great diversity of arms. I saw men armed with cross-bows, from which are shot either iron-headed arrows, or the little, but really most deadly, poison-tipped arrows. These are so light that they would blow away if simply laid in the groove of the bow. To prevent this they use a kind of sticky gum, a lump of which is kept on the under side of the bow, and with which a small spot in the groove is lightly rubbed. The handle of the bow is ingeniously split, and by a little peg, which acts as a trigger, the bow-string is disengaged, and, as the spring is very strong, sends the arrow to a great distance, and, light as it is, with great force. They are good marksmen with their bows, which require great strength to bend. They have to sit on their haunches, and apply both feet to the middle of the bow, while they pull with all their strength on the string to bend it back.

The larger arrows have an iron head, something like the sharp barbs of a harpoon. These are used for hunting wild beasts, and are about two feet long. But the more deadly weapon is the little, insignificant stick, not more than twelve inches long, and simply sharpened at one end. This is the famed poison-arrow — a missile which bears death wherever it touches, if only it pricks a pin's point of blood. The poison is made of the juices of a plant which was not shown me. They dip the sharp ends of the arrows several times in this sap, and let it get thoroughly dried into the wood. It gives the point a red color. The arrows are very carefully kept in a little bag, made neatly of the skin of some wild animal. They are much dreaded among the neighboring tribes, as they can be thrown or projected with such power as to take effect at a distance of

fifteen yards, and with such velocity that you cannot see them at all till they are spent.

Over their shoulders was suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant-hide, and about the necks and bodies of all was hung a variety of fetiches and greegrees, which rattled as they walked.

The Fan shield is made of the hide of an *old* elephant, and only of that part which lies across the back. This, when dried and smoked, is hard and almost as impenetrable as iron. The shield is about three feet long by two and a half wide.

Some bore on their shoulders the terrible war-axe, one blow of which quite suffices to split a human skull. Some of these axes, as well as their spears and other iron-work, were beautifully ornamented with scroll-work, and wrought in graceful lines and curves which spoke well for their artisans.

The war-knife, which hangs by the side, is a terrible weapon for a hand-to-hand conflict, and, as they explained to me, is designed to thrust through the enemy's body; they are about three feet long. There is another huge knife also worn by some of the men. This is over a foot long, by about eight inches wide, and is used to cut down through the shoulders of an adversary.

Then there is a very singular pointed axe, which is thrown from a distance. When thrown it strikes with the *point* down, and inflicts a terrible wound. The object aimed at with this axe is the head, and they use it with great dexterity. The point penetrates to the brain, and kills the victim immediately; and then the round edge of the axe is employed to cut off the head, which is borne away by the victor as a trophy.

Many of the men wore a smaller knife — but also rather unwieldy — which served the various offices of a jack-knife, a hatchet, and a table-knife.

The spears, which are six to seven feet in length, are thrown with great force and great accuracy of aim. They make the long, slender rod fairly whistle through the air. Most of them can throw a spear effectively to the distance of from twenty to thirty yards.

In the midst of this great forest I discovered, in the year 1865, some of the dwarf or pygmy tribes. I had heard of these people for the first time in the Apingi country, under the name of Ashongas; among the Ashongos they are called, however, Obongos. From the loose and

exaggerated descriptions I had heard, I had given no more credence to the report of the existence of these dwarf tribes than to that of men with tails, who had stools with a hole in them for their tails to be put through, or to the stories of the Sapadi, or cloven-footed men.

The first positive proof I had of the veracity of the natives in this part occurred in the following manner: While I was traversing the wild forest of the Ashango country we came suddenly upon a cluster of most extraordinary diminutive huts, which I should have passed by, thinking them to be some kind of fetich-houses, if I had not been told by my guides that we might meet in this district with villages of a tribe of dwarf negroes, who are scattered about the Ishogo and Ashango countries and other parts further east. The huts were of a low and oval shape; the highest part — that nearest the entrance — was about four feet from the ground; the greatest breadth was about four feet also. On each side were three or four sticks for the man and woman to sleep upon. The huts were made of flexible branches of trees, bent almost into a circle with both ends fixed in the ground, the longest branches being in the middle, and the others successively shorter, the whole being covered with large leaves.

So far as my experience goes they are scattered through the great forest. At times several of these villages are situated near each other. Sometimes I could see that a village had just been abandoned, while others were inhabited, but the people were all out on hunting or fishing expeditions or excursions.

These dwarfs were afterwards seen by the German explorer Schweinfurth — who kindly mentioned me as their discoverer — subsequently also by Dr. Junker, and lastly by Mr. Stanley.

The dwarfs were very shy with me, and I had great difficulty in approaching them; but on one occasion we suddenly came upon twelve huts of this strange tribe, in a retired nook in the forest, scattered without order, and covering altogether only a very small space of ground. When we approached them no sign of a living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted.

Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came on another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed shelters. The dwellings had

been newly made, for the branches of trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates, my Ashango guides holding up a bunch of beads in a friendly way, and shouting, "Do not run away, the spirit has come with us to give you beads;" but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. Their flight was very hurried. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

The little holes which serve as doors to the huts were closed by fresh-gathered branches of trees stuck in the ground, showing that the owners were absent, and no one was permitted to enter.

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, much lighter than the Ashangos who surround them, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos or other tribes amongst whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are very anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which the wretched creatures live, must necessitate close interbreeding. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheekbones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short, curly tufts, like that of the bushmen of South Africa, to whom they seem closely related; this is the more remarkable as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long and thick hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways; with the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of home-made cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite

a custom of the Ashangos to give their own worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos and other tribes like the presence of this curious people near their villages because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants, they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jugs, and all manufactured articles of which they stand in need.

The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them; I always took care not to walk back from their village by night.

The Obongos never remain long in one place. They are eminently a migratory people, moving from place to place whenever game becomes scarce. But they do not wander very far; that is, the Obongos who live within the Ashango territory do not go out of that territory—they are called the Obongos of the Ashangos—those who live among the Njavi are called Obongo-Njavi—and the same with other tribes. Obongos are said to exist very far to the east, as far, in fact, as the Ashangos or their slaves have any knowledge. I was surprised at the kindness, almost the tenderness, shown by the Ashangos to their diminutive neighbors. The Obongo language is a mixture of what was their own original language and the languages of the various tribes among whom they have resided for many years or generations past. The tallest dwarf I saw was 5 feet and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in height. The others varied from 4 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to 4 feet $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. I measured a woman 3 feet 9 inches, but this was a great exception.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.
CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIE IS TOLD HOW HE STANDS.

IF there is one thing that women enjoy more than another, it is making a man who loves them thoroughly angry and unhappy. Perhaps, therefore, the exhilaration which Marcia felt while she and her son were being drawn up the zigzags of the St. Gothard Pass in a travelling car-

riage was not to be accounted for wholly and solely by the causes to which she was pleased to ascribe it, and it may be assumed that she was both sincere and mendacious when she exclaimed, "What a blessing it is to have shaken off those outsiders! Now our holidays will begin again."

Willie concurred in the sentiment without being fully persuaded of its genuineness. For some time after he and his mother had once more established themselves at a high level above the sea he scrutinized the daily arrivals with apprehension; but his fears were not justified by events, and if Marcia entertained some unacknowledged hopes, these also remained unfulfilled. After all, she did not much care. Her friend was probably affronted, but he would recover himself in due season, and for the time being Willie had certainly a prior claim upon her. Archdale was his own master, and could see her whenever it might suit him to seek her out; but her poor boy had, for the present, many masters, one of whom kept a school which reassembled early in September. So she placed herself unreservedly at Willie's disposition, and visited all the places which he expressed a wish to visit, though some of these were not very comfortable, and they were quite happy together until the shadow of the inevitable parting began to fall upon them. Geneva, which had been the scene of their reunion, was also that of their severance. They kept up their spirits as well as they could until the last evening, when Marcia's tears were no longer to be restrained.

"Oh, how dreadful it all is!" she exclaimed. "If I were going to see you again at Christmas I shouldn't mind half so much; but my turn won't come round until Easter, and the Easter holidays are so short!"

The boy looked down, not trusting himself to speak. He was of an age at which the male creature of northern blood is supposed to have given up crying forever; yet he could not look forward into the future without sensations which brought him within perilous distance of disgracing his incipient manhood. At length, however, he regained self-command enough to ask: "Won't you come home any more then, mother?"

"Don't call me 'mother'!" exclaimed Marcia. "You have taken to it lately, and I don't like it. Let me be 'mummy' still when we are alone, and when no one can hear us or laugh at us for being childish. No, dear; England isn't home to me

now, and perhaps it never will be again. Florence is more my home than any other place; but no place can be really home without you. It would break my heart if I thought you looked upon your father's house as your home."

As far as that danger went, her heart was likely to remain whole, and so Willie assured her. He had not yet seen his father's house, nor had he the slightest wish to make acquaintance with it. He would prefer spending his holidays at Blydon, he said, unsatisfactory though Blydon was as a holiday resort. It had, however, been arranged that he should pass a night in Keppel Street on his way back to school, and Marcia, when she put him into the train, could not refrain from giving him a word of caution, between her sobs, which was perhaps superfluous.

"You need not say anything to your father about our having met Mr. Archdale and Mr. Drake," she said. "I don't think he likes them very much."

Willie nodded. He thought it fair to add on his own score, "Mr. Drake isn't such a bad sort, you know."

Thus Marcia was moved to laughter as well as tears, and the last impression of her which her son carried away when the train moved out of the station was that of a lovely woman whose emotions were no more under her control than those of a child, and for whom his love was rapidly becoming akin to that which is the prerogative of childhood. Willie was a boy like other boys, and his master did not consider him at all precocious; yet he was able to take his mother's measure with tolerable accuracy. She might do things which are not generally esteemed to be quite right, he thought; but she would never do wrong intentionally, and though the whole world should unite in condemning her, he at least would always be upon her side. And, indeed, he never swerved from that resolution, notwithstanding the trials to which it was subjected in after years.

At intervals during the long journey he rehearsed the conversation which he might expect to have with his father, and made up his mind as to what he would say and what he would leave unsaid. Amongst other things, he intended to mention that, in his opinion, his mother required somebody to take care of her. Suppose she were to fall ill all alone there in Italy? Or suppose some ruffianly foreigners should have the audacity to insult her? Eventually he himself would be in a position to afford her the protection of which she stood in need; but for the present

somebody surely ought to replace him. The poor little man really thought that these sage suggestions might pave the way for a possible reconciliation.

But when he reached Charing Cross his eyes searched the platform in vain for the tall, stooping figure which he had expected to descry there. Instead of it, he presently became aware of the ponderous form of Sir George Brett; and Sir George, who was clad in black from hat to boots, looked strangely solemn. He said, in a subdued voice very unlike that in which he was wont to address the world at large, —

"Come away with me, my boy; the servants will see to your luggage. You are to sleep at my house to-night."

Willie was frightened, without quite knowing why. He glanced interrogatively at his uncle, who, however, avoided meeting his eyes, and vouchsafed no further explanation until they had seated themselves in the brougham which was waiting for them. Sir George did not half like the task which had been delegated to him by his wife; but, to do him justice, he never shirked unpleasant duties, and he set to work upon this one with such delicacy as Heaven had granted him. After clearing his voice and blowing his nose noisily, he began, —

"My boy, I have bad news for you. Your poor father has not been himself for some weeks past; latterly your aunt and I have become uneasy about him, and now our worst fears have been — well, yes; I may say that they have been more than verified by events."

"Is he dead?" asked Willie, in an awe-struck voice.

"Yes, my boy, he is dead," answered Sir George, looking away and repressing a strong inclination to stop the carriage and jump out. "If the question is put to me point-blank, what other answer can I make? I can't tell a direct falsehood about it, you know."

This expostulation was perhaps addressed rather to the absent Caroline than to his interlocutor, who received the startling intelligence with a composure which Sir George was not quite sure whether to admire or to be shocked at. It was a comfort that the boy did not stuff his fists into his eyes and howl; but at the same time some display of filial affection and sorrow would have been appropriate. As a matter of fact, Willie had never been able to feel much love for his stern, reticent father; but in any case there would not have been room in his mind at that first moment for other emotions than amaze-

ment and incredulity. After he had been briefly informed of the accident which had occurred, and after he had confused his uncle a little by inquiring what connection there was between that accident and his father's state of health, his thoughts naturally turned to his mother, and he asked whether she knew what had happened.

"She knows by this time." Sir George replied. "I telegraphed to her as soon as I could get her address, which, however, I was not able to obtain immediately. I have as yet received no reply. Decency," added Sir George, "compelled me to telegraph; but — er — I scarcely anticipate that she will think it necessary to return to this country."

Willie abstained from further questions. Had he shown more curiosity he probably would not have heard that his uncle and aunt differed from the coroner's jury, because Sir George was both a prudent man and in some respects a merciful one; but certainly no effort would have been made to conceal from him the low esteem in which his mother was held by the relatives of her late husband. Perhaps he guessed as much, and for that reason kept silence.

Sir George's gloomy town house looked gloomier than usual; for the blinds were drawn down, and the furniture was swathed in brown holland, and the stair-carpets had been taken up.

"We shall go down to Blaydon to-morrow afternoon," Sir George said. "Your aunt has not accompanied me to London; she has of course been greatly upset by this terrible business, and it would not have been safe for her to incur the fatigue of the journey. But she begged me to give you her love and to say that she hopes to keep you with her until — until a proper interval has elapsed and you can return to school."

Dinner, for which Willie had very little appetite, was served with due solemnity in the vast, dimly lighted dining-room. In the course of the meal it transpired that Mr. Brett's funeral was to take place on the morrow; also that a telegram had arrived from Geneva.

"As I supposed," observed Sir George, "your mother does not intend coming to England. And I am bound to say that I do not see what good purpose could have been served by her doing so."

"Of course she couldn't have been here in time," said Willie, feeling that he ought to stand up for his mother, who, it seemed, was being accused of a callousness which was only to be expected of her.

"In time for the funeral, you mean?"

Well, no; nor perhaps, under the circumstances, would it have been desirable for her to attend, even if she had been able to do so. I am glad, however, that it is in your power to pay that last tribute of respect to your father's memory."

The late police-magistrate had been a man to whom tributes of respect were doubtless due, and many people must have thought so, for his coffin was followed to the grave by a long string of legal celebrities. None of these gentlemen would have described themselves as his friends; but they had been well acquainted with him, they had held a high opinion of his professional ability and personal integrity, and as most of them had outstripped him in the race for success, they had no reason to speak of him in other than flattering terms. Not even the presence of so large and honorable a concourse, however, could prevent the obsequies, which were solemnized in wind and driving rain, from being mournful and forlorn in the extreme. A solitary wreath, sent up from Blaydon by Lady Brett, reposed upon the coffin; but nobody else had happened to remember a custom which has now become universal, nor did any tears fall into the dead man's grave. Willie, who was made to walk alone as chief mourner, looked pale and a little scared, but did all that he was told to do, and was patted encouragingly on the shoulder by sundry elderly gentlemen, who probably wished him to understand that they sympathized with him, although they had not any appropriate remarks at command. The boy's mind was busy (as the minds of boys mostly are) with reflections and speculations which would have caused great astonishment to his unimaginary uncle, had he given utterance to them; but he held his peace, and when the melancholy ceremony was at an end, Sir George, with a sigh of relief, put him into the brougham which was in attendance, saying, —

"Now we'll drive straight to the station; the express will get us home in plenty of time for dinner." He added, in what he intended to be kindly accents, "Blaydon will be your home now, you know, Willie."

That this was no mere figure of speech was explained to him later in the day by his aunt, who said, "It was your poor dear father's wish that we should treat you as our own child, and I hope you know that his wishes will always be sacred to us. You must try to be a good boy and grow up into a good man, as he was. Then you will understand, although you may not under-

stand it yet, that Providence overrules all things for the best."

Willie quite intended to be as good as the frailty of human nature would permit him to be, and was not concerned to dispute the beneficent wisdom of Providence. At the same time he felt no great inclination to regard Blaydon as his home or his uncle and aunt as his parents; besides which, he remembered what others appeared to have forgotten, that one of his natural parents was still living. "I shall sometimes go to mamma in the holidays, shan't I?" he asked.

Lady Brett sighed and made the sort of answer which her Majesty's ministers usually make when inconvenient questions are put to them.

"Your uncle will do what is right and what is for your good," she replied. "It is time to dress for dinner now."

Now, was it right and was it for Willie's good that he should be allowed to see anything at all of the wicked woman who, for his misfortune, was his mother? Lady Brett was decidedly of opinion that it was neither the one nor the other, and she expressed herself in unequivocal terms to that effect during a conjugal conference which was held the next morning after the post had come in. The post had brought Sir George a letter from Marcia to which exception could not very well be taken. Marcia, who evidently wrote under the influence of strong emotion, said she was quite aware that she had not been a good wife. She did not expect her husband's relations to absolve her or think kindly of her; she only begged them to believe that she had been grieved as well as shocked by the news of his tragic death, and that if it had been possible for her to foresee how near his end was, she would never have left him.

"In other words," was Lady Brett's comment upon this confession, "she is sorry to have made an unnecessary scandal now that she has obtained her release. You need not trouble yourself to defend her, George; nobody denies that she is pretty, and nobody doubts that a pretty woman will be pardoned by any man, however advanced in years he may be."

"My dear Caroline," returned Sir George, with some asperity, "Marcia's beauty has no more to do with the matter than my age. The question which I have to consider is whether her conduct, so far, has been such as to justify my forbidding all communication between her and her child."

"Her conduct, so far, has been almost

as bad as it could have been; but I dare say it will be worse before long. I know for a fact that that man Archdale followed her to Italy, and I believe that they have since met in Switzerland. I suppose she will marry him now, if he will consent to marry her. I am not, I hope, uncharitable, but it is our duty as Christians to discharge the task which has been intrusted to us in a Christian manner, and how can we hope to do so if our efforts are to be perpetually undermined by the influence of such a woman as that? I certainly understood from what you told me, George, that poor Eustace wished the boy to be removed from his mother's reach, and that you yourself only consented to act as his guardian upon the condition that you were to have undisputed control over him."

Sir George scratched his ear and answered, "Yes, yes; but it isn't such a simple affair as you think. You and I may have our own opinion of Marcia; you and I may be convinced that she is morally responsible for Eustace's death; but we can't prove anything of the sort, and although perhaps I have a legal right to separate her from the boy against her will, the fact remains that I shall most likely get into a deuce of—that is, into a very disagreeable row by insisting upon my right. I should be more inclined to wait a bit and see how things go. It is not improbable that she may cut the knot of the difficulty of her own accord before long."

"By marrying that artist, you mean?"

"Exactly so. The artist, we may assume, will not be anxious to be saddled with a stepson, and I should think that Marcia will not be such a fool as to ruin the lad's prospects. She will have to choose between providing for him and letting me provide for him, you see."

"In that case," observed Lady Brett musingly, "I have no doubt that she will be selfish enough to give him up."

People's ideas of what constitutes selfishness and unselfishness are apt to differ; but it was, at all events, certain that no credit for virtue of any kind would be allowed by Caroline to her sister-in-law, and Sir George was glad to avoid further discussion. He wanted an heir and had resolved that Willie should be his heir; but he did not want to have more fuss about it than could be helped. He took an early opportunity of saying to Willie—not unkindly, yet with a certain dryness of manner which he always used instinctively in treating of business affairs:

"It is right and proper that you should

know how you stand. Your father has nominated me as your sole guardian. That is to say that until you reach the age of one-and-twenty I shall manage your small property for you and you will be entirely subject to me. You will not, I think, find me tyrannical. I shall endeavor to do my duty, and I hope that you will endeavor to do yours."

Willie did not reply; but as his demeanor plainly showed that he had some observation to make, his uncle said encouragingly, "Well, speak out, my boy; what is it?"

"I would rather not be subject to anybody except my mother," answered Willie, looking down.

"Quite natural," returned Sir George, with generous toleration; "but you must remember this: it was your father's decision, not mine, that you should be taken away from your mother, and that your home should be with us. He had reasons for so deciding which you are not yet old enough to understand, but which will be explained to you later if you wish it. Personally, I may say that I think them sound reasons."

Willie was quite old enough to understand them. What he did not understand, and what he was chiefly anxious to find out, was the extent to which he was bound by his father's decision. "Shan't I be allowed to go to my mother when she wants me?" he asked, a little tremulously.

"I am not prepared to say that," answered Sir George; "I must be guided by circumstances. Anything that I can conscientiously do to gratify you I will do; but you now know what your position is, and your best plan, believe me, is to accept it without murmuring."

Willie abstained from murmurs; but as for accepting his position, that he felt could only be done subject to certain mental reservations which it seemed inexpedient to state. "He will give no trouble," thought Sir George, with inward satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARCIA YIELDS.

A WOMAN who has found it impossible to live with her husband may be shocked, but can hardly be grieved by the intelligence that she has become a widow, and Marcia Brett, if she had been in any way logical or consistent, must have rejoiced in the recovery of her liberty, while deploring the melancholy event which had

been the means of restoring it to her. Consistency, however, was not a salient feature in her character; so that she shed a good many tears over the death of the man whose name she bore and whom she accused herself of having treated somewhat harshly and ungratefully. Eustace had been exceptionally provoking, there was no denying that; yet she supposed that, after his fashion and within the limits of his capabilities, he had been attached to her. Now that he was dead and gone, it was not very difficult to see his side of the case, or to admit that if he had been an unsatisfactory husband, he had also had an unsatisfactory wife. "If I had only been patient enough to bear with him a little longer!" Marcia exclaimed again and again with genuine contrition.

But it must be confessed that this penitent mood did not survive the blow inflicted upon it by a business-like letter from Sir George Brett, in which the testamentary provisions of his late brother were distinctly set forth. That these included no provision for herself did not make Marcia angry; she had her own fortune and had not expected it to be increased. But she was very indignant, and perhaps very pardonably so, at the custody of her only child being denied to her, and it was in no measured terms that she wrote to protest against so monstrous an arrangement. Sir George, who was anxious to keep the peace, pointed out in a formal but not discourteous reply that he was bound to obey his brother's instructions. Whether those instructions were wise or the reverse it was not for him to say; he would only mention that he was not prepared to set them aside. Perhaps he might take the liberty of adding that, in his opinion, Mrs. Brett would be ill-advised were she to provoke a conflict which could not but end in her discomfiture.

Thus was initiated a correspondence which was briskly sustained during many weeks, although there was little save reiteration on both sides to keep it alive. Reiteration, however, often succeeds where argument would be of no avail, and by the time that Marcia had once more settled herself in Florence for the winter, she was beginning to admit what she had not been at all disposed to admit at the outset, that Sir George was a formidable antagonist. Apparently he had the law on his side. That, of course, only showed how brutal and unjust the law is apt to be; still, its brutality and injustice cannot be amended in any given case without an act of Par-

liament. Then again there was the prospect at which this wealthy banker had more than once hinted, that his ward would in all probability be his heir. Personally, Marcia set little store by wealth; but she had seen too much of the power of money to despise it, and she naturally hesitated to deprive Willie of the very best substitute for happiness that has ever been discovered. And after all, she reflected, a boy is not like a girl; the fondest of parents cannot keep him always under their wing; perhaps it does not so very much signify whether this house or that is called their home, since in reality the greater part of their lives must be spent elsewhere. So at length she yielded a sort of dubious assent to the decree which, as she was given to understand, was unalterable, merely stipulating that she should retain the right of seeing or sending for her son as often as he should be free to obey her summons. Sir George, perceiving that victory was now within his grasp, civilly declined to make any such concession. "You must surely be aware," he wrote, "that I should fail in my duty were I to comply with your demand. I can say no more to you than I have already said to the boy himself; namely, that I must be guided by circumstances. So far as it may be in my power to oblige you, I shall be glad to do so; but I can make no bargain, nor can I relinquish in any degree the authority which has been conferred upon me."

It was on a sultry autumn evening that Marcia wandered out to the Cascine with this discouraging missive in her pocket. So far as she was concerned, Florence was at this time a desert; for she had made very few Italian acquaintances, and the English visitors, who to her represented the society of the place, had not yet put in an appearance. She sat down on a bench beneath the trees and gazed at the yellow Arno, and felt utterly lonely and miserable. At no previous period of her life had she been deprived of the solace of sympathy; there had always been somebody to whom she had been able to confide at least a part of her troubles and grievances; there had always been plenty of people willing and eager to console her when she had been out of spirits. But now, through no fault of her own, she seemed all of a sudden to have become an outcast. Willie was drifting away from her; he would drift farther and farther away as the years went on — that was an inevitable process which she could not retard nor his uncle accelerate; the friends

of bygone days had evidently forgotten her; even Laura Wetherby wrote in a stiff, formal fashion which indicated disapproval. "Though what she can find to disapprove of in me now I'm sure I don't know," thought Marcia. And of course it was not strange that, at such a moment of dejection, her thoughts should revert to the man whom she loved and whom it was no longer an offence against any law, human or divine, to love. The strange thing was that she had thought so little and so seldom of him since her husband's death. Possibly she cared more for Willie than she did for him — the point was one on which she had never felt quite positive — but, at all events, her anxiety about Willie had hitherto driven him out of her mind, and only now, when she was gradually familiarizing herself with the idea that her life must henceforth be divided from Willie's, did she begin to wonder at Archdale's prolonged silence.

"He might have written," she mused. "But perhaps he didn't know where to write."

Then suddenly there flashed across her a suspicion which caused her heart-strings to contract painfully. Flirting with a married woman is generally considered to be a dangerous sort of amusement; but do not most men affirm that a flirtation with a widow is more dangerous still? Archdale, it was true, had once told her that he loved her, and although he had never repeated the declaration with his tongue, he had repeated it many and many a time with his eyes. Nevertheless, she knew that no word in the English language is more frequently misused than "love," and a hot flush overspread her cheeks as she recalled the mixture of prudence and audacity which had always characterized Archdale's relations with her. The most humiliating thought of all was that she had not contrived to keep her own secret. Evidently he had taken fright, and evidently she had only herself to blame for his alarm. "Oh, if he would but come here!" she ejaculated inwardly. "If he would but give me the chance of convincing him that I am not quite so easily won as he imagined!"

Her aspiration was gratified with dramatic promptitude; for the very next instant somebody, who had approached noiselessly across the grass, placed his hands upon the back of the bench and exclaimed, "At last I have found you, then! I knew it must be you, though I never saw you wearing an ugly bonnet before."

Marcia was too much taken by surprise to preserve her dignity, and before she could stop herself she had told Mr. Archdale how glad she was that her solitude had been broken in upon by the unexpected advent of a friend. "I don't know why you call my bonnet ugly, though," she added; "it is of the shape that everybody is wearing now."

"It is ugly because it is black," answered Archdale, seating himself beside her. "You are right, I suppose, to display the conventional signs of mourning; but I know they can't imply any real grief, and I hope you will soon lay them aside."

Marcia was honestly shocked by the flagrant bad taste of this speech. "I don't think you quite understand," she answered. "Of course my husband and I were not upon good terms; but it does not follow that I am quite such a wretch as to rejoice at his death."

"Well," said Archdale imperturbably, "I dare say you are kind-hearted enough to be sorry. I admire you for it, though I really can't pretend to share your sentiments. We have all got to die some time or other, and, for my part, I am sincerely glad that Mr. Brett's time has come. You will admit that he treated you abominably."

Well, Marcia was certainly of that opinion; but she abstained from expressing it. By way of changing the subject, she inquired what had brought Mr. Archdale to Florence, and was gratified to learn that for some weeks past he had been seeking her high and low.

"I had no means of finding out where you were," he said; "it was only as a sort of forlorn hope that I decided to push on here. You may imagine how delighted I was when I called at your old address and was told that you had returned. You haven't been home since I saw you, I suppose?"

"I have no home," answered Marcia sadly. "One thinks of England as home; but I don't know whether it will ever be home to me again. Everything has been taken from me — even my own boy —"

She was very nearly bursting into tears at this point; but she controlled herself, and presently narrated the story of her wrongs, to which her companion listened patiently, though without much apparent sympathy.

"I am afraid you will call me hard-hearted," he observed at length; "but I must confess that I see very little reason to regret an arrangement which will make

your son a rich man some fine day. As for their forbidding you to see him, that's all nonsense; they will have to let you see him if you insist upon it. But, for the boy's own sake, I shouldn't advise you to insist too often, and I should try to keep upon good terms with the banker. I quite understand that this is rather a wrench for you; only —"

"Oh, no, you don't understand!" interrupted Marcia impatiently; "you can't understand, and it was absurd of me to fancy that you could. I am sure you would be very sorry for me if I told you that I had been robbed of a few thousand pounds; but when you hear that I have lost all I care for in this world you almost congratulate me!"

Archdale looked hurt. Very likely he felt so; for in truth she had managed to wound his vanity, which was perhaps his most vulnerable point. "Oh, if that brat — that boy, I mean — is all you care for in the world," said he, "you are very much to be pitied, no doubt. But I didn't know that he was; I hoped you had some slight feeling of regard for your friends."

"My friends," answered Marcia, recovering her equanimity when she perceived how greatly she had vexed one of them, "haven't gone out of their way to display any great regard for me; my friends only remember my existence when it suits them to do so."

"I assure you that Florence is very far out of my way. At this moment three influential patrons of mine are cursing me by their gods because I have failed to keep the engagements which I have entered into with them. I think you know that I can no more forget your existence than I can forget my own; so I need not reply to that charge."

"Well, if you like, I will admit that you are the solitary exception which proves the rule. All my other friends have deserted me."

"I don't care a brass farthing about all the others," Mr. Archdale declared.

"But perhaps I do," observed Marcia, smiling.

"You said just now that you didn't. Mrs. Brett, do you remember what I said to you that evening in the Regent's Park?"

Marcia rose hastily. "Yes," she answered, "I remember. One doesn't forget such things; but one doesn't always wish to be reminded of them. I must say good-night now; I didn't know how late it was."

"May I not see you home?"

"No, thank you; I would rather drive. Perhaps, if you would be so kind, you would walk on and find a carriage for me. I will follow you slowly."

He did as he was requested, and having obtained permission to call upon her, let her depart without finishing the speech which he had begun. He was in no great hurry; he had made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him, and he did not think that he was in much danger of being rejected. As he sauntered back towards his hotel, he took credit to himself for having behaved in a thoroughly straightforward and honorable manner. To be sure, he was desperately in love with Marcia; still one does not always go so far as to marry the people with whom one is desperately in love, nor, when one does so, can one always hope to escape the ridicule of one's associates. However, in this instance there was, happily, nothing that could provoke a sneer from the most cynical of lookers-on. To marry a beautiful widow with £1,500 a year of her own is scarcely to make a fool of oneself.

Never since the world began has a man who was desperately in love troubled himself to ask whether his neighbors considered him a fool or not; so that it may be taken for granted that Archdale's love for Marcia Brett was not of a desperate description. He loved her, however, as much as his nature would permit him to love anybody, and, as the old nursery rhyme so truly says, "Don Fernando can't do more than he can do." Perhaps this selfish, easy-going artist had in him the makings of an excellent average husband, although he was probably better adapted to excel in the capacity of a lover.

But if he was a trifle too cool and self-possessed at this critical moment of his life, the same accusation could not be brought against Marcia, who was driven homewards in a state of tumultuous mental disturbance. She could not feel satisfied with herself; for she had by no means done what she had intended to do. So far from having snubbed the man whom she loved, she had as good as told him that his declaration was only premature. Of course he would repeat it; and when he did so, it would be impossible to disguise the truth from him. She did not exactly want to disguise it from him; yet she was keenly alive to the fact that so prompt a surrender would give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. It was easy to foretell what Caroline's comments would be and how greatly Sir George's case would be strengthened by the news

that his ward was about to be saddled with a step-father. And so the struggle, in so far as there was any struggle, seemed to narrow itself into one between Archdale and Willie. She could not bear to give up either of them; but at the bottom of her heart she knew that she would be obliged to give up one or the other.

She had arrived at no decision, and was in that fatal attitude of awaiting events which renders those who assume it so completely at the mercy of the first person who knows how to create events, when Archdale came to see her on the following day. So helpless was she that she had capitulated before his first attack was made, and her feeble efforts to prevent him from saying what he had resolved to say were as ineffectual as might have been anticipated.

"Of course I care for you," she confessed, half laughing, half crying. "I suppose you have known that all along, and I dare say you despise me for it. Oh, I know what men are; you only value the things that you can't have. If I had any sense at all I should tell you to go away. Besides, I can't help feeling that it is horrid of me to listen to you so soon."

Archdale professed himself quite unable to share that feeling of compunction. She had done her duty and more than her duty. She had lived with that detestable old man until he had virtually driven her out of his house; she had never, during his lifetime, overstepped the limits of strict propriety; and now that she was free, nobody whose opinion was worth having could dispute her right to follow the dictates of her heart. As to her unflattering estimate of mankind at large, all he could say was that, if it was accurate, he must differ very widely from his fellows. It was no hard task to persuade her that he respected as much as he loved her; but he had a good deal of resistance to contend against when he pleaded for an immediate marriage.

"I couldn't do it!" Marcia exclaimed. "I should like to wait at least a year, and I should like our engagement to be kept quite secret. It isn't only that I am afraid of Mrs. Grundy, though I don't pretend to be indifferent with regard to Mrs. Grundy; but if I were to do as you wish, that would simply mean cutting myself off from Willie altogether. These people are only too eager to find some excuse for separating us. They haven't got one now; but they will have one as soon as they are able to say that I have married a second time within three months of Eustace's

death. Women who do such things are always called horrid women, and I am not sure that they don't deserve it."

Now Archdale was by no means blind to the importance of standing well with Mrs. Grundy; but as for this threatened separation of mother and son, he really could not regard that in the light of a calamity. So he said: "If you love me as much as I love you, Marcia, you won't trouble your head about the scandal-mongers. Whether you marry me now or whether you stay on here by yourself, people who have any interest in traducing you will manage to traduce you; you may be perfectly certain of that. You can't expect me to accept a sentence of a year's banishment from you, and nothing else would be of the slightest use. It is far better to give people something definite to talk about; the worst that they can say of you is that you haven't taken Mr. Brett's death very much to heart. Well, as they already knew that you were not on speaking terms with him, they can't very well magnify that into a crime."

By means of these and other arguments he carried his point in the end. Or else he carried it because he had to deal with an opponent to whom one argument was neither better nor worse than another. Marcia could not at that time have refused him anything that he begged for; added to which, she had quite realized when she accepted him that in so doing she was handing Willie over to Sir George and Lady Brett. She had taken the plunge; she had made the sacrifice; her chief desire now was to avoid thinking about it.

Nevertheless, she did not enjoy writing a letter which had to be despatched to Farnborough a few days later, and of which some passages were rendered almost illegible by reason of sundry suspicious blots and splashes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIE HEARS TOO MUCH.

AS one hurries along the road of life towards the graveyard which is our common goal, one pauses every now and again to cast a backward glance over one's shoulder at the dim landscape of the past. It is a queer, confused sort of view that one obtains at such times: near objects look remote; distant ones stand out with unnatural clearness; not a few which ought to be visible have vanished altogether. But certain landmarks there always are (they belong for the most part to the first stage of the journey), of which

every detail remains distinct up to the very end, and amongst these Willie Brett will never fail to count the arrival of that letter from Florence of which mention was made in the last chapter.

It was a misty November afternoon; he had been playing football and was changing his muddy flannels in a room set apart for that purpose. One of the boys flung a wet towel at him which, by a sad mischance, missed its aim and, catching the matron full in the face, wound itself round her head, so that for an instant or two her just indignation could only find vent in muffled sounds of which the meaning had to be conjectured. But when once her mouth was free she spoke, and her remarks were very much to the point. She was going, it appeared, to complain straightway of Master Brown for his ungentlemanly behavior: "And has for you, Master Brett, I don't believe but what you're just as bad as the rest of 'em. Settin' gigglin' there like a common ploughboy! You ought to know better — and you so 'igh up in the school too! Oh, there's a furrin letter come for you, Master Brett," she added, fumbling in her pocket. "'Ere, catch 'old of it; and next time you write to your mar you can tell her that your manners isn't what they should be; though the Lord knows I've taken trouble enough with you!"

Willie did not tear open the envelope at once, but presently carried it off to the schoolroom and, seating himself at the desk which was his property for the time being, threw up the heavy wooden lid, which he propped upon his head — that being the nearest approach to privacy obtainable in the establishment. It was always understood that a boy who assumed this posture was occupied with urgent private affairs and did not wish to be interrupted. Well, it was a very lucky thing that the schoolroom happened to be empty at that hour; for when he had finished reading what his mother had to tell him, Willie quite forgot his advanced age, and the sheet of paper which had already been besprinkled by the tears of a still older person received two more great drops. And although, perhaps, it was not very manly of him to cry, nobody will be inclined to deny that he had something to cry about. He was not much surprised that his mother should be going to marry a man for whom he personally entertained no sentiments of affection; but he was a good deal surprised and not a little shocked to hear that the marriage was to take place so soon. Like St. Paul, he doubted the

expediency of second marriages in the abstract, and he had always supposed that people who had decided upon that questionable step waited at least until they were out of mourning before taking it. Of course, however, it was not so much the unconventionality of the proceeding that distressed him as the conviction that, in forming this new tie, his mother had made up her mind to cast him off. The whole tone of her letter, which was apologetic and abounded in expressions of love and regret, showed that she recognized that as a necessity. She did not speak of seeing him during his holidays; she did not seem to look forward to any prospect of doing so; she even affected to believe that he would be happier in an English country-house, than she could have hoped to make him while wandering about the Continent. "Only," she added, "I hope you will think of me sometimes; for you may be sure that I shall always be thinking of you."

The boy was hurt and disappointed, as well he might be. He had not inherited his mother's jealous temperament, nor did he expect her to live solely for him; yet it was painful to him to know that he no longer held the first place in her heart, and scarcely less painful to read her abdication in favor of his uncle and aunt, whom he was enjoined to treat with submission and respect. "And you must not mind what they say about me," Marcia had judged it prudent to write; "because they are sure to be angry with me at first. They will come round in time, I dare say."

If they were angry, they refrained from expressing their emotions by post. About a week later Willie received one of the dry, carefully worded epistles which his aunt was in the habit of addressing to him from time to time, and in the course of it occurred the following brief passage:—

"News has reached us of your mother's marriage to Mr. Archdale. I understand that she informed you of her intentions. I hope, my dear Willie, that, young as you are, you know how certain it is that Providence overrules *all things* for our good, and that you will not, therefore, rebel against what may at first sight look to you like a misfortune."

That was the only intimation that he had of the fulfilment of his mother's intentions. She did not write to him again, nor did he know whether she had left Florence or not. Weeks passed away; he had his own methodical round of work and play to occupy him; if he placed no great reliance upon the intervention of

Providence in his affairs, he had common sense enough to make the best of accomplished facts. But his youth—that joyous, unthinking period which rarely runs out its natural course even with the most fortunate of us—had received its death-blow, and from being a merry, jolly sort of boy he became a somewhat serious one. His physical health, however, remained excellent; so that when Christmas came and he betook himself to Blaydon for the holidays, Sir George was delighted to welcome an heir who looked as robust as the last representative of a respectable family ought to look.

"I am going to send you to Eton at the beginning of the next half," was almost the first thing that his uncle said to him. "Your future tutor has a vacancy in his house, and from the reports that I have sent him, he has no doubt, he says, about your getting into Upper School. That's all right as far as it goes, and I'm sure I don't want you to neglect your opportunities of becoming a fair classical scholar; but I'm glad to hear that you are pretty good at games too. One kind of education is suitable for one boy and another kind for another. The chances are that you will never have to earn your own living; so it is important that you should excel in athletics. By learning such accomplishments you may form friendships with young fellows whose friendship will be valuable to you after your school and college days are at an end."

A great many boys are sent to Eton with no other object than that which Sir George Brett so frankly avowed; and although the object is seldom attained, the boys, it may be hoped, profit by their temporary residence in a sort of aristocratic republic where class distinctions meet with very little recognition. Willie neither knew nor cared anything about that; but he was glad that he was about to be sent to a public school, and he had certainly no reason to complain of his uncle and aunt, who did their best to be kind to him. Not much liberty was permitted him, nor was hilarity a prominent feature of life at Blaydon; still he had his pony, and the keeper was instructed to take him out shooting, and he was told that if at any time he should wish to invite one of his schoolfellows to spend a week with him he might do so.

Encouraged by these favors, he ventured, one day, to ask Sir George where his mother was and when he might hope to see her once more; but the reply which he obtained was by no means satisfactory.

Sir George frowned, threw back his head and answered, —

“Your mother, to the best of my belief, is in Italy; I have made no inquiries and I do not propose to make any. I cannot tell you when you will see her, or whether you will ever see her again; but this I can say — and I am very sorry to be obliged to say it — you will never see her under my roof. The subject is a painful one; I must ask you to abstain from recurring to it.”

The fact was that Sir George had been far more horrified than his wife by Marcia's precipitancy. He had looked forward to her re-marriage as a highly probable event; but he had expected her to keep within the limits imposed upon widows by ordinary custom, and when he heard of what he stigmatized as a wanton violation of all common decency he was genuinely angry. Lady Brett declared that for her part she was not in the least astonished. She had never fallen into the ridiculous error of imagining that women are good because they are pretty; indeed her experience would have led her, if anything, to quite the contrary conclusion. Still she was of opinion that good might come out of evil if the eyes of those who had hitherto believed in Marcia were now opened; and when Willie, after having been rebuffed by his uncle, made an appeal to her, she was able to take up her parable quite kindly.

“My dear, I condemn nobody; I am too conscious of my own shortcomings to presume to judge others. But men are less merciful — perhaps in some ways they are more just — than we are, and I doubt whether your uncle will ever consent to receive Mrs. Archdale. He may be wrong in holding her answerable for your poor, dear father's death; but I am afraid we cannot call him wrong when he accuses her of unnaturally heartless conduct. The most charitable thing that we can do is to say nothing about her.”

Under the circumstances, that seemed to be at any rate the most prudent plan to act upon, and Willie kept his thoughts to himself. He was ready, in case of his mother's demanding that he should be restored to her, to back her up to the utmost of his small ability; he was ready to run away from Blaydon or to attempt any other adventurous enterprise that might be required of him; but obviously he could not take the first step. He must have some assurance that his mother desired his company before he could venture to thrust it upon her and her new husband.

No such assurance reached him; but towards the end of January there came a very kindly invitation from Lady Wetherby, who wrote to say that her son was about to proceed to Eton and that, as she had understood that Willie was bound for the same destination, it would be pleasant for the boys to go down together. She hoped, therefore, that Sir George Brett would see no objection to his nephew's spending the last few days of the holidays with them in London. Sir George, whose respect for the aristocracy of his native land has already been hinted at, hastened to return thanks in his nephew's name and his own and to accept this friendly proposal on behalf of the former.

“I do not wish you to be a snob or a tuft-hunter, Willie,” said he — for he thought that some such caution might be necessary — “your own position is quite good enough to entitle you to associate with anybody, and I dare say that you will eventually be better off than many young earls and viscounts. Nevertheless, I think that, in choosing your friends, you will do well to pay some regard to the matter of birth, and you may depend upon it that those who affect to despise birth are either silly or insincere. I should be glad to hear that you had made friends with young Lord Malton, who will inherit a very large fortune as well as an ancient title.”

It is probably no bad thing for the heir to a large fortune and an ancient title that he should be well kicked in the earlier part of his career, and it will be perceived that Sir George's remarks were admirably adapted to secure for Lord Malton any advantage that may follow from that method of treatment. But Willie Brett belonged to the order of human beings who always make the best fighters; that is to say that his inclinations were quite peaceable. So he only said to himself that he hoped the other fellow wouldn't put on airs upon the strength of being an earl or a viscount or whatever he was; because in that case it would naturally become his (Willie's) duty to knock such pernicious nonsense out of him.

Happily, Lord Malton proved to be a fat, good-humored little boy upon whom no consciousness of his social importance had as yet dawned. He extended a friendly welcome to the new-comer, and, having ascertained that their tastes coincided in certain essential particulars, gave him to understand that he might make himself quite at home. But indeed that was what every member of the establishment, from its head downwards, gave him

to understand. They were very kind to him, and Lord Wetherby taught him to play billiards, and Lady Wetherby took him to the theatre and to other places of amusement, so that he had more fun during the last three days of his holidays than in all the previous ones put together. He said as much to his hostess, who laughed and replied that if he had enjoyed himself he must come again.

"But I hope you don't dislike living with your uncle and aunt, do you?" she asked, looking at him with wistful, motherly eyes; for she could not comprehend Marcia's abandonment of the boy, and it seemed to her a most melancholy thing that he should be deprived of his natural home.

"I haven't minded it so much this time," Willie answered. "They're right enough when you know them; only they aren't a bit like you and Lord Wetherby, you know. It doesn't do to speak to Aunt Caroline unless she speaks to you; and then if you make a mistake in grammar she lets you hear of it. I shouldn't like to live at Blaydon always. My mother will want me to go back to her some day, I should think," he added, coloring slightly. "Shouldn't you think so?"

"Oh, I am sure she must want you," Lady Wetherby declared; "but one can't always have what one wants, you see."

The subject, in fact, was a somewhat difficult one to discuss, and Lady Wetherby did not know the ins and outs of it; so she merely remarked: "Your mother was one of my oldest friends, and I hope she hasn't forgotten me, though she has given up writing to me of late. Now I must go and dress, or I shan't be ready in time for dinner."

But if information as to what had become of his mother, which Willie was most eager to gain, yet did not like to ask for in so many words, was not obtainable in that quarter, he accidentally heard what he wanted, and something more into the bargain, on the following morning. Malton had taken him round to the stables, and the two boys, after critically examining the horses, had entered an empty loose-box, when Lord Wetherby strolled in, accompanied by a friend who was staying in the house, and to whom he was saying, apparently in answer to some question, —

"Oh, yes, I suppose he'll come into a lot of money some fine day, poor little chap! As far as that goes, you may say that he's lucky; but it's hard lines upon him to be thrown over by his mother. I always understood that she was devoted to

the boy; but women are queer creatures; they'll give up anything and anybody for the sake of a man whom they're in love with — especially if he don't happen to be worth much. That beggar Archdale is a clever artist; but he's about the laziest rascal and the coolest hand I ever met. He undertook to do some work for me and left it three-parts finished without so much as an apology, though he hasn't forgotten to make me pay him pretty heavily on account. What with that and what with his wife's money, he feels too rich to work at present, I take it. Somebody told me the other day that he had seen them at Cannes, where they were living on the fat of the land and having a fine time of it. That sort of thing will go on, I expect, until he has got to the end of the poor woman's fortune, and tired of her face. It's a pity."

"Well," observed Lord Wetherby's friend, "perhaps when her husband has had enough of her she will have had enough of him, and then she may remember that she has a son."

"Perhaps; but I should doubt it; women invariably adore men who neglect them. Besides, old Brett, who has no children of his own, won't surrender the boy now. He has been appointed guardian, and I believe Mrs. Archdale consented to waive her claims."

Lord Wetherby and his friend remained for a few minutes longer, talking about horses, and then left the stables without having discovered the involuntary eavesdroppers, of whom one had become very red in the face, while the other had turned rather pale. Malton displayed a discretion beyond his years by making no allusion to the conversation which they had overheard, and Willie, with a dull pain at his heart from which he was not destined to be free for many a long day, tried to behave as though nothing was the matter.

It was a fortunate thing for the poor little man that the next week was such a busy and important one in his life. During the period which immediately follows one's entrance upon a public school career there is no time for brooding and not very much for thinking. Willie had to familiarize himself with the manners and customs of a place which had little in common with the Farnborough establishment; he had also to satisfy the curiosity of a great many young gentlemen who wanted to know what his name was, where he came from, and, in a general way, what was the good of him; finally, he had to pass an examination, the result of which he awaited

with anxiety. Only before he fell asleep at night had he leisure to reflect upon the perplexing cruelty of fate. What had he done that his mother should cease all of a sudden to care about him? Why should she cease to care about him because she cared more — if she really did care more — for somebody else? Had he been twenty years older, he could have answered the questions without difficulty, but perhaps also without truth. Being so young, and so unsophisticated, he could only assume that there must be some mistake, which would be set straight ere long; because, after all, Lord Wetherby's assertions, when considered calmly, were incredible. So he made up his mind that there was nothing for it but faith and patience; and he "took" middle fourth, which was respectable, if not brilliant; and gradually he shook into his place, and formed friendships, and began to enjoy life again. Nevertheless, he could not altogether free himself from that heartache which is so much more painful and so much more unnatural in boyhood than in later years.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FRUITLESS APPEAL.

"AH, dear me!" exclaimed Archdale, removing the cigarette from between his lips in order to heave a sigh, "what a jolly place this world would be if one could do one's work by proxy!"

He was reclining in an easy-chair beneath the shade of a spreading ilex, and he looked as if he did not find this world such a very bad place to live in, notwithstanding its imperfections. Beneath him the blue Mediterranean stretched away to meet the sky; the Lerins Islands in the middle distance and the innumerable villas and hotels of Cannes in the foreground were basking under the rays of a sun which was like that of an English midsummer; upon a small table at his elbow stood two empty coffee-cups, and from the other side of it Marcia was contemplating him with happy and admiring eyes.

"Oh, but Cecil," said she, "nobody except you could do your work."

"Quite so; that's just what I complain of. Work is a most abominable nuisance; but when it has to be done with one's own hands or not done at all one must endure what can't be cured. Therefore," he added, with another sigh, "I suppose we had better hunt out Bradshaw and get our clothes packed and turn our faces towards London, like everybody else."

"Towards London!" echoed Marcia, in somewhat dismayed accents. "Do you really want to go back to London, Cecil?"

"Not one little bit, my dear; I should like to stay where I am. But one's fellow-creatures are departing, and the mosquitoes are arriving, and — well, everything must come to an end, unfortunately, including the happiest winter of one's life."

"But it need not end in a disagreeable way," returned Marcia quickly. "I do so hate the idea of showing myself in London again! And I thought one of the advantages of being an artist was that one could work anywhere."

Archdale shook his head and laughed. "One can make a sketch anywhere," he answered, "but painting a picture is another affair. Moreover, some of my pictures have to be painted upon other people's walls, you see. I must confess that I have behaved quite scandalously to your friends, the Wetherbys. However, I'll make amends now; and there's just this to be said for me, that when I do work I work hard."

Marcia could not but admit that her husband was in the right. She was too proud of him and too ambitious on his behalf to wish that he should drop out of sight, and she knew that reputations are more easily lost than maintained. At the same time, she shrank from the ordeal which a return to England must necessarily entail. She had done nothing disgraceful; yet it was certain that many people would look askance at her. Her separation from Eustace had been an awkward circumstance; the haste with which she had married again was more awkward still; most awkward of all was the fact that her present husband had been compromisingly attentive to her during the last season which she had spent in London. All this she had thought of before and had regretted — because it was excessively painful to her to forfeit the respect of her acquaintances — but latterly she had contrived to put away from her every thought and every memory that was of a nature to cause her pain. Her feeling, or what she imagined to be her feeling, was that any sacrifice made for Cecil's sake was a joy. She had been perfectly happy with him so far; she had been convinced that for the rest of her life her happiness must be bound up in his, and that was why she had never even written to Willie since her wedding day. It was better, she had thought, to cut herself off altogether and finally from the past. She had been forced to choose between old ties and new ones,

and she had made her choice. For Willie's worldly advantage she had surely chosen aright. He was now to all intents and purposes an orphan who had been adopted by a rich uncle; as for herself, she was Marcia Archdale; Marcia Brett was dead and gone. But when she went out for a solitary walk that afternoon (her husband having an engagement at the Cercle Nautique which he declared that he could not possibly break) it was borne in upon her that one cannot change one's identity at will. For a month or two it may be possible to believe that there is only one person in the world whose weal or woe is of the smallest consequence; but this cannot be the truth, save in a few very rare instances, and it certainly was not the truth as regarded herself.

Along the face of the hillside above Cannes runs a narrow, open aqueduct which supplies the reservoirs whence the town draws its drinking water. Thither Marcia climbed, and, after having walked for some little distance by its banks, seated herself upon the ground in a shady spot. Then she drew from her pocket a letter which she had not read more than a dozen times, because she had found that she could not do so without crying, and because it is silly to cry when one is happy. However, the usual effect was produced upon her by the re-perusal of poor Willie's reply to her announcement of her intended marriage. It was a composition upon which much time and pains had evidently been bestowed; there was nothing in it to hurt the feelings of the most sensitive of brides or widows; but that, of course, was just what rendered it so desperately reproachful. When Marcia read again the little formal, childish phrases, every one of which she already knew by heart, she felt that she had been attempting an absolute impossibility all this time.

"Oh, my own dear boy," she exclaimed, through her tears, "I can't forget you, and I wouldn't if I could! I must see you again; I must tell you that I love you as much as ever, though I dare say you won't believe me."

And so, that evening, it came to pass that Mr. Archdale was agreeably surprised to find his wife quite eager to make a start. He knew as well as she did that they were not likely to be received with open arms on their return to their native land, and he had expected her to oppose him in the matter; but as it was really essential that he should pass a few months in London, he was grateful to her for her ready assent, the cause of which he did not surmise.

He flattered himself that her love for him had weaned her from all other affections; and this was not inexcusable on his part, seeing that she had repeatedly assured him that such was the fact.

It was soon after Easter that they reached London and took up their quarters at an hotel in Cork Street which had been recommended to them. Eton boys get a month's holiday at Easter, but that was a circumstance which Archdale had no special reason for remembering, nor did he understand his wife's anxiety to find out the exact date on which the vacation was supposed to end.

"It all depends upon whose vacation you mean," he said. "If you are thinking of the smart people, I should say that you might look forward to seeing them in about a week."

"Oh, I haven't time to see anybody!" answered Marcia, somewhat disingenuously, although it was true enough that her leisure moments were few.

They had agreed that they could not stand the discomfort and expense of an hotel for the whole season, and thus a process of house-hunting, the burden of which fell entirely upon Marcia's shoulders, was inevitable. Her husband good-naturedly told her that any house which might suit her would be sure to suit him, so that there was no occasion for him to waste time which he could employ more profitably in his studio by accompanying her on her search expeditions. These were tiring and at first disappointing; but she ended by discovering a modest mansion in South Kensington which seemed suitable for their purpose; and, on hearing her description of it, Archdale at once gave her the authority to close with the house agent's offer.

"And I think," he added, "the best plan will be for you to move in and get things straight as soon as possible. I wrote to Lord Wetherby the other day to ask when it would be convenient for him to let me finish my work at his place, and this afternoon I had an answer from him saying that I could name my own time. So, if you don't mind, I'll go now and get it over. I shall be back in less than a fortnight most likely, and I dare say you'll be glad to have me out of the way while you are settling down and engaging servants and so forth."

It was with mixed feelings that Marcia heard of this project. She had reasons of her own for being glad that her husband should leave London just then; but she did not quite like his leaving her at all,

and she was a little mortified by her exclusion from an invitation which she would have refused, had it been extended to her.

"Didn't Laura Wetherby ask me to go with you?" she inquired.

"Well, it wasn't from her that I heard, you see. Lord Wetherby's letter was a sort of business communication, and as I didn't mention you in writing to him, I suppose he forgot that I am no longer a bachelor."

"Anyhow, I couldn't have gone; so it doesn't matter," observed Marcia, who nevertheless knew that neither Lord nor Lady Wetherby could really have forgotten her existence.

But it was not of the prejudice and injustice of these old friends — for which, in truth, she had been fully prepared — that she was thinking while she set about making the South Kensington house inhabitable. As she was fond of pretty things, she would probably have spent a good deal more time upon that process had she been less feverishly eager to put herself in communication with Sir George Brett, to whom, on the second day after Archdale's departure for the north, she indited a letter so humble in tone and so modest as to its request that she did not see how any man possessed of a human heart could answer it unfavorably. All that she asked was to be allowed one interview with her son; she left it to Sir George to say when and where the interview should take place; she disclaimed any wish to interfere with existing arrangements, and she promised that she would not say a single word to the boy which might render him discontented with his lot.

This appeal she addressed to Blaydon Hall; the consequence of which was that she had to wait through two days of misery and suspense for the following reply, which was dated "Portman Square:"—

"MADAM,— Circumstances have prevented us from moving down to the country this Easter; hence my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your note. I regret that I cannot see my way to comply with the suggestion put forward therein. Both Lady Brett and I feel that we ought not to sanction any meeting between you and one whom we now regard as our own child. We think that the tendency of such a meeting would be to unsettle his mind, and I am compelled to add that we do not think ourselves bound to stretch a point or to do a foolish thing for the sake of gratifying a mere caprice on your part.

Rightly or wrongly, we consider that the step which you have recently taken is not compatible with the maternal affection to which you lay claim; the performance of what appears to us to be our manifest duty is, therefore, the less painful to us. Painful it must necessarily be to us to decline all further intercourse with our sister-in-law; still we have the consolation of knowing that in doing so we are actuated by no resentful or unworthy motives. I will only add that our determination must be taken as final and unalterable, and that

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BRETT."

The combination of George and Caroline which was perceptible in every line of this dignified missive might have tickled Marcia's sense of humor, if she had had any sense of humor to be tickled, and if she had not been far too disappointed and angry to be amused. As it was, she could only vituperate her brother-in-law's cruelty, and if there was one passage of his letter which struck her as being more cruel than another, it was that in which he had accused her of a lack of maternal affection. Such, doubtless, was the impression which he desired to convey to Willie, and such was the false impression which it was not only her right but her duty to remove.

By what means she was to achieve this legitimate object was, however, another question. Of course, she might write to Willie; only writing is seldom satisfactory, and written words are more easily explained away than spoken ones. Besides, she was dying to see her boy. She had made up her mind that she would be allowed to see him at least once, and to tell her that she must surrender that hope was like telling a starving man that he must not eat. One scarcely blames a starving man if he steals the food which is denied to him; so that Marcia may perhaps be excused for considering how she might effect a surreptitious entrance into Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square. But the longer she considered this the more impossible did it appear to her to attempt anything of the kind. She had not courage enough to dress herself up in some disguise; she had not imagination enough to invent a story which would insure her admission, nor had she any means of guessing at what hour Willie would be likely to be at home and his uncle and aunt out. Her one idea was to tip the butler and appeal to his compas-

sion — which perhaps was not such a bad idea, after all, seeing that Sir George was a little bit too rich to be tipped, and that he apparently did not know the meaning of pity. But if there was a human being more destitute of pity than Sir George, that wretch was unquestionably his wife; and Marcia, who was well acquainted with Lady Brett's habit of driving slowly round and round the Park every day between the hours of four and six, thought it only prudent to deliver her first assault upon the citadel at a time of day when the mistress of the establishment was almost certain to be absent. Willie, it was true, would probably be absent also; but the butler, at all events, would be at his post, and from that functionary useful information might be obtained.

She set forth with some trepidation, yet with a determination not to be baulked of her purpose which was perhaps as serviceable to her as any definite plan would have been. By hook or by crook she meant to get speech of her son, and a mother who has formed a resolution of that kind is a difficult person to defeat. Sir George quite thought that he had defeated her; but then Sir George labored under the double disadvantage of being a man and a rather stupid one into the bargain.

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THE LAW IN 1847 AND THE LAW IN 1889.

BY LORD COLERIDGE.

THE following paper was written and delivered to the law students at Birmingham early in last year; but I then refused to publish it, as it might be thought to refer to passing events and living men, at that time the subjects of personal and strong controversy. This reason against publication, never one founded in fact, has by lapse of time, ceased to be of any avail; and as there are some who still desire to see the paper in print, it is not worth while on this score, and in so small a matter, any longer to object. Haste and incompleteness are much better objections; but these are beyond my power to remove or lessen, and I will say only that I am as fully aware of them as any reader can be. I wish to add that when the paper was written I had, of course, not seen the important and admirable paper of Lord Herschell on the duties and responsibilities of an advocate.

MANY years ago, in 1877, my honored friend William Edward Forster persuaded me to go to see him at his Yorkshire home, and to deliver the prizes at a great meeting held at Bradford, which he then, and to the day of his death, represented in Parliament. He and I had to make speeches; and as it was an educational gathering, we spoke about education. About his speech I will say nothing, except that it seemed to me excellent and characteristic; but mine undoubtedly was weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Next day in a London newspaper there was an article on our speeches. Had the chief justice or Mr. Forster nothing to give us but platitudes on education; an old and worn-out subject, on which neither of them had anything fresh to say; of which, indeed, their knowledge was the knowledge of other men, long since assimilated by every one interested in the matter. If, now, they would have told us something about themselves, how they prepared themselves for their parts in life, how they got on in the world, how far and in what respects their career might be an example or a warning to other men; then, indeed, we might have listened, certainly with interest, possibly with advantage. Well, I remember saying to my friend, supposing we had taken the advice, we know, by experience, the article which would have followed. Who are these men who expect to interest us in their egotistical reminiscences? A second-rate politician, a third-rate lawyer. Have they really the vanity to suppose that, beyond their own families and dependents, who must affect an interest they do not feel, any human being cares one farthing how they managed to achieve any position in the world, which did very well without them before their appearance, and which will be hardly conscious of it when they disappear? So, no doubt, would our young gentleman, our daily oracle and monitor, have said, and not without reason.

Twelve years have passed away, and one's sensibility to attack and criticism has become, or at least ought to have become, twelve years blunter. But I still think it would be unwarrantable presumption to occupy your time with a personal narrative, or to attempt to direct you into paths which I have trodden more by chance than choice, and which have as often led me away from, as towards, that earthly goal which all human life should aim at, success in some definite and honorable pursuit, chosen with prudence and followed with energy. Yet, without so

wasting your time, it may be that I may, not altogether uselessly, employ it by a sort of comparison between what the profession was when I entered it, and what it is now, by considering how far the outward changes in it are changes which affect its real life, whether or no they have altered in any manner the principles of conduct, which, as far as I know history, no great and honorable lawyer has ever questioned in theory, or defined in practice.

I began my legal life in 1847, and at that time the common law rested mainly, though not exclusively, upon special pleading, and truth was investigated by rules of evidence so carefully framed to exclude falsehood, that very often truth was quite unable to force its way through the barriers erected against its opposite. Plaintiff and defendant, husband and wife, persons, excepting Quakers, who objected to an oath, those with an interest, direct or indirect, immediate or contingent, in the issue to be tried, were all absolutely excluded from giving evidence. Nonsuits were constant, not because there was no cause of action, but because the law refused the evidence of the only persons who could prove it. I do not speak of chancery, which had defects of its own, because I pretend to no more knowledge of chancery practice than is picked up by a common lawyer who, as he rises in his profession, is taken into courts of equity to examine a witness or to argue a case upon conflicting facts. Questions as to marriage, and as to wills, so far as they related to personal property, were under the jurisdiction of courts called ecclesiastical, with a procedure and principles happily of their own, and presided over by judges not appointed by the crown. The admiralty jurisdiction, at all times of great, in time of war of enormous, importance, was in practice committed to an ecclesiastical judge. Criminals, except in high treason and in misdemeanor, could be defended by counsel only through the medium of cross-examination. Speeches could be delivered, with the above exceptions, only by the prisoners themselves, and the system of writing speeches for the parties themselves to deliver, a system of which, in questions of real property, the orations of *Isæus*, and, in other matters, those of *Lysias*, *Isocrates*, and many even of *Demosthenes* himself, are examples, this system never, I know not why, obtained in this country.

Then, too, during large portions of the year, the common law courts were, from

necessity, altogether closed. The circuits occupied, not quite, but nearly, at the same time, the services of fourteen judges; and while the circuits went on there was no work for common lawyers in London except at the Privy Council and in the House of Lords. The circuits were great schools of professional conduct and professional ethics; and the lessons learnt upon them were to receptive minds of unspeakable value. The friendships formed on circuit were sometimes the closest and most enduring that men can form with one another; the cheery society, the frank manners, the pride in the body we belonged to, the discipline of the mess, the friendly mingling together on equal terms of older and younger men, the lessons to be learned both from leaders who were good and leaders who were bad by the constant attendance in court which was the invariable custom, the large amount of important and profitable business which was transacted; all these things gave the circuits a prominent and useful place in the life of a common lawyer, which, I am afraid, they are ceasing to have, except in a few of the largest and most populous counties.

Such, in rude outline, was the bar when I joined it forty-two years ago. The system had its great virtues, but it had its great and crying evils; and they were aggravated by the powerful men who at that time dominated Westminster Hall, and whose spirit guided its administration. The majestic presence of Lord Lyndhurst, a luminous, masculine, simple, yet most powerful mind, the very incarnation to an outward observer of courtesy and justice, was departing from the bench; Lord Denman, high-bred, scholar-like, with a noble scorn of the base and the tricky, was just about to follow. The ruling power in the courts in 1847 was Baron Parke, a man of great and wide legal learning, an admirable scholar, a kind-hearted and amiable man, and of remarkable force of mind. These great qualities he devoted to heightening all the absurdities, and contracting to the very utmost the narrowness of the system of special pleading. The client was unthought of. Conceive a judge rejoicing, as I have myself heard Baron Parke rejoice, at nonsuiting a plaintiff in an undefended cause, saying, with a sort of triumphant air, that "those who drew loose declarations brought scandal on the law." The right was nothing, the mode of stating everything. When it was proposed to give power to amend the statement, "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the

baron, "think of the state of the record" — *i.e.*, the sacred parchment, which it was proposed to defile by erasures and alterations. He bent the whole powers of his great intellect to defeat the act of Parliament which had allowed of equitable defences in a common law action. He laid down all but impossible conditions, and said, with an air of intense satisfaction, in my hearing, "I think we settled the new act to-day, we shall hear no more of equitable defences!" And as Baron Parke piped, the Court of Exchequer followed, and dragged after it, with more or less reluctance, the other common law courts of Westminster Hall. Sir William Maule and Sir Cresswell Cresswell did their best to resist the current. Cresswell was a man of strong will, of clear, sagacious, sensible mind, and a sound lawyer; Sir William Maule seems to me, on reflection, and towards the close of a long life, on the whole, the most extraordinary intellect I ever came across. He could split a hair into twenty filaments at one time, and at another could come crushing down, like a huge steam hammer of good sense, through a web of subtlety which disappeared under his blow. A great scholar, a very great mathematician, who extorted, as I have been told by Cambridge men, a senior wranglership from examiners wedded to the synthetic method, in spite of his persistent and indeed defiant use of the analytic; a great linguist, an accomplished lawyer, and overflowing with humor, generally grotesque and cynical, but sometimes alive with a rich humanity. He was a somewhat disappointed man; his life was said hardly to court inspection; he was certainly, with all his great gifts, personally indolent. He was not a great judge, not because he could not, but because he would not be. He played with his office. An utter disbeliever in the virtue of women, he was cruel to them in court; but, with this large exception, there was nothing mean about him, nothing unjust; and anything like brutality or fraud roused his indignation and brought out all the nobler qualities of his strangely compounded character. Baron Parke was, in a legal view, his favorite aversion.* "Well," I have heard him say, "that seems a horror in morals and a monster in reasoning. Now, give us the judgment of Baron Parke which lays it down as law."

* Baron Martin thus spoke of Baron Parke in his judgment in *Lord Derby v. Bury Improvement Commissioners*, 3 L. R. Exch. 133: "He was without doubt the ablest and best public servant I was personally acquainted with in the whole course of my life."

With the advent of Lord Campbell to the chief justiceship, a great lawyer, not wedded to the narrow technicalities, which he thoroughly understood, but did not admire, came to the assistance of good sense and justice. But for some time he struggled in vain against the idolatry of Baron Parke to which the whole of the common law at that time was devoted. Even so very great a lawyer and so independent a man as Sir James Willes dedicated a book to him as the judge "to whom the law was under greater obligations than to any judge within legal memory." One of the obligations he was very near conferring on it was its absolute extinction. "I have aided in building up sixteen volumes of Meeson & Welsby," said he proudly to Charles Austin, "and that is a great thing for any man to say." "I dare say it is," said Austin; "but in the palace of truth, baron, do you think it would have made the slightest difference to mankind, or even to England, if all the cases in all the volumes of Meeson & Welsby had been decided the other way?" He repeated his boast to Sir William Erle. "It's a lucky thing," said Sir William, as he told me himself, "that there was not a seventeenth volume, for if there had been the common law itself would have disappeared altogether, amidst the jeers and hisses of mankind;" "and," he added, "Parke didn't seem to like it."

Peace be with him. He was a great lawyer, a man of high character and powerful intellect. No smaller man could have produced such results. If he ever were to revisit the glimpses of the moon one shudders to think of his disquiet. No *absque hoc*, no *et non*, no color, express or implied, given to trespass, no new assignment, belief in the great doctrine of a negative pregnant no longer necessary to legal salvation, and the very nice question, as Baron Parke is reported to have thought, whether you could reply *de injuria* to a plea of deviation in an action on a marine policy not only still unsolved, but actually considered not worth solution! I suspect that to the majority of my hearers I am talking in an unknown tongue, and it is strange that in the lifetime of one who has not yet quite fulfilled the appointed span of human life such a change, such a revolution in a most conservative profession should be actually consummated. I must not indulge in any feeble attempt to reproduce the men who then, bound in the fetters of this system, yet in spite of them, enlightened us by their intellect, instructed us by their learn-

ing, charmed and touched us by their eloquence. Two alone remain of the great men of those times, Lord Bramwell and Sir Montague Smith, whom I mention, because they have, though living, entered upon the inheritance of their fame; the last, the most sensible, weighty, and sagacious of men; the first, a great lawyer, a keen intellect, who has chosen to cloak the kindest and most generous heart that beats on earth under a garb of caustic but humorous cynicism. The rest are gone: Willes, the greatest lawyer, I should think, since Sir William Grant; Jervis, the quickest mind, the keenest, tersest, swiftest advocate; Kelly, who outlived his fame, but who was in his prime the not wholly unequal rival of Follett and of Campbell; Crowder, not much out of his profession except a kindly gentleman, but in it the greatest master of *nisi prius* I ever knew; Erle, whom I knew only as a judge, but whom I have heard in youth, and who was, in my opinion, by far the greatest advocate of his time; Cockburn, the accomplished scholar, the splendid orator; and Charles Austin, probably the most highly gifted of them all by nature, but who devoted his noble powers to mere money-making, and who would be, so fast does the world move, by this time forgotten but for the glowing eulogy of him to be found in the autobiography of John Stuart Mill.

And with these men the system under which they flourished has gone to rest too. Parties are examined, husband and wife are heard, special pleading finds no refuge upon the habitable globe, except, as I believe, in the State of New Jersey, in America. Law and equity are concurrently administered; marriage, wills, admiralty cases are dealt with by the profane hands of judges with not a flavor of ecclesiasticism about them. Of the administrators of the new system, those who made it, and those who now preside over or contend under it, the living and the lately dead, it is not for me to speak. Roundell Palmer, Mellish, Cairns, Blackburn, Charles Russell, Horace Davey, Henry James, John Karlake, who led

A life too short for friendship, not for fame—these and many more, whom I cannot even presume to catalogue, must wait for a better, a fitter, a younger man to commemorate as they deserve their many great and various merits. I do not think, however, that as English law has grown more just and reasonable English lawyers have grown less learned or more dull.

There is one possibly impending change, as to which you have, I understand, been addressed here by the present solicitor-general, Sir Edward Clarke, whose opinion is favorable to it: I mean, the introduction of the American practice as to our profession; the allowing the functions of the attorney and the functions of the barrister to be exercised by the same person. It is true that in the great cities of America, where there are firms of lawyers, the principles of natural selection send some of the firms into court and keep others in chambers, so that the practice a good deal modifies the principle. But the principle remains, and I believe the extension of it to England is not so very far off. Whether it will be a benefit or no I do not feel sure. I once asked Mr. Benjamin, who had had experience of both systems, which, upon the whole, he thought the best. He replied that the question could not be answered in a word. "If," he said, "you ask me which is best fitted for producing from time to time a dozen or a score of very eminent and highly cultivated men, men fit to play a great part in public affairs, and to stand up for the oppressed and persecuted in times of trouble and danger, I should say at once the English. If you ask me which is best in ordinary times for the vast majority of clients, I answer at once the American." This was very weighty and very impartial evidence, and, I think, if Mr. Benjamin was right, that what is clearly for the benefit of the vast majority of clients is certain to be established in the end. Without expressing any opinion whatever upon recent hotly controverted facts, which I cannot do, and which would be quite improper for me, if I could, I may say so much as this, that I think they have appreciably hastened the advent of the change.

There is one consideration, the weight of which has lately been much increased, which in my judgment makes strongly in its favor. No doubt can exist in any reflecting mind that the prejudice, which, it is useless to deny, exists against the honor and morality of the profession, arises mainly from the supposed conflict between the rules of the profession and the first principles of ethics. It is said, and it is believed, that statements and conduct, which honor and morals would condemn, are sanctioned by the principles of our profession. That men in all times belonging to our profession have done things as advocates, which they would disdain as men, I sorrowfully yet freely

admit. But this is to say nothing against the profession itself. Some clergymen preach things they entirely disbelieve, some soldiers and sailors violate the laws of war and of honesty, some traders cheat, some professional witnesses fence with scientific truth, of which they ought to be the impartial guardians. This only shows that in all professions, however noble, however sacred, men are to be found whose conduct is not guided by the moral code, I will not say of the New Testament, but of Aristotle or Cicero. More is heard of the shortcomings of lawyers, because their acts come home so closely to what Lord Bacon calls men's business and bosoms, because they practise in the light of day, and before the face of men. I deny altogether that their principles are different from those which guide men of honor in any other calling. We practise in courts of law, we contend for legal results, to be arrived at according to legal rules. In criminal courts men are punished not for sins, but for crimes; some sins, amongst the worst men can commit, are unpunished and unpunishable by human tribunals. Crimes even are not punishable till they are proved, and they can be proved only according to rules of evidence which are rules of law. *Mutatis mutandis*, all this is true of civil issues tried in civil courts. Now, these are the tritest platitudes, and yet they are habitually forgotten or disregarded in the discussions which arise about the morality and honor of lawyers. Grant, what no believing reader of the New Testament can deny, that advocacy is a lawful calling, grant that what a man may honorably say and do for himself an advocate may say and do for him, not more not less, and I ask for no further concession, and I desire to be judged by no other rule. A man in a court of law may rightly and honorably contend that by law an estate belongs to him, a debt is due to him, damages should be paid to him, a crime has not been committed by him. By legal means he contends for legal right, by the same means he repels legal wrong; and what he may do or may not do for himself an advocate may do or may not do for him. A man may not lie for himself, neither may his advocate for him; a man may not deliberately deceive, or accuse a man of a crime of which he knows him to be innocent, or devise, or without careful inquiry and reasonable belief disseminate, a slander, and neither may his advocate.

Now, I think it cannot be denied that the English system greatly increases the

temptation to do these things by dividing the responsibility for them. A man makes a deadly attack upon the character of another, which turns out to be unfounded. He says he followed his instructions. Granted that he did; if he took reasonable care to inquire into the nature of the evidence and the character of the witnesses, he is no more to be blamed than any man who repeats something to the discredit of another which he has heard upon authority, which he knows, or has satisfied himself, to be unimpeachable. But if he makes no inquiry, the mere statement in the brief is absolutely no excuse whatever, and he deserves the scornful condemnation of all honorable men. There ought to be, there can be, no doubt about this. If it were otherwise our profession would not be the profession of a gentleman, and would deserve all the hard things its enemies ignorantly say of it. Think for a moment. What a counsel says in court, if at all relevant to the inquiry (some authorities carry it even further), is absolutely privileged; so that the subject of a slander so made is entirely without redress. If what I say is not sound, it follows that, according to the rules of our profession, an unscrupulous attorney, making no inquiry, may instruct a counsel to utter an atrocious slander; the counsel so instructed may, without inquiry, utter and enforce it; and the subject of it, however foul the slander, and however absolute his innocence, may stand for the rest of his life, as Thackeray says of Addison, "stainless but for that, but bleeding from that black wound"—a wound which cannot be healed, because he can neither force the man who stabbed him to withdraw the weapon, nor yet to meet the man whom he has stabbed in fair and equal fight. A man, indeed, not dead to honor and good feeling, will withdraw an accusation the moment he discovers he has made it on evidence which he cannot trust, and withdraw it as openly as he made it, tendering such amends as hearty regret can frame for having been misled into it.

This was the common practice when I was young; I do not doubt it is the common practice now; but I have read arguments to show that an advocate may indeed thus act if he thinks fit, but that there is no rule of his profession binding him to do so. I cannot myself conceive a worse enemy to the profession than he who maintains this; I cannot conceive anything more likely to lead, and which would more justly and surely lead, to the

imposition of some legal curb on that free speaking of the advocate, which, when restrained by the ordinary rules of honor and morality, is almost the most precious right which a free people can possess. It is obvious that, outside the court, an advocate (unless he is forced to speak by assaults on his conduct) had far better be silent as to personal attacks which he has made in it. Excuses which may be made for the language of an advocate in the discharge of his duty have no force whatever as to what he may say when he is not performing it. Then he is like any other man, subject to the same rules, liable to the same condemnation if he breaks them. It is no part of his duty out of court to deal in defamation; the public and society justly look on him then just as they look on any other gentleman, and if he is found to bear false witness against his neighbor, upon instructions which he has not verified, and which may possibly have misled him, he must not only submit to the disapprobation of all honorable men, but to the still heavier reproach that he has done something to let down the character of a great profession and to justify the slanders uttered against it by its enemies.

I do not, as I have said, so understand the rules of our profession. I have lived amongst those who did not so understand them. Within my own experience Cresswell, Thesiger, Crowder, Cockburn, Bovill, Karlake, Collier, Holker, Honyman (I will not speak of living men, and I speak only of instances I have known; I doubt not there are hundreds of others), these men have withdrawn from cases sooner than persist in attacks which they found to be groundless made upon instructions which they discovered had deceived them; in some cases had been intended to do so. Sir Alexander Cockburn once said that a man who behaved otherwise deserved to be branded as a criminal conspirator, and on an occasion which has become historical he qualified the perhaps too loose generality of a dictum of Lord Brougham, by saying that an English advocate should maintain his client's cause "*per fas* but not *per nefas*;" with the sword of the soldier, not the dagger of the assassin." These are the rules which I believe guide the conduct of all honorable men in our profession from the highest to the lowest; these are the principles which no man who respects himself will ever violate in practice; and by which, if his practice were questioned, he would not for a moment hesitate to have it judged. These principles are plain and simple, and

ought not to be difficult to follow. Our profession does not stand outside Christian ethics; and the rule, rightly and sensibly interpreted, that we should do to other men what we should wish in like case other men should do to us, is as good for us as for the rest of mankind. I am very sure that no man of character will question this, and I am also sure that if ever, in time past, present, or to come, any such man is supposed to have acted otherwise, it can and will be only because the facts relating to his conduct are inaccurately stated, have been imperfectly apprehended, or are altogether misunderstood. But as we value our honor and love our profession let there be no paltering with these principles, and no hesitation in condemning any departure from them.

There is one step further still, which I will illustrate, withholding names, by an instance which I heard myself. In a divorce bill, before the creation of the Divorce Court, and heard, therefore, in the House of Lords, there was clear evidence that a woman resembling the incriminated wife had been seen in a compromising position with a young groom in the stableyard of a nobleman's castle. The attorney knew that the wife herself was the woman, and he suggested this to the counsel, but said that there was a maid, whom I will call Rose, upon whom suspicion might plausibly be thrown. Suspicion, happily unsuccessfully, was thrown upon Rose by the counsel, who actually told the story himself; and when somewhat roundly taken to task for it, calmly observed "that he had followed his instructions, but that he always felt that it was rather hard upon Rose." I thought then, and think now, that this conduct was infamous, and that, in his case at least, it was true that a man in a wig and gown had done that which if he had done without those appendages, most honorable men would have said with Henry the Fifth:—

We would not die in that man's company;
or, with Horace:—

Vetabo sub . . . isdem
Sit trahibus fragilemve mecum,
Solvat phaselon.

(I would not sleep under the same roof with him, or go to sea with him in the same boat.)

Now, whatever one may think of the counsel, it is plainly inconceivable that if he had been attorney as well as advocate, and had himself heard the confession of his client, he would have descended to

such almost incredible baseness as to put upon another what he knew from his client she had done herself. Let me say that this was an exception, and that I have lived my life amongst men as incapable of it as Bayard, and who would have condemned it as sternly as St. Paul. While, therefore, I am not insensible to the many advantages of the present system, the comfort of which to the advocate I enjoyed for six-and-twenty years, I cannot shut my eyes to the many countervailing benefits to be found in the American practice if and when it is ever introduced into the English courts.

"Here, then, my words have end." Too long and yet desultory and superficial. Forgive their imperfections, accept them as a poor token of good-will from an old judge to youthful students, from one at the end of his career to you who are at the beginning of yours, from memory to hope, from winter to the spring which will surely and very soon replace it, from one who has had much more success than he deserves, and who wishes you to succeed at least as well and to deserve it better.

From Temple Bar.
THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.
WILLIAM LITHGOW.

WILLIAM LITHGOW was, in the spring of the year 1609, a young Scot of six-and-twenty; the possessor of a wiry frame, a slender patrimony, and a burning eagerness to see the world. It came into his head to make a pilgrimage on foot about the globe. At a period when no traveller ever thought of crossing Hampstead Heath without his pistols, it was certain that a pilgrim journeying among the dens of Cretan bandits, or steering with a caravan across the deserts to Jerusalem, would not fail to meet adventures. Nor was Lithgow at all the man to pass in peace through lands of infidels and Papists. He was a burning Protestant, with his creed at his tongue's end, and ready—to his credit be it said—to be its martyr. For the rest, he was a man of generous heart and daring courage, but with a head as rash as Harry Hotspur's.

He took his life into his hand, and started. He got as far as Rome without disaster; but there he began the series of his perils by coming very near to being burnt alive. The brazen image of St. Peter in the great cathedral moved him to proclaim his indignation at what he called

idolatry. The Inquisition sent to seize him, and would assuredly have doomed him to the stake and faggot, but for a brother Scot named Robert Moggat. This man, a servant in the palace of the aged Earl of Tyrone, smuggled Lithgow to a garret in the palace roof, and there for three days kept him hidden, while the hue and cry went up and down the streets. On the fourth night, at midnight, the two stole out together to the city walls, where Lithgow, with the help of his companion, dropped in safety to the ground, and escaped into the darkness, laughing at his baffled foes.

Alas! though he little dreamt it, there was a day to come, though yet far distant, when the Holy Office was to turn the laugh terrifically against him.

He made his way to Venice, stepped aboard a ship for Corfu, and thence set sail for Zante. Off Cape St. Maura a sail was spied; it was a pirate Turk in hot pursuit. The captain put it to the vote among the passengers whether he should fight the ship or strike his colors. Every voice but Lithgow's was for pulling down the flag and buying off the Turk with ransoms. But Lithgow had no money for the purpose, and nothing was before him but the prospect that the Turk would sell him as a slave. He therefore gave his vote for fighting; he called upon the company to pluck up spirit, to quit themselves like men, "and the Lord would deliver them from the thraldom of the infidels." Captain, crew, and passengers took fire together at his words; they rushed upon the pikes and muskets, loaded their two cannon to the muzzle, and received the pirate with such fury that he durst not try to board. When, however, darkness parted them from their assailants, their plight was evil; seven men were killed, a dozen more were wounded, Lithgow had a bullet in his arm, the ship was leaking through the shot-holes, and a tempest was beginning to howl fiercely. It seemed as if he had escaped from slavery only to be drowned by shipwreck. But, by great good luck, the tempest drove them safely into Largastolo Bay.

At Zante a Greek surgeon took the bullet from his arm, and he resumed his wanderings. But he was soon in new disaster. As he was walking through a solitary region on the way to Canea in Crete, four bandits, armed with cudgels, sprang upon him from a thicket. In spite of Juvenal's authority, the empty pilgrim does not always sing before the thief. It was not till after they had stripped and cudgelled him

that the rogues discovered that his whole possessions consisted of two groats. With the good-nature of contempt they let him go; and, penniless and smarting, he dragged his way for thirty-seven miles to the next village. There he endeavored, by the help of signs (for he knew nothing of the language), to beg a supper and a lodging of the natives. But among the simple villagers of Pichehorno, a stranger was a sheep among the wolves. They were preparing, without more ado, to plant a dagger in his heart, when a woman, more friendly than the rest, informed him of their purpose by a signal. He took to flight, and racing for his life into the darkness, gained the shore, and plunged into a cave among the rocks. There, famished, aching, and in peril of his life, he lay concealed till daybreak.

In the grey of morning he crept out, and made his way in safety to Canea. Again adventures were before him. While he was in the town, six convict-galleys put into the bay from Venice. One of the prisoners got leave to come on shore, attended for precaution by a keeper, and shackled with a heavy ankle-ring. Lithgow, who was as curious as a monkey, entered into conversation with the culprit, and soon learnt his story. He was one of four young Frenchmen who had been present at a duel between a friend of theirs and a Venetian signor for the love of some fair lady. The signor fell; the guards came down upon the duellists, who fled for refuge to the French ambassador's. Except himself, they all escaped; he stumbled in the street, was seized, was dragged before the Signory, and was condemned to pull a galley-oar for life.

The Frenchman chanced to be a Protestant. Lithgow's soul took fire with sympathy. He began to scheme to set the prisoner free. He borrowed from his laundress, who was an old Greek woman, a gown and a black veil. Then he treated the keeper to strong drink until he rolled upon the ground, struck off the captive's irons, dressed him in the gown and veil, and sent him with the old Greek woman past the sentries at the gate. Lithgow, with the prisoner's garments, met them in an olive-grove outside the city; and thence the Frenchman fled to a Greek monastery across the mountains, which was appointed as a place of sanctuary for all fugitives from justice, and where a man-of-war from Malta touched at intervals to take away the refugees.

The Frenchman was secure; but not so his deliverer. As Lithgow was re-entering

the city, he met two English soldiers of his acquaintance, who were rushing out to warn him. The captain of the galleys, with a band of soldiers, was seeking for him up and down the streets. The danger was extreme; but by good fortune it so happened that the smallest of the city gates was guarded by three other English soldiers. These five men, who presently were joined by eight French soldiers, formed a little troop, and with Lithgow in their midst marched up the streets towards the monastery of San Salvator. The galley-soldiers, who were on the watch, rushed furiously upon the party; but too late. While the swords were flashing in the hurly-burly Lithgow slipped into the monastery, and was secure.

Here he stayed until the galleys sailed. He shared the lodging of four monks as jolly as Friar Tuck. Wine was flowing all day long; and every evening after supper Lithgow was compelled to dance with one or other of his boon companions, while all four drank until they dropped upon the floor, and snored till morning. During the five-and-twenty days that he remained there, Lithgow never once saw these gay brothers sober.

The galleys sailing, he was able also to make merry with his English friends. While in their company he one day made acquaintance with another Englishman, named Wolson, who had just arrived from Tunis. This man was a strange character, and was bound by a strange vow. His elder brother, a ship's captain, had been murdered at Burnt Isle, in Scotland. Wolson, in reprisal, had sworn to have the blood of the next Scotchman he should meet; and this happened to be Lithgow.

Wolson resolved to lie in wait for him that very night; but luckily, in screwing up his courage for the act, he drank too much, and blabbed his secret. John Smith, who heard him, ran in search of Lithgow, whom he found just sitting down to supper at a tavern. The host, together with four soldiers who were drinking there, resolved to see him home. The assassin, a true Bobadil, espied the party, and his heart forsook him. Finding that he could not take his victim by surprise, he slunk away to bide a better time.

Before he found his chance, however, Lithgow had set sail from Crete, to cruise among the islands of the Cyclades, on board a vessel which was little better than a fishing-smack, and carried only eighteen souls. At Eolida a storm swept off the mast and sails, and drove the boat upon the rocks. Seven of the crew, insane with

terror, leaped into the boiling surf, and were never seen again; the others with great labor worked the boat into a cavern, the back of which sloped upwards from the sea. Lithgow was the last to disembark; for the sailors swore to put a bullet through his skull if he should dare to step before them. Scarcely had he landed when the boat went down.

The cave was cut off by the waters, and the wrecked men had no food. Three days passed, and the spectres in the cavern were beginning to regard each other with the eyes of wolves, when a fishing-boat came by, and heard their hail. A little later, and Lithgow, who had so narrowly escaped already from the stake, the pirates, the banditti, the galleys, the assassin, and the shipwreck, would probably have furnished forth a meal for his companions.

He made his way at leisure across Turkey, and joined a caravan of pilgrims bound through Syria to Jerusalem. His dress was now a Turk's, with turban, robe, and staff; and while all the others rode on camels, horses, or asses, he walked on foot, according to his constant custom, beside his baggage-mule.

The caravan had hired a guide named Joab, who called himself a Christian, but who proved to be a traitor. This rascal planned to lead the caravan into an ambush of three hundred murderous Arabs of Mount Carmel, with whom he was in league, who were to butcher every man among them, and to gorge themselves with plunder. The plot was excellent; it seemed certain of success; but fortunately Joab feared to reach the place of ambush before the time appointed, and by lingering up and down through rugged spots and pools of water, he awoke suspicion. A Turkish soldier of the party then remembered having seen him send a Moor from Nazareth on some mysterious errand. At this, the guide was seized, was lashed upon a horse, and, under threats of death, confessed his treachery.

And now all was panic; every face was white with terror; for while to trust the guide was madness, night was falling, the ambush was in waiting, and they might walk into the trap. In the midst of the confusion Lithgow noticed that the polar star hung low, and judged that they had been conducted too far south. He cried out to the caravan to turn north-west, lest they should fall into the snare. But not a soul except himself could read the mystery of the star, and he was called upon to take the place of guide. And thus there came to pass a spectacle strange even to

grotesqueness — the spectacle of thirteen hundred terror-stricken Turkish and Armenian pilgrims following a Scotchman all night long across a moon-lit desert in the heart of Syria.

When day broke, the caravan was half a mile from Tyre; the ambush was escaped. Another guide was taken, the journey was resumed, and in due course Lithgow found himself before Jerusalem.

There was, within the city, a monastery of Cordeliers, whose duty was to welcome Christian pilgrims. The prior came out to ask if any such were in the caravan. The only one was Lithgow. A pilgrim from so far a country was held a kind of saint; and the prior, with twelve monks, walked before him through the streets, each carrying a huge wax candle, and chanting a *Te Deum*. Within the monastery, the abbot washed his feet and the monks knelt down to kiss them. But in the middle of the ceremony Lithgow happened to observe that he was not a Catholic. In an instant the monks' faces grew a yard in length. They had lavished all this glory on a heretic!

Lithgow, however, could not well be ousted; he remained — a saint descended to a guest. One day a party from the convent under the abbot and a guard of soldiers set out to view the Jordan. Before the pilgrims turned, they stripped to bathe, and Lithgow, before dressing, took a whim to climb a tree upon the margin and to cut a hunting-rod, which he designed to take to England as a present to King James. As he sat concealed among the leaves, trimming "a fair rod, three yards long, wondrous straight, full of small knots, and of a yellow color," a strange sound struck his ears. He peered out through the leaves; his companions had gone off without him, and were now waging a fierce battle with a band of Arabs a quarter of a mile away! He was caught between the devil and the deep sea; for while to venture forth was deadly peril, to be left behind was certain death. Lithgow tumbled from his tree, and rod in hand, but without a stitch of clothing, darted towards the place of combat. The thorns and sharp grass gashed his feet; a pikeman of his own side charged him as an enemy; but at last, to the amazement of the pilgrims, who scarcely recognized this light-armed warrior, he came rushing in among them, panting to aid the battle with his rod. But the fight was over, and the beaten pilgrims were discussing terms of ransom. The abbot, scandalized at his appearance, gave him his own gown; and

Lithgow, who had started as a turbaned Turk, returned as a grey friar.

From Jerusalem he wandered up and down the earth until he chanced to meet, at Algiers, a French jewel-merchant named Chatteline, who was on his way to Fez to purchase diamonds. Lithgow joined him. The pair reached Fez in safety, and thence resolved to strike across the desert to Arracon. With a tent, a mule, a dragoman, and two Moorish slaves, the bold adventurers set out on foot. Lithgow was a man who never seemed to know fatigue; but in eight days Chatteline was so exhausted that his companions were compelled to add him to the baggage on the mule, and to carry him to Ahezto, where he fell into a fever and refused to stir. Lithgow, with a guide, the dragoman, and one of the two slaves, went on without him. When the guide had led them four days' march, he missed the track, stole off in terror in the night, and left them helpless in the middle of the desert.

Nothing seemed before them but a lingering death. In four days their food was gone, and for four days more they were reduced to chew tobacco. All night the wolves and jackals were heard howling, which, as soon as weakness forced them to let out their little fire of sticks, would pick them to the bone. On the eighth day a foe more terrible than wolves or jackals came suddenly upon them—a horde of naked savages, driving before them a vast flock of sheep and goats, and bloody with the slaughter of a neighboring tribe.

The wanderers were dragged before the savage prince—a potentate apparelled, to the awe and admiration of his subjects, in a veil of crimson satin and a pair of yellow shoes. To him, Lithgow, through the dragoman, related his adventures. The effect was marvellous. His dusky majesty was so delighted with the story, that he not only spared the prisoners' lives, but granted them a guide to Tunis, and presented Lithgow, as a kind of keepsake, with his own bow and arrows.

This memento inspired him with a project. The rod from Jordan was designed for James I.; he would present the bow and arrows to Prince Charles.

But would he get these treasures—or himself—to England safely? It was his plan to traverse Poland. For a time he made his way without disaster; but one day, while passing, lonely and on foot, through one of the vast solitary forests of Moldavia, six robbers sprang upon him

from a thicket, seized his money, stripped him naked, tied him to an oak-tree, and left him to the wolves.

Nothing seemed more certain than that the end of his adventures was at last at hand. But Lithgow, like the heroes of romance, who come unscathed from perils which to the villains would be certain death, seemed charmed against destruction. All that night the voices of the wild beasts filled the forest; but not one approached to rend him. At break of day a band of shepherds found him. They cut his bonds, wrapped him in an old long coat, and bore him to the castle of their lord, a certain Baron Starholds, fifteen miles away. The baron was a Protestant; he received the pilgrim with great hospitality, kept him for a fortnight in the castle, gave him a fat purse, and sent him with a guide to Poland.

Lithgow reached Dantzic; fell so ill of fever that the sexton dug his grave; recovered as by miracle; and thence took ship for London. His curiosities, which the robbers had contemptuously discarded, were still in his possession; and Lithgow, who in that age was himself a greater curiosity, was presented to King James at Greenwich Gardens, and made to king and prince his offerings of the rod from Jordan and the bow and arrows of the savage chief.

He stayed some time in London, where he wrote and printed an account of his adventures. But Ulysses was not worse adapted for a settled life. Ere long the ache for roving became irresistible, and he determined to set forth on pilgrimage once more. He had better, had he known it, have cut off his right foot; for now there lay before him an adventure to which all his previous perils were as nursery games—an adventure strange and terrible as ever mortal man escaped alive to tell of.

King James supplied him with safe-conducts and with letters to the courts of foreign sovereigns. He wandered for a time in Ireland; then he crossed the Straits, and made his way into the south of Spain. On reaching Malaga he struck a bargain with the skipper of a French ship bound next day for Alexandria. But he was fated never to set sail.

That night the town was thrown into a tumult; a cloud of strange ships, vague as phantoms in the darkness, were seen to sail into the harbor and cast anchor. A rumor ran abroad like wild-fire that the ships were Turkish pirates; and forthwith the town went wild with terror. Women

and children fled into the fortress; the castle bells rang backwards; the drums thundered an alarm. But when day broke, the English colors were seen flying at the top-masts; it was a squadron which had been despatched against the corsairs of Algiers.

The panic seemingly subsided. Lithgow took a boat and went on board the *Lion* to salute the admiral, Sir Robert Mainsell. Sir Robert invited him to join the fleet, with which were many of his old acquaintances from London; but time pressed, and Lithgow's clothes and papers were on shore. Accordingly, as soon as the sails spread, he stepped into a fishing-boat and put to land.

But jealous eyes had been upon him. As he was passing up a narrow street to gain his lodging, a band of soldiers burst upon him, seized him by the throat, muffled him in a black frieze mantle, and bore him to the governor's house, where he was locked up in a parlor. He could not guess the charge against him; but he was soon to learn. The governor, the captain of the guards, and the town clerk entered, the latter armed with pen and ink to take down his confession. Lithgow, of course, had nothing to confess; but the captain, Don Francesco, "clapping him on the cheek with a Judas smile," bade him acknowledge that he had just arrived from Seville. On his denying this, the governor burst into a storm of curses. "Villain!" he cried, "you are a spy. You have been a month at Seville, keeping a watch upon the Spanish navy, and have just visited the English fleet with your intelligence." Lithgow offered to call witnesses to prove that he was nothing but a simple pilgrim; but in vain. He produced his papers with King James's seal; but these the judges held to be a blind. It was resolved to force him to confession.

A sergeant was called in to search him. In his purse were found eleven ducats; a hundred and thirty-seven gold pieces were sewn into the collar of his doublet. This treasure-trove the governor put into his pocket. The sergeant and two Turkish slaves then seized him, bore him to a cell above the governor's kitchen, threw him down upon his back, and chained him immovably to the stone floor. One of the two slaves, whose name was Hazio, lay down before the door by way of guard; and he was left to pass the first night of his misery.

Next day the governor came to him alone. He urged the prisoner, as he hoped

for pardon, to confess that he had been a spy. At his denial the governor roared out furiously that he should feel the rack. He then gave orders that the captive should receive three ounces of dry bread and a pint of water every second day—fare just sufficient to keep body and soul together, while his strength wasted to the lowest ebb. He also ordered that the window should be walled up and the grating in the door stopped up with mats. The cell was turned into a tomb; and here, in pitchy darkness, gnawed by undying hunger, and in daily expectation of the rack, Lithgow wore away *seven weeks* of horror, chained motionless on the bare stones.

It was five days before Christmas; the time was two o'clock at night; when he was awakened from his feverish slumber by the sound of a coach drawn up outside his prison. The cell door opened, and nine sergeants entered, who bore him, chains and all, into the coach. Two took their seats beside him, while the others ran on foot; and the coach, of which the driver was a negro, rolled swiftly from the city westward. At the distance of a league it pulled up at a lonely vineyard; the prisoner was lifted from the coach, was carried to a room within the building of the wine-press, and was left, still chained, until the morning. He could only guess what was before him. He had been brought there to be tortured.

Late in the afternoon the three inquisitors came in; the victim, for the last time, was exhorted to confess that he had been a spy, and of course again denied it. He was then carried to another room. Against the wall was a thick frame of wood, shaped like a triangle, in the sides of which were holes, with ropes and turning-pins; this was the rack. The tormentor stripped him, and struck off his ankle-rings; one with such violence as to tear his heel. Then he was lashed upon the rack.

It was about five o'clock; from that time till ten he lay there "in a hell of agony." As if the torture of the cords, which cut the flesh into the sinews, was not fierce enough, at intervals his jaws were forced apart, and a stream of water from a jar impelled into his throat, so that he was kept half drowning. When he fainted in his agony, a little wine was given him, to bring him round. At last, when it seemed likely that the victim, who was weaker than a child with famine, would escape their hands by giving up the ghost, he was taken from the rack, his gashed and broken limbs were loaded with

his irons, he was driven back to his old dungeon, and once more bolted to the stones.

As before, he was left to starve on bread and water; but now, by order of his persecutors, baskets of vermin were emptied on his mangled body, from whose maddening irritation he could do nothing to relieve himself; for, even had he been unchained, his arms were broken and incapable. His misery was such as moved the pity even of the Turkish slave. Haziur, at the risk of his own safety, sometimes swept the vermin into heaps with oil, and set them in a blaze. Occasionally he also brought the starving prisoner a bunch of raisins or a handful of dry figs in his shirt-sleeves. It is probable that, meagre as it was, this addition to his pittance saved his life.

In the mean time the governor had discovered that he was no spy. Unluckily he had, at the same time, been looking over Lithgow's papers. The latter had, when at Loretto, been shown the cottage of the Virgin Mary, which is said to have miraculously flown from Palestine, and had dubbed the story "a vain toy." To the governor the case was clear; the Virgin Mary, in permitting Lithgow to be tortured as a spy, had wrought a miracle against a scoffer. Two days after Candlemas he went to Lithgow's cell, and told him bluntly that, unless he wished to burn alive, he must within a week turn Papist.

But the governor knew nothing of his man. Lithgow, roused like a wounded war-horse who smells battle, instantly poured forth an argument to prove that the pope was an impostor. The governor retired in anger. Next day he brought two Jesuits to assist him; but in a little while he lost his temper, kicked his opponent in the face as he lay upon the floor, and, but for the two Jesuits, would have stabbed him with a knife. On the last day of the week he changed his tactics. Lithgow was assured that, at a single word, he should be taken from his cell to a luxurious chamber, to be nursed and fed on dainties — that he should regain his property, be sent to England, and receive a yearly pension of three hundred ducats. If, on the other hand, he still held out, he should that night be tortured in his cell; after which he should, at Easter, be removed to Granada, to be burnt alive at midnight, and his ashes cast into the air.

Up to this moment Lithgow, though a victim, had not been a martyr — his escape had not depended on himself. But now

a syllable would set him free — and he disdained to speak it.

That night the torturer was brought into his cell. At first the water-torment was applied. When he had suffered all the agony of drowning, he was strung up to the cell roof by his toes until he fainted. Then, having been restored with wine, he was once more bolted to the floor. His enemies had left him just sufficient strength to lift up his weak voice and sing defiance in a psalm.

And now nothing was before him but the martyr's fire. It was Mid-Lent; in a fortnight he must mount the faggot. Nor is there any kind of doubt that Lithgow would, at the appointed time, have sung his psalm amidst the flames but for the strange and striking streak of fate about to be described.

One night it happened that a Spanish cavalier from Granada was taking supper with the governor, who, for the amusement of his guest, related Lithgow's story. The servant of the cavalier, a Fleming, listened from behind his master's chair. The tale of terror chilled his blood; all night it robbed him of his rest. At dawn he stole off to the English consul and told him all he knew. The consul went to work with speed; the case was laid before the king of Spain. On Easter Saturday, at midnight, the governor received a mandate which made him tear his beard. His victim was to be instantly set free.

The cell door was thrown open; but the captive could as soon have flown out of his prison as have walked out on his feet. Haziur took him on his shoulders and conveyed him to the dwelling of an English merchant near at hand, whence he was carried in a swinging blanket to a British man-of-war, the Vanguard, which lay at anchor in the bay. Three days later he was bound for England.

Lithgow was wavering between life and death. Every care that pity could devise was lavished on him; but when the ship reached Deptford seven weeks later, he had not risen from his couch. The fame of his adventure spread before him. King James himself desired to see him; and Lithgow, borne upon a feather bed, was carried to the private gallery at Theobalds. There the king, together with the lords and ladies of the court, flocked eagerly about his mattress, and broke into cries of horror and compassion at the sight of the scarred, shrunk body, and the visage like a corpse's, which they had seen a few months earlier so full of life. The king himself was so much moved with pity that

he ordered Lithgow, at his own expense, to be conveyed to Bath, and nursed back into strength.

In that pleasant city Lithgow passed six months. By slow degrees his health returned to him; but there were tokens of the wild-beasts' den which he would carry to his grave. The fingers of one hand were drawn into the palm by the contraction of the sinews; the crushed bones of one arm remained ill-set; and his right foot was lamed for life.

By the king's agency, the Spanish envoy, Don Drego Sarmiento de Gardamore, had undertaken that he should receive his property from Malaga, together with a thousand pounds as a solatium for his wrongs. When, however, Lithgow came from Bath to London, the envoy seemed inclined to shuffle from the bond. Lithgow, never the most patient of mankind, waited and fretted, and at last went mad with passion. In the presence-chamber of the palace he flew at the astounded don, and beat him with his fists. The lords-in-waiting pulled him off; but not before the don had suffered woefully.

The public sympathy was all with Lithgow; but the offence to the decorum of a court was gross, and he was sentenced to be kept for nine weeks in the Marshalsea. The punishment was light enough; but he had made a deadly enemy of Don Drego, and of his thousand pounds he never got a shilling.

This was his last adventure and misfortune. He retired to Scotland, and from that time forth, until his death in 1640, he roamed abroad no more. During his life he was, by those who knew his story, regarded as a hero and a martyr. Fame has treated him unkindly, and in our days he is more than half forgotten; but to those who know his story he is a hero and a martyr still.

From The Contemporary Review.

BROUGHT BACK FROM ELYSIUM.

SCENE. — *The Library of a Piccadilly club for high thinking and bad dinners; Time, midnight. Four eminent novelists of the day regarding each other self-consciously. They are (1) a Realist, (2) a Romancist, (3) an Elsmertian, (4) a Stylist. The clock strikes thirteen, and they all start.*

REALIST (*staring at the door and drawing back from it*). I thought I heard — something?

STYLIST. I — the — (*pauses to reflect on the best way of saying it was only the clock*).

(*A step is heard on the stair.*)

ELSMERIAN. Hark! It must be him and them. (*Stylist shudders*). I knew he would not fail us.

ROMANCISS (nervously). It may only be some member of the club.

ELSMERIAN. The hall-porter said we would be safe from intrusion in the library.

REALIST. I hear nothing now. (*His hand comes in contact with a bookcase*). How cold and clammy to the touch these books are. A strange place, gentlemen, for an eerie interview. (*To Elsmertian*). You really think they will come? You have no religious doubts about the existence of Elysian Fields?

ELSMERIAN. I do not believe in Elysium, but I believe in him.

REALIST. Still if —

(*The door is shaken and the handle falls off.*)

ROMANCISS. Ah! Even I have never imagined anything so weird as this. See, the door opens!

(*Enter an American novelist.*)

OMNES. Only you!

AMERICAN (*looking around him self-consciously*). I had always suspected that there was a library, though I have only been a member for a few months. Why do you look at me so strangely?

ELSMERIAN (*after whispering with the others*). We are agreed that since you have found your way here you should be permitted to stay; on the understanding, of course, that we still disapprove of your methods as profoundly as we despise each other.

AMERICAN. But what are you doing here, when you might be asleep downstairs?

ELSMERIAN (*impressively*). Have you never wished to hold converse with the mighty dead?

AMERICAN. I don't know them.

ELSMERIAN. I admit that the adjective was ill-chosen, but listen: the ghosts of Scott and some other novelists will join us presently. We are to talk with them about their work.

REALIST. And ours.

ELSMERIAN. And ours. They are being brought from the Grove of Bay-trees in the Elysian Fields.

AMERICAN. But they are antiquated, played out; and, besides, they will not come.

ROMANCISS. You don't understand. Stanley has gone for them.

AMERICAN. Stanley!

ELSMERIAN. It was a chance not to be missed. (*Looks at his watch*). They should have been here by this time; but on these occasions he is sometimes a little late.

(*Their mouths open as a voice rings through the club crying, "I cannot stop to argue with you; I'll find the way myself."*)

REALIST. It is he, but he may be alone. Perhaps they declined to accompany him?

ELSMERIAN (*with conviction*). He would bring them whether they wanted to come or not.

(*Enter Mr. Stanley with five Ghosts.*)

MR. STANLEY. Here they are. I hope the row below did not alarm you. The hall-porter wanted to know if I was a member, so I shot him. Waken me when you are ready to send them back.

(*Sits down and sleeps immediately.*)

FIRST GHOST. I am Walter Scott.

SECOND GHOST. I am Henry Fielding.

THIRD GHOST. My name is Smollett.

FOURTH GHOST. Mine is Dickens.

FIFTH GHOST. They used to call me Thack.

ALL THE GHOSTS. (*looking at the sleeper*). And we are a little out of breath.

AMERICAN (*to himself*). There is too much plot in this for me.

ELSMERIAN (*to the visitors*). Quite so. Now will you be so good as to stand in a row against that bookcase. (*They do so.*) Perhaps you have been wondering why we troubled to send for you?

SIR WALTER. We —

ELSMERIAN. You need not answer me, for it really doesn't matter. Since your days a great change has come over fiction — a kind of literature at which you all tried your hands — and it struck us that you might care to know how we moderns regard you.

REALIST. And ourselves.

ELSMERIAN. And ourselves. We had better begin with ourselves, as the night is already far advanced. You will be surprised to hear that fiction has become an art.

FIELDING. I am glad we came, though the gentleman (*looking at the sleeper*) was perhaps a little peremptory. You are all novelists?

ROMANCIIST. No, I am a romancist, this gentleman is a realist, that one is a stylist, and —

ELSMERIAN. We had better explain to you that the word novelist has gone out of fashion in our circles. We have left it behind us —

SIR WALTER. I was always content with story-teller myself.

AMERICAN. Story-teller! All the stories have been told.

SIR WALTER (*wistfully*). How busy you must have been since my day.

ROMANCIIST. We have, indeed, and not merely in writing stories — to use the language of the nursery. Now that fiction is an art, the work of its followers consists less in writing mere stories (to repeat a word that you will understand more readily than we) than in classifying ourselves and (when we have time for it) classifying you.

THACKERAY. But the term novelist satisfied us.

ELSMERIAN. There is a difference, I hope, between then and now. I cannot avoid speaking plainly, though I allow that you are the seed from which the tree has grown. May I ask what was your first step toward becoming novelists.

SMOLLETT (*with foolish promptitude*). We wrote a novel.

THACKERAY (*humbly*). I am afraid I began by wanting to write a good story, and then wrote it to the best of my ability. Is there any other way?

STYLIST. But how did you laboriously acquire your style?

THACKERAY. I thought little about style. I suppose, such as it was, it came naturally.

STYLIST. Pooh! Then there is no art in it.

ELSMERIAN. And what was your aim?

THACKERAY. Well, I had reason to believe that I would get something for it.

ELSMERIAN. Alas! to you the world was not a sea of drowning souls, nor the novel a stone to fling to them, that they might float on it to a quiet haven. You had no aims, no methods, no religious doubts, and you neither analyzed your characters nor classified yourselves.

AMERICAN. And you reflected so little about your art that you wrote story after story without realizing that all the stories had been told.

SIR WALTER. But if all the stories are told, how can you write novels?

AMERICAN. The story in a novel is of as little importance as the stone in a cherry. I have written three volumes about a lady and a gentleman who met on a car.

SIR WALTER. Yes, what happened to them?

AMERICAN. Nothing happened. That is the point of the story.

STYLIST. Style is everything. The true

novelist does nothing but think, think, think about his style, and then write, write, write about it. I dare say I am one of the most perfect stylists living. Oh, but the hours, the days, the years of introspection I have spent in acquiring my style!

THACKERAY (*sadly*). If I had only thought more of style! May I ask how many books you have written?

STYLIST. Only one—and that I have withdrawn from circulation. Ah, sir, I am such a stylist that I dare not write anything. Yet I meditate a work.

SIR WALTER. A story?

STYLIST. No, an essay on style. I shall devote four years to it.

SIR WALTER. And I wrote two novels in four months!

STYLIST. Yes, that is still remembered against you. Well, you paid the penalty, for your books are still popular.

DICKENS. But is not popularity nowadays a sign of merit?

STYLIST. To be popular is to be damned.

SIR WALTER. I can see from what you tell me that I was only a child. I thought little about how novels should be written. I only tried to write them, and as for style, I am afraid I merely used the words that came most readily. (*Stylist groans.*) I had such an interest in my characters (*American groans*), such a love for them (*Realist groans*), that they were like living beings to me. Action seemed to come naturally to them, and all I had to do was to run after them with my pen.

ROMANCIER. In the dark days you had not a cheap press, nor scores of magazines and reviews. Ah, we have many opportunities that were denied to you.

FIELDING. We printed our stories in books.

ROMANCIER. I was not thinking of the mere stories. It is not our stories that we spend much time over, but the essays, and discussions, and interviews about our art. Why, there is not a living man in this room, except the sleeper, who has not written as many articles and essays about how novels should be written as would stock a library.

SMOLLETT. But we thought that the best way of showing how they should be written was to write them.

REALIST (*bitingly*). And as a result, you cannot say at this moment whether you are a realist, a romancier, an American analyst, a stylist, or an Elsmirian! Your labors have been fruitless.

SMOLLETT. What am I?

ROMANCIER. I refuse to include you among novelists at all, for your artistic views (which we have discovered for you) are different from mine. You are a realist. Therefore I blot you out.

SIR WALTER (*anxiously*). I suppose I am a romancier?

REALIST. Yes, and therefore I cannot acknowledge you. Your work has to go.

AMERICAN. It has gone. I never read it. Indeed, I can't stand any of you. In short, I am an American analyst.

DICKENS (*dreamily*). One of the most remarkable men in that country.

AMERICAN. Yes, sir, I am one of its leading writers of fiction without a story—along with Silas K. Weekes, Thomas John Hillocks, William P. Crinkle, and many others whose fame must have reached the Grove of Bay-trees. We write even more essays about ourselves than they do in this old country.

ELSMERIAN. Nevertheless, romanticism, realism, and analysis are mere words, as empty as a drum. Religious doubt is the only subject for the novelist nowadays; and if he is such a poor creature as to have no religious doubts, he should leave fiction alone.

STYLIST. Style is everything. I can scarcely sleep at nights for thinking of my style.

FIELDING. This, of course, is very interesting to us who know so little, yet, except that it enables you to label yourselves, it does not seem to tell you much. After all, does it make a man a better novelist to know that other novelists pursue the wrong methods? You seem to despise each other cordially, while Smollett and I, for instance, can enjoy Sir Walter. We are content to judge him by results, and to consider him a great novelist because he wrote great novels.

ELSMERIAN. You will never be able to reach our standpoint if you cannot put the mere novels themselves out of the question. The novelist should be considered quite apart from his stories.

REALIST. It is nothing to me that I am a novelist, but I am proud of being a realist. That is the great thing.

ROMANCIER. Consider, Mr. Smollett, if you had thought and written about yourself as much as I have done about myself you might never have produced one of the works by which you are now known. That would be something to be proud of. You might have written romances, like mine and Sir Walter's.

ELSMERIAN. Or have had religious doubts.

STYLIST. Or have become a stylist, and written nothing at all.

REALIST. And you, Sir Walter, might have become one of us.

THACKERAY. But why should we not have written simply in the manner that suited us best? If the result is good, who cares for the label?

ROMANCISS (eying Sir Walter severely). No one has any right to be a romancist unconsciously. Romance should be written with an effort — as I write it. I question, sir, if you ever defined romance?

SIR WALTER (weakly). I had a general idea of it, and I thought that perhaps my books might be allowed to speak for me.

ROMANCISS. We have got beyond that stage. Romance (that is to say, fiction) has been defined by one of its followers as "not nature, it is not character, it is not imagined history; it is fallacy, poetic fallacy; a lie, if you like, a beautiful lie, a lie that is at once false and true — false to fact, true to faith."

(*The Ghosts look at each other apprehensively.*)

SIR WALTER. Would you mind repeating that? (*Romancist repeats it.*) And are my novels all that? To think of their being that, and I never knew! I give you my word, sir, that when I wrote "Ivanhoe," for example, I merely wanted to — to tell a story.

REALIST. Still in your treatment of the Templar, you boldly cast off the chains of romanticism and rise to realism.

ELSMERIAN. To do you justice, the Templar seems to have religious doubts.

STYLIST. I once wrote a little paper on your probable reasons for using the word "wand" in circumstances that would perhaps have justified the use of "reed." I have not published it.

SIR WALTER. This would be more gratifying to me if I thought that I deserved it.

AMERICAN. I remember reading "Ivanhoe" before I knew any better; but even then I thought it poor stuff. There is no analysis in it worthy of the name. Why did Rowena drop her handkerchief? Instead of telling us that, you prance off after a band of archers. Do you really believe that intellectual men and women are interested in tournaments?

SIR WALTER. You have grown so old since my day. Besides, I have admitted that the Waverley novels were written simply to entertain the public.

ELSMERIAN. No one, I hope, reads my stories for entertainment. We have become serious now.

AMERICAN. I have thought at times that I could have made something of "Ivanhoe." Yes, sir, if the theme had been left to me I would have worked it out in a manner quite different from yours. In my mind's eye I can see myself developing the character of the hero. I would have made him more like ourselves. The Rebecca, too, I would have reduced in size. Of course the plot would have had to go overboard, with Robin Hood and Richard, and we would have had no fighting. Yes, it might be done. I would call it, let me see, I would call it "Wilfrid: a Study."

THACKERAY (timidly). Have you found out what I am?

AMERICAN. You are tolerably prosy.

STYLIST. Some people called Philistines maintain that you are a stylist; but evidently you forgot yourself too frequently for that.

ROMANCISS. You were a cynic, which kills romanticism.

REALIST. And men allow their wives to read you, so you don't belong to us.

AMERICAN (testily). No, sir, you need not turn to me. You and I have nothing in common.

DICKENS. I am a — ?

REALIST. It is true that you wrote about the poor; but how did you treat them? Are they all women of the street and brawling ruffians? Instead of dwelling forever on their sodden misery, and gloating over their immorality, you positively regard them from a genial standpoint. I regret to have to say it, but you are a romancist.

ROMANCISS. No, no, Mr. Dickens, do not cross to me. You wrote with a purpose, sir. Remember Dotheboys Hall.

ELSMERIAN. A novel without a purpose is as a helmless ship.

DICKENS (aghast). Then I am an Elsmirian?

ELSMERIAN. Alas! you had no other purpose than to add to the material comforts of the people. Not one of your characters was troubled with religious doubts. Where does Mr. Pickwick pause to ask himself why he should not be an atheist? You cannot answer. In these days of earnest self-communion we find Mr. Pickwick painfully wanting. How can readers rise from his pages in distress of mind? You never give them a chance.

THACKERAY. No, there is nothing sickly about Pickwick.

ELSMERIAN. Absolutely nothing. He is of a different world (I am forced to say this) from that in which my heroes move.

Not, indeed, that they do move much. Give me a chair and a man with doubts, and I will give you a novel. He has only to sit on that chair —

STYLIST. As I sit on mine, thinking, thinking, thinking about my style.

DICKENS. Young people in love are out of fashion in novels nowadays, I suppose?

ELSMERIAN. Two souls in doubt may meet and pule as one.

THACKERAY. As a novelist I had no loftier belief than this — that high art is high morality, and that the better the literature the more ennobling it must be.

REALIST. And this man claimed to be one of us!

DICKENS. I wrote for a wide public (*Stylist sighs*), whom I loved (*Realist sighs*). I loved my characters, too (*American sighs*), they seemed so real to me (*Romancist sighs*), and so I liked to leave them happy. I believe I wanted to see the whole world happy (*Elsmerian sighs*).

SIR WALTER. I also had that ambition.

THACKERAY. Do you even find Mr. Pickwick's humor offensive nowadays?

ROMANCISS. To treat a character with humor is to lift him from his pedestal to the earth.

ELSMERIAN. We have no patience with humor. In these days of anxious thought humor seems a trivial thing. The world has grown sadder since your time, and we novelists of to-day begin where you left off. Were I to write a continuation of "The Pickwick Papers," I could not treat the subject as Mr. Dickens did; I really could not.

STYLIST. Humor is vulgar.

AMERICAN. Humor, sir, has been refined and chastened since the infancy of fiction, and I am certain that were my humorous characters to meet yours mine would be made quite uncomfortable. Mr. Pickwick could not possibly be received in the drawing-room of Sara H. Finney, and Sam Weller would be turned out of her kitchen. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that one can positively laugh at your humor.

DICKENS. They used to laugh.

AMERICAN. Ah, they never laugh at mine.

DICKENS. But if I am not a realist, nor a romancist, nor an Elsmerian, nor a st —

AMERICAN. Oh, we have placed you. In Boston we could not live without placing everybody, and you are ticketed a caricaturist.

DICKENS (*sighing*). I liked the old way best, of being simply a novelist.

AMERICAN. That was too barbarous for Boston. We have analyzed your methods, and found them puerile. You have no subtle insight into character. You could not have written a novel about a lady's reasons for passing the cruet. Nay, more, we find that you never drew either a lady or a gentleman. Your subsidiary characters alone would rule you out of court. To us it is hard work to put all we have to say about a lady and gentleman who agree not to become engaged into three volumes. But you never send your hero twelve miles in a coach without adding another half-dozen characters to your list. There is no such lack of artistic barrenness in our school.

SMOLLETT (*enthusiastically*). What novels you who think so much about the art must write nowadays! You will let us take away a few samples? (*The live novelists cough*).

REALIST (*huskily*). You — you have heard of our work in the Grove of Bay-trees?

SIR WALTER (*apologetically*). You see we are not in the way of hearing — (*politely*). But we look forward to meeting you there some day.

THACKERAY. And resuming this conversation. None of you happens to be the gentleman who is rewriting Shakespeare and Homer, I suppose? It is of no consequence; I — I only thought that if he had been here I would have liked to look at him. That is all.

FIELDING (*looking at the sleeper*). He said he would take us back.

(*The novelists shake Mr. Stanley timidly, but he sleeps on.*)

STYLIST (*with a happy inspiration*). Emin —

MR. STANLEY (*starting to his feet*). You are ready? Fall in behind me. Quick march —

SIR WALTER. You won't mind carrying these books for us? (*Gives Stanley samples of realism, Elsmerism, etc.*)

MR. STANLEY. Right. I shall give them to the first man we meet in Piccadilly to carry.

ROMANCISS (*foolishly*). He may refuse.

MR. STANLEY (*grinly*). I think not. Now then —

ELSMERIAN (*good-naturedly*). A moment, sir. We have shown these gentlemen how the art of fiction has developed since their day, and now if they care to offer us a last word of advice —

SIR WALTER. We could not presume.

THACKERAY. As old-fashioned novelists of some repute at one time, we might

say this: that perhaps if you thought and wrote less about your styles and methods and the aim of fiction, and, in short, forgot yourselves now and again in your stories, you might get on better with your work. Think it over.

MR. STANLEY. Quick march.
(*The novelists are left looking at each other self-consciously.*)

J. M. BARRIE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A GLANCE AT CONTEMPORARY GREECE.

BEFORE many weeks have passed another insurrection will break out in Crete. In Macedonia the Greek population is chafing at the Servian propaganda now vigorously promoted by Russia. In Epirus it is protesting with all its might against the abolition of the Hellenic language in the law-courts and schools. In Cyprus it is groaning under the exactions of our countrymen, who are acting as the bailiffs of the Sublime Porte. Meanwhile how are things going on in that little patch of rugged land wherein a Greek can call himself a free man?

The student of modern politics will find many difficulties and distractions at Athens. For if he be imbued with any tinge of classical scholarship, his sympathy is attracted from the present to the past; he finds himself in the midst of a learned society, partly Greek but mainly foreign, which cares nothing for things modern and lives in ruined temples and museums. He is tempted to judge the Greeks of today by the standard of a greater age. And, even if his soul is dead to the glories of the past, he is still not without his troubles; for every Athenian whom he meets is a politician, and every politician whom he meets supplies him, not only with conflicting opinions, but with conflicting facts. Like their eloquent ancestors, the Athenians have a marvellous command of facts as well as arguments, and the student of Greek politics finds a wide field for the exercise of his judgment.

It is hard to descend from the clear air and majestic stillness of the Parthenon into the noisy, heated atmosphere of the Boulé—the Greek House of Parliament. And yet the Boulé, at the time of my arrival in Athens, was a centre of no ordinary interest. The prime minister, M. Trikoupés, had introduced the budget for the present year before the Christmas hol-

idays, but the discussion had been put off till the reassembling of the Chamber; and it was understood that the opposition had meanwhile been preparing for a supreme effort to overthrow the government. A campaign of resolute obstruction in the Boulé had been planned, accompanied by certain movements outside the Boulé, of which I shall speak hereafter. The programme of obstruction, however, was to be preceded by a programme of abstention. To secure the passing of the budget it was necessary for the government to keep together a quorum of seventy-six members in a house of a hundred and fifty. The government majority considerably exceeds the necessary quorum; but bad weather, domestic afflictions, and, last of all, the influenza, combined to thin its ranks; and the opposition decided not to put in an appearance. Day after day the date for the reassembling of the Chamber was put off; false alarms were frequent, and nothing was certain except that telegrams were incessantly going to and fro between the government and the missing deputies. Eventually a quorum was formed consisting entirely of ministerialists; the roll was called, and the house might have proceeded to pass the budget if a chosen phalanx of the opposition, which lay in ambush for the purpose, had not suddenly appeared and proceeded to harass the government with a series of interpellations, effectually preventing the progress of business. These tactics were continued for more than a fortnight, until the government decided not to reply *in voce* any longer, but merely to hand in papers giving the required information. The opposition then allowed the budget to be introduced, for it is not compatible with human nature to revile unceasingly a dumb antagonist. But the system of combined abstention and obstruction went on merrily as before. When, after a sitting of many hours, a few of the ministerialists would leave the house in order to obtain necessary refreshment, the opposition, seizing the opportunity, would withdraw in a body, leaving one of its members behind to demand a count. This gentleman, after having moved that the roll be called, would make a precipitate departure from the house, in the course of his flight adjuring the president not to count his name. It was interesting to speculate how Mr. Speaker Reid, of Washington, would have dealt with such tactics.

After enduring this state of things for more than a month, the government resolved to make a stand, and after an all-

night sitting, which lasted seventeen hours, the budget was passed. Four or five members of the opposition talked out the night, while their friends went home to bed; but the whole forces of the government remained at their post. English legislators, accustomed to the luxury of that best of clubs, the House of Commons, will hardly appreciate the devotion of the beleaguered ministerialists. The Boulé contains neither smoking-rooms nor dining-rooms, nor other convenient places of retreat; and the faithful followers of M. Trikoupés were compelled to provision themselves for the night as best they could. Hidden stores of cakes and sandwiches, of sweetmeats, caviare, and cheese, were produced in all directions, and shared with a touching generosity; tea and chocolate flowed abundantly—cold, I presume, for I did not notice any spirit-lamps, though they may have been below the seats; and in the still hours of the night the monotonous voice of sleepy orators was occasionally interrupted by the sound of the liberation of bottled beer. Picturesque deputies from the mountain districts, arrayed in gorgeous cloaks and fustanellas, reposed calmly on the benches, as though upon their native heath, while other figures, in the hideous garb of modern civilization, might be seen disposed around in every attitude of slumber. Once, after the grey light of dawn had begun to steal through the windows, the sharp clang of the president's bell was heard, calling some refractory member to order; when, as though in response to the signal, the solemn tolling of great bells without began to fill the morning air, for it was the first Sunday in Lent, a day of high ceremonial in the Orthodox cult. While others slept or walked about to keep themselves awake, the prime minister remained in his seat, calm, vigilant, determined; he only once left the house for a few minutes in order to obtain a cup of tea in the president's private room. As M. Trikoupés explained to me, the rules of the Greek Parliament were not framed in view of obstructive tactics, but he does not intend at present to suggest their alteration. He holds that the better sense of the nation will repudiate these methods, and he meets the difficulties which are thrown in his way with remarkable calmness and indifference. An idea of those difficulties may be formed if one can imagine a British government compelled to keep a quorum of half the House of Commons in constant attendance at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, or some other

building wholly unlike their present temple of luxury. M. Trikoupés holds that the first example of obstruction was set in the British Parliament; but the proceedings of the Greek opposition appear to me rather to resemble those of M. Tisza's adversaries at Budapest. In both cases the main object is to overthrow a minister whose principal fault consists in his long tenure of power, the criticism is largely directed against his financial policy, and the attack is not confined to ordinary, or even obstructive methods of political warfare.

Of the three great statesmen whom the present generation has produced in south-eastern Europe M. Charilaos Trikoupés is not the least remarkable. The most brilliant feature of M. Bratiano's long administration in Roumania was his successful foreign policy, and the skill and boldness with which he rescued his country from the designs of a faithless ally; M. Stambouloff will ever be remembered as the man who saved Bulgaria in a dark moment of her history, and vindicated her independence during a prolonged crisis with extraordinary courage and resolution. A less conspicuous but a not less important rôle has been reserved for M. Trikoupés. The Greeks are impulsive, headstrong, and ambitious, full of schemes for the aggrandizement of Greece, but little disposed to wait for the favorable moment, or to adopt the best-considered plan, for their realization. In patriotic ambition and belief in the destiny of Greece M. Trikoupés is not behind the most ardent of his countrymen, but it has nevertheless been his duty again and again to repress the fervor of their aspirations. A more difficult or ungrateful task it is impossible to imagine, but M. Trikoupés has never hesitated to discharge it; and he has more than once resigned office rather than put himself at the head of a popular movement of which he disapproved. It was so in 1881, when the national indignation rose high at the refusal of Turkey to carry out the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, and again in 1885, when the war-fever broke out which entailed a blockade, a paralysis of commerce, and a heavy outlay which the country could ill afford. But with the exception of a single year (March, 1885, to April, 1886) M. Trikoupés has been in office since the spring of 1882.

In Greece a prime minister does not gain in popularity by prolonged tenure of power. Every one is a politician, and every peasant's son who has learned to drive a quill expects a government ap-

pointment. When his party is out of office he hangs about the cafés of his native town and spends his time in abusing the government. When his party is in power he expects to be provided for; he besieges the various ministries with applications for every conceivable employment, and in the end, if unsuccessful, he joins the opposition. Inasmuch as the multitude of unsuccessful candidates may now be reckoned by the thousand, it will easily be understood that M. Trikoupés has not increased the number of his political friends during an administration extending over seven years. Hitherto the duration of governments has been counted by months rather than by years, and any minister who prolongs his official life beyond the conventional span is looked upon as a usurper. I have heard serious politicians gravely allege that the principal fault of M. Trikoupés is that he has ruled too long. The Greek mind, with its intensely democratic tendency, looks upon the enjoyment of office as a perquisite to be shared by all in turn; it revolts against the superiority of individual genius, even when combined with spotless integrity and unwearied industry. The Athenians are like their forefathers, who selected their magistrates annually by lot, and who ostracized Aristides.

It is a remarkable fact that permanent influence over the democratic mind has often been acquired by those who neglect and despise the arts which tend to popularity. Like Pericles and Phocion in former times, M. Trikoupés seems to have lost nothing by a reserve of manner which many of his countrymen attribute to hauteur; like Mr. Parnell in our own day, he inspires his followers with confidence by appearing to share neither their hopes nor fears. If the prime minister is known at Athens by the *sobriquet* of "the Englishman," it is not only, let us hope, because he is supposed to possess our insular frigidity of manner. Unlike most Oriental statesmen, M. Trikoupés has never been known to accept a present; and what this means will be best understood by those who remember M. Edmond About's story of the two foreign ministers, predecessor and successor, who openly went to law for the possession of a service of plate, which arrived at the Foreign Office during a change of ministry, and which each of them claimed as a *pot de vin* on account of services rendered, or about to be rendered, to the sender. M. About and others are not quite fair in judging an Oriental people by the standard

of Western morality; but the Greeks cannot escape the fierce light reflected upon them by illustrious ancestors and noble ruins. The example of unimpeachable probity set by M. Trikoupés during a long administration cannot but have a valuable influence upon the ethics of Greek political life; his extraordinary industry—for he works daily from dawn till past midnight—is a standing reproach to lazy politicians who do nothing but talk, and his success in retaining power has taught the loungers in the cafés that mere vituperation will not necessarily upset a ministry. His indifference to the attacks of the daily press is very characteristic, for he recognizes the fact that the incredulity of his countrymen keeps pace with their power of invention. In Greece there is no symptom of that "decay of lying" which exercises the mind of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The greater part of the Greek press is hostile to the government, and attacks it with a violence almost inconceivable to Englishmen. The government has lost the support of many journals from various causes. The intense love of equality, the ruling passion of the Greek race, renders the maintenance of discipline almost impossible, whether in political or military life. Every man is as good as his fellow, and when his fellow is preferred to him he cannot forgive the slight. Some gentlemen on the staff of one of the newspapers friendly to the ministry desired M. Trikoupés to guarantee them two or three seats in the Boulé; M. Trikoupés refused, and immediately the journal changed its politics and declared war on the government. The editor of another journal, hitherto devoted to the ministerial party, derived the greater part of his income from the proceeds of a gambling-den. The prime minister ordered this attractive place of entertainment to be closed; and next morning the journal in question amazed its readers by a violent onslaught on the government. It then disappeared, and has not been heard of again. When I asked M. Trikoupés how it was that he cared for none of these things, he replied that perhaps he was wrong in doing so; that Prince Bismarck, at least, attached great importance to the press. The government, he said, had now no official organ. To give an idea of the Greek polemic style, I translate a passage, taken almost at random, from one of the principal journals. It will be seen that a wealth of invective has descended to the posterity of Aeschines and Demosthenes:

With such a government as this, which has planted throughout all Greece the thorns and brambles of infamy and crime, a government that leans for support on malefactors and armed desperadoes — a voracious monster, which, having gorged itself on the vitals of justice and order, threatens to swallow up the dynasty as well, we fear that our worthy contemporaries, who acknowledge these facts, can only act consistently with their declared opinions by issuing a proclamation to the army and people of Greece, bidding them fraternize, fly to arms, and crush this all-devouring faction, more loathsome than the foulest of tyrants.

These vigorous diatribes occupy a considerable space in the daily newspapers, but it is hard to say what effect they have upon a sceptical and intelligent people like the Greeks. In the towns they are probably perused for amusement, but in the country, where the peasants form groups in the village inns to hear the newspapers read aloud by the schoolmaster or some other literary person, no doubt they are taken more seriously. It is remarkable that even the illiterate peasants can understand the written language, though it differs so much from the dialect they speak. Now and then a word must be explained to them, but that is all. Their keenness for information is very striking, and makes one hope for great things of them by-and-by. It is calculated that at least a third of the newspapers find their way into the country districts. The leading articles are usually addressed directly to the public by the use of the second person plural: "Do ye wish to know something of the infamous acts of Trikoupés's government?" is the opening sentence of the article from which I have just quoted. The Greek newspapers occupy themselves almost exclusively with home questions; but a journal in French is published at Athens, which includes foreign politics within its purview, and even contains articles on "L'affaire Times-Piggott" and "La Question Irlandaise."

The general tendency to indiscipline, which forms a weak point in the Greek character, is attributable not only to the native passion for equality, but to traditions which survive from a time when resistance to the constituted authority was honorable and patriotic. A Greek is proud of his descent from a Klepht who slew a Turkish pasha, no matter how the act was committed; and the ancient house of Mavromichalés looks upon its scions who assassinated Kapodistria as the Harmodius and Aristogeitôn of modern

Greece. Private revenge is still sanctioned by public opinion, at least among the peasantry. Faction fights, originating in family feuds, and even what the newspapers call "battles,"* are of frequent occurrence. Revolvers, yataghans, and knives are the weapons usually employed; stones are always available in this rugged country, and women and children take part in the fray. A "battle" lately took place at Mandra, not many miles from Athens, resulting in a heavy list of casualties. Four persons were killed, including a child who died of fright, and five were wounded. According to official statistics published, I think, in 1888, the number of murders in the preceding year was five hundred and forty, in a population of a little over two millions. In Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia, where the population exceeds three millions, the average of murders in recent years has been two hundred and sixty-six. The Bulgarian peasant, however, is less passionate and more economical than the Greek; he cannot afford, or thinks he cannot afford, the civilized revolver, and he must fain be content to belabor his enemy with a stout stick. Capital punishment exists in Greece; but here, as elsewhere, it is not severity that is required, but certainty in the punishment and speed in the detection of crime. The want of discipline which exists in the police force often aids the escape of criminals. Not many days ago a malefactor who was known to be lurking in the island of Salamis made his escape to the mainland and disappeared while the authorities at the Peiræus were wrangling over the best means of effecting his arrest. Epaminondas, son of Solon, and Agamemnon, son of Chrysostom, quarrel in the village tavern about the quality of the wine; Epaminondas fires his revolver at his friend and runs away; the police arrive, after a suitable interval, and arrest the wounded Agamemnon. Epaminondas remains in the mountains for a while, and nothing more is heard of the matter. A gendarmerie, well organized after the Bulgarian model, is much needed; some restriction should be imposed on the sale of firearms, more particularly of revolvers, the promiscuous use of which tends not only to the increase of murder and suicide, but to the disfigurement of ancient monuments, which are used as targets; and above all the ruinous practice should be discontinued of bringing political influence to bear for the pardon of offenders.

* Μάχα; ; minor engagements are called *συμπλοκαί*.

The friends and relatives of an imprisoned criminal put pressure on the deputy for their district to obtain his release; the deputy puts pressure on the government; and as the number of members of the Boulé has been latterly reduced to one hundred and fifty, the individual importance of each deputy is now very considerable. It was with a view to checking the local influence of electors upon deputies that M. Trikoupés diminished the number of the latter and enlarged the constituencies, and he now sets his face against these pernicious attempts on the part of the deputies to frustrate the law. It should be mentioned that no prisoner from the district of Missolonghi, which M. Trikoupés represents, has ever been respited by private favor.

It would be strange if the army were altogether unaffected by the general tendency towards want of discipline. The Greeks make excellent sailors, but as soldiers they seem only fitted for irregular warfare. The physique of the ordinary infantry is decidedly poor; the *chasseurs* (*εβζυροι*) are a finer-looking set of men, who would probably do good service in a mountain campaign; there are three regiments of cavalry and three of artillery. The uniform is of the French pattern, but the chasseurs wear the national costume with flowing petticoats and tasselled fez; they wear a tight belt, so tight, indeed, that their waists appear miraculously small. If it be anywhere allowable to tight-lace a guinea-pig for the instruction of mankind, it is in Greece; for here mankind, and not womankind alone, would profit by the demonstration. In "smartness" and military bearing the Greeks are altogether inferior to the Bulgarians, who undoubtedly make the best soldiers in the Peninsula; the Roumanians rank next, while the Greeks and Servians seem much on a level. A serious drawback to the efficiency of the Greek army has been the want of manœuvres on a large scale; this year, however, there are to be extensive manœuvres in Acarnania, which will considerably increase the budget of the ministry of war, and are said to be the cause of some trepidation among the Turkish authorities at Janina. The prime minister, whose capacity for work is prodigious, at present holds the portfolio of war as well as that of finance; but he will probably entrust the former to a military officer before many weeks have passed. This decision is said to have been hastened by some symptoms of insubordination which lately showed themselves at Larissa; but I have

reason to know that M. Trikoupés has intended for some time to devote himself more exclusively to the complicated questions of finance in which he takes a special interest. The trouble at Larissa occurred about the same time as the discovery of Major Panitza's plot in Bulgaria. A section of the opposition, probably without the knowledge of the principal leaders, determined that a grand, simultaneous assault should be made on the government by obstruction in the Chamber, disturbances at Athens, and a *pronunciamento* in the army. It was hoped that the king would take alarm and dismiss M. Trikoupés. The *pronunciamento* was to take place at three or four military stations on the same day; but before the plot was ripe the secret was betrayed by some young officers at Larissa, who talked incautiously in a café. M. Trikoupés on receiving information immediately telegraphed ordering that the officers implicated should be sent to various other stations; but the commandant at Larissa, for reasons best known to himself, did not carry out the order, and went to Athens to expostulate, it is said, with M. Trikoupés and to lay a statement of grievances before the king. The king, however, insisted on the order being obeyed, and the officers went to the posts assigned to them. In most European countries an occurrence like this would have involved a series of courts-martial, but a certain amount of indiscipline must be allowed for in Greece, and the affair has been treated too seriously by foreign critics. When a prime minister rules an army, either in person as M. Trikoupés, or through a near relative as M. Stambouloff, complaints, however unfounded, as to the connection of politics with promotion are sure to be frequent; and I think M. Trikoupés will do wisely in handing over the portfolio of war to a professional soldier.

This attempt to bring pressure to bear on the king by means of the army only shows that strictly constitutional methods of agitation are not yet understood in Greece. Sixty years is a short period for any nation to become grounded in the maxims of constitutionalism. It is not true, as a recent writer asserts, that Greece is suffering from the application of a "cut-and-dry constitution," for King Otho ruled absolutely for ten years, and the liberty the country now enjoys may almost be said to have been won by degrees. A considerable latitude must be allowed, as M. Trikoupés explained to me, to the parliamentary minority, inasmuch as there is no upper

house to revise the decisions of the majority. An eminent politician, who lately told an English audience that no State in Europe has been able to do without a second chamber, must have forgotten that Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria dispense with that luxury. King George, who has ruled Greece for more than a quarter of a century, has always kept strictly to the lines of the constitution. He is neither a *doctrinaire* nor a profound politician, but he is gifted with tact and a thorough knowledge of man — qualities invaluable to the ruler of an unruly people. The king knows when to yield, and how to do so with a good grace. It is an open secret that he is strongly in favor of M. Trikoupés's administration, for he sees that a continuity of government and a policy of caution are necessary for Greece in this critical period of her history. Queen Olga, the daughter of a Russian grand duke, was at first supposed to be a strong partisan of Russia; but her Majesty, who sets an admirable example to the women of Greece by her devotion to works of charity, in reality takes little interest in politics. The king enjoys great personal popularity with his subjects, and he is remarkably courteous and kind to foreigners, especially to Englishmen, with whom he converses in perfect English, and who naturally feel a peculiar interest in the brother of their future queen.

The leader of the opposition, M. Delyannés, makes an interesting contrast with his rival the prime minister. While M. Trikoupés represents Western culture and Western ideas, M. Delyannés is thoroughly Oriental and Greek. M. Trikoupés, a native of Missolonghi, and a son of the distinguished historian of the War of Greek Independence, spent much of his early life in London and Paris; M. Delyannés, a native of Arcadia, began his career as an *employé* in one of the government offices at Athens. M. Trikoupés received an early training in diplomacy; M. Delyannés saw little of foreign lands till he went as minister of Greece to Paris and afterwards to Berlin, where he had charge of the interests of his country during the Congress. He there made the acquaintance of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, but the English statesman he remembers with most pleasure is Mr. Gladstone, whom he afterwards met in London. M. Delyannés was subsequently employed in the delimitation of the Turco-Greek frontier in 1882, and speaks warmly of the sympathy and assistance which Mr. Gladstone gave to Greece at that time.

As an orator M. Trikoupés has no equal among his contemporaries; his diction is in the purest style of modern Greek, and his arguments are arranged with skill and massed with extraordinary force and cogency. If the eloquence of M. Trikoupés may be described as synthetic, that of M. Delyannés is analytic. He excels in mastery of detail and clearness of exposition; but owing to his tendency to dwell on particulars he does not arrest the attention of the Chamber as successfully as the prime minister. His style is thought by some to be equal to that of M. Trikoupés, but his oratory on the whole is less effective. As a party leader M. Trikoupés exercises a remarkable ascendancy over his followers, among whom he has no present or prospective rival; he maintains a discipline unexampled in Greece among the rank and file of his party, and he keeps up relations with numerous men of local influence throughout the country on whose assistance he relies at the elections. He has set his face against the Oriental system by which the government of the day uses the forces at its command to coerce voters, and his English notions on this and other points were thought so singular at one time, that an old friend warned him that his hopes of success as an apostle of reform were destined to failure. "One cuckoo," he said, "does not bring the spring." M. Delyannés, on the other hand, has but a slight control over his partisans, among whom there are several men of considerable ability and debating power; he depends much upon the popularity which he has gained by personal affability, by keen sympathy with the national feeling, and thorough knowledge of the affairs of the country. He swims with the tide, not deeming it his mission to regenerate Greek political morality; but his personal integrity is unimpeachable, though, like the prime minister, he is by no means a rich man.

Two important subjects now occupy the attention of Greek public men — the financial condition of the country, and the perennial question of Crete. I have already described the obstructive tactics with which M. Trikoupés's budget was opposed. That statesman's financial policy has attracted some attention in England, but it would be impossible to discuss it thoroughly in the space at my disposal. When M. Trikoupés last accepted office, on the resignation of M. Delyannés's ministry in April, 1886, Greece appeared to be on the verge of bankruptcy. The exact amount of the debt, which the warlike

policy of M. Delyannés entailed on the country, is still a matter of dispute between parties; M. Delyannés admits to having spent 52 million drachmæ on the mobilization; and the budget of 1885 and 1886, during which years he was in office for twelve months altogether, show together a declared deficit of 95 millions, though the actual deficit of the two years amounted to 128,936,000 dr. It must further be remembered that M. Delyannés reintroduced the paper circulation, obtaining upwards of 70 millions from the banks, and so leaving the State a loser to the extent of 33 millions, inasmuch as it had raised 103 millions to effect the abolition of paper money in 1884. The deficits of the last-named year and of 1883, during the former administration of M. Trikoupés, amounted to more than 30 millions. In resuming office in 1886, M. Trikoupés found himself confronted with two disagreeable alternatives — national bankruptcy, or the imposition of excessive taxation. The condition of affairs was then so desperate that M. Karapanos, a prominent member of the opposition, did not hesitate, in a manifesto addressed to his constituents, to recommend a course practically amounting to repudiation. "Let us give our creditors," he said, "60 per cent. of their interest money, assuring them that we will pay them the remaining 40 per cent. when the resources of the country enable us to do so." The date of payment would probably have coincided with the Greek calends.

This short-sighted proposal, with which M. Delyannés assures me he did not agree, was wisely rejected by the prime minister, and the country supported him in his decision, a decision alike honorable to the government and the governed. M. Trikoupés resolved on imposing additional taxation to the amount of 30 per cent.; and the revenue, which in 1886 produced 62 millions, was estimated in the budget of 1887 at 94½ millions, of which sum 89 millions were found to be ascertained payable revenue, and nearly 83 millions were actually collected. Thus the amount of arrears was only 7.54 per cent. as compared with the hitherto normal amount of 10 per cent.; and the result, even allowing for improved methods of collection, showed that the country was able to support the burden. The amount of arrears for 1888 was about 8 per cent.; the estimated receipts were 95 millions; the ascertained payable revenue was nearly 97 millions, whereas 89 millions were collected. The figures for 1889 are not yet

procurable, but M. Trikoupés calculates the collected revenue at 88,073,000 dr., against an estimated revenue of 96,449,000 in the budget of that year. In the budget for the present year the receipts are estimated at 93,967,000 dr.; but there will be a corresponding falling off in the amount collected. The difference between estimated receipts and revenue verified as payable is due to the uncertainty of all human calculations, but the falling off in the amount collected will appear strange to most English critics, who will naturally ask why the budget estimates are not based on probable receipts. It must be remembered, on the one hand, that Greece is a land of small cultivators, mostly poor, and that the difficulty of collecting taxes increases with the number of those who pay; and also that the method of collection is still undergoing reform. On the other hand, with respect to the budget estimates, it should be understood that the expenditure, as well as the receipts, is estimated considerably above its probable figure; for inasmuch as the finance minister is forbidden by law to transfer credits, not merely from one department of the public service to another, but even from one sub-division to another, he is compelled as a precaution to estimate each small heading of expenditure at its maximum. Consequently, though estimated receipts and expenditure may balance each other in the budget, the minister, in order to arrive at an equilibrium, must effect a series of economies in the administration of the year in order to meet an inevitable deficiency in the revenue collected. It is a slipshod system, but it at least has the advantage of securing rigorous parsimony in the administration. In 1887 M. Trikoupés succeeded in balancing the budget, a very remarkable feat under the circumstances; in 1888 there was a slight deficit of two millions; in 1889 it seems probable that not only an equilibrium but a small surplus has been ensured. These are brilliant results, and though they have been in part effected by conversions of debt and other financial operations which cannot be indefinitely continued, they are full of happy augury for the future of Greece.

The speech in which M. Trikoupés introduced the budget of this year is a masterly and statesmanlike exposition of financial principles. The key-note of his policy is the encouragement of home production. "We must by all possible means," he said, "encourage home production, since it is only by the develop-

ment of production that we can hope to become sufficiently strong to remove gradually the burdens which we were compelled to impose on the community." In conformity with this principle M. Trikoupés has framed a number of proposals for the relief of the agricultural class, which he rightly regards as the mainstay of Greece. He has determined to encourage the production of wine for exportation by exemption from all taxes, and still further to assist the wine-growers by almost repealing the tax on spirits made from the refuse of the wine-press, while allowing the tax on spirits made from cereals to remain, the latter being mainly imported from abroad. The development of the cultivation of currants is of the utmost importance. Almost the whole of the currant trade is with England, and M. Trikoupés lately suggested to the English government a convention for the repeal of the import duty, in return for a repeal on the part of Greece of the land-tax on currants. This would have entailed a sacrifice of four million drachmæ of revenue, while the loss to the British exchequer would only be £350,000. The English government have rejected the proposal, but M. Trikoupés has not abandoned his intention of returning to the question. The once down-trodden peasants have to thank M. Trikoupés for the abolition of the *dime* or tithe in kind; and he now proposes to do away with the equally harassing octroi dues levied by the communes on cereals and live stock. Nothing can be more pernicious to the development of commercial intercourse than the existence of customs zones within a country. To recompense the communes M. Trikoupés proposes an additional tax on wheat and cattle imported from abroad, the proceeds of which will be divided among the various municipalities and used for the express purpose of carrying out public works. He further intends to modify and reduce the tax on ploughing beasts, which he imposed with reluctance, and hopes to abolish eventually. The existing land-tax on tobacco for exportation is to be taken off in order to enable Greece to compete with Turkey in the Egyptian market, and to encourage the growers; but the taxation of tobacco consumed at home is to be maintained and even increased. These measures for the encouragement of production no doubt tend towards protection, though not designed with that object; and it is evident that M. Trikoupés thinks the interests of the present proprietors more important than those of the merchants and

small traders of the towns. But Greek imports largely include what may be described as luxuries, and a poor country should forego these for the benefit of its wealth-producing class.

All this is admirable, and the amazing fact that a country which but ten years ago possessed a revenue of thirty-seven millions can now contribute ninety without apparent suffering, is full of encouragement for the future. There are, however, other considerations which must not escape our notice in reviewing the prospects of Greece. The little kingdom was, so to speak, born in debt, for the three protecting powers started it on its career with a loan of 60 millions. Greece was then, as a recent writer says, "a heap of smoking ruins bathed in blood." Apart from her lamentable condition, the narrow limits assigned to her by the powers made it almost impossible that she could exist on her own resources. In 1882, according to the official statement lately published, the national debt amounted to 264 millions, in 1889 to nearly 500 millions, while in 1890 it reaches 603 millions. The ministerialists, however, allow that it reaches a higher figure than this, and M. Trikoupés, in his recent speech on the budget, admitted to 660 millions. M. Delyannés, basing his calculation on the figures of the budget itself, estimates the debt at 760 millions, and this is probably the actual amount. The wide difference between these calculations will astonish impartial critics. Even if we take the official figures, which must be far below the mark, and admit that the military preparations of M. Delyannés increased the debt by 150 millions, we have still 289 millions borrowed during the administration of the present prime minister. Of this sum more than 38 millions have gone to the construction of ironclads; but I must not discuss the question of naval and military expenditure here—lamentable as this expenditure is, I am not one of those who most vigorously condemn it. If Greece had not possessed a force which at least could give some trouble, she would never have obtained an extension of her boundary. She must be ready for emergencies in the future. The reduction of the military estimates by a million was a favorable feature of last year's budget, but they are raised again by about the same amount in the present year, while the naval estimates are increased by half a million, owing to expenses connected with the arrival of the new ironclads. It is reassuring, on the

other hand, to learn that M. Trikoupés hopes by various financial combinations to make an annual saving in the service of the public debt amounting to nine millions. Greece may not yet have reached the limit either of her borrowing power or of her capacity for taxation; but it is evident that a system under which her debt has increased by four, or rather five, hundred millions in seven years cannot be indefinitely prolonged. Though it is some consolation to know that the prime minister is concerned for the interests of the agricultural population, it is sad to see the toil-worn peasants laboring amid hardship and privation to satisfy the claims of foreign creditors. "Les dettes contractées par les Etats de l'Orient," says M. de Laveleye, "amènent à des conséquences qui revoltent l'humanité."

While the taxation of the country is at a point beyond which it cannot go, while the financial condition is such as to require long and careful nursing, it is evident that a serious calamity such as war, a succession of bad seasons, or even the failure of the currant-harvest, would certainly bring about a catastrophe. For the moment the danger is on the side of Crete, but it may appear at any time on the side of Macedonia or even Epirus. With regard to Crete, the prime minister has taken up a firm and statesmanlike attitude, which no doubt has cost him much popularity at present. War is impossible, peace is a necessity; and he is determined that there shall be no repetition of the fiasco of 1885-6. "Without means," he says, "we can do nothing on behalf of Crete or the Hellenic cause; our first step must be the financial regeneration of the country." The wide scope of M. Trikoupés's views is hardly understood by his countrymen. He is a Panhellenist, and he aspires to direct and control the entire Hellenic world. Athens is its centre and focus; and it is from Athens, and therefore from the Greek government, that it must take the *mot d'ordre*. The Greek of Crete, the Greek of Macedonia, under whatever government he lives, is loyal in heart to the government of Greece,* and the advice of that government is a command. When the time has arrived for combined action on the part of all the members of the Hellenic race, the signal will be given; it is for the Greek government to choose the moment, as it alone is able to decide when the circumstances are favorable. As for the advice of foreign

powers, M. Trikoupés accepts it with all politeness. "We know," he said to me, "that they advise us simply for their own interest, and we act accordingly."

The whole question of Crete must therefore be considered as a mere episode in the development of a great movement, which might be retarded and not furthered by inopportune action on the part of Greece. M. Trikoupés goes so far as to look upon the Cretan difficulty as the outcome of a scheme deliberately formed by Turkey for the destruction of Hellenism, and he is determined not to be led into the trap prepared for him. He holds that Turkey provoked the rising of last autumn with the object of withdrawing the privileges assured to Crete by the Berlin Treaty, and that she would have been delighted to have seen Greece, unaided and alone, take part in the struggle. But the time was inopportune for such a struggle, and the Greek government did all that was possible to prevent further disorders, even going so far as to induce the Cretans not to resist the introduction of a large Turkish force into the island. It is true that M. Trikoupés, when the atrocities were at their height, for once abandoned his attitude of reserve by sending a circular to the powers, threatening Greek interference if they would not take action. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of this course, M. Trikoupés contends that it had the effect of mitigating the horrors for a time. The government is in a position of extreme difficulty. It is daily confronted with the misery of three thousand homeless exiles, and the groans of an afflicted Greek race can almost be heard across the sea but for the shrieks of infuriated patriots at home. The position which the government now takes up is reasonable and intelligible. It asks that a *complete* amnesty should be accorded by the Porte, and that the military tribunals in Crete should be abolished. If these demands were acceded to, it would undertake to induce the refugees to return. It no longer asks for the withdrawal of the firman, although its provisions violate the twenty-third article of the Berlin Treaty. The Porte has replied by a general invitation to the refugees to return, which, however, excludes sixteen names; but martial law still exists, and the exiles, though promised immunity as regards the past, are afraid of being brought before the military tribunals on fresh charges. The Porte is countenanced by Germany in its refusal to go further; and Germany has just succeeded in concluding a commercial

* Speech on Crete, 30th October, 1889.

treaty with Turkey on exceptionally favorable terms. It is the old story of the Eastern question; the weak and struggling must be sacrificed to the interests of the strong.

But the time is short; already the snows are disappearing from the mountains, and in a few weeks Crete will be the scene of another insurrection. The Cretan committee at Athens is receiving subscriptions from Italy, from all parts of Europe, and even from America. It is ominous that great activity prevails at the Russian legation. The Greek government, while carefully abstaining from helping the fugitives, will throw no obstacle in the way of their obtaining arms and provisions. It views the future with alarm, but it will nevertheless wish them Godspeed. They have already cost Greece nearly a million drachmae. Is it not time for the friends of Turkey to suggest to her that, after all, she would be an infinitely stronger power without Crete? Would Greece be able to find money to buy the island? Would she be able to rent it, as we rent Cyprus, and to tax the Cretans as she taxes herself and as we tax the Cypriotes? Would she be able to check the vengeance of the Christians? Perhaps so, for many of their enemies would emigrate; the Mussulmans often prefer emigration to revolt, and those who remain become loyal, as in Bulgaria. The Cretan leaders whom I have met are all for annexation to Greece. They care no longer for reforms or for the revocation of the firman. Some of them are wild mountaineers in their picturesque native costume, whose title to distinction consists in the number of Turkish lives they have taken with their own hand; others are ex-deputies, judges, and professors, men of high intelligence and cultivation, who are now living penniless at Athens, supported by the government.

The final decision was taken the other day. The exiles assembled in the ancient Stadion, and the scene as I looked down from the thyme-grown slope—once so often thronged by the multitude of brilliant Athens—was interesting and impressive. The invitation of the Turkish government was discussed and definitely refused, after two or three leaders had addressed the meeting, one of them speaking with indignation concerning recent declarations in the British House of Commons. Then the whole assembly, with uplifted hands, swore the oath of the War of Independence—*ἐλευθερία ἢ θάνατος*—freedom or death. There was no enthusiasm or excitement, nothing but quiet de-

termination. The crowd broke into little groups, and as they walked away I could see above their heads the rock whence Aegeus watched to see his son returning from his Cretan triumphs, and the monuments of a race that rescued Europe from the dominion of Asia.

It was evening—such an evening as Byron describes in those sumptuous lines of "The Corsair"—and I turned my steps towards the Acropolis. The sun was sinking in a cloudless heaven behind the purple hills of the Morea; Hymettus and Pentelikon were radiant in violet and crimson, and the crest of Parnes, still silvered with the winter snows, looked down through a rose-colored haze upon the dusky olive-groves of Kolonus. A flood of golden light was falling on the columns of the Propylaea and the Parthenon, causing them to glow with a rich mellowness of coloring as though in harmony with the pageant of nature around. The quiet of the sunset hour seemed to accord with the melancholy which haunts these noble monuments of human genius—more lovely in this, the evening of their decline, than in the noontide blaze of their perfection—more lovely, because more speaking and suggestive in the stillness and solitude of their decay. As I turned to depart I paused by the brink of the western cliff, whence the Temple of Wingless Victory looks out across land and sea to the shore of unconquered Salamis. The stones of its ruined fabric have been collected, and joined together with reverent care; its fallen columns have been raised, and though its sculptured frieze is broken and defaced, though its marble walls show many a gap, and it has no roof but the deep blue sky, it stands a type of living beauty amid surrounding desolation. And so it seemed to me that a much-tried race, sundered and shattered in ages of adversity, may yet be compacted into one harmonious structure, which may reflect, if it cannot revive, the splendor of a historic past.

JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

From The National Review.
GREAT AND BIG.
A DIALOGUE.

Time, Summer. Two persons in the prime of life, and of opposite sexes, converse beneath a starlit sky.

He. It's very queer that those are all suns, with planets, and moons, and asteroids, and things.

She. The feeling it always gives me to remember that, is that we are such atoms, and that our affairs matter so very little.

He. My affairs matter a great deal; and so do yours.

She. You and I are only two people out of all the people in the world, and the world is only one planet belonging to one little star out of all the stars there are. We are certainly atoms, unless we are molecules, or whatever you call the smallest sort of things.

He. But we are not the smallest sort of things. We are bigger than microbes. We may have squashed a million in the last minute.

She. Well, microbes matter even less than we do; only it's so little less that it makes no difference.

He. How do you know microbes matter less than we do?

She. There are so many of them.

He. There are so many of us. Perhaps in some other planet there are as many human beings as there are microbes here, and no microbes at all.

She. Then, if there are so many of us, how can any one of us matter?

He. I don't say any of us do, except the few that I know about. I matter. You matter. The prime minister matters. We matter.

She. You (plural) matter. They matter. Your own declension contradicts you.

He. I beg your pardon. I stopped short of the third person plural. They don't matter — to me — and I don't know whether they do or not to any one else.

She. You are full of inconsistency. You began by saying that human beings were of consequence, and now you say most of them are not.

He. It is possible that some human beings may be of consequence and others not. But I didn't say any of them weren't. I said I did not know whether they were or not.

She. Well, I say none of them are, compared to the stars.

He. You are of more importance than a star. Please observe that I am not paying you a shallow compliment, but stating a scientific fact, or, at least, expressing a scientific opinion.

She. There are a million stars, and only one me. They are each of them a million times bigger than I am. Therefore, taken all together, they are of more importance even than I am.

He. I do not think you have sufficiently mastered the difference between greatness and bigness.

She. I do not think it at all likely that I have.

He. It is a not infrequent confusion of ideas. May I preach?

She. If you like. I will interrupt you when you get tiresome.

He. Thank you. A thing, or a number, which is extremely big is not necessarily imposing, or important, or interesting, or, to put it shortly, great. I will explain this by an example. America is big — very big — and full of bignesses. I mean the United States. Most of the Americans think it is great, but they are mistaken. I don't say there is nothing great about it, but its bignesses are not great. There is a man called Carnegie, and he wrote a book, and boasted that if all the cows in America were put standing nose to tail and four abreast, they would go once and a half round the world. There is nothing great in that. A cow is a very interesting beast, and to be the owner of a tame cow is a very remarkable thing. But when you have got one, or at any rate half-a-dozen, it is not much more remarkable to have six million or six thousand million, if you have fields to put them in and people to milk them. It is mere repetition of what you did before.

She. The second million would be dull.

He. And so is the second hundred. Am I to take your observation as a signal that I have become tiresome?

She. You may go on.

He. There was another man, only I disremember his name, who wrote another book — or perhaps it was a woman — who made an observation in the same spirit about Chicago. Chicago is full of corn and pigs.

She. I have heard of it.

He. And it was burnt down. I forget exactly when, but some time in the last twenty years. Well, in this novel — did I say the book was a novel? If not, I should have. In this novel the people lived at Chicago and they watched it being burnt down. And a man said that though it was a nuisance to have their houses burnt, it was consoling to reflect that it was the biggest fire in the world, and that the fire of London was nothing to it. Now that twenty years have passed, the fire of London is as famous as ever, and if you mentioned the fire of Chicago to a casual, well-educated person, he would ask which one you meant, and whether it hadn't been burnt down several times. I once mentioned this passage to a lady, who said, "Yes, it was a very unimportant fire, because there was nothing burnt that couldn't

be put up again directly." Thus we see that the fire of Chicago was bigger than the fire of London, but also much smaller, supposing "small" to be the opposite of great. A big fire is one where there are a great many long and thick flames, covering a quantity of space. A great fire is one which burns something interesting or important. A very little fire might burn, let us say, an Archbishop of Canterbury, or Frith's "Derby Day," but it would be a great fire.

She. It would indeed.

He. A thing may be great partly because it is big, but my point is that bigness alone can never make anything great.

She. I don't disagree — at present — as far as concerns fires on earth, but you know you've got to get to fires in the sky.

He. Your rebuke is just.

She. I wasn't rebuking.

He. The connection with the stars is this. All we really know about them — of course, I assume that everything astronomers say is true —

She. They don't all say the same.

He. No; but I assume that the one who spoke last spoke the truth, and I go on believing what he said until somebody else contradicts him, or, of course, until he contradicts himself.

She. What an elastic form of belief.

He. It is called faith. But, as I was saying, all we really know about the stars is that they are extremely big, an exceedingly long way off, and most of them, apparently, very hot. I gathered from what you said just now that the sight of them conveys to your mind impressions of vastness and awe, and of your own comparative littleness.

She. So it does.

He. That is because you have, if you will allow me to say so, a naturally powerful and sedulously cultivated imagination. You compare your own size, and the distances you are accustomed to have to do with, to the size of the stars and the distances between them. You appear to yourself, by the sudden comparison, infinitesimally small, and then you are awed. That's all right until you get to being awed, but at that point you make an arbitrary assumption. You observe that green star?

She. Yes.

He. We could find out its name if we looked in a book, but for the present it does not matter. Let us suppose it is a hundred billion miles off. I don't believe it is, but that doesn't matter either. Now, just consider what that means. If you

had to go to it, straight from here, and supposing that you could go to it, and that other stars or moons or things wouldn't get in the way, as soon as you got out of our atmosphere (and, indeed, before) each mile that you went would be very like the other. While we are supposing you to be able to go, we may as well suppose you to be able to go with extreme rapidity. Suppose you went a billion miles a day, it would take you a hundred days, which is about three months and a week. That would be going very fast, because a billion miles a day is more than forty thousand million miles an hour, and that's — how much? — more than six hundred million miles a minute. So it's six hundred million times as quick as a train. At that extravagant pace, you would not get to the green star for more than three months. And all that way each hundred miles would look practically just the same as the hundred miles on either side of it. That's not awfulness. It's merely wearisome repetition. It's as bad as the two million cows.

She. Worse.

He. I doubt if there would be much to choose. When you got to the green star, you would very likely find it was made of much the same stuff as the sun, and had a lot of planets, with moons, and rings, and what not, going round and round it just as ours do here, and all made out of it to begin with. Then you would be entitled to expect that, saving individual differences of character, the behavior of that solar system would considerably resemble the behavior of this solar system.

She. Then why is it green?

He. I am afraid I made a bad choice. I only chose the green one as an example because it was easy to point out. Though, by the way, the sun may be a green star for anything I know, when it is looked at from a hundred billion miles off. But that's a detail. Taken in the lump, all the stars look very much alike. Judging from their photographs and their *spectra*, and the information generally which astronomers give to the world, the odds seem to be that they are all made of substantially the same stuff, that they all behave in the same way, and, in fact, are very much alike. Do you know how many stars we can see?

She. No. Thousands. Half a million. I don't know.

He. No more do I. But I think the number that people can see without telescopes is three thousand. Whether that's only for one side of the world or both, I

don't know. Also, it may be thirty thousand; but that doesn't affect the argument. The point is that there are a great many more that we can't see — hundreds of thousands, or something like that, but anyhow, ever so many distinct and separate stars.

She. How do you know?

He. I don't know; I believe. Because astronomers say so. The last one I read about said there might very likely be millions. I hope there are, or billions, or thousands of billions. Let me remind you that a thousand billions is a fantastically large number. The more there are the more it adds to the force of my next remark, which is, What is one among so many?

She. But that's what I said to begin with. You're forgetting which side you're on.

He. I beg your pardon, I am not. You said the three thousand stars you could see filled you with awe, and made you think you were only an atom. I say each of the three thousand stars is just as much an atom as you, and that all the three thousand together are very likely just as much an atom as you, and that in the eye of wisdom you and your affairs are as important as the stars intrinsically, and more important to you and me. I don't mean to say that the stars are not interesting; far from it. Nobody that thinks about them all put about in space, and soberly burning, and twirling, and moving, however they do move, can fail to be impressed. But they would be every bit as impressive, really and truly, if there were only twenty-four of them, and if they were so small that the whole universe of them could go into my hat. The wonderful thing is that they are there, and that they behave as they do. Suppose you were called upon to make a little universe, with stars and planets, and some comets going to and fro, and suppose you were not required to go into the details of whether there was anything alive flourishing about on them, but had a plentiful stock of incandescent materials to make your stars of. You could no more do it than you could make a fish. But there are all these stars worked out into all the minutest details, down to microbes, and we don't know how much smaller. Now the existence of anything, and of everything, is as inexplicable, and as mysterious, and wonderful, and impressive as you please, but it would all be just as much so if the scale it is on were ever so much bigger or ever so much smaller. Will you admit

that you are more important than a sheet of paper on fire?

She. I don't like admitting anything, but, as you have so much faith, you may assume it if you like.

He. Thank you. I do like. Besides, you know quite well that you are more important practically, and practically is all I care about. If you take a good-sized sheet of paper, as big as a newspaper, and hold it up edge-ways, and set fire to the bottom of it, in a second or two you will see the flames burst out all over it, and flare up about twice as high as the paper. That is a wonderful sight, if you consider it attentively, and it is extraordinary how quick the whole thing catches fire after it is once fairly lighted, and how much fire it makes, and how hot the fire it makes is. Now that is just as important, curious, and interesting as a sun.

She. No, it isn't. The sun has planets.

He. That is a detail. You can call the little cinders that float away from the piece of paper planets, if you like. If the piece of paper were a billion billion times as big as it is, it would be as big as a star. If you were a billion billion times as small as you are, it would be as big as a star is now. Therefore it is as important as a star. But you are — as we agreed that I should assume — more important than it. Therefore you are more important than a star.

She. But the stars go on longer than I do. At least, you know, your astronomers say so.

He. That's the same thing over again. A preposterously long time is just as uninteresting a thing in itself — and apart from what happens in it — as a preposterously big number, or a preposterously long distance. All the stars are nothing in the world but very big lumps of stuff — call it earth — a very long way off, going on a very long time. There may be interesting things in them. I don't know; and therefore the things, if there are any, don't interest me. And the stars themselves are not interesting. But you are interesting, because you're here.

She. And if I weren't here —

He. If you weren't here, and had never been here, and weren't going to be here, or anywhere where I was, and I had never heard of your existence, I'm really afraid that you wouldn't interest me; at least not more than a star.

She. In fact, to put it shortly, I'm not interesting in myself?

He. If that's a fair deduction from my sermon I take it all back, every word.

But wait. It isn't a fair deduction. You are interesting in yourself to yourself, but you couldn't interest anybody else if there was nobody else for you to interest.

She. That's not a satisfactory answer. Am I entitled to consider myself interesting in myself, or am I not? Because if not, I'm as uninteresting as the stars.

He. I don't know any metaphysics. But you are entitled to consider yourself anything you please, and I consider you interesting.

She. I think it is getting rather cold, and there is a cloud between us and the Uninteresting. Suppose we go in?

T. O. BROWN.

From Murray's Magazine.

COURT FUNCTIONS.

BY A DEBUTANTE.

THE pleasures of "coming out" are not exactly unalloyed. Much as the girls must look forward to the moment of their *début* into society, they must, more or less, dread the ordeal—at least, I did. The part that seemed to me most trying was my presentation to royalty. I had heard something of court formalities, of the rigid etiquette maintained, of the crowds of smart people, of the still smarter and more august personages the centre of all. My father, I remembered, had once dined at Osborne, in a special costume which I never saw him wear, but which, from his description, must have been rather like an acrobat's or a male dancer's. He told me how they all waited for the queen in two rows, gentlemen on one side, ladies opposite, just as if they were going to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. The highest in rank were furthest from the door through which the queen was to make her entrance. When her Majesty appeared she passed through the open ranks straight in to dinner, then the guests turned and followed her two and two to their places in the hall. During dinner there was no conversation except in whispers, unless the queen especially addressed some one, and afterwards everybody stood up in the drawing room, while the queen came round and talked to each in turn. All this made me feel that going to court was a serious undertaking. However, every girl did it; it was sure to be a wonderful sight; I should have my father and mother to take care of me, and of course I could not come out properly till I had kissed the queen's hand. So I tried to forget the possible difficulties of

the great event, and concentrated myself upon the minor but more present anxieties. There was first the date to be fixed, but this my parents settled for me, choosing one of the later drawing-rooms, so as to give us a better chance of fine weather. I had already seen poor victims of loyal devotion sitting shivering in their carriages, wearing low dresses, and only feathers in their hair, while the weather was glacial, wind in the east, and a hard frost on the ground, so I was glad my time was to be May. It was some way ahead too, and gave me more leisure to practise my curtsey—not a very difficult matter, after all, when you know how to do it, although I believe there are professors of deportment who teach people. Next came the very interesting process of choosing a court train. This, as a *débutante*, was of course restricted to white, but they gave me a charming dress: a white satin mouseline de soie petticoat, with a white satin train bordered with a wreath of marguerites. I was present too when my mother made her selection, and got a number of valuable hints for the future, should it ever be my lot to present a daughter of my own. I found that as a general principle it is better not to choose red velvet and gold brocade, a tone and a decoration likely to clash with those of the furniture and corridors of the palace. In the last room and passage the carpet is red, so of course a train of that color would not show up well. Blue, again, should be avoided, as it has too cold an appearance in daylight. Everybody ought to be very careful not to have gold ferns in their bouquets, as the ferns are apt to shed their gilding on neighboring toilettes.

At last the great day arrived, and my nervous forebodings, which had been steadily increasing, culminated in real terror. Should I get through all right; what might I do, or far worse, leave undone? Yet everything went off to perfection. Fortunately we had the *entrée*, the privilege of entering by the private door in the Buckingham Palace Road. This gave me three hours' law. People not so happily favored must begin their toilettes about seven in the morning; but my hairdresser did not arrive till 10 A.M. He was from Truefitt's, not the man I had asked for, of course, and I felt positively certain would not do my hair to my satisfaction. I began almost to regret that I had not been provided with a court coiffure of the kind so obligingly offered by the Auxiliary Army and Navy Stores. It certainly is a very convenient arrangement, though noth-

ing more nor less than a wig, but with it one can dispense with the hairdresser altogether. Yet my hair was done somehow, and I think nicely. More, I found my train perfectly delightful. The bouquet was unpacked, marguerites, to match the train, and all that remained was to fortify myself with a good strong cup of beef tea before starting. Off we drove at half past one, straight for the palace, approaching it by the Pimlico entrance, and passing all the other carriages by the way. How sincerely we congratulated ourselves on thus having the *entrée*, and avoiding the long delay—three hours or more—in the streets! Arrived, we were shown to a room, where obliging Abigail, attired in black, with white caps and aprons, relieved us of our cloaks and etceteras, after which, in unveiled splendor, we took our way along corridors and passages, from the walls of which departed sovereigns gazed down on us with benign countenances, full, let us hope, of admiration and approval. We found—delightful attention on the part of the palace authorities—most of the doorways lined with looking-glass, a charming arrangement, calculated to enable people to see and admire themselves continually, and at the same time rest assured that nothing was amiss with their toilettes or trains. All the way there were vistas peopled with graceful figures, lovely ladies in feathers and finery, gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms, until we reached a staircase, where the privileged few separate from their less fortunate neighbors, and betake themselves to a room reserved for those who have the *entrée*. Here, having gone through the formality of writing your name upon a card, you find that you have ample space to walk about, train and all, and thoroughly enjoy yourself; a pleasure heightened by the misfortunes of others, for there, in the room adjoining, are the poor wretches we have just left, crowded together like sheep in pen, fast crushing out the freshness of their beautiful new frocks, and, of course, regarding us with envious eyes. This room in which we are is the last but one before the throne. Presently celebrities begin to arrive by twos and threes, ambassadors, Cabinet ministers, great functionaries, all in uniform or court dress; there is a move onwards, the crowd, which has gathered quickly, begins to thin, as one after another passes through the mysterious doorway, the last that leads in to the presence, and they are gone “to return, ah! never more.” Now, with a sinking heart, and feelings of dismay, I realized

that my time was all but come. I take my place in the line and presently find myself at the door. So far, I had been carrying my brand-new train over my arm, but now it was taken possession of by two gentlemen of the court, who spread it out carefully behind me, I suppose to give it its full and proper effect. I must say they manipulated it—I suppose from long practice—with most marvellous neatness and dexterity. Then I passed out into the strong light of the corridor. The contrast was extreme between it and the darkened, mysterious, almost gloomy throne-room beyond, which I was now slowly and nervously approaching. At the very threshold I handed my card to some great functionary, and heard my name announced loudly as I continued to advance slowly, following the gliding *frou-frou* of the train in front of me, my mother's. All the rest passed like a dream; I was in a state of suspended animation; I had a vision of some one waiting to receive me, of a curtsey dropped automatically, perhaps awkwardly, of another, another, and yet another, and at last, after an unknown interval of time, consciousness returned, my train had again been thrown over my arm by some officious, or rather official, friend, and with a sigh of relief that all was ended, I emerged into the light of day. I had no recollection hardly of what had occurred. I had seen nothing, realized nothing, I had but the vaguest and most indistinct impression of what I had done. But at least, well done or ill done, it was over, and now we were in another long corridor, across the end of which fresh victims were still streaming. My trouble was ended, theirs was still to come, and it was with a virtuous sense of duty performed that I utilized the ample space and abundant leisure now afforded me in critically examining other people. Not the least part of the pleasure was to note the change in countenance before and after the ceremony; it was sometimes difficult to recognize in the beaming faces of those who issued from the presence chamber the melancholy ones that but a short time previous were sadly approaching it. This is an amusement which can fully occupy a *débutante* new to the whole affair, almost till every one has passed. But it must end, and at length, when nearly all had passed, we left the saloon, making our way down to the Pimlico entrance, to wait patiently among a crowd of awful swells, while servants in royal livery helped us to get our carriage. At last it was called, and we drove home. Another, quite the

last, act in the performance, had still to be played; I became the central figure of an admiring group of friends who were awaiting our return, eager to inspect me and to hear my experiences. With a cup of five o'clock tea and a visit perhaps from the photographer, I descended to the level of every-day life, having enjoyed my first visit to court far better than I expected.

My second visit was less monotonous because less novel, but it made an equal, perhaps a greater, impression upon me. No presentation at court can be considered quite complete until it is followed by an invitation to a State ball. I fancy, however, there is a good deal of heart-burning and disappointment, and the hope long deferred that maketh the heart sick, before the much-coveted honor is vouchsafed to the *débutante*. It is not strange that in these days, when the number of presentations has multiplied exceedingly, many people have long to wait for, and that some never receive, the lord chamberlain's summons. But we got her Majesty's commands in due course, and I was permitted to attend a court ball. It is not a ball, however, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather a grand State reception where there is none of the formalities of presentation, but at which the royal personages who are the hosts have every opportunity of greeting those whom they recognize (and the royal faculty of recognition is proverbial) in a simple and cordial manner. The company, which is far too numerous even for the magnificent ball-room of Buckingham Palace, overflows into suites of stately apartments, and as there is no such solitude as in a crowd, there is ample facility for a *solitude à deux*, which I think is not unfrequently taken advantage of. Dancing as at an ordinary ball is hardly attempted, except within the charmed inner circle, where "the sweetest lady in the land" treads a measure with some highly favored man, and the prince makes some *débutante* happy by becoming her partner in waltz or quadrille. I think English society at large might profit by the example set by the court circle in dancing. The exaggerated or slovenly movements which many gentlemen, and, alas! ladies, nowadays call dancing, are not to be seen in the palace, but there grace and dignity receive due attention.

The ball-room now lighted by the electric light and nearly perfect as to temperature, offers a most striking *coup d'œil*. To one like myself, unaccustomed to balls of any kind, and but little familiar with

grands tenue whether male or female, the effect is almost dazzling. Of course, the costumes of my own sex were a source of constant delight; never before had I seen such marvellous combinations of color and material, the most costly brocades, silks and satins, priceless lace, the rarest jewels, diamonds especially, were lavishly employed. But for once the men were more gorgeous than the women. Within the royal precincts and in the presence of royalty itself, the sex that is usually unadorned wears the finest feathers. The monotonous black coat is replaced by uniform in every hue and shape. A high heel treads upon your toe, and a guttural apology is at once offered by a German dragoon in white and silver. A most amiable and well-known gentleman, who had often been pointed out to me, has emerged from his chrysalis stage, and is now a gorgeous Greek. A lady's dress catches on some passing point, which proves to be the jewelled hilt of an Oriental noble's weapon; here is a Hungarian hussar, there a French *chasseur d'Afrique*, here an Italian Bersaglieri officer, there a Scotch archer, while English naval and military uniforms with their richly embroidered lace and solid gold ornament partly explain why large private means are necessary to maintain a respectable exterior in both the services. But what struck me more than anything was to see a great guardsman walking about everywhere wearing his bearskin hat. I was told he was the officer of the guard, and I must say I pitied him. Of course he could not dance, and everybody noticed him.

Etiquette is the very life and health of a court. It is observed even in the arrangements of seats. On each side of the small, low dais, intended exclusively for royalty, are rows of chairs which, I was told, were definitely and clearly assigned, not by law, but by absolute although unwritten custom, to the different orders in the social scale who accept the queen's invitation. No one but those prescribed might occupy them. Thus on one side are duchesses and marchionesses; on the other, ambassadors and ladies of the corps diplomatique. It was my good fortune to witness a very pretty and graceful little ceremony in connection with these distinctions, when a young and beautiful bride arrived, who, within the last few months, had become a duchess. This was her first appearance as such at a court ball and she was making her way diffidently towards the position to which her newly acquired rank entitled her, when the whole

of the duchesses present rose simultaneously to greet their sister peeress and receive her into their circle.

What makes the court ball so well worth seeing is the fact that almost everybody in the room has some well-grounded claim to distinction. My own, I will admit, was but reflected lustre, and I entered paradise under the wing of others, like the rest of the *débutantes*. But these others represented all that is most notable and prominent in London. Social rank of all the higher grades was fully represented, wealth where it was associated with meritorious money-getting, distinguished service to the State and high professional repute. Nothing proved this better than the brilliant display of decorations, the constellations of stars, crosses, and medals, all attesting the presence of every degree of merit, and every form of celebrity. Little less distinguished but from extreme contrast was the plain, almost homely, black dress-suit of the American minister, who, of course, wore no decorations whatever. He was the only man there thus simply attired, the type of a great republic which acknowledges no kind of distinction but that of personal merit, and perhaps, so my father says, thinks more of such baubles than the most aristocratic nation in the world.

The great sight of the evening was when the royal procession was formed to move in to the supper-room. First, the way was cleared for the princess by court officials with white wands of office, who glanced nervously over their shoulders as they moved backwards. Her Royal Highness, as she leads the way, in all graciousness, distributing smiles and friendly bows right and left, and being imitated with more or less success by the "thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers," who accompany and follow her. A miscellaneous crowd of dukes, duchesses, and smaller fry, who are privileged to refresh themselves in royal company, bring up the rear and form the first contingent to fill the supper tables. But there is ample room and entertainment for all, and surely no more regal banquet could well be seen than that which is so admirably prepared by the master of the household; while its material attractions are, if possible enhanced and set off by the unique buffet of gold plate which looms in the background. I was only too pleased to take my turn in the great supper-room, but I met older campaigners who told me that it is more prudent to evade the great crowd by taking advantage of the smaller tables spread

in other rooms. I was advised too, by one learned in such things, to try the hock cup, which, it seems, is a specialty of palace hospitality. I have heard it said that foreign courts outshine the British in splendor and magnificence. In Spain, Austria, or Russia, the ceremonial is very gorgeous, the surroundings of the sovereign most striking, but I am sure these courts are not better than ours. Certainly no Continental potentates can bid their friends and subjects to any gathering which more fully embraces the solid qualities of a *fête* given to ladies and gentlemen than a royal ball in England.

My first London season included yet another entertainment, a garden party at Marlborough House, less grand and imposing, perhaps, than either drawing-room or ball, but, with its perfect simplicity, to my mind quite as stately and quite as pleasant. Some years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales gave their garden parties at Chiswick, and certainly no sweeter spot could be found near London for a *fête champêtre* than those sunny lawns, shaded by ancestral trees. But the Marlborough House gardens are now used for these out-of-door receptions, and since the extension of London has robbed a suburban drive of all pleasure, and London streets, crowded and dusty, extend all the way to Chiswick, it is more convenient and more agreeable to both entertainers and entertained to visit their Royal Highnesses in the grounds of their own London home.

We drove to the Pall Mall gate of Marlborough House, and entered by the wicket door, the same as that at which so many carriagefuls of smart people may be seen on every day during the London season, who have come to write their names in the visiting-book which the scarlet-clad porter has under his charge. As we got out of the carriage we had to run the gauntlet of rather an unwashed crowd, who expressed their opinion about our personal appearance in very complimentary, but not very polished terms. I had been particularly cautioned to be sure to curtsy to the prince and princess, whom we might expect to find near the entrance to the garden. So after passing through the courtyard, I was prepared to see a formal group to whom I should have to make my reverence. We entered the garden, and I was standing about looking for the royal-ties, when I saw my father's hat off, and his dear old bald head glistening in the sunshine, while a charming and young-looking lady was shaking hands with him in the simplest and most friendly manner.

Heavens! it was the princess. I believe my mother was nearly as much taken aback as I was, although she would not acknowledge it. I was a little behind her, so I had the advantage and time to think what I should do. I was now quite on the *qui vive*, and was not at all astonished when I recognized the prince in the smiling gentleman who was taking off his hat to me. It was all so nice and natural that I felt at home at once, and by the time I had made a bow to each of the young princesses, and to the commander-in-chief, and received the kindest of smiles and bows from all, I felt as if I had known the queen's children and grandchildren all my life.

We mixed with the rest of the crowd, and I had leisure to take in the scene. The gardens were so lovely in their cool and quiet freshness that it was almost impossible to realize that one was in the heart of London. A Life Guards' band was playing my favorite waltz at one end, and the Scots Guards' band were ready for duty when the first were tired. The pipers of the Guards made a brave show, at times marching up and down, although I am not quite sure that I quite appreciated the wild and rather discordant pibrochs which they performed.

A tent was pitched on a central lawn, with chairs and carpets spread in front of it. This was for the queen, I was told, who was expected in the course of the afternoon. But I had plenty to do to look at the company. It was said that more than four thousand invitations had been issued, and I could quite believe it when I saw the crowd around. It goes without saying that few people that were asked did not come, and there are numbers of persons among the many personal friends of the prince and princess who are prevented by their professions from attending balls, but who are delighted to present themselves at a quieter entertainment. The clergy of all ranks and persuasions muster in great force at a garden party. The Church of England is represented by all its hierarchy: there are archbishops, bishops, canons, deans, and the rest; a stately archimandrite of the Greek Church is remarkable in his imposing robes; I think I saw one or two Presbyterian ministers, and there was no mistaking the best-known Roman Catholic cardinal. Then the *doyen* of English actors could not be overlooked, and I fancied he must have found a royal party in the nineteenth century a more pleasant function than a banquet in the halls of the Thane of Caw-

dor. Cabinet ministers — past, present, and to come — soldiers, sailors, explorers, doctors, lawyers, litterateurs, the president of the Royal Academy and those of the learned societies, with probably every notability to be found in the pages of *Burke* — all these were present and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Here, however, it was the reverse of what I had noticed at the State ball. My own sex, I am proud to say, had vindicated its right to be the most smartly dressed. The ladies generally had the best of it as compared to their male companions; in this great gathering of folk of light and leading, great intellect, high rank, or distinguished achievements are not necessarily associated with attractive appearance, and now a *soignée* toilette made the lady more of a personage than her lord.

Hark! "God save the Queen," is being played. The queen is arriving, and every one rushes to the foot of the steps which lead from the drawing-room and down which her Majesty must pass. The queen appears dressed in black, relieved here and there by white ribbons and ornaments. She leans slightly on a stick, but looks benignant, bright, and happy, as befits a great monarch surrounded by a loving family and a crowd of loyal subjects. It is touching to see the affectionate glances that pass between the royal family of England, showing that really tender and dutiful attentions of sons and daughters to a mother are blended with the reverence to the sovereign. A lane is formed by the company, and the queen walks to the tent that is prepared for her. Two magnificent-looking old Indian warrior attendants place themselves behind her chair, and mark that she is not only queen of England but empress of a mighty military realm in the far East. All the most distinguished people are brought up to the queen for presentation, but as our party was not to be so specially honored we betook ourselves to strolling about and trying to identify every one we saw, in which exercise I found my best guide was an acquaintance with the pages of *Punch*.

Five o'clock tea is now an indispensable English meal, and we enjoyed it in the long open tent which is arranged for refreshments near the house. Such good tea! such delicious *petits pains*! and oh, such delicious strawberries and cream! I might say, oh, what delicious champagne! if I might judge from my father's sigh of contentment when he put down an empty glass.

It is six o'clock. The queen goes as she came. Soon there is a general exodus, and we make our way to the outer world, where every one is not *tiré à quatre épingles*, and where the jars of life are not modified by the care and forethought which are the characteristics of a princely English home.

From The Spectator.

NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE.

I.

JERUSALEM.

IT appears to be the custom to say that Jerusalem is disappointing. As my own experience leads me to a directly contrary conclusion, I must assume that this is due to the fact that the first aspect of the city is not so impressive as one would expect, or perhaps wish it to be. Wherein appears a fresh instance of the good fortune which continually befriended me. It happened that, having spent the previous night on the benches of the saloon of a Russian steamer, our minds full of unnecessary apprehensions concerning the difficulties of landing at Jaffa—difficulties which appeared to us to be much exaggerated by report—we had only felt equal to going as far as Ramleh on the first afternoon, starting for Jerusalem the next morning. Our journey was, consequently, not a very formidable one; but still, many hours' jolting in a cramped position over what, being as yet ignorant of Palestine, we considered an indifferent road, will produce fatigue, and may account for the otherwise disgraceful fact that on arriving in sight of Jerusalem, I was asleep. Being abruptly roused from slumber by well-meaning friends, I had not composed my feelings into a fitting frame of mind to look at any view till I found myself standing on the terrace of the Mediterranean Hotel, with all Jerusalem before me. I should recommend other travellers to adopt something of the same plan; the preliminaries need not be exactly similar.

The view that I speak of embraced almost all that is of real interest in Jerusalem. Almost at our feet lay the pool of Hezekiah, a rather turbid-looking piece of water, built in on all sides, the houses running sheer down into the water without any kind of path or bank between. Beyond this came the most conspicuous object, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

with its two domes and the old square, roofless tower of the belfry, backed by low, green hills, one of them being Mount Scopus, from which Titus looked down of old on the beautiful city which he was to destroy. Farther away to the right comes the great open space of the Haram-esh-Sherif, the site of Solomon's Temple, with the mosques of Omar and El Aksa. The Mahommedan feast of Moses is held at the same time as the Christian Easter, and the broad expanse of green sward which occupies the place of the court of the Gentiles, is dotted with picturesque figures of pious Moslems who spend their whole existence for the time within the precincts of the mosque. As a background for the Mosque of Omar, we have the Mount of Olives, somewhat spoiled by the hideous steeple erected on the top by a pious Russian lady. The rest of the view is chiefly made up of an infinity of tiny domes which are merely the roofs of ordinary houses, interspersed with a few minarets—very few for a city of the size of Jerusalem—some larger domes of churches and synagogues, and in one or two places a little foliage. The moderate extent of the city contributes to give it an air of greater completeness and uniformity. Beyond the limits of the last wall, modern improvement has done its ugliest to spoil the landscape; but within there is fortunately little room for new buildings, and the long line of domes and terraces stretches away unbroken except by the small, dark clefts that mark here and there the intervention of one of the narrow, winding streets. The mouth of one of the most frequented lies just below us, where the street of David debouches on the open place in front of the citadel; it is, like most Eastern streets, a seething mass of humanity, their garments in every conceivable variety of shape and color,—sober, Christian Syrians in a kind of semi-European attire, with their lower extremities encased in a curious, baggy garment, half pantaloons, half petticoat; Jews with shaven heads, all but the two long ringlets in front, and battered soft black hats—except in this respect, they are often magnificently dressed—wild-looking Bedouins in their striped burnouses, from the further shores of the Dead Sea or the desert of the south; and here and there, to increase the variety of the picture, some large-limbed Russian peasant-pilgrim in the same long caftan, fur cap, and high boots that he wears at home, shouldering his way through the crowd to make some purchase for his scanty evening meal

We had little to find fault with in our first sight of Jerusalem.

Yet there are undoubtedly disappointments awaiting us. The chief interest naturally centres in the places of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord; these are the objects most prominent in the mind of every traveller, even if he avow no motive for his journey but sheer curiosity. Most of us will follow with reverent hearts the long line of the Via Dolorosa all the way from the supposed judgment-hall of Pilate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We are in no mood for carping at the harmless traditions that have grown up around the great theme of sacred story; we find little difficulty in believing that it was at that corner at the bottom of the valley, that the soldiers caught sight of Simon of Cyrene "coming out of the country," and forced him to help in carrying the cross. It may well have been that some pious woman came out at the very spot where the house of St. Veronica is pointed out to us, to soothe and soften the sufferings of our Lord as he dragged his way up that weary ascent; nor do we smile at the innocent absurdity which fixes a site even for the houses of Dives and Lazarus. But when we arrive at last at the very spot where the great tragedy was enacted, we begin to lose the feeling of reality that has brought us through all the preceding scenes. It is hard for a man to stand in that great church, or rather amalgamation of churches, with all its garish decorations, surrounded by all the appurtenances of religious pageantry, Greek or Roman, and say to himself: "This is the hill where our Saviour was brought out to die; here actually stood the cross on which he was bound, and there the sepulchre where his body was laid and from which he rose again." We cannot help a distinct revulsion of feeling, an idea that this is not what we have come out to see. The thought of tracing the course of that last procession is given up, as we find each sacred spot encumbered with all the paraphernalia of devotion distracting the eye and entirely obliterating all sense of locality. It is true that every detail of the place may be pointed out to us. Here, we are told, he was mocked, here he was scourged, here the soldiers cast lots for his garment; but hurrying round from one dark chapel to another only increases our confusion. We cannot help wishing that the devotion of ages had shown itself in some less practical way than that of building churches over the holy places, and decorating them to an

unlimited extent when erected. Of course this is a most improper view of the case. It was the most natural and fitting way to testify reverence for these holy places; it has, no doubt, done good service in marking the spots and keeping them from pollution; above all, it is a great boon to the thousands of pilgrims who come here with less artificial ideas on the subject, — witness the kind of wondering, awed delight with which that little band of Russian peasants comes upon one after another of these relics of the day of salvation. But to me it is now almost a comfort that recent discoveries have made it possible that the sites of the crucifixion and burial were not here at all. A few days ago, the suggestion seemed to me almost impious, but now I feel an unreasonable conviction of its correctness. I had rather have the faith of the Russians, but as a *pis aller* I can take refuge with the Palestine Exploration Society.

Let us go, then, to what our dragoman describes as Conder's Golgotha. It is a round, green hill just outside the Damascus Gate, chiefly remarkable till recent days for the grotto on its southern side, where, according to tradition, Jeremiah wrote the Lamentations. On the summit, a number of Mahomedan tombs are scattered about, but otherwise the hill is left quite free; indeed, I believe it has now been bought by a well-known German resident in Jerusalem, for the express purpose of preventing any building upon it. I have no space here to enter into the various reasons why this hill should or should not be the actual Calvary, rather than the more generally accepted site. Certainly it is outside the walls, as Calvary was — of that we have ocular demonstration from the great rock foundations which have been laid bare here and there under the present walls — and it is not yet certain that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was outside. Also, by going a little way down the road between the walls and the hill, we have ocular demonstration of its striking resemblance to a skull. I am tempted to decide in its favor chiefly by sentimental reasons. If it be the right spot, it has not changed its appearance, except for the tombs upon it, since the three crosses were planted on its summit. Few people come there; I have seen no one but a few Mahomedan women, going through some ceremonies of mourning at the tombs in a very casual, not to say jovial manner, and once a little group of children, to whom an old man was reciting the story of Joseph being sold by his

brethren and carried away into Egypt. It is easier, at least, to dream in that quiet spot, to reconstruct in one's own mind all the details of that terrible day, than it is in the great church, with its profusion of shrines and altars, of monster candles and bad pictures, and extravagant if not tawdry ornament.

From Time.

KAFFIR HUMOR.

THE Kaffirs of south-east Africa, as well as the Zulus, have a rare fund of humor, though the latter race combine with it a dignity, style, and expressive grace of action which I fail to find among the others, although they have marvellous powers of pantomimic description. I brought a "boy" by steamer along the east coast. It was his first experience of life on board a ship. Some time after, in my hut at Chiloane, I found him with a group of wide-eyed Kaffirs squatting around him, reproducing every detail of the working of the boat, with extraordinary expression of voice and action, while his running comments now and then, given in a rapid undertone, must have been of a more humorous character than I could gather, as the hearers laughed consumedly at them. The casting of the lead, with the very tone of voice of the quartermaster, who generally performed that function as we made a bar or ran a treacherous sandbank, was wonderfully true. So were the commands from the bridge, in which I could discern the tones of the captain and several of the officers, though the tones only, of course, accompanied the articulation of a number of gutturals. The beat of the engines was expressed by a wonderful barking noise deep down in his great chest, and sounded like the beating of a deep bass, metallic surface. The wind, the rush of the water, the boatswain's whistle, and other of the many noises on board ship were all given with excellent mimetic observation, and the sounds were always accompanied by actions of the limbs, head, and body, that seemed almost superhuman. I was sorry to find that this power on the part of "Charlie" was transitory, for though I induced him to repeat his description upon another occasion, he had forgotten much, and went in for "embellishments" not quite so true to nature as I had led my friends to expect. I may mention here that there is some danger in encouraging these imitative exhibitions unless they are

given spontaneously. Your Kaffir is as cunning as other races of a humorous turn, and may require some little stimulus in the shape of spirits. If supplied with this, there is every chance of the demonstrator becoming excited, and in that case he is likely to "see nothing but blood," his dearly beloved fighting-sticks become his one absorbing thought, and he may "run-a-muck" of some of his companions or of yourself, in which case unpleasantly severe remedies are required.

The Kaffir, in the zoological studies which are traditional with him, is full of excellent humor, and generally preference is given in his illustration to beasts and birds that lend themselves to comic treatment. The imitative faculty is not always of the "proper" order. Indeed, I feel certain that these pantomimic interludes, as well as the dances indulged in by these shrewd, if unsophisticated, children of nature, would meet with immediate opposition by certain members of the county council if offered for representation on the boards of the London music halls. The Kaffir lives for love and fighting. They are the Alpha and Omega of his existence. Life is full of joy and excitement; death has for him no fear or terror. The piccannee hears the song of love across its mother's shoulder as she croons her impromptu ditties with her companions working at the mealie tubs. When he can toddle, the boy is to be found with his infantile comrades on the sand-heaps or in holes, with tiny assagaies practising the art of war. The dance under the vivid moon shows him and his sisters in nought but amatory evolutions. Round the dark night fire the songs are chants of adulation to the native representatives of Mars and Venus, and encouragement towards the emulation of their deeds. Joy and humor, with fine flashes of poetry, abound in these gatherings, though the songs are, for the most part, impromptus sung to the traditional and somewhat limited fund of music.

Passing from this cursory glance at the more musical and actional phase of the natural humor of the Kaffir, it would be well to touch lightly — though the subject is one worthy of much study — upon the more intellectual forms that it may be found to assume. I had some instances of imitation of form by rude sketching that were extremely interesting. In several of the hideous "slave huts" which it was our lot to occupy during our sojourn in Portuguese territory, I made a few *fresco* drawings on the bare white walls with colored chalks and charcoal. This

gave great satisfaction to "the boys," and it was no uncommon thing to return to the hut and find a group of visitors "clicking," jabbering, giggling, and generally criticising my efforts. I was not a little gratified as well as amused to find my gallery supplemented on the outer walls by many sketches in infinite variety of designs by the Kaffirs, mostly of a spirited and comic nature. I made records of some of them for future use, but I grieve to say many were not fit for publication. Strict morality even in art is not a strong point with my friend the Kaffir. Their languages are very various, and even in one tribe there will be found two or more languages. Frequently the female has a language quite distinct from that of the male, not in dialect merely but in expression and forms of sentiment. With both sexes I believe the faculty for punning and *double entendre* is transcendent, soaring, on occasion, to the dignified region of genuine wit. The constant theme and general topic of conversation is, like their musical efforts, that of love, and many of their dialogues would, if translated, require as much editing and expurgation as a Gorton-girl edition of the dramatists of the Restoration. A Kaffir wag is in his element when, leisurely leaning on his staff, he has the opportunity (he can always find the time) of "chaffing," a group of damsels at a well or round a hut door. This he will do perhaps at the distance of a hundred yards or more, the low laughing "Chillä (click) illoë" of the fair ones tell-

ing of the brilliancy of his *mots* and the gratification his sallies have given. After that the deluge of retort given all at once by the group at the top of their voices. The Kaffir is somewhat grandiloquent. To give one instance: I was lying in a hut with the guide and interpreter of our party. We were to sail on the morrow and were talking over plans, when enter the mate of the whale-boat. This was, being translated, his mode of telling us to be ready in good time. He looked long, steadily, and silently at my friend, then pointing to a "square face" bottle of Hollands gin, he said with an air of impressive solemnity: "If you sleep with *that* wife to-night you will not wake until the sun is high in the heavens, while I must sail at daylight!" and disappeared into the night. In conclusion, let me bear testimony to the Kaffirs' wonderful keenness of perception in summing up the weak or strong points of those they meet. The quick-tongued criticism that is given is generally so unerring, so terse, and so true that it often affixes to its subject a nickname which will last him for the rest of his existence. It is by no means the most composing thing in the world to find yourself sitting in the presence of a couple of dusky visitors who are talking in a calm and solemn manner until a loud shout of laughter from some concealed listeners arouses you to the fact that you have this some while been playing the part of "butt" to the natural humor of the Kaffir.

ANTI-SEMITIC AGITATION IN FRANCE. — The anti-Semitic agitation has been revived in France. The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* devote their leading columns to the attacks made at Neuilly last Sunday week on the Jews in general, and in particular on the house of Rothschild. The writer in the *Figaro* professes to have interviewed not Baron Alphonse de Rothschild but "Un intime de la Rue Lafitte," who described to him the movement as German in its origin. The *Figaro* attributes the birth of French anti-Semitism to the belief that the ruin of the Union Générale and its clients was the work of the great Jewish financiers, and especially the Rothschilds; but it explains that this belief is unfounded. The Rothschilds, it says, tried to save, not indeed the Union Générale, for that was past salvation, but the funds deposited there, and it says they would have succeeded had M. Pontoux not been arrested. The French people, it is said, have no feeling against the Rothschilds, and anti-Semitism is not in any way

dangerous. In the *Gaulois*, M. Andrieux, ex-prefect of police, deals with the question in an article headed "If I were Rothschild." He thinks that the agitation against the Jews has a character of gravity which commands the consideration of all statesmen. He traces that agitation to the favor shown the Jews by the Republican government. He fears that the reaction which has set in against the preponderating influence of the Jewish element in French society will, like all reactions, be excessive and unreasoning, and he thinks that it is possible for the head of the house of Rothschilds to check that mischievous reaction by "promoting syndicates and associations of workmen, placing credit within the reach of industrial and agricultural labor, making the lot of the laborer less hard and the capitalist less selfish" — "in a word," adds M. Andrieux, "if I were Rothschild, I would wish to be the first Socialist of my times in the highest sense of the word."

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. JAMAICA,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> 67
II. THE GODS OF GREECE. By J. R. Mozley,	<i>Temple Bar,</i> 76
III. THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN CANTER- STONE JAIL,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> 83
IV. A VISIT TO A GREAT ESTATE,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> 100
V. SULTAN ABDUL HAMID. By Professor Vambéry,	<i>New Review,</i> 109
VI. NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE. Part II.,	<i>Spectator,</i> 114
VII. "DISTINCTION,"	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> 119
VIII. MR. PATMORE ON DISTINCTION,	<i>Spectator,</i> 124
IX. THE LADY WRANGLER,	<i>Spectator,</i> 126

POETRY.

CONTENTMENT,	66	FLOS FLORUM,	66
"ALTRUISM,"	66	TRUTH,	66
THE BLACKBIRD: A SPRING SONG,	66		

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CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT knocked at a poet's heart;
 The poet gave an impatient start,
 To see such a stranger there.
 Infinite longings, beautiful dreams,
 Wonderful thoughts on numberless themes,
 Metaphors rich and rare,
 Sensitive sentiments morbidly sad,
 Exquisite raptures, hopes half mad,
 For these there was plenty of room to spare,
 But none for Contentment anywhere.

She next approached a philosopher's soul;
 The sage put down some mystical scroll,
 And a vexed look crossed his face.
 Whether the will is bound or free,
 Whether there was an eternity,
 Whether all matter and space
 Only exist as part of the mind,
 These and more of a similar kind,
 Were secrets long he had sought to trace;
 Till found, Contentment could have no
 place.

She went to the house of a millionaire,
 But the poor rich man was full of care,
 And begged of her not to stay.
 One who had only lived for fame,
 Sighing at last for a loftier aim,
 Told her to go away.
 Those who had most of wealth and ease
 Always appeared the hardest to please;
 And even the people who seemed most gay
 Asked her to call another day.

At length she entered a peasant's breast;
 The poor man gladly received his guest
 As an angel passing by.
 Proud of his garden, pleased with his cot,
 Plain though his fare and humble his lot,
 Gratitude beamed from his eye.
 Peacefully here she hoped to remain;
 But soon she heard the peasant complain
 Of some small trouble, and then with a sigh
 Contentment left earth and flew to the sky.
 J. T. CHAPMAN.

"ALTRUISM."

WE may not all attain the promised land
 That youth holds as its rightful heritage,
 Manhood still craves, and disappointed age
 Dreams of, yet hopes no longer there to stand.
 The lawgiver of old, at whose command
 Forth from the rock the longed-for water sped
 (As he through arid wastes God's Israel led),
 Who failed to own in this his Maker's hand,
 Saw from the mountain heights by Jordan's
 wave
 That land outstretching to the distant main.
 He knew those erring ones were come at
 last
 To rest and plenty, all their wand'rings
 past,
 And scanned but from afar the fertile plain
 Ere angels laid him in his unknown grave.
 Spectator. ALICE FARRER.

THE BLACKBIRD: A SPRING SONG.

As I went up a woodland walk
 In Taunton Dene,
 When May was green —
 I heard a bird so blithely talk
 The twinkling sprays between,
 That I stood still,
 With right good will,
 To learn what he might mean.

No yellow-hornèd honeysuckle
 Hath e'er distilled
 The sweets he spilled
 In one long, dulcet, dewy chuckle —
 That blackbird golden-billed —
 Ay piping plain,
 "Hope, hope again!" —
 Till my heart's grief he stilled.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.
 The Orchard, Taunton. Spectator.

FLOS FLORUM.

ONE only rose our village maiden wore;
 Upon her breast she wore it, in that part
 Where many a throbbing pulse doth heave
 and start
 At the mere thought of Love and his sweet
 lore.
 No polish'd gems hath she, no moulded ore,
 Nor any other masterpiece of art;
 She hath but Nature's masterpiece, her
 heart;
 And that show'd ruddy as the rose she bore.
 Because that he, who sought for steadfastness
 Vainly in other maids, had found it bare
 Under the eyelids of this maiden fair,
 Under the folds of her most simple dress.
 She let him find it; for she loved him too
 As he loved her: and all this tale is true.
 Academy M.

TRUTH.

MEN's minds are like a polished shield for both
 Have convex sides, where truth and right re-
 main;
 And concave ones, where all things mirror
 false;
 And yet the world without is just the same.
 One says the universe is full of care;
 Another says the world is bright and fair.
 One speaks of Nature ravaging for blood;
 Another calls her merciful and good.
 But Nature's self, in spite of praise or blame,
 Stops where she was, and does her work the
 same.
 Yet both speak truth. It is not they have
 lied —
 One sees the concave, one the convex side
 Of this world's mirror. Who is wrong, who
 right,
 Is tested in a sphere outlying human sight.
 E. E. READER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
JAMAICA.

THE Jamaica of to-day is, to most people in England, only a familiar name which does not convey any very distinct idea. We believe it may safely be asserted that, outside the comparatively small number of persons who have, by force of circumstances, either political or commercial acquaintance with the island, the general impression about this, nearly our oldest colony, is that it is a place where sugar, rum, and ginger are produced; that it was once a centre of considerable wealth; but that, since the emancipation of the slaves, it has fallen into its decadence, and is now only sufficiently prosperous to give a certain amount of patronage to the Colonial Office, and to maintain a certain number of planters in a condition little removed from bankruptcy. It is high time that the British public awoke to the knowledge what an important possession of England this grand island really is; that they should recall the great deeds, and the expenditure of blood and treasure, of which it is a monument; and that they should realize clearly what an amount of undeveloped wealth it contains, what a luxuriance of natural beauties it can boast, what an opening it presents for the employment of energy and capital, and how, if that energy and capital are not forthcoming from the mother country, they will certainly come from other sources, and another people will pick up and polish the jewel which England treats so lightly.

Jamaica had its long period of roasting wealth and plenty, from the days of the old buccaneers, who poured into its ports the riches of the Spanish Main, to the days when to own a sugar-plantation was synonymous with holding a princely fortune. Circumstances changed. Wealth was only in modern days to be gained by peaceful commerce. The labor supply was deranged, and the staple products of the island began to meet with keen competition in the world's market. It became a sadly altered Jamaica. Capital was conspicuous by its absence. The prosperous race of planter princes had died out, and with them the European population had alarmingly diminished, while the thriftless

and unenterprising negroes had increased and multiplied. Much of the land that had been under profitable cultivation had lapsed into jungle, and there was a general feeling of depression and gloom about the future.

But though at one time many people lost heart, though many fortunes sank under the wave of adverse circumstances, there still always remained some stout hearts who battled, with more or less success, against many drawbacks; who thought that all was not lost, and that there might be a happy and prosperous future in store. In our own day the feeling of confidence is gradually gaining ground, and it will not be the fault of Jamaicans themselves if their island does not again assert itself before the world. They have recognized that

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways. —

and they are manfully making the best of new conditions. They are determined to give a fair opportunity of judging what are the capabilities of their land, and, to this end, they have invited the world to an industrial exhibition to be held near Kingston during next winter. The results of past efforts will then be visible, and people will be able to see for themselves whether it is worth their while to join in the struggles for the future, and what are the prizes by which these struggles will probably be rewarded.

It may be *apropos* to transcribe a few notes made in a recent visit to Jamaica, which may serve to throw some light on parts of a subject which is so much in the dark to many Englishmen.

And first with regard to the island itself and its climate. There is an old story, which *se non e vero, e ben trovato*, that Columbus, when asked by Isabella of Spain for a description of Jamaica, answered by crumpling up a piece of paper in his hand and showing it to the queen. Truly the illustration was apt. It is a country of the most varied and striking scenery. Lofty mountain and wide savannah, rugged cliff, sparkling stream, picturesque gorge, all clothed in the most redundant and lovely tropical vegetation, are found in its space of four thousand

square miles, girt by the blue Caribbean Sea. The highest peak of the Blue Mountains, part of the great range which traverses the island, is more than seven thousand feet high, and between that height and the sea-level man may select almost any altitude in which it pleases him to dwell and till the teeming earth. The mean highest temperature, even at Kingston, certainly the hottest town in the island, is only 83°, while the lowest is 70°, and this naturally falls everywhere, according to the rise of the ground. Then the heat is always tempered by a cool and refreshing breeze. The island in fact *breathes*. During the night a constant land-wind is playing, while during the day the sea-breeze known as the "doctor" rushes in and drives miasma away before it. There are occasional outbreaks of sickness in some of the coast towns, and people who neglect ordinary precautions may suffer in the low-lying districts from the fever common to all tropical countries. But the advance of sanitary knowledge and greater prudence in systems of life have altogether stamped out the great epidemics which used to ravage the land, and which have left a gloomy mark upon its history. In cases of illness also, when change of air is necessary, from the broken character of the island, everything that can be desired may be found within a journey of a very few miles. The best testimony to the general salubrity of Jamaica is to be found in the health and strength of the many Europeans who have made it their home for a lifetime, and have there brought up families strong and well-grown as themselves. There is no lack of medical evidence to speak to the good qualities of the climate in benefiting the weak chests, unsound lungs, and throat complaints from which the inhabitants of northern countries so frequently suffer. And this has been recognized by our American cousins, of whom numbers are now flocking to Jamaica as a sanitarium to escape the bitter cold of their own winter, and numbers more have announced their intention of doing the same as soon as the rapidly increasing hotel accommodation is sufficiently advanced to provide for them.

Jamaica is not, as far as we know at present, a land of much mineral wealth (though iron, copper, lead, manganese, and cobalt have been found and worked to some extent). It still must depend for prosperity on the products of the soil, and the owners and tillers of the land are its most important inhabitants.

The position of the landholder in the island is not by any means so bad as most people believe. The days have certainly passed when it could be said that every plantation maintained three carriages and pair — one for the owner at home, one for the managing attorney in the island, and one for the overseer; but even under modern conditions of competition in the market, the labor difficulties, and the much-execrated sugar bounties, the owner of an unencumbered estate has no great reason to complain. If his condition is compared with that of landholders at home, or indeed of agricultural landholders in any part of the world, he is exceptionally favorably situated. Undoubtedly the absentee proprietor, knowing little or nothing of the work done on his property, and forced to rely on the management of an agent who must be liberally paid, cannot reap the profits of old days; and the moneyless planter, who is obliged to borrow at large interest from his merchants for the necessary working expenses, may find that he does not advance rapidly to fortune, — but the actual profits made by the estates are far from small, and whenever energy, industry, and sufficient capital meet in their working, they are very handsome indeed.

The properties in the island are gradually passing from the ownership of absentee proprietors, and are falling into the hands of merchants and others living in Jamaica, and personally looking after their own affairs. Under the absentee proprietors the methods of working the estates were often in the worst sense conservative. Improved modern processes were not adopted, new outlets for trade were not sought, and new forms of cultivation were looked upon coldly; and this was only to be expected, when the manager had no direct interest in progress, and the proprietor was content to be buoyed up with

false and ill-founded hopes that the old profitable conditions of the dead past might possibly recur. Now, under the more frequent personal supervision of owners, new developments in machinery and farm stock are eagerly taken up, more thorough and systematic cultivation is carried out, every market is taken advantage of, and the general produce of the island is greatly increased.

Now, as heretofore, the most important agricultural produce of Jamaica, as far as the outside world is concerned, is the cane, and sugar and rum are the largest exports. In most districts in the island the eye is at once attracted by the stretches of emerald green cane-pieces, and, in the centre of each estate, by the tall chimney of the *ingenio* where the crop is crushed, the juice is operated on, and the refuse of one manufacture forms the basis of another. The halcyon days of the sugar industry are past, and the profits of old times may never be reaped again; but even under present conditions the sugarcane crop pays well, and capital coupled with energy and industry have, as we said above, no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of their efforts.

But canes are not the only produce of Jamaica, and many other varieties of most profitable cultivation are becoming more and more known, and are only asking for development. Coffee, ginger, cacao, and tobacco are being grown in increasing quantities, and yield crops which take a high place in the market, fetching most remunerative prices, and cinchona and tea are among the possibilities of the immediate future, respectively demanding only an improved process of manufacture and more easily available labor. The great varieties of height above the sea-level to be found in most parts of the island give varieties of temperature suited to every kind of crop, and, in the same district, often in the same estate, tropical and subtropical vegetation flourish within a short distance of each other.

The universal use of bullocks for the heavy draught on plantations and elsewhere demands a large supply of stock, independent of what is required for food purposes, and these are all bred in the

large cattle estates, called locally "pens," and form a most important and profitable branch of farming enterprise. Even in the days told of by Michael Scott in the "Cruise of the Midge," "the beauty and prosperity of St. Ann's, the principal grazing parish in Jamaica," are described: "The whole district was a sea of gently undulating hill and valley, covered with the most luxuriant waving Guinea-grass. . . . The herds of cattle that browsed all round us, whether as to breed or condition, would have done credit to the first grazing county in England."

The old white-faced Creole cattle appear to be the foundation of all the island stock, but many first-rate animals have been imported from Europe, and the crosses have been very successful. Herefords and shorthorns have been the favorites, and their progeny may be recognized in every roadside pasture. For draught purposes the best cross has been found, in the Mysore Zebu cattle, which have been imported to the West Indies by the emigrant ships bringing coolies; and the estate which first utilized this strain of blood has found it a most paying speculation, as the offspring command a much higher price than that of any other breed. The only drawback to the animals of Mysore blood is that they do not fatten well, and are no use for the butcher after they have done their plantation work.

But of all sources of gain in Jamaica the easiest and apparently the most profitable, whether pursued on a large or small scale, is the new trade in fruit with the United States, which the possibilities of rapid transport now afforded by steam communication have opened up within the last few years.

The great American cities demand immense quantities of oranges and bananas, and these can be provided in our West Indian islands of a finer quality and at less expense than anywhere else. The Jamaica oranges especially ought always, in any quantity, to command a most profitable market. Florida has in recent days tempted many people to invest money in orange groves; and it certainly appears curious, to say the least, that capital and energy have gone there for that purpose,

when an English colony of superior capabilities in every way has been neglected. Let us quote the opinion of Mr. Fawcett, the director of public gardens and plantations in Jamaica. He says :—

Jamaica oranges ought to be able to hold their own anywhere against those from Florida; they are finer fruit, and grown at less expense. Land in Jamaica is abundant and cheap, and the soil is fertile. In Florida the soil is sandy and poor, so that high manuring and a great amount of tillage is absolutely necessary; frost has often a prejudicial effect, which we quite escape. Our oranges are all produced from self-grown seedlings, whereas in Florida it is considered advisable to bud or graft. The fact that budding is practised in Florida has led many to suppose that there is some inherent advantage in the process; but the fact is that the plantations in India, in the Azores, and in the Mediterranean region are from seedlings.

Although much of the present production of fruit in Jamaica is from comparatively large estates, a great deal of it comes from small holdings of two and three acres each, belonging to negro proprietors. This is an increasing class in the island, and these men find that growing fruit for the foreign market pays them very well. The big shippers employ agents, who buy the produce and forward it to the seaports for shipment, so the grower has no anxiety or trouble beyond the cultivation of his plot of land, and this, from the fertility of the soil and the beneficence of the climate, is reduced to the utmost possible minimum.

The mention of the negro leads us to the consideration of the labor question in Jamaica, and the general character of the black race, which forms by far the larger proportion of the population of the colony. The negroes have had their enthusiastic admirers and advocates, and have equally had their failings and weaknesses unsparingly pointed out by adverse critics. The truth, of course, lies between the two extremes of opinion. The facility of acquiring education, and the stimulus of European supervision and encouragement, have had the effect of producing many black and colored men who have qualified for the practice of the learned professions, and of these a proportion have shown real ability, and are leading distinguished and useful careers. But it is not with these exceptional men that we have to do at present, but with the masses who fill the country villages, and to whom each employer of labor has to look to furnish recruits for the army of toilers in field and nufactory.

Let us begin by saying that we believe that the faults of the negro, at any rate in Jamaica, are in great measure the natural result of his conditions of existence. The absolute requirements of every human being are there so easily supplied that when a man has, as is the case with almost all individuals of the negro race, no personal ambition, which stimulates him to improve his position, either for his own sake or that of his children, there is little wonder if steady and continuous hard work is peculiarly distasteful, and special effort is hardly ever heard of. Sufficient house shelter is very easily provided; the climate is so genial that clothing, except for decency or ornament, may be of the lightest and least expensive description; and, as we mentioned above, the fertile soil yields food supplies to the very minimum of exertion.

The negroes in general, though they have a large enough share of natural quickness, have, *as a race*, only the intelligence of children, and their failings are the failings of children. They are quick enough to look after their immediate personal interests, but their mutual jealousy makes them unable to combine for a settled purpose. They do not commit great crimes, but they are inveterate pilferers, and have little regard for truth. Legislative enactments have made them responsible men and women. They have the full privileges of men and women, and philanthropists have impressed upon them that they are in every way the equals of the white race.

And yet, how could it reasonably be expected that, in the course of the very short period which has elapsed since slavery was abolished, this *negro race*, which started from the lowest physical and mental degradation, should, almost by itself, have developed its intelligence and its *morale, as a race*, beyond that of forward children? There might have been such a reasonable expectation if there had been a larger white population in Jamaica, and the negroes had been generally mixed with it in every-day affairs; but the negroes outnumber the whites more than thirty-fold, they of necessity live altogether by themselves, and there have been no special circumstances to favor the strengthening of the mental fibre of the race.

But if the negro has the failings of a child, he has also many of the good qualities of childhood. He is impressionable, and easily led; and if he meets with right leading and consideration, he is by no

means an unsatisfactory man to deal with. His affections are easily engaged, and he generally has a great fund of kindly feeling for those with whom his lot in life is cast. He may not like hard work, but he can, with good management, be induced to perform it; and when his considerable muscular strength and fair aptitude for handicrafts are borne in mind, he at any rate suffers little in comparison with the European laborer, with his socialistic views and his determination to give as little work for as large a wage as is permitted by surrounding circumstances. At one time the supply of labor in Jamaica was added to by the importation of coolies from India; but this has ceased for some years, and there are now only about five thousand coolies in the island. Many people would be very glad to see the supply of coolie labor renewed, as the East Indians are steadier workers, more thrifty in their lives, and less slovenly in mind and manners than the negroes. It is impossible to form a judgment upon the comparative value of the two races from Jamaica experience; but the experience of the other West-Indian colonies certainly points to the fact that the coolies, as a race, are at present showing the likelihood of being a more really increasingly prosperous and improving population than the negroes. Without going into the various reasons which may be adduced for this opinion, it may be sufficient in support of it to refer to Trinidad and the colonies on the Main, where the coolies who do not return to India with their accumulated savings are known to amass considerable means, to be able to establish themselves in very good positions after their five years of indentured service are expired, and to take a large part in the general laboring and shopkeeping interests of their respective colonies. As an extreme example of the extent to which these originally pauper emigrants prosper, and adopt not only the business but the amusements of advanced communities, it may be noted that they join in horse-racing, and that the best and most successful race-horse in Trinidad has been owned by a coolie. Their race also unquestionably improves physically to a great extent under the conditions of life in the West Indies, while many people are, rightly or wrongly, of opinion that the negroes have deteriorated from the physical type of their progenitors who came from Africa.

Mention must not be omitted of the superstition which is so marked a feature of the negro character. Under English

rule this, of course, does not lead to the fearful condition of things which is detailed with so much force in Sir Spencer St. John's work on the black republic of Haiti; but Obeah and the belief in ghosts and duppies still retain all their power. The Obeah man or woman is still resorted to in cases of sickness, and will prescribe simples and give charms to remove disease. Sometimes a pretence is made of removing a lizard or some other animal from the patient's body. The Obeah-man is resorted to also if one person has an ill-will against another. Various "medicines" may be given to bring harm to the person whom it is desired to injure; but this-Obeah, pure and simple, only does harm by affecting the imagination, and the negro who believes that Obeah has been worked against him often pines away from sheer fright. It is more than rumored, however, that the final resource of the Obeah practitioner may not unfrequently be poison. Obeah is forbidden by the law, and punished, but those who practise it keep their identity concealed from the white man, and are not easily detected.

One or two legends and customs may be cited as examples of the beliefs which are rife among country negroes, and which influence them in many ways, making them especially loath to move about outside their houses after nightfall.

On one of the estates in Jamaica there is a large pond, sleeping under the shade of bamboos and jungle trees, which the negroes believe is haunted by a mermaid, who is to be seen occasionally combing her hair and polishing a golden table. It is not recorded whether the mermaid is black! They tell the tale of a former proprietor of the estate who wanted to drain the pond, and cut a deep trench for the purpose. The water gathered and hung over the trench, but refused to flow down it, presumably by the influence of the mermaid, who did not wish her stronghold to be disturbed.

An apparition, which is common to the whole island, is "the rolling calf," an object which the negro thinks he may encounter in his path. Its shapeless form first appears quite small, but gradually increases in size till it looms as big as an elephant. A clanking chain is round it. If the man who sees it does not give way, but keeps his eyes firmly and boldly fixed on it, he disappears; but if he shuts his eyes or turns away, it will eat him up. This probably gives the negro the opportunity of boasting of his superior courage

in facing the apparition, as there is no record of one having been so eaten up.

Then the duppy (manes of the departed) receives constant respect and consideration. Everybody will remember the ludicrous account of a negro funeral in "Tom Cringle's Log," and the manner in which the tastes of the duppy were consulted, and the same superstitions which are there alluded to are equally to be recognized in our own day. We ourselves have seen an old man invited to have a drink of "main-sheet" (Jamaican for a cool and seductive mixture of rum and water), and after consuming the greater part of it, he poured the remainder on the ground as a libation to duppy.

The visitor from the old country to Jamaica believes, of course, that, as English is the language of the colony, and is the only tongue spoken by men and women of all colors, he will find intercourse easy, and understand everything that he hears said. This is hardly the case, however. If you address a black man, he will probably comprehend your meaning, and will answer in a more or less intelligible manner. But if the visitor finds himself in the middle of a crowd of negroes, he will find it hard to believe that the people whom he hears chattering round him are speaking English. The intonation, idiom, and form of sentences differ absolutely from anything that has ever been heard before, and preconceived ideas which have been picked up from Christy minstrels as to negro colloquialisms are very rudely upset. It almost seems as if the tongue of the mother country was lapsing into an African dialect, consisting mainly of a most unmusical clatter, assisted by profuse gesticulation. No written idea, of course, can be given of the negro's intonation, but the equivalents of two common English proverbs may be interesting as examples of his speech, though they have little of its more exaggerated characteristics: "Cuss-cuss no bore hole in a you 'kin;" "Ratta cunny, so when puss gone, him make merry."

To any one who would acquaint himself with negro ways, folk-lore, and forms of speech, we could suggest no more instructive study than a very charming little book by Mrs. Milne-Home, which has just been published: "Mamma's Black Nurse Stories."* In it Mrs. Milne-Home has done for the Jamaica black man what, in "Uncle Remus," was done for the

* Mamma's Black Nurse Stories: West Indian Folk-lore. By Mary Pamela Milne-Home. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

American plantation negro, and no higher praise can be given to her than to say that her little work is as perfect in its way as its American prototype. It is fortunate that an authoress who wields so graphic a pen and possesses so much industry, has been found to preserve a class of legends and folk-lore which, as she tells us and we well know from personal experience, can only, in these days of education and the strong opposition of all clergy to anything savoring of superstition, be gathered with the greatest patience and difficulty. The character of a people is in some degree the reflex of its folk-lore, and in "Mamma's Black Nurse Stories" we regain a familiarity with many of the real thoughts and ideas of the negro race which could only otherwise be acquired in years of personal contact and intercourse.

Mrs. Milne-Home teaches us, among other things, that many of the negro's legends must share a common origin with those of the most civilized nations of Europe, and in so far leads us to the conviction that more sympathy is due to him as a man and a brother than some people are inclined to allow.

While so many natural advantages are found in Jamaica which contribute to make life delightful — balmy climate, lovely vegetation, and magnificent scenery in field, forest, and stream — it suffers from one grievous plague, which unquestionably is everywhere an *amari aliquid*. Fortunately it is open to demonstration that this is only an accidental circumstance, the development of a limited number of years, and that the methods of mitigating it are understood, and likely to be carried out before very long. This plague is the presence of ticks, with which the vegetation of the whole country, except at the higher altitudes, is infested. These tiny pests hang in swarms on the blades of grass, on the leaves and branches of trees, on the most graceful ferns, and on every green thing. The lady who brushes her skirt against the verdure on the roadside, the planter who is superintending the work on his estate, equally with the negro laborer in the cane-pieces or on the stock-farm, are liable to be practically covered with ticks at any minute. Of course, people who are able to do so take every precaution to keep clear of their attacks, and this may always be managed with more or less success; but they are an ever-present source of worry and annoyance, and even if whole battalions can be avoided, no care can prevent the occasional inroad of single spies. And a tick,

though only the size of a pin's head, is no despicable assailant. He crawls, he bites, he burrows under the skin if he has time and opportunity, and if he and his companions have a fair chance of working their wicked will the result of the wounds which they inflict may be very disagreeable, and, in some cases, almost dangerous inflammation. Independently of the nuisance which they are to human beings, they cause serious mischief on the stock-farms. Besides pervading and irritating the outer cuticle of each individual of the herds, the cattle, and especially the calves, take them into their mouths while grazing. Then they burrow under the skin of the tongue, palate, and air-passages, forming lumps and sores, which, of course, destroy condition, and, if not carefully attended to, eventually choke the animal. In some pastures their presence is so marked that cattle are known to refuse to go in willingly to graze, but have to be exceptionally forced to enter feeding-grounds where so much pain and discomfort await them.

It is supposed that ticks first made their way to the island on cattle imported from the Spanish Main; but though they have been long more or less known, it is only in comparatively recent times that they have thrust themselves into a bad notoriety. The direct cause of their increase is the gradual disappearance of their natural enemies, which, if they did not exterminate the tiny parasites, at least kept them within reasonable limit. The first of these enemies were the bird tribes. Today, one of the first things that strikes a visitor is the remarkable absence of the bird life, which forms such a distinctive feature in most tropical countries. In some districts especially, one may travel for miles and scarcely see a dozen of the small birds, who naturally feed on insects, and whose gyrations and manœuvres in pursuit of their prey give so much animation to any landscape. And for this want in Jamaica we fear we cannot acquit the fashionable ladies in England from a certain share of responsibility. In the days when humming-birds and others formed a favorite female adornment in Europe, the feathered population in Jamaica was sadly thinned; and though small birds are now strictly protected by government, it will be long before they recover their former number. But the absence of birds is in greater part due to another cause, which is also responsible for the disappearance of many other of the natural enemies of the tick. That cause is the manner in which the mongoose has taken possession

of the land, and waged deadly war against bird, beast, and reptile.

Ten or fifteen years ago, one or two residents imported this animal from the East Indies, with the view of pitting him against the rats, which did enormous mischief in the cane-pieces. In attaining this object they were perfectly successful. The mongoose found himself in a land peculiarly adapted to his health and habits; he increased and multiplied exceedingly, and achieved a complete victory over the rats, which were driven neck and crop out of the canes. Whereas the expense caused by rats used to amount to £150 and £200, or even more, a year, in each estate, it is now practically nil; and when, as now, every form of saving must be taken advantage of to secure a fair profit in sugar production, this was a most important gain.

But the mongoose has not confined his operations to his legitimate enemies. He has killed all the lizards and snakes (which in Jamaica were always of harmless species); he hunts for and devours the eggs of quail and all ground-laying birds, and is ready to pounce upon and murder any of the feathered race which frequent the ground, or at any time place themselves within the reach of his ruthless jaws.* His depredations among poultry are a source of daily lamentation from high and low, and the only animals which are said to defy him are the guinea-fowl, wild and tame, whose eggs are too hard for his teeth to penetrate. He has practically destroyed the balance of nature in the island. The lizards, snakes, and birds lived on the ticks, and with the destruction by the mongoose of bird, lizard, and snake, the natural checks on the increase of the tick have nearly disappeared.

But all this is thoroughly well known in Jamaica, and both government and individuals are setting themselves to consider how to meet the evil. A campaign will be organized against the mongoose, and his numbers will be restricted to the few that are really necessary and profitable. A mercantile firm in Kingston has discovered that his pelt may have a commercial value, and has advertised, offering a price for each skin delivered in good condition. This circumstance will certainly affect him very seriously and stimulate many people to the task of thinning his redundant multitudes. The lizards and harmless snakes will increase and resume their

* Besides making these his prey, he has almost completely destroyed the delicious land-crab which used to be such a distinctive feature of a West Indian menu.

place in the land, and the nests will no longer be harried before the little broods are able to provide for themselves.

We mentioned above that a government enactment now provides for the strict protection of small birds, and some of the planters are contemplating, in addition, the importation of birds peculiarly insect-devouring, such as starlings, of the same family as the "tinkling," which may now be seen feeding greedily in the pastures, and proving himself most useful and beneficent to cattle in removing the ticks which adhere to them.

It has also been proposed to import the whistling frog, so well known in Barbadoes, which is believed to feed on insects, and is sure to find a congenial home in Jamaica.

There is every hope then that, when the result of all these expedients has had time to ripen, the tick pest will in a very few years disappear altogether, or at least be so modified that it has no appreciable significance.

In writing a notice of modern Jamaica, it has been necessary to enlarge upon its gravest drawback. It is equally necessary to remark upon one of its greatest charms. West Indian hospitality has always been proverbial, and certainly in our day it has lost nothing of its pristine geniality and open-heartedness. In the island society there is, of course, a large amount of reciprocities. If an inhabitant of one parish visits another district on business or pleasure, he has only to say that he is coming, or indeed only to come, to ensure the heartiest of welcomes, and the entertainer of to-day will become the entertained of to-morrow. But the stranger in the land will also find that he is in no wise treated as a stranger. Wherever he may go, he will always find open arms and open doors. He will surely be pressed to visit every person whom he may most casually meet; he will be passed on from house to house; and the greatest social *lache* he can commit is to decline an invitation, or to unduly curtail his stay wherever he may find himself. And the hospitality is real and general in the island, is not confined to entertainment in country-houses alone, but is apparent in every class and on all occasions. Tradesmen, merchants, and officials in the towns place themselves, their knowledge and resources, entirely at the visitor's disposal, with no thought of business or profit; and at every *table d'hôte* the first thought of each person who is met appears to be how

he may show the greatest courtesy, and make himself most agreeable.

It was said in the beginning of this article, that if England does not soon transfer some of its energy and capital towards the development of Jamaica, they will certainly come from other sources. And that another nation should have shown a willingness to "exploiter" this possession of England, is perhaps the best possible proof how profitable it would be found by the mother country to make it, for its own sons, the scene of renewed enterprise and effort. The vicinity of the United States, and the facility of communication, have thrown the Jamaican planter and merchant upon America as a market; and Americans will not be slow to recognize the fact that their citizens may as well reap the profits made by the supply as those made by the market.

The tone of thought in commercial circles in Kingston is now much more American than English; and reference is much more frequently made to the opinion of the States and New York than to that of England and London. It has been mentioned that American visitors are thronging to Jamaica during the winter months to escape the cold of their own climate. Many of these visitors move all through the island; and, although their primary pursuits may be health and novelty of scene, we may be perfectly sure that they will also carefully note any business openings, and make arrangements to profit by them. An American company has already bought the concession of all railways in Jamaica, whether made or to be made — though how our Colonial Office authorities consented to such a transaction, without, as far as the public knows, first making every effort to enlist English support, appears somewhat incomprehensible. American cars are to replace the English railway carriages hitherto used, and American engineers are surveying the country, and laying out new lines.

One of the most flourishing manufactories in the island is run by an American at the Black River for the purpose of utilizing the fibre of bamboos; and a monster hotel is being built near Kingston under American management, avowedly to attract American tourists. All these circumstances are signs of the times, and it is most reasonable to expect that we may soon see Americans taking up for cultivation much of the large proportion of untilled land that is now to be had in the island for a mere song.

There is every ground for reasonable belief that Jamaica now offers a remarkably favorable opening to the numerous class of young men, in England, who are unable to pass the examinations which are necessary for entrance to the army and civil service, not to speak of the more learned professions. Young men of this class have lately been shipped off to Australia, Africa, and America to seek their fortune, sheep-farming, gold-digging, and ranching; and we leave it to those who are interested in them to say whether they have, as a rule, gained fortunes, or made more than a livelihood, meagre out of all proportion to the rough life which they have led, and the toil which they have encountered.

Here is an English colony, easy of access, enjoying a healthy and generally delightful climate, unexampled fertility of soil, two-thirds of whose area are now uncultivated, and where land is to be procured for an almost nominal price. Why do not young Englishmen go there?

The only requisites for success are common sense, a sound constitution, temperate habits, and a determination to work and to succeed. There are many planters and managers of estates in Jamaica who would be only too glad to receive into their houses, feed, and lodge a young man for a very moderate premium. He would be employed as a bookkeeper* or overseer, and would have an opportunity of learning the working of an estate, the cultivation of various crops, etc. After two or three years of such apprenticeship and practical experience, he would be able to start for himself, and, if then he had command of a capital of from £500 to £2,000, he would begin by taking up a small holding, which he would gradually increase as years rolled on, and his means and experience improved. He would, from the very first, except under most extraordinarily unlucky circumstances, make a very good profit on his transactions, and though he is not likely to accumulate a colossal fortune, he has every reasonable certainty of rapidly improving his position, and, when he has arrived at middle age, of having made a very handsome independence.

And, meantime, he would not be living among very rough surroundings, cut off from all the resources of civilization. No pleasanter society need be desired than the planters of Jamaica and their families. Everywhere there are churches, doctors,

* A bookkeeper in Jamaica does not imply a man whose whole employment is in an office. He is really an assistant overseer.

telegraph stations, and post-offices within easy reach. Books and newspapers are easily procured, and cricket, lawn-tennis, and other games flourish exceedingly in nearly all the districts of the island. To mark the fact that Jamaica is now offering profitable careers for young men, it may here be noted that many planters, who know the island well and are alive to its capabilities, are bringing up their sons to take their own positions on the estates, or to strike out new openings for themselves.

And the island itself would benefit generally by the introduction of such a class as we have been discussing. From the present enormous disproportion in numbers between the white and black men, a vast amount of power is necessarily thrown into the hands of the black race, which, as we have tried to show, is not yet sufficiently mature, *as a race*, to be able to exercise it. The planting and land-holding whites are so few, that a sufficient number of them having comparative leisure cannot be found to serve on local governing bodies. These governing bodies are therefore drifting more and more into the hands of the colored population, who, having few sympathies with the land-owners, are now able to carry through much legislation directly opposed to the landed interest, which, representing as it does the most important resources of the island, deserves more consideration than it now generally receives. If a number of young men came to Jamaica with the view of making it their home for life, they might, even during their apprenticeship, find ample opportunity of being employed in local administration. The interests and opinions of the planter class would then be represented more fully than is now the case, and the young men themselves would gain valuable administrative experience, which would be of service to the community in after years.

An attempt has been made to record some facts about modern Jamaica. We can only wonder that, with all its charms and resources, it is so little generally known, and that it has not in our own day been recognized as a place where many Englishmen may carve out for themselves honorable and profitable careers.

We have omitted to notice one of the most striking natural features of Jamaica, and it should be remarked on in our conclusion, if only that we may use it as an illustration of the probable history of the island. There are many of its rivers which, after flowing on their course for miles, suddenly sink into the earth, and

are hidden from the light of day, reappearing in their full volume at some distant point, thereafter rushing in all their sparkling beauty to the sea. We believe that Jamaica has, like these rivers, been secluded for a time in obscurity, but that it has really lost none of its vigor and richness, and that it is even now on the point of reappearing in all the glory of its ancient success and prosperity.

From Temple Bar.

THE GODS OF GREECE.

BY J. R. MOZLEY.

ABOUT the middle of the sixth century before Christ, Cræsus, the warlike and wealthy king of Asia Minor, had a mighty purpose brewing in his head. This was no less than the subjugation of Persia, then under the rule of the celebrated Cyrus; and the enterprise which lay before Cræsus was too vast to permit him to neglect any attainable counsel in regard of it. In particular, the primary question of all, "Shall I, or shall I not, enter upon this war?" had to be definitely determined.

Cræsus was no Greek; and as he had conquered the Greek cities on the Asiatic continent, he might be excused for thinking himself more powerful than any Greek state; but before the divinities of Greece he bowed down in reverence. The great oracle of Delphi was then at the very height of its reputation. No other religious centre in the known world was comparable to it. For Jerusalem, long stripped of its ancient glory, now lay in ashes, a tenantless desert; the race of Israel were scattered by the winds of heaven. But even Delphi stood not alone in the Greek world; countless were the shrines in which Zeus and Apollo received the veneration of men, and their responses to their suppliants were treasured up for the wonder and instruction of future generations. These and their compeers were then the advisers by whose counsel Cræsus resolved to be guided in the question which so deeply concerned him.

Yet however religiously disposed, Cræsus was "canny;" besides, he was sufficiently remote from the Greek world not to be wholly overpowered by the reverence which he genuinely entertained; therefore, in fine, he resolved to test the power of the oracles before taking their advice as to the matter in hand. His method was as follows. Despatching from Sardis

eight messengers to the eight oracles of highest reputation, he bade each messenger, on the hundredth day after leaving that city, put to the deity of the shrine to which he had been sent this simple yet puzzling question: "What is Cræsus doing now?" And as Cræsus himself, at the date when the messengers left Sardis, had by no means made up his mind as to what he would do on the hundredth day from then, it would seem that the answer to the question must be hidden from all except true supernatural power. We cannot be surprised to learn that six out of the eight oracles succumbed. But the oracle of Amphiaraus, we gather, made a fair guess; and Delphi succeeded even better; the Pythian priestess gave, in all points, a true reply. Stately were the verses in which Apollo, through her mouth, met the royal inquirer: "I know," he proclaimed, "the number of the sands on the shore, and the bounds of the sea: I understand him who is deaf, and I hear him who speaks not a word. There reaches me the smell of a tortoise boiled together with lamb's flesh in a vessel of copper—copper above and copper below." In these words did the Delphic oracle describe exactly what Cræsus in reality was doing at the moment when the question was put; and that monarch, altogether convinced of the omniscience of Apollo, sent now to ask the question which in truth he had at heart: "Shall I succeed if I make war upon Cyrus?" A second time did the oracle make reply: "Cræsus, if he crosses the river Halys, will destroy a great empire." Now, indeed, the monarch was overjoyed; he took the answer as a sure prophecy of his success; he crossed the river Halys with an army, and—alas! was defeated and taken prisoner by Cyrus. His whole kingdom became a part of the Persian Empire. In the keenness of his disappointment, he sent to reproach Apollo for having so grievously misled him, which seemed indeed all the harder, as Cræsus, in his enthusiastic but premature gratitude, had sent to Delphi magnificent gifts of gold. such as we read of with wonder, and could hardly believe, but that Herodotus, with his own eyes, saw them a century afterwards. Delphi, however, was no whit abashed; and Apollo, through the priestess, simply told Cræsus that he ought to have asked whose kingdom it was, the destruction of which was foretold by the inspired voice.

Now we must not absolutely assume the truth of this curious story of the dealings

of Cræsus with the oracle; and if we were disposed to credit Delphi with miraculous knowledge, the whole history of the oracle, with its very human clevernesses and its final collapse, would stand considerably in our way. But the gifts of Cræsus were a solid fact, and require to be accounted for; and the easiest way of accounting for them is by the supposition that the Delphian priests had, through the reverence paid to them, and through the influence of their friends (who were spread over the whole Greek world), acquired in some manner a knowledge of the answer to the puzzle set them by Cræsus.

Perhaps this supposition may not raise the oracle of Delphi greatly in our eyes as a divine institution; but it will lead us to think that a good deal of intellectual organizing power belonged to the priests of Apollo at this famous shrine. And indeed, Greek history, in the earlier times especially, contains much to favor the view, that Delphi was a centre of genuine political knowledge to the Greek world, and a patriotic guide; most of all in those great colonizing movements which spread the race of Hellas over the shores of Asia, Africa, and Italy. Looking at the matter in this way, we may see that the high opinion which Socrates and Plato entertained of Delphi was not quite unmerited; though no doubt the oracle resorted to trickeries when wisdom failed it, and was not always without suspicion of corruption.

Are we then to conclude that the whole force and meaning of Greek religion lay in certain intellectual aptitudes and capacities of political prevision, possessed by its most prominent organs? Not so. The Greek intellect was indeed so powerful and so versatile, that it bent to itself all the other faculties of the race; just as conscience among the Israelites, and personal will among the Romans, always claimed and held the central position. But religion never did anywhere, and did not among the Greeks, take its birth from pure intellect. In Greece it took its origin from certain haunting imaginations. The great features of the external world had at once a terror and a fascination for the early dwellers in Greece. The rude Pelasgian, beneath the mountains of Epirus and Thessaly, had but little mythology; but he trembled before the manifestations of earth and sky; they were to him living beings; the clear or thunderous heavens, the roaring ocean, the torrents, the woods, the caverns and chasms of the earth. At Dodona was the centre of his

worship. There, couched on the bare ground, his priests listened to the nightly rustling of the leaves of the mighty oak-tree, which, as they believed, conveyed to them the counsel and mind of Zeus. Of that deity he had a vague and awful conception; and thus it is to the Zeus of Dodona, the "dweller in a far-off region," that Achilles, at the crisis of the Iliad, directs his touching prayer, when sending his dearest friend Patroclus into that battlefield which was to be his grave.

But upon these elemental, shadowy beliefs presently supervened the clear-cut poetic instinct of the Hellenic race, culminating in Homer; and Zeus and Apollo, Herè and Athenè, start at once into animated, picturesque life. Homer knows all about them; no shadow of doubt assails him as he relates how Zeus went to dine with the blameless Ethiopians, and how the spouse of Zeus boxed the ears of the divine huntress Artemis. No one could have begun by worshipping deities of whom such stories as these were related; but when worship had been accorded to them on other grounds, the stories found favor with a story-loving race. Hence we have the marvellous compound of religious worship with childish fable. And yet again and again, it would seem, even after the mythology became more or less fixed, profound passionate impulses (derived perhaps from the East) swept over the land of Greece; and we find women ranging over the mountains and glens of Parnassus and Cithæron in wild frenzy, deeming themselves the subjects of divine possession, and inspired by some darkly moving deity.

This chaos of fable and wild feeling eventually became penetrated and governed by an organization appropriate to it, which at once tamed it and yet preserved all its essential features. Greece, politically divided, felt an internal unity, partly through a common language, partly through the magnificent poems of Homer, which were a common possession of all. This unity showed itself in the increasing dominance of certain religious centres; above all, of Delphi. And at last the organizing power inherent in these centres became the master of those religious emotions of which it professed itself to be the servant; and we have that state of things which appears in the dealings of Delphi with Cræsus, when the divine oracle becomes associated with human skill and knowledge, and obtains its sway through these.

At this moment Greek religion, as a

splendid outward phenomenon, culminates; and it is but little after this date that we meet with the poet who represents to us this its central phase — Pindar. In Pindar there is that grave sense of Greece as a dignified, harmonious whole, which previous ages had been too immature, succeeding ages were too troubled, to be able to conceive. He chants the fame of Sparta and Athens, of Thebes and Syracuse, without thinking of any division, any quarrel between them. He is sublime in his impartiality, as becomes one who holds a divine office. No other Greek writer has so calm a sense of sacredness as he has. The mythology with him is accepted, but irradiated; he discards the plainly unworthy elements of it; and yet scepticism, in the proper sense of the word, is not in him. All Greece listens to him, at those festivals where competitors wrestled or raced for the simple prize of a crown of wild-olive leaves, and for the prize, even more precious, of celebration in the songs of the poet. The chair in which Pindar recited these songs, some of which yet remain to us, was long preserved at Delphi.

But again, in Pindar we have another religious element, more precious by far than either imagination or intellect — the faith in righteousness, in goodness. Goodness, he teaches, will entail a future reward; wickedness, a future punishment; and though his conceptions have an unavoidable crudity in their details, the divine government of the world is by him presented in a manner that we may esteem. How far the priests of Delphi, or the hierophants of Eleusis, had the same conception, we do not know; probably they had something of it, though the practical action of these institutions was necessarily mixed with baser contrivances which the poet could disregard.

And because of this admixture of baser contrivances, Delphi must necessarily fall. Perhaps some one may ask, Why? Could not the religion have been purified? could not the crude mythology have been laid aside, and the unity of God, which the noblest Greek spirits essentially held, have emerged as the truth on which all mankind might rest? Theoretically, yes; practically, no. Greek religion was too deeply ingrained with error for any possibility of its being cleared of it. It has its virtue, and we may apprehend that virtue apart from its error; but the Greeks could not. The whole had to die down before the good could be liberated from the evil. But there were seeds in it of

which we can perceive the value, and which may be profitable to us at this present day.

Delphi and the whole Greek religion had necessarily to fall and vanish; and yet their fall did not result from any direct scepticism as to the mythology. There was scepticism in the Greek world; but this scepticism, by itself, would have been wholly unable to shake the prevalent religion. Delphi fell because it was unequal to the solution of a certain urgent practical problem. What was that problem? Essentially, the pressure of population in the Greek world.

Delphi was a sufficient and capable guide to the Greek race, as long as that race could expand by colonization in tracts not too far distant from their native land. But when once this natural expansion was stopped, the problem which was presented to the Greek race was of the most serious description. External outlets being cut off, the straitened forces of society came inevitably into collision with each other, each striving to establish itself above the rest. Already, at the end of the sixth century B.C., the Sicilian Greeks were pressed severely by Carthage, the Asiatic Greeks by the great monarchy of Persia. The Phocæans, under extraordinary stress of circumstances, transported themselves and their families to Massilia, the modern Marseilles; and this was the furthest point to which Greek citizens ever voluntarily carried their search for a new home. The elasticity of the race could not reach any further; and quarrels, insignificant when the defeated party could set sail for a hospitable shore a few hundred miles off, became serious and bitter under the new condition of things. The perspicacity of the Greek deities (or of their priests) was too feeble for such a crisis as this.

Not only was this so, but a new guidance, a new principle, was coming to the front in the Greek world, which, without in any way professing antagonism to religion, did as a matter of fact solve things in a very secular way, and thus take away from the oracles a great part of their imposing political predominance. This was no other than the principle of democracy, then first showing itself on terrestrial soil. The beginner of it was Solon; the permanent centre, Athens; it received from Delphi the assistance which first kindled it into overpowering energy; then in the Persian wars it showed itself superior to Delphi, and dimmed the lustre of the great oracle; it flamed forth like a meteor, and the course of it during two centuries is to

this day what we think of mainly when we speak of ancient Greece; then like a meteor it fell, and the energy of Greece fell with it, and the oracles became dumb and silent too. Greece had been a house divided against itself, and suffered political extinction in consequence.

Yet the literature and language of Greece were never so widely spread as when the central source of its fire had decayed. Its religion survived as a hope, as a symbol of better things. That it did so survive, that it did not sink into a barren ceremonial, was due to one man, Socrates. He, though endowed with all the ardent individualism of an Athenian, yet felt it not safe to abandon the ancient ways. "We know nothing," he said; "perhaps some day a diviner and purer word may reach us; let us try to attain it; but meanwhile, let us worship as our fathers worshipped." And this was, practically, the final word of vital religion in Greece till the rise of Christianity sent a thrill through the whole world, popular and philosophic, and changed all things into new forms.

I have in the preceding paragraph given a sketch of a drama, tragical but not without glory, of which some parts are the familiar property of all the world, others are known to scholars alone. It may be interesting to enter with somewhat more detail into a story of which the elements were so strikingly picturesque.

Sparta, with her *bizarre* constitution and military habits, was in the early times (after Homer) the acknowledged leader of all Greek states; and whether as the cause or sequence of this predominance, the oracle of Delphi had always favored Sparta, and Sparta had always peculiarly honored Delphi. She was, so to speak, "the eldest son of the Church." Yet, what was the astonishment and disgust of the Spartans to find, somewhere in the latter quarter of the sixth century before Christ, that none of their messages to the Delphic oracle were received with the smallest favor by Apollo; that for all answer, the god sent them one peremptory command, "Set free Athens from the tyranny of Hippias." The Spartans were by way of being friends with Hippias, and not very good friends of the Athenians; for though Athens was as yet a subordinate state, the seeds of democracy had been sown by Solon (by the simple process of passing a sponge over all debts and mortgages, so that all citizens started afresh), and Sparta looked askance at so novel and dangerous an experiment. So,

for a considerable time, Sparta disregarded the oracle. But the repetition of the command, the uncomfortable sense that it would not do for the most loyally pious of Greek states to neglect a plain duty, at last produced the required effect; a Spartan army was sent to Athens, and, with some difficulty, Hippias was dislodged and exiled. Then, with one outburst, arose the "fierce *democratie*;" not, as eighty years before under Solon, in humble and subdued guise; nor in the least disposed to be grateful either to Sparta or Delphi for the signal service just rendered; but self-reliant, audacious, even arrogant! With bold oblivion of facts, the Athenians instantly attributed the expulsion of the tyrant and of all belonging to him to two patriots, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, who had, as a matter of fact, killed the brother of Hippias a few years before, but thereby only increased the tyranny of the despot who remained. Not once, through the whole course of Athenian poets and orators, does any grateful reminiscence occur of an act to which Athens owed the foundation of her power! And of ordinary readers of history, how many remember that the brilliant history of Athens was only rendered possible by an act attributable simply to the concurrence of Delphi and Sparta!

Well, the Athenians were not a grateful people; and perhaps it would have been an excess of virtue had they remembered the obligation under which Sparta had laid them. Perhaps, too, it was impossible for them, while ignoring any gratitude to Sparta, to give Delphi its due; for Delphi had only worked through Sparta. But then, why did not Delphi demand its due? why did not the oracle press upon the Athenians how much they were indebted to the provident regard of Apollo? There, indeed, we come to the weakness which lay at the heart of Greek religion; the want of profundity, the absence (except in a few choice spirits) of moral depth. Delphi had done a most important act, but with no sense of its importance; the most honorable thought which had actuated the Pythian priestess and her co-peers was gratitude to the Alcæonidæ, an illustrious and wealthy Athenian family, who had restored and adorned the temple at Delphi, which had been burnt down. The Alcæonidæ had been exiled by Hippias, and naturally wished to see him in his turn exiled and to return to Athens themselves, and the benefits which they were in a position to render to the oracle made Delphi very complaisant towards

them. The Athenians, indeed, said plainly that the priestess was bribed; this is possible, but cannot be held to be certain. On the whole, we may credit the oracle with sufficient patriotism to believe that it entertained a true preference for the freedom, rather than for the enslavement, of so prominent a state as Athens. But there was no depth of emotion attendant upon this preference; and the claim upon Athenian allegiance, which Delphi, if a truly divine power, would have made, never was put forward. The moment, when the power of religion might have established itself as a permanent guide to all Greek peoples, passed away, and could never be recalled. And if we ask why, an inherent defect in the Greek religion must be our only answer. With plenty of imagination, with some real uplifting of the soul, it wanted seriousness.

On the other hand, the Athenian democracy of that date were very serious indeed; and in their next and most memorable encounter with Delphi, though technically speaking neither side could claim a victory, the real honors lay with them. This was on the occasion of the Persian wars.

That memorable struggle, the most romantic of all recorded in history, a struggle which has had the unique honor of having inspired poets of distant climes and ages with an ardor comparable to that of the great poet who personally fought at Salamis, needs no description here. The day

when Marathon became a magic word

is known to the veriest tyro in history.

Generally, too, it is known, even to persons who have but a superficial acquaintance with history, that Athens stood above all other Greek states in valor and enterprise in this conflict of freedom with despotism. But what has not always been adequately felt, even since Grote's history, is the extraordinary concentration in Athens of all the most energetic elements which the conflict brought to birth; and what perhaps has never yet been shown is this, that at this great era democracy (not irreligious, but yet before all things democratic) first measured itself with official traditional religion, and by its native *verve* carried the day. It happened thus.

The first wave of Persian aggression had burst fruitlessly on the shores of Greece; Marathon had been fought; but the main scenes of the drama were still to come. Xerxes had gathered up his millions; they approached, by sea and land,

a horde to which in mere numbers few armies in history have ever been equal; slowly they were rolling onwards towards their intended victim, increasing as they went. Various Greek states, in terror at their danger, sent to consult Apollo at Delphi as to how they should behave in such an emergency. Cnidus, Crete, and Argos were the first suppliants; and to each of them the oracle had advised quiescence. Cnidus, Crete, and Argos had therefore determined to keep quiet; and to keep quiet was to submit. But Athens was of a different temper. True, that Athens could not safely keep quiet; Xerxes was too much incensed against her; the memories of the burning of Sardis, and of the defeat of Marathon, could not be wiped out by any common atonement. But to fly was still possible for the Athenians; they might, like the Phocæans, have taken their wives and families to some far distant land, and, with no dishonor to themselves, have founded a colony, where the sword of the Persian should not be able to reach them. This, though not the most heroic, was the most natural course; and this was practically the course which Delphi advised when the Athenians sent to consult the oracle as to what they should do. It was indeed in no measured terms that Apollo spoke; and those who believed in his divine authority could scarcely help trembling while they listened to his reply.

Wretched ones [said the Pythian priestess to the Athenian messengers] why sit ye here? Your country is sick, head, body, feet, and hands: fire and sword awaits it, temple and tower stand quaking with fear, the roofs stream with blood. Fly away from it wholly, and depart from my shrine, and accustom your minds to evils.

But the messengers replied that nothing would induce them to take such an answer as that back to Athens. They would sit and die where they were if Apollo had no better counsel to give. Moved by their constancy, the oracle then made another and more famous reply:—

Pallas has prayed much to her father Zeus for her own city; but she cannot move him; one thing alone he grants, that you may take refuge in your wooden walls. For when all else within the bounds of the land of Cecrops is taken into captivity, these alone shall remain unharmed.

One cannot but admire this oracular deliverance. It was sufficiently obscure to save the credit of the oracle in case of an adverse result; and yet it gave sound

practical advice. Amid all superficial obscurity, it did no doubt indicate to Athens her fleet as her great resource and refuge; and under the direction of Themistocles (the leading spirit of Athens at this crisis) the Athenians transported their wives and children to the neighboring island of Ægina, and themselves awaited the Persians in their ships near Salamis. If we may believe Herodotus, the oracle itself had indicated Salamis as the scene of battle. However this may be, there the world-famous fight took place, surpassing even Marathon in importance, by which the spirit and power of Persia was broken, though the struggle was not actually brought to an end till the following year, in the land battle of Plataea.

Now the rivalry between Delphi and Athens in the scene which I have just described was, so far as form went, perfectly friendly. The Athenians, from beginning to end, were reverently submissive to the oracle; they made no demur to its authority, even when they declared their inability to return to their fellow-citizens with its most menacing answer. Delphi, again, had not done itself discredit; there really had been a good deal of prescience in the oracle. But none the less the ruling spirit of Greece had shifted its place while this scene was being enacted. Athens, while nominally consulting, had really taken the moral lead and had kept it. When the Persian wars were over, it was not the advice of Delphi that men looked back upon with pride, but the singular determination of Athens. And if Athens had been the superior when meeting the oracle on its own ground, much more was the impression of this superiority deepened by the placability, coolness, and readiness which Athens displayed among rivals who were jealous of her and of each other, and many of whom only wanted some slight excuse to be quit of the whole difficulty and make for themselves such inglorious terms as the Persians might accord. History scarcely records a finer example of wisdom and temper under the most difficult circumstances than the answer of Themistocles, who, when the Spartan admiral Eurybiades, in the full council before the battle of Salamis, raised his stick to strike him, replied as if the personal insult were a mere nothing in comparison with the mighty questions being discussed: "Strike me, but hear me." Or even if we distrust this story, which comes to us only on the late authority of Plutarch, the

narrative of Herodotus gives an impression nearly as forcible of the general behavior of the Athenian leaders.

In short, the Persian wars, without any direct intention on the part of anybody to disparage the official religion of Greece, had dimmed the lustre of the greatest shrine of that religion, Delphi. A sense of reliance in human nature sprang up, centring itself in Athens, which, widely as it differed in theory from what we now call secularism, still had much of the same practical effects as that view. As far as merely paying honor to the gods by splendid ceremonials went, the Athenians of the age of Pericles were among the most religious of mankind. But in matters of conduct Athens relied on herself, and not on the gods. In the terrible Peloponnesian war, which began half a century after Salamis, this self-reliance was too fatally manifested. It is true that in the impressive account which Thucydides gives of the brilliant start of that expedition to Sicily from which all the woes of Athens took their rise, the public prayer to the gods has a prominent place. But that prayer was not for guidance, but for favor; the resolution of Athens had been taken irrespectively of it. Throughout the whole of the latter half of the fifth century before Christ, religion at Athens was ceasing to be vital and becoming a matter of form. We see this in the laments and apprehensions of a conservative poet like Sophocles, no less than in the growth of the tribe of Sophists, who thought that it needed but a few clever fellows like themselves to set the world right; and again in the recklessness of conduct which began so fatally to abound in all the doings and sayings of the Athenians and of their imitators in the various parts of Greece. And the result of this recklessness was seen in the dark days of Sicily, in the final disaster of Ægospotamos, in the ruin which thereafter befell the Athenian cause.

How can we but lament, seeing such a spectacle, even though it belongs to an age so long ago, and to a country whose illustrious history is of the things that have passed away? Of all the peoples of the ancient world, and perhaps of the modern world too, the Athenians had most of that ardor and enthusiasm of character, that flexibility and delicacy of faculty, which rouses and interests the student of history. If some controlling hand could but have been laid upon them, to draw them back from dreams of ambition! But there was no such hand; when religion

had been found wanting, what could happen but that every man should do that which was right in his own eyes? The very ardor and courage of Athens hurried her to the abyss. She had honestly won the first place among Greek states by the Persian wars; but she was unable to distinguish between the manly temper which had given her that first place, and the audacious self-esteem which claimed empire as an intrinsic right, irrespective of justice of conduct. The religious guide of Greece, Delphi, had failed through poverty of spirit. Athens, the most vitally powerful of the Greek states, failed through misdirected excess of spirit.

Thus it was that the intrinsic weakness of the gods of Greece was made manifest to the world by something much more serious than mere critical inquiry into the errors of the mythology. Zeus and Apollo failed practically as controlling forces. The fabulousness of the stories concerning them weakened the religion from within rather than from without. The Athenians, who thought themselves very religious, but who were above all things human, were the unconscious destroyers of faith in the oracles; not because they attacked the oracles, but because the oracles had not a natural power of command sufficient to control or restrain Athens.

One man there was at Athens who lamented this disposition of his countrymen — Socrates. He, apparently, would have had his country consult and obey Delphi at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, at least he laid down such obedience as a general principle. If the Athenians had done so, they would have given up something in those points of dispute which occasioned the war; for Delphi was against them in it. And probably they would have fared better if they had done so. Yet, strange to say, when the war was over, and when the Athenians had suffered from it all that they could suffer, they accused Socrates, and put him to death, on what charge? On the charge of irreligion, of atheism, of wishing to destroy the worship of the gods. Superficially speaking, nothing more extraordinary than such a charge could be conceived; and undoubtedly, both superficially and in the deepest sense, nothing could be more unjust than the conduct of the Athenians towards Socrates. Yet, after all, the Athenians were not absolute fools. Socrates was a moral reformer; and with all the care he took not to be aggressive towards the traditional religion,

it was impossible but that some elements of his teaching should act detrimentally upon a religion which was so very assailable in many of its respects as the Greek religion was. This is no dishonor to Socrates; and a modern critic would be more inclined to find fault with him for too great complaisance towards the religion of his country than for any desire to overthrow it, though, considering the need of piety, even when the forms of it are erring, for human nature, it is hard to sustain this charge either.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to remember that Delphi, at a comparatively early stage of the career of Socrates, assigned to him that honor which his own country denied him. Delphi styled him the wisest of the Greeks. No more remarkable utterance ever came forth from the oracle. He, when he heard of it, was unaffectedly surprised. He declared that he knew nothing; and the only way in which he could reconcile his own consciousness of ignorance with the divine declaration, was by taking into account the fact that he at all events knew that he was ignorant, whereas the other Greeks fancied they knew something, and did not. And in the most important sense, what Socrates declared about himself was true. It was not in irony, or in false modesty, that he said that he was ignorant. What he meant was that he had no sure stable knowledge, no knowledge that could be his eternal possession. He felt that the only knowledge which could not be taken away was that which pertained to the heart of man, which led him to right feeling and right action. Yet he, whom the oracle called the wisest of the Greeks, had not attained to this sure righteousness. But at least he bade men search for it with all their heart and strength. Meanwhile, though he had not attained to knowledge, he yet affirmed that he had felt, at certain crises of his life, a divine influence guiding or restraining him; and he said that he never had gone against this felt divine influence without repenting of it. And the brave and noble actions recorded of Socrates are sufficient to justify the belief that a true divine influence had touched him. He alone, as one of the presidents of the law court, had stood out against the madness of the Athenians when they insisted on carrying an illegal vote for the sake of condemning their own victorious generals. He had been a brave soldier in war; he had saved in battle the life of one of his favorite pupils. He had always endured hardship. He had refused obedience to

the illegal commands of the thirty tyrants, even as he refused to sanction the illegal demand of the Athenian people.

What then Socrates handed down to the generations that came after him, was, in the first place, faith; in the second place, a principle of intellectual inquiry. His faith, though it did not discard the ordinary Greek mythology (it is uncertain to what extent he bestowed credence on it) was in its active form a belief in certain superintending divine powers, who were just and who did on occasions communicate their will to man. Again, he believed in immortality, though not with that absolute certainty which has distinguished Christianity. And lastly, he believed in the possibility of framing, not only our own conduct, but also the structure of society on just and enduring principles. In this last respect he is capable of being a teacher to ourselves, not of course in details, but in the general sense that such a formation of society is a possible and worthy end. For, greatly as we have progressed since the days of Socrates in social questions, we are still very far indeed from perfection, and can by no means afford to sit still.

When we come from the faith of Socrates to his principle of intellectual inquiry, as this is developed in the pages of Plato (perhaps not always in accordance with the actual teaching of his master), we do certainly find something lacking; and we feel the force of his own declaration, that he had no real knowledge on the subjects which most deeply concern man. He is too metaphysical; and it was an unsatisfactory position, scientifically speaking, so often to be engaged in the mere attempt to convict others of ignorance. No doubt an impression always did, and does now, remain on the mind from these Socratic colloquies. But the true basis of moral progress had to be formed on a desire for perfection more passionate, more intense, than that which belonged to the great Athenian. The Socratic philosophy could never possibly take the place of Christianity; but it has supplied one needful element for the sound growth of mankind which must not be deemed a small one — the sense of the value of clear knowledge, in so far as this can possibly be obtained in matters which concern the soul of man.

Less than half a century after the death of Socrates, the treasures of Delphi were seized and squandered by the Phocians; and the oracle never recovered from the blow. Then, when Alexander dispersed

the Greek race over three continents, the religion of Hellas became finally subservient to political powers; and with this the interest in it, as an independent phenomenon, ceases. The true legacy which it left to the world was philosophy, and a hope of higher things.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN
CANTERSTONE JAIL.

I.

OLIVER MANKELL was sentenced to three months' hard labor. The charge was that he had obtained money by means of false pretences. Not large sums, but shillings, half-crowns, and so on. He had given out that he was a wizard, and that he was able and willing — for a consideration — to predict the events of the future, — tell fortunes, in fact. The case created a large amount of local interest, for some curious stories were told about the man in the town. Mankell was a tall, slight, wiry-looking fellow in the prime of life, with coal-black hair and olive complexion — apparently of Romany extraction. His bearing was self-possessed, courteous even, yet with something in his air which might have led one to suppose that he saw — what others did not — the humor of the thing. At one point his grave, almost saturnine visage distinctly relaxed into a smile. It was when Colonel Gregory, the chairman of the day, was passing sentence. After committing him for three months' hard labor, the colonel added, —

“During your sojourn within the walls of a prison you will have an opportunity of retrieving your reputation. You say you are a magician. During your stay in jail I would strongly advise you to prove it. You lay claim to magic powers. Exercise them. I need scarcely point out to you how excellent a chance you will have of creating a sensation.”

The people laughed. When the great Panjandrum is even dimly suspected of an intention to be funny, the people always do. But on this occasion even the prisoner smiled, — rather an exceptional thing, for as a rule it is the prisoner who sees the joke the least of all.

Later in the day the prisoner was conveyed to the county jail. This necessitated a journey by rail, with a change upon the way. At the station where they changed there was a delay of twenty minutes. This the prisoner and the constable in charge

of him improved by adjourning to a public house hard by. Here they had a glass — indeed they had two — and when they reached Canterstone, the town on whose outskirts stood the jail, they had one — or perhaps it was two — more. It must have been two, for when they reached the jail, instead of the constable conveying the prisoner, it was the prisoner who conveyed the constable — upon his shoulder. The warder who answered the knock seemed surprised at what he saw.

“What do you want?”

“Three months’ hard labor.”

The warder stared. The shades of night had fallen, and the lamp above the prison door did not seem to cast sufficient light upon the subject to satisfy the janitor.

“Come inside,” he said.

Mankell entered, the constable upon his shoulder. Having entered, he carefully placed the constable in a sitting posture on the stones, with his back against the wall. The policeman’s helmet had tipped over his eyes, — he scarcely presented an imposing picture of the majesty and might of the law. The warder shook him by the shoulder. “Here, come — wake up. You’re a pretty sort,” he said. The constable’s reply, although slightly inarticulate, was yet sufficiently distinct.

“Not another drop! not another drop!” he murmured.

“No, I shouldn’t think so,” said the warder. “You’ve had a pailful, it seems to me, already.”

The man seemed a little puzzled. He turned and looked at Mankell.

“What do you want here?”

“Three months’ hard labor.”

The man looked down and saw that the new-comer had gyves upon his wrists. He went to a door at one side, and summoned another warder. The two returned together. This second official took in the situation at a glance.

“Have you come from —?” naming the town from which they in fact had come. Mankell inclined his head. This second official turned his attention to the prostrate constable. “Look in his pockets.”

The janitor acted on the suggestion. The order for committal was produced.

“Are you Oliver Mankell?”

Again Mankell inclined his head. With the order in his hand, the official marched him through the side door through which he had himself appeared. Soon Oliver Mankell was the inmate of a cell. He spent that night in the reception cells at

the gate. In the morning he had a bath, was inducted into prison clothing, and examined by the doctor. He was then taken up to the main building of the prison, and introduced to the governor. The governor was a quiet, gentlemanly man, with a straggling black beard and spectacles, — the official to the tips of his fingers. As Mankell happened to be the only fresh arrival, the governor favored him with a little speech.

“You’ve placed yourself in an uncomfortable position, Mankell. I hope you’ll obey the rules while you’re here.”

“I intend to act upon the advice tendered me by the magistrate who passed sentence.”

The governor looked up. Not only was the voice a musical voice, but the words were not the sort of words generally chosen by the average prisoner.

“What advice was that?”

“He said that I claimed to be a magician. He strongly advised me to prove it during my stay in jail. I intend to act upon the advice he tendered.”

The governor looked Mankell steadily in the face. The speaker’s bearing conveyed no suggestion of insolent intention. The governor looked down again.

“I advise you to be careful what you do. You may make your position more uncomfortable than it is already. Take the man away.”

They took the man away. They introduced him to the wheel. On the treadmill he passed the remainder of the morning. At noon morning tasks were over, and the prisoners were marched into their day cells to enjoy the meal which, in prison parlance, was called dinner. In accordance with the ordinary routine, the chaplain made his appearance in the round-house to interview those prisoners who had just come in, and those whose sentences would be completed on the morrow. When Mankell had been asked at the gate what his religion was, he had made no answer; so the warder, quite used to ignorance on the part of new arrivals as to all religions, had entered him as a member of the Church of England. As a member of the Church of England he was taken out to interview the chaplain now.

The chaplain was a little fussy gentleman, considerably past middle age. Long experience of prisons and prisoners had bred in him a perhaps unconscious habit of regarding criminals as naughty boys — urchins who required a judicious combination of cakes and castigation.

"Well, my lad, I'm sorry to see a man of your appearance here." This was a remark the chaplain made to a good many of his new friends. It was intended to give them the impression that at least the chaplain perceived that they were something out of the ordinary run. Then he dropped his voice to a judicious whisper. "What's it for?"

"For telling the truth."

This reply seemed a little to surprise the chaplain. He settled his spectacles upon his nose.

"For telling the truth!" An idea seemed all at once to strike the chaplain. "Do you mean that you pleaded guilty?" The man was silent. The chaplain referred to a paper he held in his hand. "Eh, I see that here it is written false pretences. Was it a stumer?"

We have seen it mentioned somewhere that "stumer" is slang for a worthless cheque. It was a way with the chaplain to let his charges see that he was at least acquainted with their phraseology. But on this occasion there was no response. The officer in charge of Mankell, who possibly wanted his dinner, put in his oar.

"Telling fortunes, sir."

"Telling fortunes! Oh! Dear me! How sad! You see what telling fortunes brings you to? There will be no difficulty in telling your fortune if you don't take care. I will see you to-morrow morning after chapel."

The chaplain turned away. But his prediction proved to be as false as Mankell's were stated to have been. He did not see him the next morning after chapel, and that for the sufficient reason that on the following morning there was no chapel. And the reasons why there was no chapel were very curious indeed — unprecedented, in fact.

Canterstone Jail was an old-fashioned prison. In it each prisoner had two cells, one for the day and one for the night. The day cells were on the ground floor, those for the night were overhead. At 6 A.M. a bell was rung, and the warders unlocked the night cells for the occupants to go down to those beneath. That was the rule. That particular morning was an exception to the rule. The bell was rung as usual, and the warders started to unlock, but there the adherence to custom ceased, for the doors of the cells refused to be unlocked.

The night cells were hermetically sealed by oaken doors of massive thickness, bolted and barred in accordance with the former idea that the security of prisoners

should depend rather upon bolts and bars than upon the vigilance of the officers in charge. Each door was let into a twenty-four inch brick wall, and secured by two ponderous bolts and an enormous lock of the most complicated workmanship. These locks were kept constantly oiled. When the gigantic key was inserted, it turned as easily as the key of a watch — that was the rule. When, therefore, on inserting his key into the lock of the first cell, Warder Slater found that it wouldn't turn at all, he was rather taken aback. "Who's been having a game with this lock?" he asked.

Warder Puffin, who was stationed at the head of the stairs to see that the prisoners passed down in order, at the proper distance from each other, replied to him.

"Anything the matter with the lock? Try the next."

Warder Slater did try the next, but he found that as refractory as the other had been.

"Perhaps you've got the wrong key?" suggested Warder Puffin.

"Got the wrong key!" cried Warder Slater. "Do you think I don't know my own keys when I see them?"

The oddest part of it was that all the locks were the same. Not only in Ward A, but in Wards B, C, D, E, and F — in all the wards, in fact. When this became known, a certain sensation was created, and that on both sides of the unlocked doors. The prisoners were soon conscious that their guardians were unable to release them, and they made a noise. Nothing is so precious to the average prisoner as a grievance; here was a grievance with a vengeance.

The chief warder was a man named Murray. He was short and stout, with a red face, and short, stubby white hair, — his very appearance suggested apoplexy. That suggestion was emphasized when he lost his temper — capable officer though he was, that was more than once in a while. He was in the wheel-shed, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners preparatory to being told off to their various tasks, when, instead of the prisoners, Warder Slater appeared. If Murray was stout, Slater was stouter. He was about five feet eight, and weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. He was wont to amaze those who saw him for the first time — and wondered — by assuring them that he had a brother who was still stouter — compared to whom he was a skeleton, in fact. But he was stout enough. He and the chief warder made a striking pair.

"There's something the matter with the locks of the night cells, sir. We can't undo the doors."

"Can't undo the doors!" Mr. Murray turned the color of a boiled beetroot. "What do you mean?"

"It's very queer, sir, but all over the place it's the same. We can't get none of the doors unlocked."

Mr. Murray started off at a good round pace, Slater following hard at his heels. The chief warden tried his hand himself. He tried every lock in the prison; not one of them vouchsafed to budge. Not one, that is, with a single exception. The exception was in Ward B, No. 27. Mr. Murray had tried all the other doors in the ward, beginning with No. 1 — tried them all in vain. But when he came to No. 27, the lock turned with the customary ease, and the door was open. Within it was Oliver Mankell, standing decorously at attention, waiting to be let out. Mr. Murray stared at him.

"Hum! there's nothing the matter with this lock, at any rate. You'd better go down."

Oliver Mankell went down-stairs — he was the only man in Canterstone jail who did.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, when he had completed his round. Two or three other warders had accompanied him. He turned on these. "Some one will smart for this, — you see if they don't. Keep those men still."

The din was deafening. The prisoners, secure of a grievance, were practising step-dances in their heavy shoes on the stone floors; they made the narrow, vaulted corridors ring.

"Silence those men!" shouted Mr. Jarvis, the second warden, who was tall and thin as the chief was short and stout. He might as well have shouted to the wind. Those in the cells just close at hand observed the better part of valor, but those a little distance off paid not the slightest heed. If they were locked in, the officers were locked out.

"I must go and see the governor." Mr. Murray pursed up his lips. "Keep those men still, or I'll know the reason why."

He strode off, leaving his subordinates to obey his orders — if they could or if they couldn't.

Mr. Paley's house was in the centre of the jail. Paley, by the way, was the governor's name. The governor, when Mr. Murray arrived, was still in bed. He came down to the chief warden in rather primitive disarray.

"Anything the matter, Murray?"

"Yes, sir; there's something very much the matter, indeed."

"What is it?"

"We can't get any of the doors of the night cells open."

"You can't get — what?"

"There seems to be something the matter with the locks."

"The locks? All of them? Absurd!"

"Well, there they are, and there's the men inside of them, and we can't get 'em out — at least I've tried my hand, and I know I can't."

"I'll come with you at once, and see what you mean."

Mr. Paley was as good as his word. He started off just as he was. As they were going, the chief warden made another remark.

"By the way, there is one cell we managed to get open, — I opened it myself."

"I thought you said there was none?"

"There's that one, — it's that man Mankell."

"Mankell? Who is he?"

"He came in yesterday. It's that magician."

When they reached the cells, it was easy to perceive that something was wrong. The warders hung about in twos and threes; the noise was deafening; the prisoners were keeping holiday.

"Get me the keys and let me see what I can do. It is impossible that all the locks can have been tampered with."

They presented Mr. Paley with the keys. In his turn he tried every lock in the jail. This was not the work of a minute or two. The prison contained some three hundred night cells. To visit them all necessitated not only a good deal of running up and down stairs, but a good deal of actual walking; for they were not only in different floors and in different blocks, but the prison itself was divided into two entirely separate divisions — north and south — and to pass from one division to the other entailed a walk of at least a hundred yards. By the time he had completed the round of the locks, Mr. Paley had had about enough of it. It was not surprising that he felt a little bewildered, — not one of the locks had shown any more readiness to yield to him than to the others.

In passing from one ward to the other, he had passed the row of day cells in which was situated B 27. Here they found Oliver Mankell sitting in silent state awaiting the call to work. The governor pulled up at sight of him.

"Well, Mankell, so there was nothing the matter with the lock of your door?"

Mankell simply inclined his head.

"I suppose you know nothing about the locks of the other doors?"

Again the inclination of the head. The man seemed to be habitually chary of speech.

"What's the matter with you? Are you dumb? Can't you speak when you're spoken to?"

This time Mankell extended the palms of his hands with a gesture which might mean anything or nothing. The governor passed on. The round finished, he held a consultation with the chief warden.

"Have you any suspicions?"

"It's queer." Mr. Murray stroked his bristly chin.

"It's very queer that that man Mankell's should be the only cell in the prison left untampered with."

"Very queer, indeed."

"What are we to do? We can't leave the men locked up all day. It's breakfast-time already. I suppose the cooks haven't gone down to the cook-house?"

"They're locked up with the rest. Barnes has been up to know what he's to do."

Barnes was the prison cook. The cooks referred to were six good-behavior men who were told off to assist him in his duties.

"If the food were cooked, I don't see how we should give it to the men."

"That's the question." Mr. Murray pondered. "We might pass it through the gas-holes."

"We should have to break the glass to do it. You wouldn't find it easy. It's plate-glass, an inch in thickness, and built into the solid wall."

There was a pause for consideration.

"Well, this is a pretty start. I've never come across anything like it in all my days before."

Mr. Paley passed his hand through his hair. He had never come across anything like it either.

"I shall have to telegraph to the commissioners. I can't do anything without their sanction."

The following telegram was sent, —

"Cannot get prisoners out of night cells. Something the matter with locks. Cannot give them any food. The matter is very urgent. What shall I do?"

The following answer was received, —

"Inspector coming down."

The inspector came down — Major William Hardinge. A tall, portly gentleman,

with a very decided manner. When he saw the governor he came to the point at once.

"What's all this stuff?"

"We can't get the prisoners out of the night cells."

"Why?"

"There's something the matter with the locks."

"Have you given them any food?"

"We have not been able to."

"When were they locked up?"

"Yesterday evening at six o'clock."

"This is a very extraordinary state of things."

"It is, or I shouldn't have asked for instructions."

"It's now three o'clock in the afternoon. They've been without food for twenty-one hours. You've no right to keep them without food all that time."

"We are helpless. The construction of the night cells does not permit of our introducing food into the interior when the doors are closed."

"Have they been quiet?"

"They've been as quiet as under the circumstances was to be expected."

As they were crossing towards the north division the governor spoke again, —

"We've been able to get one man out."

"One! — out of the lot! How did you get him?"

"Oddly enough, the lock of his cell was the only one in the prison that had not been tampered with."

"Hum! I should like to see that man."

"His name's Mankell. He only came in yesterday. He's been pretending to magic powers — telling fortunes, and that kind of thing."

"Only came in yesterday? He's begun early. Perhaps we shall have to tell him what his fortune's likely to be."

When they reached the wards the keys were handed to the inspector, who in his turn tried his hand. A couple of locksmiths had been fetched up from the town. When the major had tried two or three of the locks it was enough for him. He turned to the makers of locks.

"What's the matter with these locks?"

"Well, that's exactly what we can't make out. The keys go in all right, but they won't turn. Seems as though somebody had been having a lark with them."

"Can't you pick them?"

"They're not easy locks to pick, but we'll have a try."

"Have a try!"

They had a try, but they tried in vain. As it happened, the cell, on which they

commenced operations was occupied by a gentleman who had had a considerable experience in picking locks,—experience which had ended in placing him on the other side that door. He derided the locksmiths through the door.

"Well, you are a couple of keen ones! What, can't pick the lock! Why, there ain't a lock in England I couldn't pick with a bent 'airpin. I only wish you was this side, starving like I am, and I was where you are, it wouldn't be a lock that would keep me from giving you food."

This was not the sort of language Major Hardinge was accustomed to hear from the average prisoner, but the major probably felt that on this occasion the candid proficient in the art of picking locks had a certain excuse. He addressed the baffled workmen.

"If you can't pick the lock, what can you do? The question is, what is the shortest way of getting inside that cell?"

"Get a watch-saw," cried the gentleman on the other side the door.

"And when you've got your watch-saw?" inquired the major.

"Saw the whole lock right clean away. Lor' bless me! I only wish I was where you are, I'd show you a thing or two. It's as easy as winking. Here's all us chaps a starving, all for want of a little hexperience!"

"A saw'll be no good," declared one of the locksmiths. "Neither a watch-saw nor any other kind of saw. How are you going to saw through those iron stanchions? You'll have to burst the door in, that's what it'll have to be."

"You won't find it an easy thing to do." This was from the governor.

"Why don't you take and blow the whole place up?" shouted a gentleman, also on the other side of the door, two or three cells off.

Long before this all the occupants of the corridor had been lending a very attentive ear to what was going on. The suggestion was received with roars of laughter. The major, however, preferred to act upon the workmen's advice. A sledge hammer was sent for.

While they were awaiting its arrival something rather curious happened—curious, that is, viewed in the light of what had gone before. Warder Slater formed one of the party. More for the sake of something to do than anything else, he put his key into the lock of the cell which was just in front of him. Giving it a gentle twist, to his amazement it turned with the greatest ease, and the door was open.

"Here's a go!" he exclaimed. "Blest if this door ain't come open."

There was a yell of jubilation all along the corridor. The prisoners seemed to be amused. The official party kept silence. Possibly their feelings were too deep for words.

"Since we've got this one open," said Warder Slater, "suppose we try another."

He tried another, the next; the same result followed,—the door was opened with the greatest of ease.

"What's the meaning of this?" spluttered the major. "Who's been playing this tomfoolery? I don't believe there's anything the matter with a lock in the place."

There did not seem to be, just then. For when the officers tried again they found no difficulty in unlocking the doors, and setting the prisoners free.

II.

MAJOR HARDINGE remained in the jail that night. He stayed in the governor's house as Mr. Paley's guest. He expressed himself very strongly about the events of the day.

"I'll see the thing through if it takes me a week. The whole affair is incredible to me. It strikes me, Paley, that they've been making a fool of you."

The governor combed his hair with his fingers. His official manner had temporarily gone. He seemed depressed.

"I assure you the doors were locked."

"Of course the doors were locked, and they used the wrong keys to open them! It was a got-up thing."

"Not by the officers."

"By whom then? I don't see how the prisoners could have lent a hand."

"I know the officers, and I will answer for them, every man. As for the wrong keys being used, I know the keys as well as any one. I tried them, and not a lock would yield to me."

"But they did yield. What explanation have you to give of that?"

"I wish I could explain." And again the governor combed his hair.

"I'll have an explanation to-morrow!—you see if I don't!" But the major never did.

On the morrow, punctually at 6 A.M., an imposing procession started to unlock. There were the inspector, governor, chief warder, second warder, and the warder who carried the keys.

"I don't think we shall have much difficulty in getting the men out of their cells this time," remarked the major. They

did not. "Good — good God!" he spluttered, when they reached the corridor; "what — what on earth's the meaning of this?" He had predicted rightly. They would have no difficulty in getting the men out of their cells; they were out already — men, and bedding, and planks, and all. There was a man fast asleep in bed in front of each cell door.

"I thought I had given instructions that a special watch was to be kept all night," the major roared.

"So there has been," answered the chief warden, whose head and face and neck were purple. "Warder Slater here has only just gone off duty. Now, then, Slater, what's the meaning of this?"

"I don't know," protested Slater, whose mountain of flesh seemed quivering like jelly. "It's not a minute ago since I went to get my keys, and they was all inside their cells when I went down."

"Who let them out, then?"

The major glared at him, incredulity in every line of his countenance.

"I don't know. I'll swear it wasn't me."

"I suppose they let themselves out, then. You men!"

Although this short dialogue had been conducted by no means *sotto voce*, the noise did not seem to have had the slightest effect in rousing the prisoners out of slumber. Even when the major called to them they gave no sign.

"You men!" he shouted again; "it's no good shamming Abraham with me!" He stooped to shake the man who was lying on the plank at his feet. "Good — good God! The — the — man's not dead?"

"Dead!" cried the governor, kneeling by the major's side upon the stones.

The sleeper was very still. He was a man of some forty years of age, with nut-brown tangled hair and beard. If not a short-sentence man, he was still in the early stages of his term — for he lay on the bare boards of the plank with the rug, blanket, and sheet wrapped closely round him, so that they might take, as far as possible, the place of the coir mattress, which was not there. The bed was not a bed of comfort, yet his sleep was sound — strangely sound. If he breathed at all, it was so lightly as to be inaudible. On his face was that dazed, strained expression which we sometimes see on the faces of those who, without a moment's warning, have been suddenly visited by death.

"I don't think he's dead," the governor said. "He seems to be in some sort of trance. What's the man's name?"

"'Itchcock. He's one of the 'op-pickers. He's got a month."

It was Warder Slater who gave the information. The governor took the man by the shoulder, and tried to rouse him out of sleep.

"Hitchcock! Hitchcock! Come, wake up, my man! It's all right; he's coming to — he's waking up."

He did wake up, and that so suddenly as to take the party by surprise. He sprang upright on the plank, nothing on but an attenuated prison shirt, and glared at the officials with looks of unmistakable surprise.

"Holloa! What's up! What's the meaning of this?"

Major Hardinge replied, suspicion peeping from his eyes, —

"That is what we want to know, and what we intend to know, — what does it mean? Why aren't you in your cell?"

The man seemed for the first time to perceive where he was.

"Strike me lucky, if I ain't outside! Somebody must have took me out when I was asleep." Then, realizing in whose presence he was: "I beg your pardon, sir, but some one's took me out."

"The one who took you out took all the others too."

The major gave a side glance at Warder Slater. That intelligent officer seemed to be suffering agonies. The prisoner glanced along the corridor. "If all the blessed lot of 'em ain't out too!"

They were not only all out, but they were all in the same curiously trance-like sleep. Each man had to be separately roused, and each woke with the same startling, sudden bound. No one seemed more surprised to find themselves where they were than the men themselves. And this was not the case in one ward only, but in all the wards in the prison. No wonder the officials felt bewildered by the time they had gone the round.

"There's one thing certain," remarked Warder Slater to Warder Puffin, wiping the perspiration from his — Warder Slater's — brow — "if I let them out in one ward, I couldn't 'ardly let them out in all. Not to mention that I don't see how a man of my build's going to carry eight-and-forty men, bed, bedding, and all, out bodily, and that without disturbing one of them from sleep."

As the official party was returning through B ward, inspecting the men, who were standing at attention in their day cells, the officer in charge advanced to the governor.

"One man missing, sir! No. 27, sir! Mankell, sir!"

The chief warder started. If possible, he turned a shade more purple even than before.

"Fetch me the key of the night cells," he said.

It was brought. They went up-stairs — the major, the governor, the chief and second warders. Sure enough they found the missing man, standing at attention in his night cell, waiting to be let out, — the only man in the prison whom they had found in his place. The chief warder unlocked him. In silence they followed him as he went down-stairs.

When the major and Mr. Paley found themselves alone, both of them seemed a little bewildered.

"Well, major, what do you think of it now?"

"It's a got-up thing! I'll stake my life, it's a got-up thing!"

"What do you mean, — a got-up thing?"

"Some of the officers know more about it than they have chosen to say, — that man Slater, for instance. But I'll have the thing sifted to the bottom before I go. I never heard of anything more audacious in the whole of my career."

The governor smiled, but he made no comment on the major's observation. It was arranged that an inquiry should be held after chapel. During chapel a fresh subject was added to the list of those which already called for prompt inquiry.

Probably there is no more delicate and difficult position than that of a prison chaplain. If any man doubt this, let him step into a prison chaplain's shoes and see. He must have two faces, and each face must look in an exactly opposite way. The one towards authority — he is an official, an upholder of the law; the other towards the defiers of authority — he is the criminal's best friend. It requires the wisest of men to do his duty, so as to please both sides; and he *must* please both sides — or fail. As has already been hinted, Mr. Hewett, the chaplain of Canterstone Jail, was *not* the wisest of men. He was in the uncomfortable — but not uncommon — position of being disliked by both the rival houses. He meant well, but he was not an apt interpreter of his own meaning. He blundered, sometimes on the prisoners' toes, and sometimes on the toes of the officials. Before the service began, the governor thought of giving him a hint, not — in the course of it — to touch on the events of the last two

days. But previous hints of the same kind had not by any means been well received, and he refrained. Exactly what he feared would happen, happened. Both the inspector and the governor were present at the service. Possibly the chaplain supposed this to be an excellent opportunity of showing the sort of man he was, — one full of zeal. At any rate, before the service was over, before pronouncing the benediction, he came down to the altar-rail, in the way they knew so well. The governor, outwardly unruffled, inwardly groaned.

"I have something to say to you."

When he said this, those who knew him knew exactly what was coming; or they thought they did, for, for once in a way, they were grievously wrong. When the chaplain had got so far, he paused. It was his habit to indulge in these eloquent pauses, but it was not his habit to behave as he immediately did. While they were waiting for him to go on, almost forecasting the words he would use, a spasm seemed to go all over him, and he clutched the rail and spoke. And what he said was this, —

"Bust the screws and blast 'em!"

The words were shouted rather than spoken. In the very act of utterance he clung on to the rail as though he needed its support to enable him to stand. The chapel was intensely still. The men stared at him as though unable to believe their eyes and ears. The chaplain was noted for his little eccentricities, but it was the first time they had taken such a shape as this.

"That's not what I meant to say." The words came out with a gasp. Mr. Hewett put his hand up to his brow. "That's not what I meant to say."

He gave a frightened glance around. Suddenly his gaze became fixed, and he looked intently at some object right in front of him. His eyes assumed a dull and fish-like stare. He hung on to the rail, his surpliced figure trembling as with palsy. Words fell from his lips with feverish volubility.

"What's the good of a screw, I'd like to know? Did you ever know one that was worth his salt? I never did. Look at that beast, Slater, great fat brute, what'd get a man three days bread-and-water as soon as look at him. A little bread and water'd do him good. Look at old Murray, — call a man like that chief warder. I wonder what a chief fat-head's like? As for the governor — as for the governor — as — for — the — governor —"

The chapel was in confusion. The officers rose in their seats. Mr. Paley stood up in his pew, looking whiter than he was wont to do. It seemed as though the chaplain was struggling with an unseen antagonist. He writhed and twisted, contending, as it were, with something—or some one—which appeared to be in front of him. His sentence remained unfinished. All at once he collapsed, and, sinking into a heap, lay upon the steps of the altar—still.

"Take the men out," said the governor's quiet voice.

The men were taken out. The schoolmaster was already at the chaplain's side. With him were two or three of the prisoners who sang in the choir. The governor and the inspector came and looked down at the senseless man.

"Seems to be in a sort of fit," the schoolmaster said.

"Let some one go and see if the doctor has arrived. Ask him to come up here at once." With that the governor left the chapel, the inspector going with him. "It's no good our staying. He'll be all right. I—I don't feel quite well."

Major Hardinge looked at him shrewdly out of the corner of his eyes. "Does he drink?"

"Not that I am aware of. I never heard of it before. I should say certainly not."

"Is he mad?"

"No-o—he has his peculiarities—but he certainly is not mad."

"Is he subject to fits?"

"I have not known of his having one before."

When they reached the office the major began to pace about.

"That chaplain of yours must be stark mad."

"If so, it is a very sudden attack."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Very well indeed."

"Never heard such a thing in my life! Is he in the habit of using such language?"

"Hardly. Perhaps we had better leave it till we hear what the doctor says. Possibly there is some simple explanation. I am afraid the chaplain is unwell."

"If he isn't unwell, I don't know what he is. Upon my word, Paley, I can't congratulate you upon the figure Canterstone Jail has cut during the last few days. I don't know what sort of report I shall have to make."

The governor winced. When, a few minutes afterwards, the doctor entered, he began upon the subject at once.

"How is the chaplain, doctor?"

Dr. Livermore gave a curious glance about him. Then he shook hands with the inspector. Then he sat down. Taking off his hat, he wiped his brow.

"Well? Anything wrong?"

"The chaplain says he is bewitched."

The governor looked at the inspector, and the inspector looked at him.

"Bewitched?" said Mr. Paley.

"I told you the man was mad," the inspector muttered.

"Hush!" the doctor whispered. "Here he comes."

Even as he spoke the chaplain entered, leaning on the chief warden's arm. He advanced to the table at which the governor sat, looking Mr. Paley steadily in the face.

"Mr. Paley, I have to report to you that I have been bewitched."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Hewett." He could not resist a smile. "Though I am afraid I do not understand exactly what you mean."

"It is no laughing matter." The chaplain's tone was cool and collected—more impressive than it was used to be. "The man whose name I believe is Oliver Mankell has bewitched me. He was the second man in the third row on my right-hand side in chapel. I could make out that his number was B 27. He cast on me a spell."

There was silence. Even the inspector felt that it was a delicate matter to accuse the chaplain outright of lunacy. An interruption came from an unexpected quarter—from the chief warden.

"It's my belief that man Mankell's been up to his games about those cells."

The interruption was the more remarkable, because there was generally war—not always passive—between the chief warden and the chaplain. Every one looked at Mr. Murray.

"What is this I hear about the cells?" asked Dr. Livermore.

The governor answered,—

"Yesterday the men were all locked in their night cells. This morning they were all locked out—that is, we found them all seemingly fast asleep, each man in front of his cell door."

"They were all locked in except one man, and that man was Mankell—and he was the only man who was not locked out." Thus the chief warden.

"And do you suggest," said the doctor, "that he had a finger in the pie?"

"It's my belief he did it all. Directly I set eyes upon the man I knew there was

something about him I couldn't quite make out. He did it all. Have you heard, sir, how he came to the gate?"

Mr. Murray was, in general, a reticent man. It was not his way to express decided opinions in the presence of authorities, or indeed of any one else. Mr. Paley, who knew his man, eyed him with curiosity.

"What was there odd about that?"

"Why, instead of the constable bringing him, it was him who brought the constable. When they opened the gate there was him with the policeman over his shoulder."

In spite of Mr. Murray's evident earnestness, there were some of his hearers who were unable to repress a smile.

"Do you mean that the constable was drunk?"

"That's the queer part of it. It was John Mitchell. I've known him for two-and-twenty years. I never knew him have a glass too much before. I saw him soon afterwards — he was all right then. He said he had only had three half-pints. He was quite himself till he got near the gate, when all of a sudden he went queer all over."

"Possibly the ale was drugged," suggested the doctor.

"I don't know nothing about that, but I do know that the same hand that played that trick was the same hand that played the tricks with the cells."

"Consider a moment what you are saying, Murray. How are three hundred locks to be tampered with in the middle of the night by a man who is himself a prisoner? One moment. But even that is nothing compared to the feat of carrying three hundred men fast asleep in bed — bed and all — through three hundred closed doors, under the very noses of the officers on guard, — think of doing all that single-handed!"

"It was witchcraft."

When the chief warden said this, Major Hardinge exploded.

"Witchcraft! The idea of the chief warden of an English prison talking about witchcraft at this time of day! It's quite time you were superannuated, sir."

"The man, Mankell, certainly bewitched me."

"Bewitched you!" As the major faced the chaplain he seemed to find it difficult to restrain his feelings. "May I ask what sort of idea you mean to convey by saying he bewitched you?"

"I will explain so far as I am able." The chaplain paused to collect his

thoughts. All eyes were fixed upon him. "I intended to say something to the men touching the events of yesterday and this morning. As I came down to the altar-rail I was conscious of a curious sensation — as though I was being fascinated by a terrible gaze which was burning into my brain. I managed to pronounce the first few words. Involuntarily looking round, I met the eyes of the man Mankell. The instant I did so I was conscious that something had passed from him to me, something that made my tongue his slave. Against my will my tongue uttered the words you heard. Struggling with all my might, I momentarily regained the exercise of my own will. It was only for a moment, for in an instant he had mastered me again. Although I continued to struggle, my tongue uttered the words he bade it utter, until I suppose my efforts to repel his dominion brought on a kind of fit. That he laid on me a spell I am assured."

There was a pause when the chaplain ceased. That he had made what he supposed to be a plain and simple statement of facts was evident. But then the facts were remarkable ones. It was the doctor who broke the silence.

"Suppose we have the man in here, so that we can put him through his facings?"

The governor stroked his beard.

"What are you going to say to him? You can hardly charge him with witchcraft. He is here because he has been pretending to magic powers."

The doctor started.

"No! Is that so? Then I fancy we have the case in a nutshell. The man is what old-fashioned people used to call a mesmerist — hypnotism they call it nowadays, and all sorts of things."

"But mesmerism won't explain the cells!"

"I'm not so sure of that — at any rate, it would explain the policeman who was suddenly taken queer. Let's have the man in here."

"The whole thing is balderdash," said the major with solemnity. "I am surprised, as a man of sane and healthy mind, to hear such stuff talked in an English prison of to-day."

"At least there will be no harm in our interviewing Mr. Mankell. Murray, see that they send him here." The chief warden departed to do the governor's bidding. Mr. Paley turned to the chaplain. "According to you, Mr. Hewett, we are subjecting ourselves to some personal risk by bringing him here. Is that so?"

"You may smile, Mr. Paley, but you may find it no laughing matter after all. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy."

"You don't mean to say," burst out the major, "that you, a man of education, a clergyman, chaplain of an English prison, believe in witchcraft?"

"It is not a question of belief — it is a question of fact. That the man cast on me a spell, I am well assured. Take care that he does not do the same to you."

The governor smiled. The doctor laughed. The enormity of the suggestion kept the major tongue-tied till Mankell appeared.

III.

ALTHOUGH Mankell was ushered in by the chief warden, he was in actual charge of Warden Slater. The apartment into which he was shown was not that in which prisoners ordinarily interviewed the governor. There a cord, stretched from wall to wall, divided the room nearly in half. On one side stood the prisoner, with the officer in charge of him; on the other sat the governor. Here there was no cord. The room — which was a small one — contained a single table. At one end sat Mr. Paley, on his right sat Major Hardinge, the chaplain stood at his left, and just behind the major sat Dr. Livermore. Mankell was told to stand at the end which faced the governor. A momentary pause followed his entrance — all four pairs of eyes were examining his countenance. He for his part bore himself quite easily, his eyes being fixed upon the governor, and about the corners of his lips hovered what was certainly more than the suspicion of a smile.

"I have sent for you," Mr. Paley began, "because I wish to ask you a question. You understand that I make no charge against you, but — do you know who has been tampering with the locks of the cells?"

The smile was unmistakable now. It lighted up his saturnine visage, suggesting that here was a man who had an eye — possibly almost too keen an eye — for the ridiculous. But he gave no answer.

"Do you hear my question, Mankell? Do you know who has been tampering with the locks of the cells?"

Mankell extended his hands with a little graceful gesture which smacked of more southern climes.

"How shall I tell you?"

"Tell the truth, sir, and don't treat us to any of your high faluting."

This remark came from the major — not in too amiable a tone of voice.

"But in this land it would seem that truth is a thing that wise men shun. It is for telling the truth that I am here."

"We don't want any of your insolence, my man! Answer the governor's question if you don't want to be severely punished. Do you know who has been playing hanky-panky with the cells?"

"Spirits of the air."

As he said this Mankell inclined his head and looked at the major with laughter in his eyes.

"Spirits of the air! What the devil do you mean by spirits of the air?"

"Ah! what do I mean? To tell you that," laying a stress upon the pronoun, "would take a year."

"The fellow's an insolent scoundrel," spluttered the major.

"Come, Mankell, that won't do," struck in Mr. Paley. "Do I understand you to say that you do know something about the matter?"

"Know!" The man drew himself up, laying the index finger of his right hand upon the table with a curiously impressive air. "What is there that I do not know?"

"I see. You still pretend, then, to the possession of magic powers?"

"Pretend!" Mankell laughed. He stretched out his hands in front of him with what seemed to be his favorite gesture, and laughed — in the face of the authorities.

"Suppose you give us an example of your powers?"

The suggestion came from the doctor. The major exploded.

"Don't talk stuff and nonsense! Give the man three days' bread and water. That is what he wants."

"You do not believe in magic, then?" Mankell turned to the major with his laughing eyes.

"What's it matter to you what I believe? You may take my word for it that I don't believe in impudent mountebanks like you."

The only reply Mankell gave was to raise his hand — if that might be called a reply — in the way we sometimes do when we call for silence, and there was silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon the prisoner. He looked each man in turn steadily in the face. Then, still serenely smiling, he gently murmured, "If you please."

There still was silence, but only for a moment. It was broken by Warden

Slater. That usually decorous officer tilted his cap to the back of his head, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets — hardly the regulation attitude in the presence of superiors.

"I should blooming well like to know what this means! 'Ere have I been in this 'ere jail eleven years, and I've never been accused before of letting men out of their night cells, let alone their beds and bedding, and I don't like it, so I tell you straight."

The chief warden turned with automatic suddenness towards the unexpectedly and unusually plain-spoken officer.

"Slater, you're a fool!"

"I'm not the only one in the place! There's more fools here besides me, and some of them bigger ones as well!"

While these compliments were being exchanged, the higher officials sat mutely looking on. When the chief warden seemed at a loss for an answer, the chaplain volunteered a remark. He addressed himself to Warden Slater.

"It's my opinion that the governor's a bigger fool than you are, and that the inspector's a still bigger fool than he is."

"And it's my belief, Mr. Hewett," observed the doctor, "that you're the biggest fool of all."

"It would serve him right," remarked the governor quietly, "if somebody were to knock him down."

"Knock him down! I should think it would — and kick him too!"

As he said this the major glared at the chaplain with threatening eyes.

There was silence again, broken by Warden Slater taking off his cap and then his tunic, which he folded up carefully and placed upon the floor, and then turning his shirt-sleeves up above his elbows, revealing as he did so a pair of really gigantic arms.

"If any man says I let them men out of the cells, I'm ready to fight that man, either for a gallon of beer or nothing. I don't care if it's the inspector, or who it is."

"I suspect," declared the chaplain, "that the inspector's too great a coward to take you on, but if he does I'm willing to back Slater for half-a-crown. I am even prepared to second him."

Putting his hands under his coat-tails, the chaplain looked up at the ceiling with a resolute air.

"If you do fight Slater, Hardinge, I should certainly commence by giving the chaplain a punch in the eye."

So saying, the governor leaned back in

his chair, and began drumming on the table with the tips of his fingers. The doctor rose from his seat. He gave the inspector a hearty slap upon the back.

"Give him beans!" he cried. "You ought to be able to knock an over-fed animal like Slater into the middle of next week before he's counted five."

"I've no quarrel with Slater," the inspector growled, "and I've no intention of fighting him; but as the chaplain seems to be so anxious for a row, I'll fight him with the greatest pleasure."

"If there's goin' to be any fighting," interposed the chief warden, "don't you think I'd better get a couple of sponges and a pail of water?"

"I don't know about the sponges," said the governor; "I don't fancy you will find any just at hand. But you might get a pail of water, I think."

The chief warden left the room.

"I'm not a fighting man," the chaplain announced; "and in any case, I should decline to soil my hands by touching such an ill-mannered ruffian as Major Hardinge."

"I say," exclaimed the doctor, "Hardinge, you're not going to stand that?"

The major sprang from his seat, tore off his coat, and flung it on to the ground with considerably less care than Warden Slater had done. He strode up to the chaplain.

"Beg my pardon, or take a licking!"

The major clenched his fists. He assumed an attitude which, if not exactly reminiscent of the pets of the fancy, was at least intended to be pugilistic. The chaplain did not flinch.

"You dare to lay a finger on me, you bullying blackguard."

The major did dare. He struck out, if not with considerable science, at any rate with considerable execution. The chaplain went down like a log. At that moment the chief warden entered the room. He had a pail of water in his hand. For some reason, which was not altogether plain, he threw its contents upon the chaplain as he lay upon the floor.

While these — considering the persons engaged — somewhat irregular proceedings had been taking place, Mankell remained motionless, his hand upraised, — still with that smile upon his face. Now he lowered his hand.

"Thank you very much," he said.

There was silence again, — a tolerably prolonged silence. While it lasted, a change seemed to be passing over the chief actors in the scene. They seemed to be awaking, with more or less rapidity,

to the fact that a certain incongruity characterized their actions and their language. There stood Warder Slater, apparently surprised and overwhelmed at the discovery that his hat and coat were off, and his shirt-sleeves tucked up above his elbows. The chief warder, with the empty pail in his hand, presented a really ludicrous picture of amazement. He seemed quite unable to realize the fact that he had thrown the contents over the chaplain. The inspector's surprise appeared to be no less on finding that, in his pugilistic ardor, he had torn off his coat, and knocked the chaplain down. The doctor, supporting him in the rear, seemed to be taken a little aback. The governor, smoothing his hair with his hand, seemed to be in a hopeless mist. It was the chaplain, who rose from the floor with his handkerchief to his nose, who brought it home to them that the scene which had just transpired had not been the grotesque imaginings of some waking dream.

"I call you to witness that Major Hardinge has struck me to the ground, and the chief warder has thrown on me a pail of water. What conduct may be expected from ignorant criminals when such is the behavior of those who are in charge of them, must be left for others to judge."

They looked at one another. Their feelings were momentarily too deep for words.

"I think," suggested the governor, with quavering intonation, "I think — that this man — had better — be taken away."

Warder Slater picked up his hat and coat, and left the room, Mankell walking quietly beside him. Mr. Murray followed after, seeming particularly anxious to conceal the presence of the pail. Mr. Hewett, still stanching the blood which flowed from his nose, fixed his eyes on the inspector.

"Major Hardinge, if, twenty-four hours after this, you are still an inspector of prisons, all England shall ring with your shame. Behind bureaucracy — above it — is the English press." The chaplain moved towards the door. On the threshold he paused. "As for the chief warder, I shall commence by indicting him for assault." He took another step, and paused again. "Nor shall I forget that the governor aided and abetted the inspector, and that the doctor egged him on."

Then the chaplain disappeared. His disappearance was followed by what might be described as an abject silence. The governor eyed his colleagues furtively. At last he stammered out a question.

"Well major, what do you think of this?"

The major sank into a chair, expressing his thoughts by a gasp. Mr. Paley turned his attention to the doctor.

"What do you say, doctor?"

"I say? — I say nothing."

"I suppose," murmured the major, in what seemed to be the ghost of his natural voice, "that I did knock him down?"

The doctor seemed to have something to say on that point, at any rate.

"Knock him down! — I should think you did! Like a log of wood!"

The major glanced at the governor. Mr. Paley shook his head. The major groaned. The governor began to be a little agitated.

"Something must be done. It is out of the question that such a scandal should be allowed to go out into the world. I do not hesitate to say that if the chaplain sends in to the commissioners the report which he threatens to send, the situation will be to the last degree unpleasant for all of us."

"The point is," observed the doctor, — "are we, collectively and individually, subject to periodical attacks of temporary insanity?"

"Speaking for myself, I should say certainly not."

Dr. Livermore turned on the governor.

"Then perhaps you will suggest a hypothesis which will reasonably account for what has just occurred." The governor was silent. "Unless you are prepared to seek for a cause in the regions of phenomena."

"Supposing," murmured the major, "there is such a thing as witchcraft after all?"

"We should have the Psychological Research Society down on us, if we had nobody else, if we appended our names to a confession of faith." The doctor thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat arm-holes. "And I should lose every patient I have."

There was a tapping at the door. In response to the governor's invitation, the chief warder entered. In general there was in Mr. Murray's bearing a not distant suggestion of an inflated bantam-cock or pouter-pigeon. It was curious to observe how anything in the shape of inflation was absent now. He touched his hat as he addressed the governor, — his honest, rubicund, somewhat pugnacious face, eloquent of the weight that was on his mind.

"Excuse me, sir. I said he was a witch."

"Your saying that he was a witch — or wizard," remarked the governor dryly,

"will not, I fear, be sufficient excuse, in the eyes of the commissioners, for your throwing a pail of water over the chaplain."

"But a man's not answerable for what he does when he's bewitched," persisted the chief warden, with characteristic sturdiness.

"It is exactly that reflection which has constrained me to return."

They looked up. There was the chaplain standing in the door—still with his handkerchief to his nose.

"Mr. Murray, you threw a pail of water over me. If you assert that you did it under the influence of witchcraft, I, who have myself been under a spell, am willing to excuse you."

"Mr. Hewett, sir, you yourself know I was bewitched."

"I do; as I believe it of myself. Murray, give me your hand." The chaplain and the chief warden solemnly shook hands. "There is an end of the matter as it concerns us two. Major Hardinge, do I understand you to assert that you too were under the influence of witchcraft?"

This was rather a delicate inquiry to address to the major. Apparently the major seemed to find it so.

"I don't know about witchcraft," he growled; "but I am prepared to take my oath in any court in England that I had no more intention of striking you than I had of striking the moon."

"That is sufficient, Major Hardinge. I forgive you from my heart. Perhaps you too will take my hand."

The major took it, — rather awkwardly, — much more awkwardly than the chief warden had done. When the chaplain relinquished it, he turned aside, and picking up his coat, began to put it on, — scarcely with that air of dignity which is proper to a prison inspector.

"I presume," continued Mr. Hewett, "that we all allow that what has occurred has been owing to the malign influence of the man Oliver Mankell?"

There was silence. Apparently they did not all allow it even yet; it *was* a pill to swallow.

"Hypnotism," muttered the doctor, half aside.

"Hypnotism! I believe that the word simply expresses some sort of mesmeric power — hardly a sufficient explanation in the present case."

"I would suggest, Major Hardinge," interposed the governor, "all theorizing aside, that the man be transferred to an-

other prison at the earliest possible moment."

"He shall be transferred to-morrow," affirmed the major. "If there is anything in Mr. Hewett's suggestion, the fellow shall have a chance to prove it—in some other jail. Oh, good Lord! Don't! He's killing me! Help—p!"

"Hardinge!" exclaimed the doctor; "what's the matter now?"

There seemed to be something the matter. The major had been delivering himself in his most pompously official manner. Suddenly he put his hands to the pit of his stomach, and began to cry out as if in an ecstasy of pain, his official manner altogether gone.

"He'll murder me! I know he will!"

"Murder you? Who?"

"Mankell."

"Oddly enough, I too was conscious of a very curious sensation."

As he said this, the governor wiped the cold dew of perspiration from his brow. He seemed unnaturally white. As he adjusted his spectacles, there was an odd tremulous appearance about his eyes.

"It was because you spoke of transferring him to some other jail." The chaplain's tone was solemn. "He dislikes the idea of being trifled with."

The major resented the suggestion.

"Trifled with? He seems uncommonly fond of trifling with other people. Confound the man! Oh—h!"

The major sprang from the floor with an exclamation which amounted to a positive yell. They looked each other in the face. Each man seemed a little paler than his wont.

"Something must be done," the governor gasped.

The chaplain made a proposition.

"I propose that we summon him into our presence, and inquire of him what he wishes us to do."

The proposition was not received with acclamation. They probably felt that a certain amount of complication might be expected to ensue if such inquiries began to be addressed to prisoners.

"I think I'll go my rounds," observed the doctor. "This matter scarcely concerns me. I wish you gentlemen well out of it."

He reached out his hand to take his hat, which he had placed upon a chair. As he did so, the hat disappeared, and a small brown terrier dog appeared in its place. The dog barked viciously at the outstretched hand. The doctor started back just in time to escape its teeth. The

dog disappeared — there was the hat again. The appearance was but momentary, but it was none the less suggestive on that account. The doctor seemed particularly affected.

"We must have all been drinking, if we are taking to seeing things," he cried.

"I think," suggested the chaplain, almost in a whisper, "that we had better inquire what it is he wishes us to do." There was silence. "We — we have all clear consciences. There — there is no reason why we should be afraid."

"We're — we're not afraid," gasped the governor. "I — I don't think you are entitled to infer such a thing."

The major stammeringly supported him.

"Of — of course we — we're not afraid. The — the idea is preposterously absurd."

"Still," said the doctor, "a man doesn't care to have hanky-panky tricks played with a man's top hat."

There was a pause — of considerable duration. It was again broken by the chaplain.

"Don't you think, Mr. Paley, that we had better send for this man?" Apparently Mr. Paley did.

"Murray," he said, "go and see that he is sent here."

Mr. Murray went, not too willingly — still he went.

IV.

OLIVER MANKELL was again in the charge of Warder Slater. Warder Slater looked very queer indeed, — he actually seemed to have lost in bulk. The same phenomenon was observable in the chief warder, who followed close upon the prisoner's heels.

Mankell seemed, as ever, completely at his ease. There was again a suspicion of a smile in his eyes and about the corners of his lips. His bearing was in striking contrast to that of the officials. His self-possession in the presence of their evident uneasiness gave him the appearance, in a sense, of being a giant among pigmies; yet the major, at least, was in every way a bigger man than he was. There was silence as he entered, a continuation of that silence which had prevailed until he came. The governor fumbled with a paper-knife which was in front of him. The inspector, leaning forward in his chair, seemed engrossed by his boots. The doctor kept glancing, perhaps unconsciously, at his hat. The chaplain, though conspicuously

uneasy, seemed to have his wits about him most. It was he who, temporarily usurping the governor's functions, addressed the prisoner.

"Your name is Oliver Mankell?" The prisoner merely smiled. "You are sentenced to three months' hard labor?" The prisoner smiled again. "For — for pretending to tell fortunes?" The smile became pronounced. The chaplain cleared his throat. "Oliver Mankell, I am a clergyman. I know that there are such things as good and evil. I know that, for causes which are hidden from me, the Almighty may permit evil to take visible shape and walk abroad upon the earth; but I also know that, though evil may destroy my body, it cannot destroy my soul."

The chaplain pulled up. His words and manner, though evidently sincere, were not particularly impressive. While they evidently had the effect of increasing his colleagues' uneasiness, they only had the effect of enlarging the prisoner's smile. When he was about to continue the governor interposed.

"I think, Mr. Hewett, if you will permit me. Mankell, I am not a clergyman." The prisoner's smile almost degenerated into a grin. "I have sent for you, for the second time this morning, to ask you frankly if you have any reason to complain of your treatment here?" The prisoner stretched out his hands with his familiar gesture. "Have you any complaint to make? Is there anything, within the range of the prison rules, you would wish me to do for you?" Again the hands went out. "Then tell me, quite candidly, what is the cause of your behavior?"

When the governor ceased, the prisoner seemed to be resolving in his mind what answer he should make. Then, inclining his head with that almost saturnine grace, if one may coin a phrase, which seemed to accompany every movement he made, —

"Sir, what have I done?" he asked.

"Eh — eh — we — we won't dwell upon that. The — the question is, What did you do it for?"

"It is perhaps within your recollection, sir, that I have my reputation to redeem, my character to reinstate."

"Your character? What do you mean?"

"In the first interview with which you favored me, I ventured to observe that it would be my endeavor, during my sojourn within these walls, to act upon the advice the magistrate tendered me."

"What" — the governor rather faltered — "what advice was that?"

"He said I claimed to be a magician. He advised me, for my character's sake, to prove it during my sojourn here."

"I see. And—and you're trying to prove it—for your character's sake?"

"For my character's sake! But I am but beginning, you perceive."

"Oh, you're but beginning! You call this but beginning, do you? May I ask if you have any intention of going on?"

"Oh, sir, I have still nearly the whole three months in front of me! Until my term expires I shall go on, with gathering strength, unto the end."

As he said this Mankell drew himself up in such a way that it almost seemed as though some inches were added to his stature.

"You will, will you? Well, you seem to be a pleasant kind of man!" The criticism seemed to have been extracted from the governor almost against his will. He looked round upon his colleagues with what could only be described as a ghastly grin. "Have you any objection, Mankell, to being transferred to another prison?"

"Sir!" the prisoner's voice rang out, and his hearers started—perceptibly. Perhaps that was because their nerves were already so disorganized. "It is here I was sent, it is here I must remain—until the end."

The governor took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"I am bound to tell you, Mankell, judging from the experiences of the last two days, if this sort of thing is to continue—with gathering strength!—the end will not be long."

The prisoner seemed lost in reflection. The officials seemed lost in reflection too; but their reflections were probably of a different kind.

"There is one suggestion I might offer."

"Let's have it by all means. We have reached a point at which we shall be glad to receive any suggestion—from you."

"You might give me a testimonial."

"Give you what?"

"You might give me a testimonial."

The governor looked at the prisoner, then at his friends.

"A testimonial! Might we, indeed! What sort of testimonial do you allude to?"

"You might testify that I had regained my reputation, redeemed my character,—that I had proved to your entire satisfaction that I was the magician I claimed to be."

The governor leaned back in his seat.

"Your suggestion has at least the force

of novelty. I should like to search the registers of remarkable cases, to know if such an application has ever been made to the governor of an English jail before. What do you say, Hardinge?"

The major shuffled in his chair.

"I—I think I must return to town."

The prisoner smiled. The major winced.

"That—that fellow's pinned me to my chair," he gasped. He appeared to be making futile efforts to rise from his seat.

"You cannot return to town. Dismiss the idea from your mind."

The major only groaned. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. The governor looked up from the paper-knife with which he was again trifling.

"Am I to understand that the testimonial is to take the shape of a voluntary offering?"

"Oh, sir! Of what value is a testimonial which is not voluntary?"

"Quite so. How do you suggest it should be worded?"

"May I ask you for paper, pens, and ink?"

The prisoner bent over the table and wrote on the paper which was handed him. What he had written he passed to the governor. Mr. Paley found inscribed, in a beautifully fair round hand, as clear as copperplate, the following "testimonial":—

"The undersigned persons present their compliments to Colonel Gregory. Oliver Mankell, sentenced by Colonel Gregory to three months' hard labor, has been in Canterstone Jail two days. That short space of time has, however, convinced them that Colonel Gregory acted wrongly in distrusting his magic powers, and so casting a stain upon his character. This is to testify that he has proved, to the entire satisfaction of the undersigned inspector of prisons and officials of Canterstone Jail, that he is a magician of quite the highest class."

"The signatures of all those present should be placed at the bottom," observed the prisoner, as the governor was reading the "testimonial."

Apparently at a loss for words with which to comment upon the paper he had read, the governor handed it to the inspector. The major shrunk from taking it.

"I—I'd rather not," he mumbled.

"I think you'd better read it," said the governor. Thus urged, the major did read it.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, and passed it to the doctor.

The doctor silently, having read it, passed it to the chaplain.

"I will read it aloud," said Mr. Hewett. He did so — for the benefit, probably, of Slater and Mr. Murray.

"Supposing we were to sign that document, what would you propose to do with it?" inquired the governor.

"I should convey it to Colonel Gregory."

"Indeed! In that case he would have as high an opinion of our characters as of yours. And yourself, — what sort of action might we expect from you?"

"I should go."

The governor's jaw dropped.

"Go? Oh, would you!"

"My character regained, for what have I to stop?"

"Exactly. What have you? There's that point of view, no doubt. Well, Mankell, we will think the matter over."

The prisoner dropped his hands to his sides, looking the governor steadily in the face.

"Sir, I conceive that answer to convey a negative. The proposition thus refused will not be made again. It only remains for me to continue earnestly my endeavors to retrieve my character — until the three months are at an end."

The chaplain was holding the testimonial loosely between his finger and thumb. Stretching out his arm, Mankell pointed at it with his hand. It was immediately in flames. The chaplain releasing it, it was consumed to ashes before it reached the floor. Returning to face the governor again, the prisoner laid his right hand, palm downwards, on the table: "Spirits of the air, in whose presence I now stand, I ask you if I am not justified in whatever I may do?"

His voice was very musical. His upturned eyes seemed to pierce through the ceiling to what there was beyond. The room grew darker. There was a rumbling in the air. The ground began to shake. The chaplain, who was caressing the hand which had been scorched by the flames, burst out with what was for him a passionate appeal, —

"Mr. Mankell, you are over hasty. I was about to explain that I should esteem it quite an honor to sign your testimonial."

"So should I — upon my soul, I should!" declared the major.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige you, Mr. Mankell," stammered the chief warder.

"Same 'ere!" cried Warder Slater.

"You really are too rapid in arriving at

conclusions, Mr. Mankell," remarked the governor. "I do beg you will not suppose there was any negative intention."

The darkness, the rumbling, and the shaking ceased as suddenly as they began. The prisoner smiled.

"Perhaps I was too hasty," he confessed. "It is an error which can easily be rectified."

He raised his hand. A piece of paper fluttered from the ceiling. It fell upon the table. It was the testimonial.

"Your signature, Major Hardinge, should head the list."

"I — I — I'd rather somebody else signed first."

"That would never do; it is for you to lead the van. You are free to leave your seat."

The major left his seat, apparently not rejoicing in his freedom. He wrote "William Hardinge" in great sprawling characters.

"Add 'Inspector of Prisons.'"

The major added "Inspector of Prisons," with a very rueful countenance.

"Mr. Paley, it is your turn."

Mr. Paley took his turn, with a really tolerable imitation of being both ready and willing. Acting on the hint which had been given the major, he added "Governor" of his own accord.

"Now, doctor, it is you."

The doctor thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets. "I'll sign, if you'll tell me how it is done."

"Tell you how it is done? How what is done?"

"How you do that hanky-panky, of course."

"Hanky-panky!" The prisoner drew himself straight up. "Is it possible that you suspect me of hanky-panky? Yes, sir, I will show you how it's done. If you wish it, you shall be torn asunder where you stand."

"Thank you, — you needn't trouble. I'll sign."

He signed. When the chaplain had signed, he shook his head and sighed.

"I always placed a literal interpretation on the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel. It is singular how my faith is justified!"

The chief warder placed his spectacles upon his nose, where they seemed uneasy, and made quite a business of signing. And such was Warder Slater's agitation, that he could scarcely sign at all. But at last the "testimonial" was complete. The prisoner smiled as he carefully folded it in two.

"I will convey it to Colonel Gregory," he said. "It is a gratification to me to have been able to retrieve my character in so short a space of time."

They watched him — a little spell-bound, perhaps; and as they watched him, even before their eyes — behold, he was gone!

RICHARD MARSH.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A VISIT TO A GREAT ESTATE.

I BELIEVE that Norway is generally regarded as being the country, *par excellence*, of small proprietors, and that it is about the last place where most people would think of looking for a great estate; that is to say, a freehold estate of immense extent, on which all the residents are tenants of the owner; for I do not use the term "great" in relation to productiveness or revenue, but merely to size. And yet there in that kingdom territorial holdings as extensive as any to be found elsewhere in Europe, with titles of considerable antiquity transmitted through families which, although powerful and wealthy under the old Danish rule, have in many cases become extinct and forgotten. To such an estate, the subject of several vicissitudes, I had the good fortune to pay a visit last year. I say the good fortune, because it proved to be a region of exceptionally fine and occasionally magnificent scenery, never commonplace, and of great variety; with solemn, sequestered vales brightened here and there by homestead and clearing, and gleams of purely pastoral life; with vast, utterly desolate tracts of forest and ffield; grand mountain masses, snowfields, and glaciers; noble rivers and sheets of water; in short, with all physical features to delight the eye of a lover of nature and a sportsman. It had the charm, moreover, of being all but unknown to compatriots who might claim to be either the one or the other, and altogether so to the tourist pure and simple. During my visit I considered myself as the representative of all three classes, and as such I propose to give a sketch of my tripartite experiences.

The one character which I must decline to assume is that of the genuine explorer. I am obliged to make this apparently superfluous statement in consequence of some very misleading paragraphs which appeared last summer in some of the daily and weekly papers, representing that I and my companion, Mr. J. Y. Sargent, were engaged in an official exploration of a por-

tion of Norway which, after depopulation by the "black death" or plague, had relapsed for a great number of years into an wholly uninhabited and forgotten wilderness, tenanted only by game and wild beasts, and had been bought by a company that had little or no knowledge of its interior or capabilities. These paragraphs found their way into the Norwegian press; were copied, not without sarcastic editorial comment, into the minor local journals that somehow contrive to penetrate to the remotest corners of the most secluded glens, and confronted us in all their absurdity in the comfortable dwellings of the extinct population, as well as in the luxurious villa-hotels of the company whose foremost pioneers we were represented to be!

I feel sure that the sympathetic reader who realizes the awkward comicality of this position will pardon at the outset my digressive repudiation of the idea that we claimed to be a couple of Scandinavian Stanleys. But although the notion of serious exploration and discovery in northern Europe is nowadays absurd, I take it that some interest attaches to any portion of the earth's surface where it is possible to meet a middle-aged or elderly person who has never seen an Englishman before; and such a person, a respectable female peasant, whose character for veracity has never, to my knowledge, been impeached, did I meet, as shall be duly recorded in its place, on the shores of the great lake, Rös vand.

I must formally introduce the scene of our holiday ramble. The so-called Vefsen estate of the North of Europe Land Company is a tract of country lying between latitudes 65° and 66°, the lines of which just contain it. Its lower boundary almost coincides with that of the "amt" or province of Nordland; its northernmost point is about thirty English miles short of the Arctic circle. At its widest, the southern portion stretches from the mountain frontier line of Sweden to within a moderate distance of the extremity of the narrow fjords on the coast. It embraces the heart of the romantic district of Helgeland, the Halogaland of very ancient history, home of giants, witches, vikings, and heroes of great renown in their day, but whose doings, fabulous and otherwise, do not for the present concern us, and are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of Norway? For obvious reasons these good people preferred to live as near the seaboard as possible, and up-country one meets with few traces of their remote ex-

istence. The area of this property is, roughly speaking, some two thousand square miles, or say, thirteen hundred thousand acres. It lies in the parishes of Vefsen and Hatfjelddal, and the bailiwicks of northern and southern Helgeland. I have found it strangely difficult to obtain information about its early modern history. There seems to be no doubt as to its having been inhabited by a race of ordinary mortals before the appearance of the "Sorteddød" or black death in Norway, and that by that dreadful pestilence it was quite depopulated — all the inhabitants perished or fled. But at the commencement of the eighteenth century settlers, probably the descendants of the survivors, began to return, until the land was again sparsely inhabited. How or why or at what exact date this enormous region became private freehold property, I have, despite many inquiries, failed as yet to ascertain, but still hope to solve the interesting mystery; it was probably, like other great Nordland estates, a grant from the crown, under the Danish rule. I have, however, been informed that in 1865 it was purchased by a syndicate from the representative of the family which had then obtained possession of it. With its immense forests, it must have been originally a valuable property, and for many years undoubtedly yielded an enormous supply of timber, floated down to the port of Mosjøen on the Vefsen Fjord. The decaying lumber-dams which the wanderer finds at the head of every mountain stream and the outlet of every lake, and the moss-grown stumps of the great pine-trees, are now the sole remaining evidences of this period, for the kindly birch has sprung up luxuriantly and concealed the ravages of the axe, and but for these few signs the existing woodlands, dense, silent, and universal, might well be accepted as the primeval growth. So rapid and complete has been the repair of nature and of time.

The substitution of birchen for pine forest must have radically altered the whole aspect of the country, and the exchange has probably worked greatly to the advantage of the scenery. The pine, of course, still exists, and in the lapse of years may in some measure reassert its sway, but for the present "the lady of the woods" is dominant. Now there is a certain majesty about an unbroken pine forest, but it is apt to become monotonous and gloomy; whereas a rolling woodland of birch, with pine interspersed here and there, imparts to scenery like that of Vef-

sen a peculiar tenderness, which the noble backgrounds of crag and snow and stern moorland prevent from degenerating into tameness. Moreover, there is no tree of northern climes that margins water so beautifully as the birch, with its delicate, pendant verdure and pearly stem; and when the sere foliage burns before death into all the hues of a golden sunset, the beauty, in reality and reflection, becomes a double splendor.

When there was no longer any pine timber to cut, and mining operations had proved a failure, the property was again dealt with more than once, and passed eventually into the hands of the present North of Europe Land Company, which has built in admirably chosen positions two villa-hotels, those of Svenningdal and Fjeldbækmo, and made nearly up to the former an excellent road, a branch one to the single government highway that winds across the centre of the estate, and connects Mosjøen on the coast with the inland village, church, and post-office of Hatfjelddal. This highway was not completed, I believe, until past the middle of the present century. Up to that time the inhabitants were, or had to be, content with bridle-paths or rough cart-tracks as lines of communication. The lateral valleys still possess only these aboriginal thoroughfares, and the great lake, Røsvand, the glory of Helgeland, is approachable only by mere trails through the forest or across the fjeld.

I was nearly heading this article Røsvand. That magnificent lake, within little more than a week's continuous travel from England, in the heart of tourist-beridden Norway, and yet fenced off to this day from the outer world by its belt of wilderness; sustaining on its banks a scanty tribe of primitive settlers, beyond the bounds of the penny or twopenny-half-penny post; with its waters full of fish, with its birch-copses and hillsides affording just the sport which most delights me as a "wild shooter" — that lake, I say, so fascinated me that I should like to write of nothing else. But if my heart be really there, justice and gratitude demand that I should not altogether pass over the attractions, and they were many, of the more easily accessible and more civilized localities which we visited. Let me, by the way, first explain how you reach the Vefsen estate. Two days after leaving Trondhjem the northward-bound steamer lands one at the pleasant and picturesque townlet of Mosjøen, on the Vefsen Fjord, where the great clear-green salmon river of that

name comes rolling to the sea. From Mosjøen it is a very long day's carriage drive through fine scenery to the boat-house at the foot of the lowest Svenningdal lake. There the private branch road ends, and thence by boat or a pathway along the banks one can arrive in an hour at the new "villa." As the houses have this "style" in the company's map, I have retained it throughout the article, despite its cockney and suburban sound.

But as we had with us two carts full of stores and baggage, including a tent and beds, we halted for the night at the station of Felling Fos, and the next morning inspected the recently constructed salmon-ladder, one of the three whereby it is hoped that the fish will eventually find their way to the upper waters in sufficient numbers to constitute a real fishery. For between this point and the sea considerable waterfalls have thrice to be surmounted. From Felling Fos to the boundary of the estate is a short mile, including the passage of the broad, deep Susen River which comes down from the interior to join the Vefsen, by a ferry-boat swinging on a rope stretched from bank to bank. At the pleasant farm of Bogffjeldmo, just beyond the ferry and above all the ladders, the company is constructing an artificial breeding-place for salmon. Time only can prove the success of these experiments. Here comfortable quarters can be obtained, and the capture of any number of small trout with the fly, and the chance of a few bigger ones with spoon or minnow, may serve as amusement for a day or two.

It would be perhaps difficult to find in all Scotland, that land of pleasant sporting quarters, a box or lodge more beautifully situated than Svenningdal Villa, on a rise just above the dam which divides the upper and lower lakes of that name; and certainly nowhere in Scotland could be found anything to equal the range of snow-clad fjelds which face it on the opposite side of the lake. From the summit of the neighboring hills it is the only human habitation visible, and on approaching one is truly astonished to find this charming house, contrary to all one's experience, in the midst of a Norwegian wilderness. In my rôle as a lover of nature I could be enthusiastic over the grand views from the broad balcony, or rather wooden terrace, which runs round the building, and the glorious effects of changing light among the mountains and on the lake, especially during the bright calm of a Norwegian summer night. Under these changes and by reason of the excessively

pellucid atmosphere, distant spots would suddenly reveal themselves in the recesses of the hills with startling clearness and beauty, and make one long for wings to fly to them. I remember in particular one far-off snow-field traversed by a thin, serpentine ridge of dark rock showing like a black pencil mark across a sheet of white paper, and on that ridge at a certain witching hour every evening I earnestly desired to be; and yet, as my friends sagely urged, could my desire have been realized on the instant, I should have been extremely uncomfortable, and wished myself back again with even greater fervor. This will, however, illustrate the insane yearnings which the spirit of the Northland may excite even in an elderly tourist. For I may not forget that I had also this character to sustain. Perhaps the reader in his innocence may imagine that to support my self-imposed triple personification was mere child's play. I can assure him solemnly to the contrary. The throes of one poor soul under the influence of threefold antagonistic promptings are no trifle. "Take thine ease on this mossy bank," would whisper the Admirer within me; "smoke thy pipe in the sun, and worship the beauty of nature. Mark the dimple of the rising fish and the silver wake of the wild fowl on the dark reflections of the lake; rest and be happy." And then would come the stern internal retort of the Sportsman: "Admire nothing! Up, and be doing; trudge with rod and creel to the distant mountain-tarn, scale yonder grey crag to the home of the ptarmigan, track the elk laboriously through yonder forest." And to them the Tourist: "Peace, both of ye; my good sir, take my advice, let Peter row you up the lake to see the waterfall, forget not lunch and a sketch-book, and be sure to return in good time for dinner." And it fell out that each of the trio had their way with me in turn. The Tourist revelled in the timber-halls of Svenningdal. The establishment was in working order; it was beginning to feel its way as a holiday resort. There had actually been visitors before us, including ladies, that summer. There were at least a couple more during our stay, but both in a somewhat official capacity as inspectors of telegraphs. Mr. Dahl, H.B.M.'s vice-consul, the courteous and hospitable agent of the company, came up from Mosjøen with his daughter. A resident house-keeper and cook supplied us with dainty meals at fixed hours; we filled the flowing bowl as often as we pleased; boats and boatmen were at our beck and call. Nor

were there lacking other luxuries and requirements of civilized life, and all this in the heart of Helgeland! Shades of grim, old heroes! Of Eyvind Skaldespiller, Björgulf, and Kveldulfson! what thought ye of these doings in your ancient realm? of hip-baths, a billiard-table, the telephone, and a visitors' book?

But it is high time that the Sportsman had an innings. It would give me great satisfaction to learn that the vast extent of attractive water above the ladders had become well stocked with salmon, but as I have already suggested, time alone can prove the success of the company's experiments. Meanwhile the trout-fishing in the Svenningdal lakes, in their short, connecting streams, and for a considerable distance down the river below the boat-house, is excellent, above the standard of most waters in other lands. After many years' experience of Scandinavian trout-fishing, one is rather apt to become fastidious, to form exalted notions of what it ought always to be, and to underrate that which fills novices in Norway with surprise and delight. But I think that any trout fisher, even with a tendency to be *blasé*, would be well satisfied with the sport to be obtained amid the beautiful surroundings of Svenningdal.

The lakes and rivers are full of fish, which vary in weight—I am here speaking of our own experience with the fly—from half a pound and under to two pounds and over, a good proportion of those we took inclining to the larger size. The river, especially where it issues from the lowest lake, is for some distance down the pattern of a trout stream. I find, from my diary, that on July 12th we fished by boat down the two lower lakes, and waded half a mile of the final river with the result of sixty-nine trout weighing forty pounds. This is a fair sample of the sport, but owing to the earliness of the 1889 season in Norway, we were too late for the cream of the fishing. The boatman told me that a previous visitor in June, a fortnight before our arrival, had taken one morning twenty-three trout with the fly at the extreme upper end of the lake, where the stream from Kjærringvand enters it, all as big as or bigger than our largest. This would represent an average of not less than two pounds. The Svenningdal trout are as brilliant, as game, as pink in flesh, and as delicious to eat as those of my Swedish fishery, and I cannot say more. One is apt to lower the average by keeping too many plump half-pounders. There are certainly much heavier fish in the

lakes than any I have mentioned, which might be taken by spinning; but as long as decent sport can be obtained with the fly, neither I nor my friend much care to use any other lure.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that in a region such as I am describing, there are to be found in every direction mountain lakelets and streams, and that an expedition to these lonely waters is always productive of great enjoyment, if sometimes of little sport. I believe that by permission of and arrangement with the company, any one with a taste for this kind of healthy recreation, might pass several summer weeks very pleasantly at Svenningdal, which is, taking it altogether, one of the most attractive spots I have seen. I do not think that I am violating any confidence in stating that it is the present design of the proprietors to mark out, and, if possible, obtain tenants for sporting tracts, which shall include both fishing and shooting, and that meanwhile arrangements are being made to receive a limited number of visitors on application, at a fixed charge per day.

I have space for a sketch of one only of our various expeditions from Svenningdal, that to the source of the Holmvas River, which comes in a broad stream of greenish water down a narrow dale parallel to the lakes, and separated from them by a single ridge. It issues from a tarn which lies far away under the snow-capped fjelds of the southern horizon. Our party consisted of four, Mr. Dahl, my friends Sargent and Wingfield, both of whom I have introduced to the reader in previous articles, and myself, besides the driver of a hay-sleigh, on which were packed our rods and tackle and some provisions, both solid and liquid. The runners of such a vehicle will pass over ground of almost any kind, however rough. A light boat had been sent up by the same means some days before. The distance proved to be really too great for a single day's trout-fishing; nearly eight hours, including the row from the house to the end of the lake, were consumed in going and returning. We started before 7 A.M., and did not get home again until the small hours of the next morning. Directly after leaving the boat we struck up the hillside to gain the level of the river above its waterfall. In turning aside to see the latter, I became separated from my companions until we were close upon Holmvas, the tarn to which we were bound. With the thunder of the fall in my ears, I had nevertheless considerable difficulty in finding the terrible

black chasm, about a hundred feet in depth, into which the river plunges, so narrow was the abyss, so encompassed by overhanging rocks, so shrouded in thickets of birch. To obtain a complete view of the fall seemed impossible. The body of water was large, and in any country except Norway it would be considered a "lion;" it may, indeed, yet do duty as one. I then followed for about four miles the glen through which the now placid river ran over a stretch of nearly flat natural mountain meadow, flanked on either hand by steep hillsides, the one wooded, the other barren and running up to splintered crags. More delightful walking, more fascinating scenery of its kind cannot be imagined. The sky was blue, the sun shone warmly, the river, broken now and then by a gentle cascade, glanced and gurgled between its fringes of willow and alder, and I had the whole place to myself. The Admirer was for awhile master of the situation. But a covey of well-grown willow-grouse, springing from a patch of brushwood, brought the Sportsman up like a Jack-in-the-box, and under the influence of a second covey at no great distance, and the track of a big bull elk which had crossed the valley, he got the better of his rival. His victory was complete when, in climbing the hillside to obtain, if possible, a view of the tarn, I came upon a young elk, a three-year-old bull, feeding away from me in a grove of birch, and got within forty yards before he heard me and made off. And now from the quantity of spoor, which included that of cows and calves, I became aware that this secluded glen was the constant resort of several elk. Half an hour afterwards I again saw a young bull staring at me from the opposite side of a ravine. In the ravine itself I found the fresh signs of a bear. At this point the Admirer collapsed altogether, and did not revive for some hours. I may observe that the Tourist was nowhere during the whole day.

Arrived at the open fjeld and within sight of the tarn, I sat down by a tempting spring to refresh myself with whiskey and water, and to watch with the glass the gyrations of a pair of eagles round a lofty crag, where they probably had their nest and young. Here I was hailed by Wingfield, who appeared on the sky-line behind me, and together we descended the last slope and arrived at the tarn, where we were soon joined by the rest of the party. The lie of Holmvand, in a hollow beneath wild, snow-patched fjelds, and bordered

by pleasant green knolls and birch copses, is very striking. I did not see any place where I would sooner camp for a week, to give the lake and the river which issues from it a fair trial, or to explore the neighborhood for game. Having made bold to suggest to Mr. Dahl that, considering the beauty of the place and the distance from Svenningdal, some kind of refuge for the sportsman was a desideratum, I have since been glad to learn that he contemplated erecting a wooden hut on its banks. The mosquitoes in the evening were very troublesome. Near snow they always are; and although after some years' experience one becomes inoculated by their venom and almost callous to their attacks, still, I think that to sleep out at Holmvand without shelter of any kind would have been somewhat of a trial.

The lake is said to contain very large trout, an inspector of telegraphs having reported his capture, whilst there encamped, of a thirteen-pounds fish, and of others of unusual size taken with the worm. We were not so fortunate. During a long and patient trial in the lake with spinning-bait and fly, we had not a single run or rise. The day was bright and hot, and owing to the long distance from Svenningdal we were not able to try either the morning or evening fishing, or we might have done better. We then fished very carefully some likely water in the river, a beautiful stream, where, had there been any ordinary brown trout, I think they must have risen, but still without success. In the end we were on the point of giving it up, when I detected an almost invisible rise just where the current leaves the lake, and casting over it caught a trout of a pound, and shortly after another half a pound heavier. The brace, which represented all our sport, proved at least the existence of fish, and moreover of fish of a very remarkable character. They were perfectly silvery, without any spots; had I not known it to be impossible, I should have pronounced them at the first sight to be sea-trout. I regret extremely that we were not able to pay another visit to Holmvand. With favorable weather it is likely that good sport might be obtained amongst a certainly uncommon class of trout, and a few days spent there would be in many ways enjoyable. As it was, we lighted a fire and cooked our dinner; and the Admirer finding the Sportsman more or less of a failure, began to pluck up spirit again. During the meal, a second slice of avalanche fell from a huge mass of snow that had collected in the hollow of one of the

surrounding crags. The first instalment, of much greater size, had startled me with its sudden roar, like that of thunder, during my walk up the glen. It seemed incredible that the white, soft-looking masses could produce such portentous sound by merely slipping and rolling over each other; but they probably represented a weight of some thousands of tons.

"Only two small trout!" exclaims the reader. Well, I confess that it seems a poor result after so long a story; but then that is not the way in which I myself reckon the total of the day. I do it in this fashion: grand scenery, glorious weather, delightful walk; one waterfall, one avalanche, two elk, a brace of eagles, a score of ryper, and two small trout (I omit the innumerable sundries). The last item forms the positive or material, the remainder the ideal or spiritual bag; and believe me, had the one been twentyfold bigger, in memory and interest it would scarcely endure as long as the other. And if, as may well be, there are some who do not incline to this way of thinking, I would respectfully counsel them to avoid forever all wild, out-of-the-way, and unprofitable regions, and stick to the cut-and-dried sport and guaranteed totals of their native land.

Satiated with the luxurious ease of Svenningdal, broken only by such outings as that just described, we engaged for our complex baggage two carts and horses by the day for an indefinite time, and started for Rös vand. Our first stage, however, was not a long one. We drove to the other villa, Fjeldbækmo, pleasantly situated by the side of the government road and on the bank of the Susen River, which flows below it through a deep, rocky, and somewhat gloomy gorge. There was no one resident in the house, but Mr. Dahl entrusted us with the keys, including those of the store-room and cellar, and we helped ourselves. The principal occupation of Fjeldbækmo itself we found to be the chase of the wild strawberry; the river, in default of a boat, being impossible to the angler, who cannot make his way at any point for twenty yards along the bank or reach the water. It contains a certain number of good-sized trout. Never in my life have I seen such an incredible profusion of delicious little fruit as on the warm, rocky banks behind Fjeldbækmo. The ground, in places, was red with them; one had to eat away a clear space before settling down to gorge at ease, and for miles even along the roadside, up to a certain level, the ruddy line

of berries was conspicuous, as also was the greediness of the Tourist, who came to the front for the last time during our stay in Vefsen. Here, to our regret, we parted with Colonel Wingfield, who returned to Mosjöen to catch the steamer. The same evening I was surprised in the kitchen over my cooking by Mr. Dahl at the head of a merry party, which accompanied us next day for some distance on our renewed journey towards Rös vand. From Fjeldbækmo the main road is one long ascent to the farm of Gryteselv, lying in a cheerful, sunny clearing of considerable extent, surrounded by a wild and beautiful country. I regret that we had not time to halt here and wander about the neighborhood. The farm, in which a single room is available, lies at a high elevation, and the air is magnificent. The woods are fairly open, and at the time of our visit were ablaze with flowers. It was a treat to emerge from the rather gloomy lower gorges into this region of pleasant upland meadows "zoned with airy morn." At this point the driving road trends away to Hatfjelddal, and we had to trust to our legs and the fjeld trail to reach Rös vand, accompanied, of course, by our carts. On the crest of the fjeld plateau, about a couple of uphill miles beyond Gryteselv, there is a low, isolated, conical hill known as Nabben, which, from its peculiar position, commands a most glorious and extensive view, one of the finest I ever beheld. No writing can do justice to it; a panorama so vast and so varied cannot be described. North, south, east, and west, all the salient features of this magnificent region are visible at once; the mighty bulk of the highest fjeld, crowned with snow and wildernesses of shattered crag, the prominent mountain peaks; the lower zone of rolling, park-like plateau, the long, silent glens with their gleaming rivers and lakes, the green swells of the birch forest. And yet even from this commanding point the eye, travelling to the phantom outlines of the horizon, could not pass the boundaries of this great estate. But we, like the dictator at the battle of the Lake Regillus, "North looked we long and hard," for there, spread out in a solemn sheet of mysterious grey, lay the inland sea of Rös vand, the goal of our summer wanderings, backed by the shadowy peaks and glaciers of the Öxtinder. When our carts appeared, crawling round the base of the hill, we said good-bye to the kind friends who had come with us thus far, set our faces towards the north, and for the first time since leaving

England felt that pleasant sense of being "really off at last" which is experienced, as a rule, only where thoroughfares end. Mr. Dahl would, I think, had his engagements permitted, have gladly gone with us, for, despite his many years' acquaintance with the estate, he had never yet set foot on the shores of the great lake.

After about four hours' march, through a continuous natural park, sprinkled with clumps and copses of birch and willow, and well watered by tarn and brook, we reached Sjaavik, a farm on the banks of Rössvand, without adventure or mishap beyond the temporary engulfment of one of the horses in a treacherous black bog, and the harrowing apparition of a thin amber stream trickling from the rear of the cart which was crashing with our case of bottled beer among the boulders of a mountain brook. We were immediately put in sole possession of a small house, containing two rooms and a kitchen, which the farmer, forewarned by messenger of our descent upon his peaceful home, had caused to be vacated in our favor. As I shall not have space for more than a sketch of Rössvand, I may as well state at once that in this house, with plenty of stores and our own camp beds, we managed to make ourselves very comfortable for ten days, during which we explored the neighborhood and — having secured a boat just of the right size and positively watertight, rarely the case in Norway — the division of the lake that lies to the south of the large island of Holmen; this division is in itself a fine sheet of water.

I have never seen a lake with more engaging shores. They are everywhere indented by innumerable small bays and inlets, the original haunts, I believe, of the genius of picnic; whichever of these you enter, it seems to be the best place in the world for his votaries, whichever way the wind may blow, shelter is always procurable owing to the remarkable formation of the low promontories and headlands, faced with narrow, many-colored bands of stratification and capped with verdure. The miniature beaches are composed of water-rolled blocks and pebbles of every species of rock, in infinite variety of hue and texture, probably the result of glacial drift. The brilliantly toned granites and tinted quartzes are especially remarkable. As a background to this delicate detail one has first the strip of green birchen woodland, then the broken color of the bare, sloping field, and above all the detached groups of grey, rocky mountains, seamed and crested with snow. Rössvand is es-

entially a char lake. We did not ourselves see a single trout in it, and the farmers deposed to their taking but few in their nets, but those of good size, running to six or eight pounds. It has always been my experience that in the high-level lakes of Swedish Jemtland the char cease to bite freely after the first fortnight in July, and this appears to be also the case in Rössvand. Our sport was consequently indifferent; only by trailing with the fly could we take a few and lose three times the number when hooked from their biting short. But this does not militate against the fact that the lake swarms with char; they are taken plentifully in the nets of each farm on its banks; true, these farms are but few and far between, but the ubiquitous captures prove how thoroughly the waters are stocked. So large a fishery cannot in any case be fairly explored or tested in a single visit. Our object was to gain as much information as possible about sport generally, and with this view we always took my old setter, Belle, with us in the boat, and gave her a run whenever we put to land. She seldom failed to find a covey of skov-ryper within a short distance of the lake, generally on the skirts of the natural, willow-fringed meadows characteristic of Scandinavian woodlands. Owing to the early season the young birds were already full-grown and flew like old ones, but extra conscientiousness induced us to spare them even in this out-of-the-way region because the season had not legally commenced; had we broken the law I think the farmers would have condoned the offence. On our return from making the circuit of the lake there was no time to hunt up these coveys, which consequently evaded the Sportsman altogether. There is certainly a good deal of game to be found round Rössvand, but it is spread over a good deal of ground; as far as I could judge, the existing sport would amount to pleasant, very pleasant, wild shooting. By arrangement with the farmers, who probably snare the birds in winter, the stock of game might, I think, be largely increased. The elk, of which I found a great number of signs round Svenningdal, does not appear to exist at present nearer to Rössvand than the forests of Hatfjeld, after all but a short distance. With some preservation they will soon spread over the whole estate.

While exploring the lake south of Holmen we preferred to row ourselves; but on Friday, August 9th, we started in a really splendid new sailing-boat with a crew of three men, for Tustervand, a small

lake at the north-west corner of Rössvand, and connected with it by a quarter of a mile of broad, deep rapids. Before reaching the latter, down which we ran swiftly, our men had a desperately hard row, for after clearing Holmen, the wind blew strongly dead ahead until the evening, and we could not once use the sail. As may be imagined, Rössvand, under a real gale, can show a heavy sea. At the farm of Tustervand we obtained one large room which, when thoroughly washed, made capital quarters. The people — after the first impulse of hesitation and unwillingness, which the traveller must often expect and patiently endure in the remote parts of Norway, and which in our case was probably intensified by a suspicion that we had come officially to spy the fatness of the land and demand the rent — I fear these good people are very Irish in some respects — expressed themselves glad to see us, and did all in their power to make us comfortable. The farm is flourishing and pleasantly situated, but on the opposite shore there towers a grand, massive mountain, known as Kjærringtind, with fearful precipices and snow-slopes, which appear to attract all the bad weather out of the desolate Alpine region lying between Tustervand and the Ranen fjord. The mountain itself was never free from driving storm during our short stay, and whilst we could see the far eastern shores of Rössvand basking in sunlight, our weather was constantly being ruined by the influence of the ferocious giant over the way. No doubt in settled weather he must be a magnificent object. We stopped here for two clear days, one of which was devoted to rowing ourselves in wind and wet to the head of Tustervand, and thence, amidst Killarney-like scenery that even the bad weather could not spoil, through a succession of small lakes connected by narrow channels, until the strong draw of the current where the Rosaa River plunges down its first incline on the way to Ranen, warned us to stop. The wretched weather was depressing, and the sight of that incipient river saddened me. Over thirty years had passed since four young men were encamped by its final rapids, and now we, the survivors, elderly and grey, stood and watched its infant waters hurrying to their earliest leap out of the parent lake. Truly it made one realize the force of Tennyson's lines: —

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Forever! and without greater change than

that wrought by the transient influence of the seasons. For a thousand summers, for all who had and might come to gaze upon it, for the dead, the living, and the unborn, always without change. Forever and incessantly the same eager start, the same impetuous course, the same mad plunge over the final precipice, the same tranquil flow into the sea. Youth, prime, age, and extinction, all eternal; a perpetuity of daily birth and daily death; ephemeral existence to the end of time. My thoughts outstripped its course, and broke into a phantom world beyond the hills. I seemed for a while to see again the camp by the Ranen, to hear the cheery voices and feel the warm sunshine of bygone days; but meanwhile the dark, changeless river at my feet, mocking the vision, swept on to glide in a few hours, as it glided then, as it will glide forevermore, past the deserted meadow where the tent once stood, past the sombre pine woods, down to the black skerries and the desolate fjord.

But enough, and more than enough of these gloomy thoughts; come what may, let me at least be thankful that after the lapse of so many years, I can still enjoy a summer in the dear old Northland, that, still young in heart and strong in body and mind, I could regard that river, although not without some natural melancholy, as a link between a not unhappy present and a happy past.

In my diary I find under this date the following expressive entry, "A blank day of bad weather," therefore, the less I say about our own sport the better, but it is also recorded that in the evening our host at the farm produced a dozen fine char, scarcely under two pounds apiece, taken from a net fixed just opposite the house. The fishery here is even better than in Rössvand, and an early visit would probably insure sport. There is, moreover, fair work for the gun. During a long ramble, partly on the open fjeld and partly through the upper brushwood, Belle and I found half-a-dozen large coveys of well-grown ryper, and both regretted much that it still wanted four days to the fifteenth. On the twelfth we had beautiful weather whilst our boat was being towed up the rapids into Rössvand, but soon after embarking Kjærringtind hurled at us a parting storm, and the grand scenery we were approaching was obscured by mist. Crossing the width of the lake from west to east, close under its northern shore, we passed the night at an unattractive farm called Sundsaas, and the next day reached Bessidoren,

scarcely better quarters, but one of the quietest spots in the universe. At these places the people — who were very poor, and suffering, I think, from chronic depression owing to their isolated position under the shadow of the great hills, and their winter struggle for existence, of which they spoke feelingly — seemed sorry to see us and glad to get rid of us. Perhaps we still labored under the suspicion of being hostile spies. Our principal object in stopping at Bessidoren was to try to get a view of the peaks of the Oxtinder and their glaciers, which we had often admired from a distance. Unfortunately the weather still continued gloomy with clouds hanging low on the mountains, spoiling the really magnificent scenery. This north-eastern bight of Rössvand, known as Nordbugten, is as fine as some of the celebrated fjords in the Bergen district. Directly we had housed our goods we started off up the valley, and after a longish walk guided by a cattle-track, scrambled, a good deal on hands and knees, up a side ravine to a ridge, where we at last got a partially clear view of the glaciers and the group of aiguilles which shoot up round them to the height of six thousand feet. These glaciers were unknown to Von Buch, Forbes, and all the scientific travellers in Norway. Out of two hundred volumes which I possess, all dealing with Scandinavia, I cannot find one which mentions them, except Yngar Nielsen's recent "Handbook," which just alludes to them as visible from Nabben. Bædeker devotes two lines to the existence of the Oxtinder, as also does Tonsberg's "Norway Illustrated," but both ignore the glaciers.

I do not remember to have looked upon more terribly beautiful ice scenery than we now beheld. Possibly the rolling vapor which obscured the peaks and the sky-line exaggerated its mysterious grandeur whilst rendering the extent indefinite. The main body of the glacier was concealed, at a considerably higher level than we had reached, by the enormous rocky base of an aiguille which towered immediately in front of us, but right and left it descended from the clouds in two branches, with walls, battlements, and terraces of ice rising tier over tier, until lost in the mist, with huge, sloping surfaces scored into a thousand monstrous furrows, showing awful gleams of blue depths here and there, and tossed into all shapes of fantastic horror where the pressure from above forced the writhing glacier round the buttresses of the mountain. Despite

the cold, we sat there a long time, with the faint hope that the clouds might rise, but beyond a fleeting glimpse of a white dome of far-off upper snow, and of nearer black cliffs with dreadful masses of pendant ice, we saw no more. As we sat, a herd of many reindeer made their appearance out of the depths below, and passed along the base of the mountain down into the valley, where they congregated to feed on a green flat broken up into islands by a dozen milky streams which issued from the farther branch of the glacier.

From Bessidoren, by a long row due south, the wind continuing adverse, we reached the farm of Krudtaa. Here our welcome was hearty; we had the good fortune to find two sensible girls, who at once thoroughly washed and put in order the best room, and exhibited much natural intelligence in looking after us during our stay. Our comfort was perhaps somewhat marred by the adoring contemplation of the natives, who were inclined to watch us silently, even at our toilet and meals. But then as rare birds of passage we surpassed even the proverbial black swan. It was here that we met that blessed woman who uttered these memorable words: "Forty-five years have I lived here," said she, "and never have I set eyes on an Englishman until now." That brief speech gave a distinct flavor to our whole expedition. She was not young, she was the reverse of comely, she was far from clean, but I could have embraced her on the spot. For ourselves, we had simply to regret that we were not fresher and better-preserved specimens.

The next day being August 15th, and very fine, I left John to prove the fishing of a lovely stream flowing through a glen more like Dovedale than Norway, and, to Belle's intense joy, shouldered a gun and gamebag. The country was so charming, and the weather so delicious, that I did not feel in the least bloodthirsty. The Sportsman and the Admirer were on the best of terms all day. I had a delightful ramble, but some little trouble with my old dog, who cannot for the life of her resist fur, and there were for Norway an unusual number of blue hares about. But these I never shoot when alone, unless close to home. Being in an amiable humor, I forgave Belle her sins, and waited patiently in the sunny glades for her return. She can simulate repentance in a very winning way. I killed as much as I cared to carry home, and, in consequence, declined other chances. My bag held five brace of willow-grouse, three well-grown

capercaillie, and as many double snipe. Two birds I lost, the birch covert and undergrowth being rather over thick for shooting or gathering. John brought home a dozen nice trout, the heaviest not much under two pounds; he had found but little rise on, and that only in the dead water. We stayed another day at this very pleasant spot, which I consider to be one of the nicest halting-places on Rössvand, and then took ship for our old quarters at Sjaavik. As usual, the wind was ahead, and by landing I exchanged the latter half of a tedious row for an agreeable stroll through the forest, and along the banks of a beautiful little lake, known as Lille Rössvand. My modest bag—the source, nevertheless, of infinite satisfaction—amounted to a leash of grouse, a duck, a snipe, and again three cock caillie, as big as young turkeys. I nobly spared hens of the latter tribe.

We had now made the complete circuit of Rössvand, and for the last day of our sojourn on its beautiful banks there remained a visit to the isle of Holmen, in itself a fair-sized estate. This we accomplished in most glorious weather. It was certainly over calm and bright for fishing, but John decided to remain in the boat and try the narrows between Holmen and the mainland, whilst I, with dog and gun, made my way to the limited extent of bare ground visible at the highest central point. I heard occasionally the distant tinkle of cattle-bells and the musical call of herd-girls; but I did not see a house or meet a soul in my exploration of the grassy glens and wooded slopes of this enchanting island. The view from the top was glorious over the whole of Rössvand and its now unclouded barriers of grand mountains. For a long time I lay on the warm, dry moss, regardless of the appeals of the Sportsman, and indulging the Admirer to the utmost, longing that I could fly back to the range of the Oxtinder which stood out clearly against the northern horizon, their peaks and glaciers reflected in the vast burnished mirror below. After which I shot my way straight back to the beach, picking up five grouse, two blackcocks, a caillie, a woodcock, and a double snipe.

Our row home on that incomparable evening was something to remember. I like to think of Rössvand as I saw it then; I left my heart there, and have not since seen anything charming enough to recall it.

A correct survey of this grand lake has yet to be made, and in all probability will take some years to accomplish. For its

measurements, therefore, I have been obliged to depend chiefly on the tracings executed in Mr. Dahl's office, which are no doubt founded on the best existing authority, and in the main accurate. It is true that, accepting them as such, we used to be much astonished at the apparently greater scale of our boat stages, and the time they occupied. I have heard it asserted that the area of Rössvand is nearly equal to that of the Mjösen; but this must, I think, be wholly incorrect. The Mjösen is sixty miles in length, whereas Rössvand, from Sjaavik in a north-easterly slant to the extremity of Nordbugten, is (according to the above authority) as near as possible twenty; and in a true line to the northern shore about twelve. At its widest, from the base of Kjærringtind to the opposite bay, its breadth is ten miles; but it narrows to less than half that just above its centre, and again widens to nine, striking a line from Krudtaa through the middle of Holmen to the end of the western bight. The great irregularity of its shape is one of its principal charms, and it is practically divided by Holmen into two sheets of water, one very much smaller, more sheltered, and, to the angler, more sympathetic than the other.

The next day our horses were recovered from the woods, where they had for long been living in luxurious idleness among the rich herbage, and we started on our return journey to Svenningdal. Thence, after another week's stay, we accompanied Mr. Dahl to his charming residence of Halsjøen, near Mosjøen, where he hospitably entertained us until the arrival of the Trondhjem steamer. We were obliged to leave half the estate unvisited; locomotion with baggage and stores is not easy, and the search for sport consumes a deal of time; a month was exhausted in the expedition to Rössvand alone. While memory lasts I shall always retain delightful recollections of my visit to the great estate in the heart of Helgeland.

HENRY POTTINGER.

From The New Review.
SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.
BY PROFESSOR VAMBERY.

FOR more than a hundred years the spirit of our Western civilization has knocked at the door of the Moslem world in Asia without being able to show any striking result, or a result which can be called adequate to the efforts made. The

reasons of this comparative failure are manifold and have been frequently discussed; but there is, nevertheless, one main cause which has not been duly considered. This is the relation between the people and their princes in Mohammedan Asia, a relation which is quite peculiar; for free and independent public opinion does not exist in Asiatic society, and the masses, accustomed to follow blindly their leaders, accept only the innovations and reforms of which their rulers or ruling classes have furnished an example. Hence the axiom: Look at the prince and you will know his people; and hence the undeniable fact that all the changes effected by our Western culture upon the various peoples in Mohammedan Asia are nothing but the reflex of those produced on the individuality of the respective princes.

In the list of the said princes Sultan Abdul Hamid occupies the foremost place, inasmuch as Turkey can justly be described as the Mohammedan country most advanced on the path of modern civilization; a circumstance mainly due to the efforts of the present sultan. It is about thirty-one years since, whilst living in the house of the late Rifaat Pasha, in Constantinople, that I was called upon one day to give the first rudimentary lessons in French to Fatma Sultan, a daughter of Abdul Medjid, and the wife of Ali Ghalib Pasha, living at that time in a *yali* (summer residence) on the European side of the Bosphorus. The way in which I imparted the first notions of that foreign tongue to the imperial lady was certainly a peculiar one. My pupil was seated behind a curtain in the harem; in fact, I never saw her face, and having been ushered into a room belonging to the Mabeyin (the intervening portion between the harem and selamlık) I strove to do my best to fulfil my duty by reading a sentence or two in Turkish translated into French, which I heard repeated by a soft, feminine voice behind the curtain. It was while engaged in this somewhat strange mode of teaching that I made the acquaintance of a young prince, about sixteen years old, called Hamid Effendi, who, on a visit to the house of his favorite sister, used to attend my lessons, and with his pure Oriental face and expressive eyes had attracted my attention. I hardly spoke to him, for it is against Oriental etiquette to address a prince, but his countenance and his reserved and dignified manners left an indelible trace on my memory.

Nearly thirty years had passed when, after a long absence from the East, I again visited the Turkish capital. Great changes had taken place in the Ottoman Empire, as well as in my own life. We both had grown older, and when the present ruler of the valiant, but sadly misunderstood, Turkish people expressed the desire to make the personal acquaintance of the European who had devoted his whole life to the language, history, and ethnology of the Turkish race, I was not at all surprised that the shrewd prince did not recognize at once the quondam *Topal Khodja, i.e.,* lame teacher, as I was usually called. A short recapitulation of bygone events, however, sufficed to revive dimmed memory. I had a long and interesting conversation with Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose career I had attentively followed, and I can thus say something about the personal character of that greatest and most influential amongst Mohammedan rulers, a prince who in the future is destined to play a delicate and important part in the history of our times, and who is, I am sorry to say, so often misunderstood by the public in general as well as by the political world.

Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan, now in his forty-eighth year, unites in his character the leading features of his grandfather, Sultan Mahmud, and of his father, Sultan Abdul Medjid. From the former he has inherited unbounded zeal and activity; from the latter a rare degree of affability and kindness of heart. I do not exaggerate in stating that history can hardly show an Oriental prince so distinguished by untiring love of work and untiring energy as the present sultan of Turkey. From early morning till late at night he is engaged in state affairs; and he not only examines every important matter, but occupies himself also with minor details, and pays attention to petty questions, to the detriment of his health and the course of government. I found him one day on his *canap*, having at his right a large pile of Turkish newspapers, together with translations from the foreign press; and on his left several bundles of state papers, submitted for his perusal and ultimate decision. Whilst talking to me he continually glanced to right and left, betraying an anxiety to go through his papers, and I became fully convinced of the truth of what I heard from Sureya Pasha, his first secretary, that he had never put his signature to a paper he had not read and considered carefully. Of course, with such a painstaking and searching ruler, the power

of the ministers is very limited, and the present statesmen of Turkey have naturally dwindled down to weak and helpless officials. This is certainly the reverse of the medal, but it must not be ascribed entirely to suspicion and want of confidence, as is generally assumed in the diplomatic circles of Pera and in the leading circles of Europe. A prince who witnessed the dethronement of two of his predecessors; who, by his shrewdness and sagacity, has carefully studied the intrigues of the palace and of the Eastern official world; who knows that in his foreign relations everybody is against him and nobody for him — such a prince it is hardly fair to reproach with excessive caution and scrupulousness, or to ask to submit implicitly and unconditionally to his surroundings. As one of the few Europeans whom the sultan has favored with his confidence, I have been often asked whether his experience and information are equal to his activity, and whether he does not overrate his capabilities. Well, candidly speaking, I must say that the education of Sultan Abdul Hamid, like that of all Oriental princes, was defective, very defective indeed; but an iron will, great judgment, and rare acuteness have made good this shortcoming, and now he not only knows the multifarious relations and intricacies of his own much-trying empire, but is thoroughly conversant with European politics, and I am not going too far in stating that it has been solely the moderation and self-restraint of Sultan Abdul Hamid which have saved us hitherto from a general European conflagration. During the late Bulgarian troubles he was asked by Russia and by the central European powers to validate his rights in eastern Roumelia by an armed intervention, but keeping in view the adage, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, he answered with the Arab saying: "Peace is the best of all judges," and acquiesced in one of the most crying acts of injustice rather than appeal to arms.

As to his personal character, I have found the present ruler of the Ottoman Empire of great politeness, amiability, and extreme gentleness. Always anxious to disarm his declared enemies by civilities, he is particularly grateful to those who have been attached to him for a long time, and as to his politeness towards European ladies visiting his court he fully deserves the title of the *Rè galant' uomo* of the East. When sitting opposite him during my private interviews I could not avoid being struck by his extremely mod-

est attitude, by his quiet manners, and by the bashful look of his eyes. He carefully avoids in conversation all allusion to his position as a ruler, and when unavoidably obliged to mention the beginning of his reign, he invariably says, "Since I came to this place —" Whether his behavior be the outcome of his personal character, or the result of his conviction of the changes produced by the democratic tendencies of our age, even in the East, we need not inquire. Suffice it to say, that Sultan Abdul Hamid is the very personification of a *roi bourgeois*, who is anxious to do away with all the encumbering etiquette of Oriental court life, and who likes to show himself plain, civil, and unaffected to his visitors. Even to scenes of Oriental pageantry, inseparable from royalty in the East, he has imparted more than one feature of modern European court life. He drives himself at the official parades, his dress is scrupulously plain, he has discarded the aigrette worn on the *fez* by his predecessors as a sign of royalty, and it is only at the imperial state dinners that luxury, but not greater than that usual at Western courts, is exhibited. The highly finished plate is of pure gold and silver, the ornaments are rare masterpieces of jewellery, the dishes of exquisite French cookery, and although every guest has before him several glasses, it is only the non-Mohammedan to whom the servants serve wine. The sultan and his Mohammedan guests drink only water. On such occasions the sultan, often having at his right and left European ladies, shows particular politeness and amiability, for in the art of conquering his guests by signs of particular favor Abdul Hamid is really incomparable. On one occasion I was presented with a dish of strawberries, laid out in various lines according to the different shadings of the fruit, headed by a bit of paper bearing the inscription, "From the plants reared by the hand of his Majesty." On another occasion the servant brought me an apple and a peach of extraordinary beauty, and I had a gracious nod from the sultan, whilst during my last invitation to his table I was greatly struck to hear Hungarian national music played by the imperial band in the adjoining saloon, and on looking round a servant accosted me with a message from his Majesty that the Hungarian airs had been studied by the band by special order for that evening.

As a ruler I found Sultan Abdul Hamid quite an exception to his *chers frères* in the East, and in some respects in advance

of some of our European princes. A monarch who sits down with his minister of finance, ready to spend several hours in revising accounts, in devising new measures, and in examining most scrupulously minute details, is certainly a rarity. "We are all tired and exhausted," said one of the ministers to me, "but the sultan never is, and if he yields to our entreaties it is only for our sakes and not for his own." There are from five to ten chamberlains and officers passing continually between his private rooms and the office of his first secretary, Sureya Pasha, who has to *send in*, viz., to present, every private letter and every document arriving at the palace. The sultan, owing to his extraordinary memory, recollects events long ago forgotten by his ministers. The past of ten or fifteen years is as fresh in his mind as if it were but yesterday; and, in spite of the twenty-one years which have elapsed since his visit to Europe, he still remembers vividly the streets, public places, and buildings of the chief towns, as well as the dresses and features of the persons he met, with an accuracy which is really astounding. Good memory is for the rest peculiar to gifted Asiatics, but the characteristic which distinguishes Sultan Abdul Hamid from other Eastern princes is decidedly the modern tone of his views on religion, politics, and education. A firm believer in the tenets of his religion, he likes to assemble round him the foremost mollahs and pious sheiks, upon whom he profusely bestows imperial favors; but he does not forget to send from time to time presents to the Greek and Armenian patriarchates, and nothing is more ludicrous than to hear this prince accused by a certain class of politicians in Europe of being a fanatic and an enemy to Christians; a prince who, by appointing a Christian for his chief medical attendant, and a Christian for his minister of finance (I mean Mavrogeni and Agob Pashas), did not hesitate to entrust most important duties to non-Mohammedans. As a further proof of his toleration we may refer to the fact that Sultan Abdul Hamid is the first Ottoman ruler in whose hospitality not only European princes and ambassadors and distinguished visitors from the West, but his own Christian subjects, amply partake. He is the first Ottoman ruler who has publicly encouraged the art of painting and of sculpture, in spite of those arts being strictly forbidden by orthodox Mohammedanism, and during one of my visits he pointed with a certain pride to two pictures in his saloon as having been painted

by Moslem pupils brought up in the School of Art at Stamboul. These two pictures represent Soyüd, the place in Asia Minor where the Ottoman Empire was founded, and the mausoleum of its first ruler, namely, Sultan Osman. As another instance of the sultan's liberal views I may mention the foundation of a museum, where statues illustrating the Greek mythology are exhibited, statues held in horror by pious Mohammedans, and to look at which even is a deadly sin according to the precepts of the Koran.

What Sultan Abdul Hamid has done for the instruction and enlightenment of his people is the admiration of every one who visits Turkey. It is not my intention to recapitulate here what I said last year in London in a public lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, but devoting continual attention to this subject I can state with full confidence that if the Turks continue steadily on the way inaugurated by their present ruler, and if political complication does not offer any hindrance, they will soon reach a level of culture by which they may secure a firm basis of mental and economical development and future political existence. "It is for this purpose," said the sultan one day to me, "that peace is now the object of my desire; peace alone can cure the manifold evils and shortcomings of the past; order and security can only be introduced by civil officers trained and educated in the school of modern social and political life." In accordance with these views it is gratifying to find at present hundreds, nay, thousands, of young Turks earnestly striving to acquire the rudiments of the European languages and science. A new spirit has taken hold of the whole people; the language and literature have undergone an essential change; whilst I am writing this paper, I have on my table various Turkish books and treatises on social economy, history, astronomy, geography, etc., which are sent to me for review, and some of which are really admirable. Of course there is much, very much, to be done yet in the way of public instruction, for the great bulk of the people is totally ignorant and neglected, but educational progress does not permit of leaps and bounds, and we are only doing justice to the praiseworthy efforts of Sultan Abdul Hamid in mentioning that he is sincerely bent upon the amelioration and the mental development of his subjects.

Where the actual ruler of Turkey meets with the sharpest criticism is decidedly in his policy of holding aloof from all alli-

ance with any of the European governments, and the somewhat rigid measures he applies in the home rule of his country. As to the former, we have to consider before all the rather doubtful effect of close alliances in the past and the danger in the future. Quite recent historical events have shown that the Porte had more to suffer from the hands of her so-called friends and well-wishers than from the aggressions of her old enemy. These deplorable results have quite naturally roused suspicion and a well-justified cautiousness, and we cannot wonder if Ottoman statesmen for a long time hence hesitate to cast in the lot of their country with any of those dubious allies, and prefer to protect the interests of the empire according to their own notions and at their own discretion. In fact, they cannot risk any other new experiment, for another war of the same issue as the last one would deprive Turkey altogether of any choice and ruin her entirely.

As to the second objection raised against the personal rule of the sultan, and particularly against the police system spread like a net over the whole empire, I beg to remind the reader that Turkey is an Eastern country, composed of men of different creeds and nationalities, who abhor each other and are ready to fall upon each other at the slightest loosening of the grip of the government; in fact, of Orientals easily excited and fanaticized, who cannot stand comparison with Western people accustomed to liberal institutions. Only dreamers, ignorant of the cruel testimony of practical life, could think that a free constitution would fill up at once the gulf deepened by many centuries of religious animosity and widened by the hard rule of the conqueror over the conquered. No; such a thing would be, even in Europe, a sheer impossibility. And in reference to the charge of ruthless despotism laid upon Sultan Abdul Hamid, I will quote his own words. He said to me one day: "In Europe the soil was prepared centuries ago for liberal institutions; and now I am asked to transplant a sapling to the foreign, stony, and rugged ground of Asiatic life. Let me clear away the thistles and stones, let me till the soil and provide for irrigation, because rain is very scarce in Asia, and then we may transport the new plant, and, believe me, nobody will be more delighted at its thriving than myself." As to the much rebuked police system and to the host of spies paid by the sultan, I beg to remind the reader that this host exists only in the

fertile imagination of the inhabitants of Pera and Galata, and perhaps also in the brain of Turkish Nihilists, for that species is likewise represented on the Bosphorus. In Pera and Galata, those gathering-places of European adventurers, the most absurd rumors are credited and thence diffused over Europe; in fact, these goodly representatives of our kith and kin could hardly exist without inventing bewildering and startling news, if for no other purpose than to furnish material for hungry newspaper correspondents and credulous diplomatists. In some Pera circles they told me of twelve hundred, in others of sixteen hundred, spies paid by the sultan. Spies are suspected in all classes of foreign and native society, on the tramway, in the church, in the public garden and even in one's bedroom; but, on inquiring closely into this matter, need I say that the whole was a gross exaggeration, and that secret agents are employed only by certain court officials in furtherance of their dirty dealings and intrigues, which are well watched by the sultan, but which can hardly be frustrated by him so easily as people in Europe imagine.

It would lead me too far indeed were I to dwell on all the absurdities spread in Europe respecting the personality and the government of the present sultan. I am fully aware of having exposed myself through these lines to the charge of being a flatterer, and of seeing everything in roseate colors. Well, the discrepancy between my experiences and those of others will be easily explained by a proper estimate of the different means of observation at my disposal. Turkey is separated only by a few days' railway journey from Europe, but the Turks themselves are as distant from, and as inaccessible to, Europeans as they were centuries ago. Let us approach them well armed with linguistical and historical information and without preconceived notions or prejudices, and I am sure the experience of many travellers will tally with my own. Foreign visitors to Turkey will then learn that a talented, gifted, and patriotic ruler like Sultan Abdul Hamid can accelerate the march of civilization, but cannot work wonders by transforming suddenly an Asiatic society into a European one. We did not emerge suddenly from the gloomy shadows of mediæval barbarism and ignorance into our present state, and we cannot expect Asiatics and Mohammedans to do a work in decades for which we required centuries. We must not shut our eyes to the deplorable conditions under which

Turkey is laboring; we must not lose sight of ruined villages, neglected roads, decaying towns, choked harbors, and an impoverished population; but we can be, nay, we must be, indulgent, and instead of always finding fault with the Mohammedan Turk, whilst we are ready to pardon the cruelties committed and the vices practised by his Christian neighbor, we really should begin to discard all political bias in our judgment of an Eastern prince and of his people.

From The Spectator.

NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE.

II.

JERUSALEM: THE TEMPLE.

ONE of the earliest convictions impressed upon the mind of the traveller to Palestine is that the Turk is a nuisance. The gigantic absurdity, to call it nothing more, of leaving all these holy places, the centre of veneration to all Christendom, in Mahommedan hands, produces a natural feeling of irritation, which is constantly freshened and revived by some vexatious regulation or piece of official red-tapeism, causing the most peaceable pilgrim to regret that the period of holy wars is past, and consider seriously the advisability of preaching a crusade himself on his return from the parts of the infidel. It is sufficient to talk with any resident who has ever had any serious business with that hopeless government — especially those who are trying to introduce any kind of progress or improvement in Palestine — to find a good, solid foundation for this feeling against the Turkish rulers; the ordinary traveller is exasperated by their mere presence. Here we find, in the first place, the unspeakable Turk occupying for his own purposes the site of the Temple, and raising beautiful buildings thereupon for his own worship. This, we consider, is bad enough, but when he comes to celebrating his own religious festivals there, and consequently excluding all but Mahommedans from the whole area during the time that we are at Jerusalem, the enormity is still more remarkable. This is not even a coincidence. The benighted paynim does not want for worldly wisdom, and, having no confidence whatever in the doctrine of peace on earth and good-will towards men, as understood by enthusiastic pilgrims, he has established a feast of his own which attracts a

sufficient number of Mahommedans to counterbalance the Christians. To these latter the whole of the Haram-esh-Sherif is closed, and many poor pilgrims who cannot afford to stay long at Jerusalem are obliged to go away without having seen the place of the Temple, a very real hardship to some of them.

Being a little less pressed for time than some others, we were able to pay one flying visit to the Haram-esh-Sherif. The last of the pious Mahommedans had been packed off with much beating of drums, clashing of cymbals, and waving of banners, on their pilgrimage to the spot where it is extremely unlikely that Moses was buried, and in the whole of the enclosure there was scarcely a figure to be seen. We were not, however, suffered to enter without protectors, our bodyguard consisting of the *cavasse* of the consulate, a gentleman of ferocious aspect, with a gold-laced jacket and a curved scimitar, and an aged Turkish non-commissioned officer, who followed us about brandishing a huge pair of top-boots, in reality taken off from motives of piety, but apparently to be used as offensive weapons. Our time was very short; but I believe that if you cannot spend three weeks over the Temple, it is better to see it in half an hour. Certainly no subsequent visit can show anything to surpass the first view of the whole. We pass in by the beautiful judgment-hall, where the *cadi* administered justice at the gate in times gone by, into a vast enclosure, some five hundred yards long, and at least half as wide, studded in all directions with countless little domes and cupolas. The central platform, roughly identified with the court of the Jews, as the outer zone is with that of the Gentiles, is paved, but most of the rest remains as nature made it, and green grass and trees make a contrast with the white walls and the many-colored domes. Some of these are merely canopies over the numerous fountains indispensable in a Mahommedan place of worship; others form a sheltered place for prayer, supplied with a *mikrab*, or niche in the direction of Mecca, to guide the devotions of the pious, or serve to mark some spot of particular sanctity; while the row of low, domed buildings to the north of the central platform are even utilized as sleeping-rooms by devotees from a distance. Going up by a broad flight of low steps, topped by a single row of graceful arches, we come upon the gem of the whole, the exquisite Dome of the Rock itself. Certainly no one can accuse the Mahommedans of neglecting to make

the house of God beautiful. It is true that this building was probably the work of Christian artists under Mahomedan orders; but this only shows that the early Arab conquerors had sufficient wisdom and piety to seek for their most holy shrine something which they could understand to be finer than their own rude architecture.

The Dome of the Rock, though by far the most important building of the central platform, is merely, like many of the others, a kind of shrine built over the most sacred of all the holy places. It is an octagonal building, measuring about twenty yards in every direction, built around the great flat rock to which so many traditions are attached. The exterior is richly, almost gaudily decorated with colored marbles and Damascus tiles, and the interior also has been made beautiful with mosaics and profuse decoration of every kind. But these have not the effect that we have deplored in the most sacred Christian shrine, of obstructing the view of the principal object of veneration, or even distracting the eye from it. The rock, which occupies the whole centre of the building, surrounded by a balustrade of painted wood, is plain to the sight even of a large concourse of people, and though the amount of light which penetrates through the stained glass of the windows is not exactly dazzling, it is at any rate a great advance upon the profound obscurity which conceals the Holy Sepulchre. Altogether, the idea that this mosque gives is that of a perfect composition, where, while the eye can find in every corner some beauty of detail to rest upon, the attention is naturally concentrated on the most important point. The admirable art with which the decoration is lavished on the background, while the rock is left in its bare simplicity as the centre of all, seems to me at least far more impressive than all the flummery of gold and silver lamps about the Holy Sepulchre.

I am speaking, of course, of the generally recognized Sepulchre. It is worth remembering, however, that the mosque in which we are standing was considered by no less an authority than James Fergusson to be the Church of the Resurrection built by Constantine over the actual tomb of our Lord, represented by the grotto underneath the stone. This idea has never been generally accepted, and has now probably ceased to have any adherents at all, but Mr. Fergusson himself was never shaken in his belief. Certainly all probability seems against it, still it is

strange to think that so great an authority on architecture should have made a mistake of three clear centuries as to the date of the building. What the rock actually does represent is not very certain. The Mussulmans, of course, have its history quite pat, and a very wonderful rock it must have been, according to them. Not only was it the scene of Abraham's proposed sacrifice of his son — in which story Christian and Jewish tradition appear to agree — but it is also connected with the personal history of Mahomet himself. Here the Prophet is known to have prayed, and from here he ascended to heaven on his wonderful mule Alborak. The influence of the Sent of God was so powerful, that the rock was enabled to hold converse with him — as it did later with the caliph Omar — and even attempted to follow him in his aerial voyage, a purpose which it might have achieved, but for the thoughtful action of the archangel Gabriel, who arrested it just in time. The marks of the angel's fingers are there to this day; so that this story at least must be true. Jewish tradition tends to see here the rock on which the ark rested, and consequently the Holy of Holies, which, however, is more usually placed at a point some way to the south-west, near the top of the stairs by which we approached. The theory that on this rock stood the altar of burnt-offerings is supported by the existence of a channel which might have served to let the blood run down into the cave below and perhaps through the hollow which evidently exists under the round stone at its centre. Explorers have desired to make further researches by raising this stone; but though the necessary authorization was obtained from Constantinople, the local authorities were immovable on the subject. The stone, they averred, formed the cover of the Well of the Evil Spirit, and as they very reasonably argued, if it were removed, the Evil Spirit would get out, and might literally play the devil with Jerusalem, a contingency against which they, as responsible rulers, were bound to provide. So the mystery is likely to remain unsolved.

Time is a very hard master, and it is only at his absolute command that we can refrain from lingering over the beautiful little shrines with which the central platform is studded; but the mosque of El Aksa must not be omitted, and there is only just enough time to see that. We are hurried past a great open-air pulpit of exquisite workmanship, supported on arches of the perfectly circular formation

peculiar to Arabian architecture, past an immense stone laver shadowed by immemorial cypresses, which might almost date back to King Solomon's time, and find ourselves in front of a grand colonnade forming the entrance to a Christian church. Yes, there is no doubt about it; it is stripped of all its ornaments, and the Mahomedan attributes of *mihrab* and *mimbar* have been introduced into it; but no one can doubt for a moment of what it has been. It was here that Justinian, twelve hundred years ago, built a church in honor of our Lady, which was restored to Christian worship by the Templars after some centuries of Mahomedan domination. There is still the great vaulted hall, opening off the church, where the knights of that fiercest of holy brotherhoods met together. Here in the long, bare aisles — not so bare then, we may well imagine — they assembled in prayer, often perhaps as a prelude to some savage raid on the nearest infidel stronghold. Here, however, we are not tempted to remember their faults. We are rather inclined to wish that their days had come back, and that we might see them ride clattering into the court again, breaking down the ensigns of Mahomedan worship with their heavy maces, and restoring the holy city to — well, probably to be fought over by half-a-dozen Christian sects, all at bitter enmity, and "hating one another for the love of God." I fear that we must be content for the present to leave Jerusalem under the direction of the Turkish pasha, at this moment, no doubt, much troubled in his mind about the dangerous ceremony of the "Holy Fire," which is to take place this very afternoon, and quaking with apprehension at the news that forty stout man-of-war-men have come up for the feast from a Russian ironclad lying off Jaffa. What if it should occur to them — as it actually did — to ask their priests whether they should allow Turkish soldiery on this day of all others to stand round the sepulchre of the risen Lord? These apprehensions are groundless, however. The good Greek priests, even if they are not always in charity with their neighbors, will do their duty to-day in preaching peace to the exasperated sailors, and the pasha will once more be able to telegraph to Constantinople that the perilous season has passed over without incident. It is best to be at peace with all men. If we are to take any revenge on the Mussulman possessors of what we are hardly worthy to hold till we have learned to apply the precepts of our own

religion, let it be something in the style of the carver of that splendid pulpit, an evidently Christian artist, who has played his Mahomedan masters the trick of introducing in his designs the hated sign of the cross, a fact which has apparently escaped their notice to this day.

Somehow we seem to have lost sight of the Temple itself all this while. But of the Temple there is really nothing remaining but the place. We certainly find pillars and stones of great antiquity, remnants of former great works, employed again in the Mahomedan constructions; but these can be of little service in giving even a general idea of the original building. Those who wish to know more must be content to see with the eyes of Warren and Wilson, and the various explorers who have made researches here and published their discoveries; for the authorities will only permit excavations on the condition that all the treasures unearthed are to be carefully covered up again. The rest of us must be content with the place alone, the general scene of many incidents in our Lord's life, chiefly preserved for us by St. John. If there are no remains of the ancient buildings to guide us in reconstructing these, it is an advantage, on the other hand, that there are no traditional sites pointed out, except those connected with the Mahomedan fairy-tales of which Solomon is the hero.

III.

BETHLEHEM — BETHANY — JERICHO.

If it could be cast up to Bethlehem in ancient days that she was little among the thousands of Judah, there could at least have been few of the rival cities that had a prettier or pleasanter site. There is something peculiarly attractive in the first view of the little white town, nestling into a nook of the hills, with the great basilica of the Nativity standing out at one end, the mother-building of the city, in a proud supremacy unchallenged by mosque or synagogue; for the people of Bethlehem, with few exceptions, are Christians. The scene is full of memories, too; the fields in the valley below us are those where Ruth gleaned after the reapers, and David watched his father's sheep. There, too, those other shepherds watched many centuries later who saw the heavenly host singing glory to God in the highest; and over the road we have just travelled came those mysterious sages from the far East, whose learning had somehow opened to them the knowledge concealed from all

other men but the handful of rough peasants who knelt with them by the side of the cradle. The town indeed is of little interest, but there is a cheery, kindly air about the people who crowd round the carriage with smiles of welcome—and perhaps, also, of anticipated profit, for few visitors leave Bethlehem without expending ruinous sums on the wonderful mother-of-pearl work for which the place is famous. But of this we cannot yet think, before our pilgrimage is accomplished.

We have some apprehensions, as we enter the stately Greek church, that here, too, we shall find an excessive wealth of ecclesiastical ornament concealing from us what we want to see; but it is not of this that we shall have to complain. The Grotto of the Nativity is at least recognizable in form for what it must have been when the holy family were sheltered here, and the ornamentation is in good taste. The traditional site of the Nativity is marked by a single silver star, above which hang the lamps placed there in pious emulation by the various Christian sects. Happy would it be if their rivalry could stop there, so that the devout pilgrim might be spared the sore sight of the Turkish sentinel posted over against that sacred spot. It is impossible to imagine a keener satire on Christian doctrine and Christian practice than is afforded by the spectacle of an infidel soldier standing on guard before the cradle of the Prince of Peace to prevent his disciples from flying at each other's throats. The sentry is stationed here by the Turkish authorities—with two or three comrades within call, sitting on the steps leading to the choir of the Greek church above—not as an insult to Christian sentiment, as one is tempted to imagine at first, but as a *bond-fide* precaution, the necessity of which has been shown. It is not so very long since, we are told, the Greek and Latin priests came actually to blows in the church, and the dormant ill-feeling, which always remains between the sects, is unfortunately excited afresh by any occasion of special religious enthusiasm. One wonders rather that this fanatic spirit is never directed against the Mahommedans, the natural object of enmity to both parties alike. The idea does seem to occur to them occasionally. As I stood in the grotto there came in a very wild-looking Arab convert, under the conduct of a venerable Franciscan with an immense grey beard, who, while kneeling and kissing the sacred spots with great veneration, varied his devotions by casting furious glances at

the unconscious sentinel. It would have made a good picture, the old Franciscan in the plain brown gown pointing to one spot after the other, and mingling, apparently, his explanations with seasonable moral lessons, the tall, sinewy, handsome Arab, in his black-and-white striped burnouse, listening with all his ears, but glancing back with a kind of tigerish glare in his eyes at the third and least attractive figure of the scene, the coarse, shabby, Turkish soldier with his dirty blue uniform and his heavy, sensual face.

From the Grotto of the Nativity, a narrow passage cut in the solid rock leads to other traditional sites of which the most probably genuine is the cell of St. Jerome, a saint very dear and familiar to us in Italian painting, with his attendant lion and his piles of books, strangely numerous for an anchorite's retreat—perhaps less popular with the students of his life. It was here, perhaps, that he did his greatest work, the translation of the Scriptures into a language understood of the people, a work the use of which has so oddly survived him into ages when the people do not understand it in the least; here, certainly that he spirited away poor Paula and her daughter to live out their lives in futile austerity, thousands of miles from home and kindred. The admixture of these kind of associations with the more sacred traditions makes us, perhaps, less unwilling to return to the upper air which we reach at last, after many windings through the corridors cut in the rock, in the Latin Church of St. Catherine. This is also a sufficiently stately edifice, though somewhat over-decorated, but not to be compared with the magnificent basilica in which the Greek services are celebrated. The Greeks seem to have rather the best of it here, as indeed is generally the case in the Holy Land. The Latins have, indeed, their chapel opening out of the Grotto of the Nativity, but the access to it can only be through these dark, subterranean passages, unless by sufferance of their Greek brethren. So it is that on great festival days the Latin processions have to pass to their chapel across the Greek church, through a passage guarded by a double line of Turkish soldiers with loaded rifles. There is here, perhaps, an excess of precaution, emphasized by official distrust of Christianity, Greek or Latin; though the love that the opposing Churches bear to each other is certainly more after the manner of St. Jerome than in imitation of the founder of the common faith.

As Bethlehem shows us the beginning of the Gospel story, Bethany is connected chiefly with its end. The actual place of the ascension was somewhere near it, but authorities differ greatly as to the exact spot. I remember standing on the gallery of the minaret of the dervishes' monastery on the top of the Mount of Olives, and looking down on a long train of Coptic women crowding into the little chapel which covers the traditional place, while our dragoman pointed out to us a round, green hill covered with stones in the neighborhood of Bethany as the situation selected by the latest explorers. It is all more or less guesswork, of course, though St. Luke's account is clear enough as to the distance from Jerusalem, and the traditional place on the Mount of Olives can hardly be received as possible. There is little to see in Bethany itself either but those eternal traditional sites. Yet there is one of those which is unutterably touching, for which not tradition only, but the words of the Gospel and the evidence of the situation vouch,—that corner of the road at the turn of the hill where our Lord, on his last journey into Jerusalem, first caught sight of the city, and in the midst of the praises and rejoicings which accompanied his last progress, burst forth into that saddest outbreak of divine regret and compassion, "If thou hadst known!" Terribly solemn words, even to read; a lament to be echoed for ages by those whose eyes are opened in a new world to their fearful mistaking. For ourselves, strengthened by preceding centuries of belief, we are inclined, with a consciousness of our feeble insight into what is really good or bad, to thank God that we were not born in the days when the faith of man was tested by so awful a trial.

Our way to Jericho takes us past most of these spots, and between the villages of Bethany and Bethphage, an interesting commencement to a toilsome and monotonous journey. The greater part of it lies through a succession of barren, sun-beaten wadies, the very sight of which gives one an anticipatory sense of weariness. The only relief to the monotony is afforded by meeting with our old friends the Russian pilgrims, trudging sturdily back from a pilgrimage to the Jordan, with bundles of reeds gathered on its banks in their hands. Merely to see them fling themselves down in utter weariness by the Apostles' Fountain, is sufficient to tell one what a real pilgrimage is, with real hardships quietly borne as necessary incidents in such a journey, and a real purpose to

carry them through it all. It is a pleasure to meet these honest, simple Russians, with their plain, genuine devotion. In a few days we shall see them starting off for Jaffa, with their faces turned homewards at last, and that journey they have looked forward to with so many hopes and doubts at least half over; one or two of the luckiest have managed to hire donkeys, but the rest trudge along with an air of perfect contentment and pride in the treasures they are bringing home,—the reeds from the Jordan, the tapers that have been lit with the holy fire, and the long tin cylinders containing the sacred pictures that have been laid upon the Holy Sepulchre. As we meet them now, the quiet patience of their faces rather shames us from grumbling at the road, which is in course of making, and has been so for a considerable time. At the present rate of progression, we calculate that it should be finished towards the close of the twenty-second century, and even then it is doubtful whether it would be safe for a carriage. We come to the end of it at last, however, and after struggling down a long and steep descent we emerge from the wilderness into a pleasant land of grass and water. We have found some relief already from the heat and aridity of the surroundings in the cool murmur of the brook Cherith, many hundred feet below the road we were travelling on; but the sudden plunge into this valley is none the less delightful. A beautiful and rich country truly, and better watered than perhaps any spot I have seen in Palestine, but not a prosperous one; the fields are scantily cultivated, and great tracts of good land are turned to no use whatever. Nor can we blame the natives for the lack of enterprise which fails to utilize the great resources of their country. With a jealous, exacting government on the one side, and lawless tribes of predatory Bedouins on the other, the native cultivator finds himself in a manner between the devil and the deep sea, and we can hardly require him to expend capital and labor, if neither he nor his can count upon reaping the fruits. But it is a sad sight to see all this rich land going to waste.

Of Jericho itself there is very little to be seen. It is a place whose annals have been very full and troubled, and has undergone many ups and downs of glory and degradation since it was first laid low by Joshua. There is but a handful of rude huts now to mark the place of it, and the only vestiges of its former grandeur are the great stones that once formed part of

some palace or temple now built into the wall of a miserable Arab hovel. There is much that is interesting in the neighborhood for those who have time, and strength, and health to endure a stay in that furnace of a valley. We have only time to disagree with all opinions of the landscape that we ever met with, to admire the beautiful deep blue of the much maligned Dead Sea, — so strangely described as dismal and gloomy, — and to grumble at the turbid yellow waters of the Jordan, and the illusion of shade offered by the scanty foliage of the tamarisk-trees on its banks; and so turn our faces towards Jerusalem again, to greet the sight of the Holy City this time with a genuine joy at the end of the long, wearisome journey.

From The Fortnightly Review.
"DISTINCTION."

I HAVE been taken to task at great length and with great severity by the *Spectator* for having identified the "elect" with the "select;" and the *Guardian* has charged me, in terms not less profuse and energetic, with entertaining "flunkey" notions, not only of this life, but of the next. The *Spectator*, furthermore, denounces me as a person of singularly "savage" and "scornful" disposition. Now, as these are moral rather than literary censures, and as any one may, if he likes, consider that he is under obligation to defend his character publicly when it has been publicly impugned, I desire to say a few words in explanation of expressions and sentiments which I think that my judges have misinterpreted.

I confess frankly to a general preference for persons of "distinction," and even to believing that they are likely to have a better time of it hereafter than the undistinguished, but I humbly and sincerely protest to my monitors that I do not, as they assume, identify "distinction" with wealth, culture, and modern conservative politics, though I do hold that in the absence of culture "distinction" rarely becomes apparent, just as, in the absence of polish, the tints and veins of a fine wood or marble, though they may be there, are little evident. In this world, at least, "de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio."

If we could see the soul of every man — as, indeed, we can, more or less, in his face, which is never much like the face of any other — we should see that every one

is in some degree "distinguished." He is born "unique," and does not make himself so, though, by fidelity to himself and by walking steadily and persistently on his own line, his distinction can be indefinitely increased, as it can be indefinitely diminished by the contrary process, until he may end in extinction; for, interiorly, man lives by contrast and harmonious opposition to others, and the communion of men upon earth as of saints in heaven abhors identity more than nature does a vacuum. Nothing so shocks and repels the living soul as a row of exactly similar things, whether it consists of modern houses or of modern people, and nothing so delights and edifies as "distinction."

It was said of a celebrated female saint that she did nothing but what was done by everybody else, but that she did all things as no one else did them. In manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the "distinction," comes out in the latter only.

I am old enough, and have been lucky enough — no doubt, through favor rather than through the manifestation of any distinction of my own — to have been occasionally present at small private gatherings of eminent statesmen and literary men, in times when such eminence usually savored of distinction; and I confess that I have had few experiences which so helped me to understand how pleasant a thing life might become under supernaturally favorable circumstances.

My friendly monitors of the *Guardian* and *Spectator* may, perhaps, discover further confirmation, in these words, of their impression that I am at once a "flunkey" and a "savage," and my confession may recall to their minds that other savage to whom the missionary sought in vain to convey any idea of Heaven until he compared it with a perpetual feast of buffalo-beef well masticated by a squaw. Well, difference, though it may not amount to distinction, is better than dull uniformity; and I will go on my own way without nourishing ill-will towards my critics, and, I hope, without provoking it in them. There is so little distinction now, that I will not quarrel with anybody for not understanding me when I praise it. In English letters, for example, now that Matthew Arnold and William Barnes are gone, and Dr. Newman is silent, and Lord Tennyson's fascinating genius is taking a well-earned repose, distinction has nearly

vanished. The few writers who have now a touch of it have been before the world for a quarter of a century or more.

The verse of Mr. William Morris, always masterly, is sometimes really distinguished, as in the prelude and some of the lyrics of "Love is Enough." The distinction, too, of Mr. Swinburne's writing is occasionally unquestionable; but he allows himself to be troubled about many things, and would, I fancy, write more poetically, if less forcibly, were his patriotism not so feverish and his horror of the errors and wickedness of Popery more abstract, disinterested, and impersonal. He is wanting, I venture to think, in what Catholic moralists call "holy indifference." Distinction is also manifest in the prose of Mr. George Meredith when the cleverness is not too overwhelming to allow us to think of anything else; but, when the nose of epigram after epigram has no sooner reached the visual nerve than the tail has whisked away from it, so that we have had no time to take in the body, our wonder and bedazement make it sometimes impossible for us to distinguish the distinction, if it be there.

Democracy hates distinction, though it has a humble and pathetic regard for eminence and rank; and eminence and rank, by the way, never paid a more charming and delicate compliment to democracy than when Lord Rosebery affirmed that the test of true literature, and its only justifiable *imprimatur*, is "the thumb-mark of the artisan."

The ten or so superior and inexhaustibly fertile periodical writers who (with three or four fairly good novelists) now represent English literature, and are the arbiters and, for the most part, the monopolists of fame, share the dislike of their *clientèle* to "distinction," suppressing it, when it ventures to appear, with a "conspiracy of silence" more effective than the guillotine, while they exalt the merit which they delight to honor by voices more overwhelming than the *plébiscite*. Witness the fate of William Barnes, who, though far from being the deepest or most powerful, was by far the most uniformly "distinguished" poet of our time. Mr. G. S. Venables said, perhaps, no more than the truth when he declared, as he did in my hearing, that there had been no poet of such peculiar perfection since Horace. Mr. F. T. Palgrave has also done him generous and courageous justice. But what effect have these voices had against the solid silence of non-recognition by our actual arbiters of fame? He is never

named in the authentic schedules of modern English poets. I do not suppose that any one nearer to a countess than his friend Mrs. Norton ever asked him to dinner, and there was not so much as an enthusiastic dean to decree (upon his own respectable responsibility) the national honor of burial in Westminster Abbey to the poor classic. On the other hand, the approving voices of our literary and democratic Council of Ten or so are as tremendously effective as their silence. No such power of rewarding humble excellence ever before existed in the world. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, of her own knowledge, writes thus: "Of a work, lately published, one man alone wrote sixteen reviews. The author was his friend, and in sixteen 'vehicles' he carried the flag of his friend's triumph." To compare good things with bad, this beneficent ventriloquism reminds one of Milton's description of the devil, in the persons of the priests of Baal, as "a liar in four hundred mouths."

I hope that I may further exonerate myself from the charge of a proclivity to "plush"—this, if I remember rightly, was the word used by the *Guardian*—and also from that of a "savage" disrespect for modern enlightenment, as authenticated by "the thumb-mark of the artisan," when I go on to say that, to my mind, there can be no "distinction," in life, art, or manners, worth speaking of, which is not the outcome of singular courage, integrity, and generosity, and, I need scarcely add, of intellectual vigor, which is usually the companion of those qualities habitually exercised. An accomplished distinction, as the sight of it gives the greatest delight to those who have it, or are on the way to the attainment of it, so it is the greatest of terrors to the vulgar, whether of the gutter or in gilded chambers. Their assertion of their sordid selves it rebukes with a silence or a look of benevolent wonder, which they can never forgive, and which they always take for indications of intolerable pride, though it is nothing other than the fitting and inevitable demeanor, under the circumstances, of the "good man, in whose eyes," King David says, "a vile person is despised;" or that recommended by St. Augustine, who tells us that, if a man does not love the living truth of things, you should "let him be as dirt" to you; or by a still higher authority, who directs you to treat such an one as a "sinner and a publican," or, in modern phrase, a "cad." Naturally, the average democrat—who has not yet learned to love the living truth of things

—resents "distinction," and pathetically turns to Lord Rosebery and other such highly certificated judges of what is really excellent for consolation and reassurance; and naturally the leaders of democracy, in the House of Commons, or in the newspapers and magazines, are as jealous of distinction as the Roman democrats were of the man who presumed to roof his house with a pediment — which, perhaps, reminded them too disagreeably of a Temple.

The finest use of intercourse, whether personal or through books, with the minds of others is not so much to acquire their thoughts, feelings and characters as to corroborate our own, by compelling these to "take aspect," and to derive fresh consciousness, form, and power to our proper and peculiar selves. Such intercourse not only brings latent "distinction" into life, but it increases it more and more; a beautiful and beloved opposition acting as the scientific toy called the "electric doubler," by which the opposite forces in the two juxtaposed discs may be accumulated almost without limit, and splendid coruscations of contrasting life evoked, where there apparently was mere inertness before. The best use of the supremely useful intercourse of man and woman is not the begetting of children, but the increase of contrasted personal consciousness.

All attraction and life are due to magnetic opposition, and a great individuality, appearing in any company, acts as a thunder-cloud, which brightens the circumjacent air by alluring to or repelling from itself all the dusty and inert particles which float so thickly in the air of ordinary companies. The Catholic Church, whose *forte*, I think, is psychological insight, is peculiarly sensible in this, that, instead of encouraging uniformity of thought and feeling, as all other churches do, she does her best, in the direction of souls, to develop as wide a distinction as is consistent with formal assent to her singularly few articles of obligatory faith. She requires consent to the letter of the doctrine, but welcomes as many and seemingly conflicting ways of viewing it as there are idiosyncrasies of character in men, recommending each not to force his inclination, but to seek such good in the doctrine as best suits him. Thus does she encourage the immense diversity with which the final vision of truth shall be reflected in prismatic glories from the "Communion of the Saints."

In the world, as I have said, distinction can scarcely be manifested without a cer-

tain amount of culture, especially that part of the culture which consists in simplicity, modesty, and veracity. But culture in the democracy is usually deficient in these characteristics, and is also wanting in that purity of manner and phraseology without which delicate distinction of nature are, more or less, indecipherable. Plain speaking — sometimes very unpleasantly plain speaking — may be consistent with distinction; but, until Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Gladstone, for example, learn to leave off calling Tory spades sanguinary shovels, their eminent personalities must lack one fundamental condition of true self-manifestation. Persons who habitually express themselves so loosely must rest content, in this world, with something short of true distinction, though when they shall have attained to the Communion of Saints it may become unexpectedly conspicuous in them. So in art. In poetry, for instance, good and simple manners and language are not distinction, but distinction nowhere appears without them. The ordinary laws of language must be observed, or those small inflections of customary phrase, that "continual slight novelty," which is, as Aristotle, I think, says, the essential character of poetic language, and which is so because it is the true and natural expression of individuality, will be wanting. Even the genius and ardor of Dr. Furnivall must fail to disinter the soft pearl of distinction from the heaped potsherds and broken brickbats of a violent and self-imposed originality of diction, however great the natural and acquired faculties of the poet may be; yes, even though such faculties be far greater than those of others who may have added to their generally inferior abilities the art of "expressing *themselves*." Self must, however, be eliminated from a man's consciousness before the "how," which is the first essential in art, can make itself heard above the voice of the comparatively insignificant "what." To many persons this setting of the manner before the matter must appear almost immoral. Shall the virtues of eagerness and earnestness in pursuit of one's own true good and that of mankind be put after such a trifle as the mode of professing them? The truth, however, is that such eagerness and earnestness are not virtues, but rather proofs that virtue is not yet attained, just as the desire for praise is a proof that praise is not fully deserved. Repose "marks the manners of the great," for it is the expression of a degree of attainment which

makes all further attainment that is desired easy, sure, and unexciting, and of a modesty which refuses to regard self as the "hub of the universe," without which it cannot revolve, or indeed as in any way necessary to its existence and well-being, however much it may concern a man's own well-being that he should take his share, to the best of his abilities, in doing the good which will otherwise be done without him. The worst hindrance to distinction in nearly all the poetry of our generation is the warm interest and responsibility which the poets have felt in the improvement of mankind; as if, —

Whether a man serve God or his own whim,
Much matters, in the end to any one but him!

But, to recur again from art to life, the virtuous democrat is always a little Atlas who goes stumbling along with his eyeballs bursting from his head under his self-assumed burthen. Another obstacle to his distinction is his abhorrence of irrationality of all sorts. He dreams of no beauty or excellence beyond the colossal rationality of a Washington or a Franklin; whereas distinction has its root in the irrational. The more lofty, living, and spiritual the intellect and character become, the more is the need perceived for the sap of life which can only be sucked from the inscrutable and, to the wholly rational mind, repulsive ultimates of nature and instinct. The ideal nation of rational democrats, so far from exemplifying the glory of distinctions, would find its similitude in a great library consisting entirely of duplicates, digests, and popular epitomes of the works of John Stuart Mill.

I confess, therefore, to a joyful satisfaction in my conviction that a real democracy, such as ours, in which the voice of every untaught ninny or petty knave is as potential as that of the wisest and most cultivated, is so contrary to nature and order that it is necessarily self-destructive. In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive, and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe; and our own democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early, and probably a violent end. There are, however, uses for all things, and those who love justice enough not to care much should disaster to themselves be involved in its execution will look, not without complacency, on the formal and final ruin of superiorities which have not had sufficient care for their honor and their rights

to induce them to make even a sincere parliamentary stand for their maintenance. "Superiorities," when they have reached this stage of decay, are only fit to nourish the fields of future civilization, as ancient civilizations, gone to rot, have so richly nourished ours; and when democracy shall have done its temporary work of reducing them to available "mizen," democracy, too, will disappear, and — after how many "dark ages" of mere anarchy and war and petty, fluctuating tyrannies, who can tell? — there will come another period of ordered life and another harvest of "distinguished" men.

In the mean time "genius" and "distinction" will become more and more identified with loudness; floods of vehement verbiage, without any sincere conviction, or indications of the character capable of arriving at one; inhuman humanitarianism; profanity, the poisoner of the roots of life; tolerance and even open profession and adoption of ideas which Rochester and Little would have been ashamed even remotely to suggest; praise of any view of morals, provided it be an unprecedented one; faith in any foolish doctrine that sufficiently disclaims authority.

That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction surely more than justifies my forecast of what is coming. That amazing consummation is already come.

Being well satisfied that the world can get on in this, its destined course, without my help, I should not have broken my customary habit, in order to trouble it and myself with the expression of my views of "distinction" and its condition, culture, had it not been for the moral obligation, under which, as I have said, any one may, if he likes, consider himself, to write an *apologia pro moribus suis*, when these have been publicly attacked. I do not trouble the public often, and have never done so about myself. I take silent and real comfort in the fatalism which teaches me to believe that, if, in spite of my best endeavors, I cannot write poetry, it is because poetry is not the thing which is wanted from me, and that, when wanted, it will come from somebody else. But to be stigmatized as a "flunkey" and a "savage," by writers eminent for gentleness and orthodox manners, is a different thing. Flunkeyism and savagery, though, as times go, they should be considered as vices condoned by custom, yet *are* vices;

and for this and no other reason have I thought it right to explain the views, feelings, and expressions upon the misconception of which these charges have been founded.

But I have also to complain that there has been a certain amount of carelessness on the part of my accusers. I do think that when the *Guardian* charges me with the sin of having said nothing in the "Angel in the House," about the "poor," the writer should have remembered the one famous line I have ever succeeded in writing, namely, that in which Mrs. Vaughan is represented as conveying

A gift of wine to Widow Neale.

I put it in on purpose to show that my thoughts were *not* wholly occupied with cultivated people, though I knew quite well when I did so that it must evoke from the Olympians — as a candid friend, who has access to the sacred hill, assures me has been the case — thunders of inextinguishable laughter. Again, I am surprised and grieved that a journal, which so well represents and protects an establishment in which primitive graces and doctrines have, of late, been revived in so gratifying a manner, should have accused me of carrying my flunkey notions into a future state, with no other proof alleged than my affirmation of the doctrine of the intercession of saints, when I say that sinners, through them, approach divinity, —

with a reward and grace
Unguess'd by the unwash'd boor who hails
Him to his face.

Was it just to assume that by the "unwash'd boor" I meant only the artisan who had not put aside, for the Sunday, the materials with which he is accustomed to affix his *imprimatur* to sound literature?

Again, I must say that the writer in the *Spectator* — whose hand is not easily to be mistaken for any but that of the kindest and most conscientious of editors — should not have denounced me as a person of eminently savage disposition, when he must, I think, have remembered that, the very last time I saw him, I protested to him how completely my feelings were in unison with the mild amenity of Dr. Newman, adding, by way of confirmation, from a poem of my own: —

O that I were so gentle and so sweet,
So I might deal fair Sion's foolish foes
Such blows!

He also neglects, I think, to put a fair interpretation upon what he calls my

"hatred" and "scorn" of the people. Sir Thomas Browne, in a time when the people were much less disagreeable than they are become in this the day of their predominance, declared that they constituted the only entity which he could say with truth that he sincerely hated. Now Sir Thomas Browne was, as we know from his own assurance, among the sweetest-tempered and least savage of men — as, indeed, I believe that I myself am. Neither Sir Thomas nor I ever meant the least unkindness or affront to any individual. I have examined my conscience carefully, and I find myself in a state of universal charity. I condemn no one to perdition; I am willing to believe that, were we admitted to the secret recesses of their souls, we might discover some apprehension of the living truth of things in Mr. Gladstone, some conscience in Lord Rosebery of the limits which should be put to party complaisance, some candor in the editor of *Truth*; and I am so far from "hating" these or any, in a wicked sense, that, though I cannot love them with the "love of complacency" — as I believe the schoolmen call it, in distinction to the "love of benevolence" — I love them so much with the latter kind of love that I desire heartily the very best that could happen for them, which would be that, for a moment, they should see themselves as they truly are. I cannot help adding — though I think the *tu quoque* rather vulgar — that, when this really excellent politician and critic said that I confounded the select with the elect, he himself was more or less confounding the elect with the electors.

Finally, had I really been a "flunkey" — I cannot get the sting of that word out of me — had I departed from my Darby and Joan notions to please the dainty with descriptions of abnormal forms of affection; had I sought to conciliate the philosophic by insisting that no son can reasonably regard the chastity of his mother as other than an open question; had I endeavored to allure laughter by such easy combinations of profanity and *patois* as have won for so many a reputation for being vastly humorous; had I, in compliment to abstainers from what is strong, diluted my modicum of spirit with ten times its bulk of the pure element; had I paid even proper attention to the arbiters of fame, how much "earthlier happy" might I now have been! As it is, whether my thoughts are "pinnacled dim in the intense inane" of "The Unknown Eros," or I proffer, in the "Angel in the House,"

"a gift of wine to Widow Neale," the Council of Ten or so are alike unsympathetic; in my declining years I have scarcely a countess on whom I can rely for a dinner; when I die there will be no discerning dean to bury me, upon his own responsibility, in Westminster Abbey; and on my obscure tombstone some virtuous and thoughtful democrat may very likely scribble, "Here lies the last of the Savages and Flunkeys," notwithstanding all I have now said to prove that I am an unpretentious and sweet-tempered old gentleman, who is harmlessly and respectably preparing for a future state, in which he trusts that there will be neither tomahawk nor "push." COVENTRY PATMORE.

From The Spectator.

MR. PATMORE ON DISTINCTION.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, discourses upon the quality of "Distinction," and by way of defending himself for appreciating it, for which, in our opinion, he needs no defence, since we heartily agree with him in his admiration of it, he accuses us of having charged him with displaying "a singularly 'savage' and 'scornful' disposition." He refers to our review of "The Unknown Eros," in our number of April 12th. With some surprise, we turned to the article and carefully re-read it, but found no charge of the kind. We did, indeed, say that in the powerful attacks which Mr. Patmore there directs against the modern spirit, the English time-spirit of to-day, there is a good deal of harsh and scornful invective, and we quoted passages, the number of which might be considerably increased, in proof of that assertion. But we contrasted those severe invectives with the bland and gentle spirit of his earlier poetry, and only used them to show that Mr. Patmore has presented another side of his mind to the world in his latest volume; and we neither suggested nor, indeed, imagined that that side of his mind represents his own personality any more truly than the side of his mind which was more fully reflected in his earlier works. It would have been a gross impertinence, and an impertinence of which we were certainly not guilty, to deduce any inference as to Mr. Patmore's personal character, from the qualities exhibited in a few passages of a few poems, and, indeed, it would have been a kind of inference which we should have thought

foolish and mistaken, as well as impertinent. But when a man speaks of the general multitude as "Gergesenian swine," denounces the aristocracy for giving away their power to "the sordid trader," and "the sordid trader" for sharing it with the "mechanic vain," speaks of the political demonstrations of the day as "the orgies of the multitude," and so forth, we think we may fairly impute to the poems containing these forcible and effective expressions that they are scornful and bitter; and that scorn and bitterness, in relation to the particular policy denounced, were the very qualities which Mr. Patmore availed himself of his rich poetical imagination and vocabulary to embody. Not only did we *not* describe him as a man of singularly savage and scornful disposition, but we never even in thought attributed to him such a disposition, and we were careful to quote even from this very volume a passage of an exactly opposite tendency, entitled "Let be," showing how wise and large a charity had sometimes, even in this volume, animated his poetry. As for the word "savage," the only place in which it is used in the article is in a sentence in which we find fault with him for calling his own heart "my adulterate heart," and that merely because it dallied with pleasure. "Surely," we wrote, "the expression, 'my adulterate heart,' is far too savage by way of taking revenge on it for dallying with 'Pleasure thy pale enemy.'" To accuse a man of once using a too savage expression, and that in inveighing against himself, is surely not to accuse him of being savage, much less of being "a savage," a charge against us as highly imaginative as the most imaginative element in Mr. Patmore's poetry. We *did* accuse Mr. Patmore of fierce partisanship in some of his scornful attacks upon democracy, but we never accused him of ferocity as a general characteristic, and never thought of making so absurd an accusation. One might as well accuse a man-eating tiger of unnatural gentleness on the strength of his having been known, on two or three exceptional occasions, to spare his victim. Mr. Patmore's style has all the distinction he himself so much admires; but he sees criticisms upon his own poems through a magnifying glass which transforms every fault into a crime, and every expressed divergence of taste into an expression of something like disgust.

The more important question remains as to the significance and worth of what Mr. Patmore calls "distinction." He

avows his liking for distinction, and his unwillingness to give up to the undistinguished the leadership in matters literary, artistic, or even political; and in this we heartily agree with him. But when he comes to define distinction, he is not, we think, quite so successful as he is in his praise of it. He makes it to consist in distinctness from others; yet not only is distinctness from others not in itself distinction, but distinctness from others may often be the very opposite of distinction, indeed, a kind, and a very unpleasant kind, of vulgarity. There is no true distinction without a rare simplicity, an ease, a naturalness, a reality, an indifference to mere appearance, which always marks the bearing of those who are not coveting the good opinion of others, but in whom genuine courtesy is mingled with genuine self-confidence. Even great power and commanding genius may show themselves in a kind of distinctness from others that wholly lacks the quality of distinction. Take, for instance, the practical genius of Cromwell, of Peter the Great, or Napoleon. All these were men of distinguished genius, the last of them of high and unique genius; but not one of them had what we should call the hall-mark of distinction on his outward life. Peter the Great was a boor; Cromwell was more or less bourgeois, with all his grandeur of nature; Napoleon was naturally vulgar, though his vulgarity was almost forgotten in the piercing glance by which he discriminated the right means by which his vulgar ends could best be served. Or take again literary style, what style could be more distinct and replete with genius than that of Tacitus, or that of Jean Paul Richter, or that of Carlyle? Yet we should not rank any one of these styles as marked by that "distinction" which requires for its first note, the highest simplicity; we should not attribute to any one of them the "distinction" which we find in Virgil, or in the most luminous efforts of Goethe, or in Ruskin, or in the highest of all English styles, that of John Henry Newman. Distinction, far from consisting in mere distinctness, is positively inconsistent with distinctness that exaggerates difference for the sake of difference. Brusqueness, for instance, is hardly consistent with true distinction; certainly conscious eccentricity is not. True distinction is as careful not to inflict superfluous jars on others as true politeness. The slightest trace of ostentation is wholly repugnant to true distinction. There is "distinctness" in Gibbon's learning, but not in the

roll and splendor of his diction, in which there is more than a trace of pompousness; and nothing can be further removed from true distinction than pomp. There is distinction in Macaulay's imagination, but not in his elaborate antithesis, in which the reader feels that there is something artificial; and the least trace of artificiality is repugnant to true distinction. There is distinction in Pope's highest wit, but not in his excess of incisiveness, where you see a laborious and self-conscious desire to excite admiration and to keep attention on the stretch, that is altogether at variance with the simplicity and modesty of true distinction. There is true distinction, high distinction, in Matthew Arnold's elegies; but in his prose there is for the most part a pride of independence, a high-steppingness, an arch implication of conscious superiority, which takes off one's admiration from the matter and fixes it too much upon the manner of the phraseology. For true distinction we require not merely distinctness, but unassuming distinctness, distinctness which is as modest as it is marked; in fact, distinctness which is as unlike the peacock's flaunting self-admiration as the note of the lark is unlike the shake of an operatic prima donna. All true distinction avoids unnecessary distinctness, any kind of distinctness which, instead of paying deference to human nature and the common forms of society, tries to display its superiority to the average man. Distinction shows itself without making a splash, without calling attention to itself, without self-consciousness. There is a deference for the feelings of others in all true distinction which avoids the friction of anything like elaborate display. But by saying this, of course, we do not mean that when a strong thing has to be said, it should be said weakly or without the adequate force, but only that no superfluity of force should be spent, as an unskilled or a vain man will spend it, in drawing attention not to the thing to be said, but to the manner of the person saying it. Mr. Patmore, in his remarks on distinction, perhaps a little ignores this. We do not at all agree with him that "in manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the 'distinction' comes out in the latter only." On the contrary, the "what" is of quite first-rate importance; only you cannot either say or do the right thing substantially without reference to the manner in

which it is said or done. It matters infinitely, for instance, whether you fight for your life or prefer to die. But if it is right to fight for your life, you do not fight for it as you should, unless you fight bravely, coolly, without any violent passion. And if it is right to die, you do not die as you should, unless you die bravely, coolly, without any craven fear. True distinction is shown as much in the right choice of the matter to be done as in the right manner of doing it. Charles II. is said to have apologized to his courtiers for keeping them so long in dying. The manner showed distinction, but the matter showed no distinction. The poor king's mind was not fixed on the reality of the change through which he was passing. He was only thinking of how to pass through it as gracefully as possible in the view of those who were standing round his bed. There could not have been less spiritual distinction than he displayed. But if death be looked at merely as a social ceremony, in which the chief object is to be courteous to the human figures present, the king succeeded. Unfortunately, that was just the point in which success was of little or no importance. There was no true distinction in Charles's death, because he did not realize what death was. There was distinction only in his display of considerateness to his attendants. But that was just the wrong direction in which to show distinction, and true distinction implies reality of aim as well as the right choice of the manner in which to embody your aim.

From The Spectator.

THE LADY WRANGLER.

THE real senior wrangler this year is a lady, Miss Philippa Fawcett, the daughter of the late postmaster-general, who was himself seventh wrangler thirty-four years ago, in 1856, two years before the accident that robbed him of his sight. And she has not only won the blue-ribbon of the university against all her male competitors, but she has done so, if the report of a friend in the *Pall Mall* is to be trusted, without over-work, without over-excitement, and without studying either very late or very early. Miss Clough, the principal of Newnham, is said to have improved the occasion by saying at the dinner on Saturday evening: "I am sure it is a great lesson to you — to go to bed early." Miss Fawcett is said to have gone to bed regularly at eleven and risen at eight, and to have written all her papers with the greatest circumspection and precision — slowly rather than fast. The most

gratifying thing to us in her friend's account of her is the fact that on the morning of the day when the result of the examination was to be proclaimed, "she did indeed wake early with excitement and confessed to reading 'Mansfield Park' in bed in order to occupy and calm her mind." So Miss Fawcett is an Austenite, which shows that she has a fine sense of humor. Moreover, the selection the lady made for the purpose of "calming her mind" was a judicious one, "Mansfield Park" being certainly the heaviest of Miss Austen's novels, bright and humorous as it is.

It must be pleasant to Miss Philippa Fawcett to know that while winning a name for herself and the possibility of a career, she has delighted all the women in the kingdom cultivated enough to understand her triumph. She has gratified to the full a jealousy of sex which has, we suspect, helped for many years past to stimulate English women to intellectual exertion. That jealousy has probably been felt by able women in all ages and all countries, by the great Roman lady as by the Indian Begum or Ranees; but of late, and in England, circumstances have developed it into something like a passion. Most feats of our day being civil feats, and most successes achieved by intellectual capacity, able women have felt that they could do or could achieve them all if they had only a fair chance, and have waxed wroth in their hearts, sometimes, indeed, also with their tongues, because able men did not, as they thought, willingly acknowledge their mental equality with themselves. They wanted to prove it, not only by production, which in some fields of literature they had already done, but by some directly competitive test, the genuineness of which no educated man, however cynical as to their claims, would have the hardihood to deny. They were not contented with George Eliot or Mrs. Browning, for these women possessed genius, and genius proves nothing, that wind blowing where it listeth; but they were grateful to Miss Prideaux for winning that broad gold medal so seldom granted even to male anatomists; more grateful to Miss Agneta Ramsay for beating all the men of her year in classical attainment; most grateful to Miss Fawcett for coming out in the mathematical tripos well in advance of the senior wrangler. It was in the study of exact science that impudent men said that women were sure to fail, and to triumph in mathematics over the whole academic world was indeed sweet, — so sweet, so contenting, so productive of mental rest,

that it would not surprise us if female energy showed for a year or two symptoms of falling off. At least, it will be felt, women have been first in the men's special field for intellectual athletics. They have won the chariot race at Olympia, and must be qualified for the reins. It is not an unnatural jealousy, for all caste distinctions are provoking, and to be accounted intellectually inferior through defect of birth—did not some Scotch boy refuse to be "regenerate" because "he mought be born a lassie"?—must be more galling even than to be held socially disqualified for the same reason; nor is it an ignoble one, and the gratification it has now received is, in one way at all events, well founded. Miss Fawcett's success does not prove the full equality of men's and women's intellects any more than did that of Miss Prideaux or Miss Ramsay, for it leaves the question of the power to originate still unsettled; and those who please may still doubt whether a woman will ever produce a great painting, a grand oratorio, or a new discovery like that of the law of gravitation; but it does prove that, in the use of the faculty of intellectual accumulation, women may rival men. That is not all, but that is very much; and that being proved under the test men have themselves selected, women have a clear right to be happy, and even in their happiness just a little triumphant. It is true that a few of the observant never doubted the result; but the conflict was one between entire castes, and the stronger caste did doubt.

Cultivated women, as we have said, may fairly feel the happier for Miss Fawcett's victory, which not only relieves them of an unfair doubt, but with its accompanying incidents may help to assure them that they have immensely exaggerated men's jealousy of their claims. If that jealousy ever existed in the intellectual domain, which we doubt, the real feeling being of a different kind, it has greatly died away. There was some carping criticism when Miss Prideaux, a girl of singularly lofty and even saintly character, won the broad gold medal for unrivalled knowledge of anatomy, because a sexual prejudice, not without justification, and, at all events, as old as civilization, was thereby affronted; but there was not a trace of it, not even in the comic papers, when Miss Ramsay achieved her triumph, and to-day men, even more than women, are congratulating Miss Fawcett. No one able to understand her victory regrets it, unless, indeed, for we must not forget

human nature, it be that unlucky Mr. Bennett, who for the next half century will have to explain at intervals that he was senior wrangler, no doubt, "if that means anything;" but that it was in the year when Miss Philippa Fawcett, aged twenty-two, ought to have been. Nor would there be the smallest regret if a woman to-morrow were recognized as the first poet, or astronomer, or painter, or composer, or mechanic, or chemist of the age. That kind of feeling, which welcomes injury to the world, if only the loss protects a caste superiority, is pretty nearly dead, or, at all events, has among the cultivated retreated out of sight. Handicraftsmen excepted, who are trained by their circumstances to dislike all fresh competition, men have become in all intellectual competitions more fair to women than women are to them, the latter not recognizing quite impartially the monopoly their rivals have hitherto enjoyed of creative power in all departments except the single one of fiction. Men are not, it is true, as yet quite ready, possibly they never will be quite ready, to accept the enormous revolution involved in the claim to the suffrage, not seeing, among other difficulties, how physical force and legal power can be forever divorced without the risk of anarchy. Nor will they ever be willing—women will not be, either—to see the inherent differences of sex disregarded, as some of the "advanced" of both sexes threaten to disregard them; but they are growing just. They will compensate women yet for their long—and, we freely admit, in many cases startlingly unjust—exclusion from the benefit of old endowments, and they have conceded, not only without a struggle but positively without a word of objection, the largest potential transfer of property ever made to any caste or separate corporation. After owning through ages all women's property, men silently surrendered it,—so silently that not one woman in ten is even yet aware that her own gold is her very own, and they did not even take credit to themselves for extra magnanimity. One old gentleman did, it is true, for many years bombard newspaper offices with tracts, showing that Lord Cairns's act, as well as some others, was irreligious and immoral; but, with that exception, the entire male sex acquiesced in what will prove, before a half century has elapsed, an enormous corporate fine. They had no option, of course, from the Christian moralist's point of view, nothing either

in revelation or inherent conscience making it lawful to steal coin when the owner is a woman; but, still, when the prescription of ages is considered, and the difficulty mankind have in being just to their own hurt, the Englishmen of our day have upon this subject been wonderfully fair, and they will be fair, too, as regards intellectual attainments. That is to say, whether they pay fairly for them or not — a different matter in which action is not governed by thought, but by forces nearly automatic — they will fully and ungrudgingly recognize all that women, in the judgment of the wisest of their own sex, can fairly demand.

"You are exaggerating," we hear some angry and, perhaps, slightly acrid objectors saying; the "men are not as fair as you say. They do not by choice marry the intellectually gifted. On the contrary, the best *partis* pick out the prettiest women, by preference just now pretty Americans. Marriage is the grand test of men's opinion, and in marriage the most cultivated are not the most successful." The answer to that gibe, which one hears pretty often, and which, though substantially false, has a surface truth in it, is contained in the simple question, "Why should they be?" The laws of nature are not going to be altered in order that men and women may know mathematics or anything else a little better. The desire for beauty is inherent and indestructible, and exists, if Darwin may be trusted, in every sentient thing, if not also in most of the entities to which we usually refuse to ascribe the attribute of sentience. It is not to be killed out by cultivating the brain, though it may be modified, and is being modified with some rapidity. We cannot give instances without invidiousness, and most of our readers can supply them for themselves; but personal attractiveness being equal, the highest intellectual culture stands in no girl's way. We do not believe it ever did, from the days of Aspasia downwards to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but it certainly does not now. What is the very charm of these American girls, who make great ladies so angry, apart from their beauty and their dollars, but a lively quickness of mind and speech,

which are taken — often correctly, often incorrectly — for intelligence, wit, and that last result of culture, detachment? The change that is going on in our social life is all in favor of women of intelligence, and this, we believe, in every rank. It is excessively marked, we are told, by those who know, among the best of the handicraftsmen, and among the higher classes, though evidence is less easy to obtain, it is still perceptible. Beauty ranks first by virtue of laws which no female parliament either will, or can, alter; but, beauty and wealth apart, the stupid girl is getting as heavily weighted in the race as the stupid man, whom the democracy, for reasons that are at all events disinterested, is shutting out of every chance in life, except emigration and hawking fish. Those who fling this argument at our heads should talk to their grandfathers a little, or hunt up a few old memoirs. They will find that in the last century there were, the much smaller range of society being allowed for, ten *mésalliances* for one now, every countryside showing its King Cophetua, and this although the pride of birth was then, of all the emotions bred of convention — if it is so bred — by far the most operative and real. Men are growing ashamed of silliness in their women as they never were before, and proud, too, which is a further step, of their intelligence. Progress in such matters is a result of many causes which do not always co-operate, and we need not expect that in the year 3,000 A.D. all marriages, or one-half of them, will be intelligible; but for all that, no one who looks at society without prejudice will believe that the fools are winning the social game. That, a steadily increasing prejudice in favor of intelligence, even in selecting wives, is all that our present adversaries have any right to demand. If their secret ideal is that the broad forehead shall always be felt instinctively by all men to be more attractive than the curved lips, they must wait, and wait as those that are tireless. They are asking for a new species, and the one demand of all evolutionists when they seek or speak of new species is a good long interval of time.

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CONTENTS.

I. DANTE IN HIS RELATION TO THE THEOL- OGY AND ETHICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	. . . 131
II. LLOYD COURTENAY'S BANISHMENT, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	. . . 143
III. SOME INDIAN WILD BEASTS, . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i>	. . . 154
IV. A KENTISH PILGRIM ROAD, . . .	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . 162
V. THE ART AND MYSTERY OF COLLABORA- TION,	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i>	. . . 166
VI. GEORGE WITHER,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	. . . 174
VII. VERMIN IN ENGLAND,	<i>National Review,</i>	. . . 180
VIII. IN THE BRAZILIAN CAPITAL,	<i>Time,</i>	. . . 184
IX. THE EFFECT OF THE NEW CAREERS ON WOMEN'S HAPPINESS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	. . . 190

POETRY.

MEETING AND FAREWELL, 130	"MAN'S LIFE IS BORN INTO A BOOT- LESS WORLD," 130
KING'S WEIR, 130	
QUIET, 130	

MISCELLANY, 192

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MEETING AND FAREWELL.

AH me! how sadder than to say farewell
 It is to meet,
 Dreading that Love has lost his spell
 And changed his sweet!
 I would we were again to part
 With that full heart.

The hawthorn was half-bud, half-flower
 At our good-bye;
 And braver to me since that hour
 Are earth and sky.
 Ah, God! it were too poor a thing
 To meet, this spring.

Our hearts — life never would have marge
 To bear their tides,
 Their confluent rush! Lo! death is large
 In boundary sides;
 And our great *χαίρε* must be said
 When I am dead.

Academy. MICHAEL FIELD.

KING'S WEIR.

THE house is silent; on the stair
 My foot falls strangely, and there creeps
 A chill about the morning air
 That speeds me where the hamlet sleeps.

I leave the sounding street and view
 The crescent paling to her death,
 And the broad meadows white with dew,
 And heavy with the orchis' breath.

Where bees protest a drowsy tale,
 And plaintive peewits fall and twist,
 And in the mowing-grass the rail —
 A strident-voiced ventriloquist —

Creeps silently (its nest is near),
 And the small bat eccentric flits —
 Taking the moth — and on the Weir
 A single yellow-wagtail sits.

And, wakened by the wakening morn,
 The herald breeze begins to blow:
 But now a doubtful murmur born
 Of shivering hillside beech, and now

It makes the silver poplars gleam,
 And fans the thistles into play,
 And whitens all the stiller stream,
 And passing sighs itself away.

But it had left the water glad,
 And made the big trout plunge and hurl
 His length among the foam, and add
 A breaking circle to the swirl.

Have we not seen a sick man lie
 Prone on a weary fever bed,
 With aimless hand and vacant eye
 To tell the light of reason fled?

He breathes, but dead to all the ills
 And joys of earth; and can we give
 The name of life to breath that fills
 A mindless frame? Is this to live?

But by-and-by the godlike light
 Of purpose dawning in his face,
 Plays widening round, till all is bright,
 And life regains her perfect place.

The cold distinctness of the scene,
 When stars are dead and lands are grey,
 Seems such as this — the time between
 The dawning and the perfect day.

But now the god, arising, shakes
 About the broadened canopy
 His locks red-gold, gold-red, and makes
 A glory in the eastern sky.

And willing in the fount of dawn
 Grows the great lambent tide, the same
 That lights the diamond on the lawn,
 Or rages till the prairies flame.

I see thee draw the wreathèd woof
 Of veiling mist across the plain;
 I see thee glinting on the roof
 And burning on the burnished vane;

Lighting the sedge-bird's secret place,
 Lifting the windflower's tired head,
 Blushing upon the briar's face,
 And laughing in the iris-bed.

And the great soul of earth, that moves
 In all I see or cannot see,
 Springs, radiant at the touch she loves,
 To lose itself in thee.

Longman's Magazine. AUBYN BATTYE.

QUIET.

LET the light speak — and it shall say
 There is no speed and no delay,
 Perfect *quiet* brings the day.

Perfect growth by little shows:
 He who hastes shall lose by speed;
 He who clutches mar by greed;
 He who hurries spoils his deed
 And swells the debt he owes.

E. E. READER.

MAN's life is born into a bootless world.
 If he strive not, how base! and if he strive
 What weariness and grief, whilst evermore
 Recedes the earthly goal! We plan and act,
 Our little wisdom runs before our deeds
 Led other ways by Fate; and all our days
 But mock the visions of our yesterdays,
 Till every purpose seems as shaped by dreams,
 Futile and waking, voided.

Academy.

From The Contemporary Review.

DANTE IN HIS RELATION TO THE THEOLOGY AND ETHICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE opinions of Dante, like those of every great writer who has treated of ethical, political, or religious subjects, have been made the battle-ground of bitter controversy. Apart from those who fall into the shallow trap of seeking the greatness of the poet in some secret doctrine which can be read by the aid of a verbal key, there are many who have sought for Protestantism, and some who sought for Socialism, or even Nihilism, in his pages.* And their interpretations, as was to be expected, have called out those of an opposite school, who have turned him into a champion of orthodoxy, and have treated his denunciation of the Papal policy as a separable accident of his poetry. Now in a sense it may be maintained that both parties are "right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny." Those who see in Dante's words the germs of religious and political change are not altogether in error, though they sometimes look for the evidence of their view in the wrong place. The writers who are most revolutionary in their ultimate effect are not those who violently break away from the institutions of the past and set up a new principle against them, but rather those who so thoroughly enter into the spirit of those institutions that they make them, so to speak, transparent. When the soul becomes visible, the body is ready to drop away. We often find systems of doctrine surviving the most violent attack from without, and apparently only deriving new vigor from the contest. But one thing there is which they cannot survive — viz., being thoroughly understood and appreciated, for the intelligence that has fully appreciated them has *ipso facto* grown out of them and beyond them. It has extracted the principle from its former embodiment, and so made it capable of entering into combination with other principles to produce new forms of life and thought. It is in this relation that Dante stands to mediæval Catholicism. In at-

* E. Aroux: Dante Hérétique, Révolutionnaire, et Socialiste.

tempting to revivify its ideas, he "betrayed its secret." As Plato in his "Republic" developed the ruling ideas of Greek politics to a point at which they necessarily break through the form of the Greek state and destroy it, so Dante, in giving a final and conclusive utterance to mediæval ideas, at once revealed the vital source of their power, and showed where they come into contradiction with themselves and point beyond themselves for their completion. The attempts made to prove that Dante was a "Reformer before the Reformation," or a "Revolutionary before the Revolution" are, in the sense in which they were made, vain and futile; and, in spite of the rough way in which he denounces the state of things ecclesiastical and political, writers like Ozanam and Hettinger have no difficulty in showing Dante's complete orthodoxy, and his complete acceptance of the Catholic system of life and thought. Even from the first the Catholic Church recognized that the attacks of Dante were the wounds of a friend, and that it would be an absurdity to put in the Index a poem which was the most eloquent of all expressions of its own essential ideas. The revolutionary power of Dante's poetry lay in quite a different direction. It lay just in this, that Dante held up to mediæval Catholicism its own ideal, the very principle on which it rested and from which it drew all its power, that he judged it by that ideal, and that by that ideal he found it wanting. For, although, as "the most hopeful son of the Church Militant," Dante seemed to himself to be able to indicate one simple way in which the old order of Church and State could be restored, to all but himself the very expression of the conditions necessary for this return to the past was the demonstration of its impossibility.

In this article, it is not proposed to consider Dante as a poet, or at least to enter into any questions directly connected with the poetic form in which he has expressed himself, but rather to treat him as a writer who sought in his own way to read the signs of his times, and to declare to others the lesson he had thus learnt. In doing so, we are judging Dante according to a standard which he himself has set up. The

poetic form, indeed, is inseparable from Dante's thought, as is shown by his comparative failure to utter himself in prose; but to himself it was, so to speak, an inseparable accident, necessary only as the vehicle of his message to his time, as the form through which alone he could express his whole conception of human life, and "justify the ways of God to man." If ever there has been a poetry which was indifferent to its own matter, it was certainly not the "sacred poem to which heaven and earth had set their hands so that for many years it had made the poet lean." The "Divina Commedia" was for Dante simply the last perfect expression of the same thought, which in all his other works, both of prose and verse, it had been his effort to utter. It is not, indeed, a didactic poem in the ordinary sense of the word. Dante was too perfect an artist not to see that the direct, practical movement of the preacher or the orator is alien to the contemplative spirit of poetry. But it is didactic in the sense that it is an effort to exhibit the ideal truth of things, the moral law of the world, which is hidden from us by the confusion of phenomena, and the illusion of our own passions. Hence the first problem suggested by the "Commedia" is, how Dante's poetry becomes the vehicle of a complete philosophical and theological view of human life without ceasing to be poetry.

We may answer, in the first place, that the reason why Dante is able to be philosophical without ceasing to be poetical, is the same which enables Plato to approach so closely to poetry without ceasing to be a philosopher. By Dante, as by Plato, every part is seen in the light of the whole, and, therefore, becomes a kind of individual whole in itself. Dante can be faithful to truth without ceasing to be a poet, because, for him, the highest truth is poetical. His unceasing effort to reach the poetry of truth and the truth of poetry may be evidenced in many ways. He began his career as a poet by a kind of Wordsworthian reaction against the affectations of the Provençal school, from which he received his first lessons in the art of verse. In a well-known passage in the "Purgatorio," Bonagiunta di Lucca, one of

his poetical predecessors, questions him as to the reason of the superiority of his lyrics. Dante answers that his secret was simply strict adherence to the truth of feeling. "I am one, who, when love inspires me, make careful note of what he says, and in the very manner in which *he* speaks within, I set myself to utter it." Bonagiunta is made to answer: "Now, I see the obstacle which made me and the Notary and Guittone fall short of the sweet new style, which in your verses sounds in my ears. I see clearly that your wings follow closely after the dictation of love, which was certainly not the case with us." In the description of outward things, Dante's minute accuracy, as of one who wrote always "with his eye on the object," is one of his most obvious characteristics. Sometimes he goes so far in breaking through the conventional limitations of poetical language as to give us a shock of surprise, like that which we receive from the homely detail of Wordsworth; though in Dante we never meet with those pieces of crude, undigested prose to which Wordsworth sinks in his less inspired moments. More often Dante falls into this kind of error in relation to the prose, not of bare fact, but of thought. In his anxiety to utter the whole truth of his theme, and to make his work a kind of compend of philosophy and theology, he sometimes introduces definitions and expositions of doctrine, which are too abstract to be fused into unity with any poetic symbol; as, for instance, in the curious Aristotelian lecture on the relations of the soul and the body, which he puts into the mouth of the poet Statius. Generally, however, the intractableness of his theme is overcome partly by the Platonic cast of Dante's thoughts, to which we have already referred, and partly by the realizing force of imagination with which these thoughts are grasped. The synthetic power of poetry, which individualizes all that is universal, is made the servant of the philosophic synthesis, which overcomes abstraction by grasping ideas in their relations. The passage in the thirteenth canto of the "Paradiso," where St. Thomas is made to expound the scale of being, and the parallel passage in the first canto, are good

instances of the way in which Dante conquers this difficulty. And it is remarkable that he succeeds, not by expansion, but by compression of thought; in other words, he makes the conceptions of philosophy and theology poetic, not by diluting them in metaphors, but by a concentrated intensity of expression, which suggests the connection of each part with the whole, and the presence of the whole in every part.

What, then, is Dante's theme? To this Dante himself gives an answer which might at first sight seem inconsistent with the very nature of poetry, as a direct sensuous presentment of its object. In his letter to Can Grande della Scala, to whom he dedicates the "Paradiso," he declares that the subject of the "Commedia," taken literally, is the state of souls after death. But, he goes on, if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, as by the good or ill use of his freedom he becomes worthy of reward or punishment. Now, many modern critics might be disposed to say that to play in this way with double meanings is necessarily to lose the immediate appeal of poetry to our inner perception, and to "sickly o'er the native hues of" imagination "with a pale cast of thought." Nor can we escape the force of this objection by saying that the allegory is an after-thought, which occurred to Dante only when his poem was completed, and did not affect him during its composition. On the contrary, during the course of the poem he frequently directs our attention to the "subtle veil" under which he half conceals and half reveals a higher truth; and this deeper meaning is suggested to us not only by the numerous symbolic figures which are introduced at each stage of our progress, but by the main lines of the structure of the "Commedia." Even this might be regarded by some as a concession which was forced upon Dante by the ideas of his time. But, when we look more closely, we see that such a double meaning is no mere literary convention, but that it is inwrought into the very essence of Dante's work. It was, in fact, the necessary condition which he had to fulfil, in order to be, what Carlyle calls him, "the spokesman of ten silent

centuries." If Dante was to give poetic expression to the consciousness of the Middle Ages, it was as necessary for him to live in two worlds at once as for Homer to live in one. What characterized the Homeric age was the fresh sense of the reality of life and its interests, and therefore the poet of the Iliad and the Odyssey could introduce the world of the dead only as a shadowy and spectral existence at the extreme verge of his picture of the living world. But to the highest consciousness of the Middle Ages it might almost be said that the parts were inverted, and that the world of the living was but a shadowy appearance through which the eternal realities of another world were continually betraying themselves. The poet who made himself the interpreter of such a time was obliged to encounter all the difficulties of this strange division of man's being. He must draw his picture, as it were, on windows lightened by an unseen sun. However alien it might seem to the nature of poetry, or at least to the ordinary theory of its nature, he must be prepared to live in an atmosphere of double meanings, of crosslights and symbolic references, in which nothing was taken for simply itself; and yet, in spite of this, he had to be "simple, sensuous, and passionate," in order to be a poet at all. It is his strange success in this apparently impossible task that gives the unique character to Dante's achievement. His poem seems as if it were constructed to refute all the ordinary canons of poetic criticism, and to prove that genius is its own law. But the key to the difficulty is not very hard to discover. It is just through the symbolic nature of his theme that Dante finds his way back to poetic truth and reality. It is because the other world, as he fixes his eyes upon it, turns for him into an enlarged and idealized counterpart of this world, because its eternal kingdoms of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, are for him the symbol of the powers which underlie and control the confusing struggle of human life, that Dante is able to give to his journey through all these supernatural kingdoms the vivid force of natural realization. Hence it may fairly be said, that it is just

because the "Commedia" is symbolic that it is true. Accepting the dualism of the Middle Age, Dante can transcend it only by the double reflection of each world upon the other.

The meaning of this last statement will become clearer, if we consider for a moment the nature and origin of that dualism. It arose out of the opposition of Christianity to the ancient forms of life which it had to overcome. As in every great revolution by which a new principle of life has been introduced into human history, it was to be expected that the negative side of Christianity should manifest itself first. Till the enemy was conquered, it was impossible that he should be recognized as not altogether an enemy. And the materialism and sensualism, which were partly consequences of the fact that ancient civilization was in process of decay, made it all but impossible for the Christian, under the fresh inspiration of the most idealistic faith which the world had ever seen, to admit any kindred between the new life and the old. The Church was necessarily militant against the world, till the world was subdued. Only after the first shock of antagonism had ceased, and the new society was secure in itself, did it become possible for it to see that there were many elements in the old system which might be appropriated by it, and used as materials for the new social structure. And it was not till centuries had passed, not indeed till the present age, that it could be discerned that there is a deeper root of unity, from which all religions and civilizations spring, and in view of which even such a change as the introduction of Christianity can be regarded as a step in the development of one life.

Christianity was, therefore, at the outset, and in the eyes both of those who accepted, and of those who rejected it, a revolutionary idealism, which, as it turned the cross into the highest symbol of honor, seemed to invert all the old standards of excellence, and all the old criteria of truth. "Those who have turned the world upside down are come hither also." The characteristic of the new religion, which was most prominent in the minds of its earliest converts, is the antithetic abruptness of its inversion of the outward, and, we may even say, of the inward order of ancient life; and it was the apparent lawlessness involved in this revolution which turned the prejudice of the world against it. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and

hath exalted the humble and meek," is the birth song of the new creed; and St. Paul, who made the first steps toward turning the immediate utterance of Christian feeling into a theory, is continually insisting on the theme that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." The same thing seen from the outside made the Roman emperors regard Christianity as the most fatal and horrible of superstitions, a superstition which inspired the dregs of society with a subversive madness, and made them for the first time unsubmitive to the firm hand of Roman discipline. It is true that Christianity was not outwardly revolutionary in its immediate aims. It preached submission to lawful authority, and not revolt; and it recognized even the empire that persecuted it as, in a sense, "ordained of God." But the instinct of its enemies was true. It submitted, not because it accepted the world's law, but because it stood so far off from that law that it could easily avoid any conflict with it; because, in the idealism of its faith, it could treat the whole order of secular life as something extraneous and indifferent. The Christian slave endured his chains, because slavery and mastery, the dunghill or the throne, could matter little or nothing to one whose citizenship was in heaven. Such a doctrine hid its revolutionary power in the excess of its spiritualism. But the imperial instinct of Rome recognized that such submission was treacherous, and that the political system of the empire must necessarily be destroyed by the development of a principle, which it could neither assimilate nor overcome. The Church grew within the empire, at once using it, and exhausting its energy by the invasive power of its stronger spiritual life, till in the course of time the imperial authority had to choose between extinction and submission.

The intellectual narrowness that hinders men from grasping more than one aspect of a great principle at one time, and even the limitations of human speech, are continually tending to exaggerate relative into absolute opposition, and to reduce unity into identity. And, as in its distinctive maxim, "Die to live," Christianity contained the germ at once of a deeper antagonism, and of a more comprehensive reconciliation, between the different elements of man's nature, than any previous system, it was inevitable that in its development it should sway between the two extreme poles of Manichæan Dualism and a Pantheism in which all difference of

good and evil was lost; though it could not identify itself either with the one or the other without losing its distinctive character. The necessity of conquering other forms of belief and of contending with the materialism of ancient civilization tended at first to throw emphasis upon the negative rather than the positive aspect of the maxim. And this tendency was seconded by the order of thought in the maxim itself, which involved that self-realization should be sought through self-sacrifice. The consequence was that the early Church threw all its weight in this direction, and viewed its own life as essentially opposed to that of the kingdoms of this world, which it expected soon to be subverted by the second coming of Christ. It is, however, noticeable that, in its earliest form, Christianity is less hopeless of the world, less dualistic than it afterwards became; even the Millenarian idea being itself a witness that the first Christians saw no incongruity in the idea that this world should be directly turned into the kingdom of God, or in the hope that, without passing through the gate of death, the faithful should have their mortal nature transformed entirely by the power of the new life. The explanation of this lies partly in the fact that the first Christians received the principle of Christianity in its unevolved completeness, before the tendency to emphasize one side of it had gained strength. Still more it lay in the natural confidence of those who first felt the inspiring power of the new faith, and who had not yet learned to estimate the obstacles that stood between the simple acceptance of the Christian principle in its unexplained generality and the realization of it in a complete system of life and thought. In the first intuitive apprehension of a new idea of life everything seems at once to be attained. In its universality men seem to possess a present infinity, a principle of unlimited good, which can be resisted by nothing because it includes everything. In this sense Hegel speaks of the infinite value of the ununfolded religious emotion, as it exists in the breast of the simplest man who has felt its power. But, in another point of view, an idea so apprehended is merely a germ, which as yet has shown as little of what it contains or of the real results to which it will grow, as the acorn shows of the future oak. In the course of the second century, when the first fervor of hope and faith was over, it began to be seen that the perfect fruition of the Christian ideal could not be grasped at once. The immediate hope of

a sudden divine change of the world disappeared, and with it, we might almost say, the hope of a realization of Christianity in this world. The first steps toward the building up of an organized community of Christians brought with them a consciousness of the immense hindrances, inward and outward, which stood in the way of the realization of a kingdom of heaven upon earth. And though the idea that human nature is capable of a complete purification and regeneration could not be lost without the loss of Christianity itself, the belief began to prevail that such completion can be attained only in another world.

Hence the apparent contradiction that the principle of Christianity comes to be regarded as unrealizable, just at the time when the first steps are taken to realize it. It is when the Church has begun to establish itself as one of the political powers of the world, that the expectation of a kingdom of God on earth all but disappears, and Christianity becomes decisively an other-world faith — the hope of a victory to be won, and a fruition to be enjoyed, only beyond the grave. In like manner, it is when the Christian idea has ceased to be a simple consciousness of relation to Christ, when it has put itself in relation to the philosophy of the ancient world and begun to develop into a system of doctrine, that the distinction of faith and knowledge begins to be emphasized, and divine things to be regarded as altogether beyond the sphere of the understanding of man. In the New Testament, and especially in the Epistles of St. Paul, the minor note of sadness — which could never be entirely absent from the expression of the Christian consciousness — is sometimes all but lost in the hope of a joy to be revealed in the near future; and sorrow takes the aspect of a passing shadow, which is soon to disappear from the new heavens and the new earth. But with the apostolic age this confident spirit passes away, and life begins to be regarded as a pilgrimage in a foreign land, in which the Christian has continually to contend with enemies without and within, and no fruition corresponding to his hopes is to be expected. Existence is thus, as it were, projected into a future beyond the grave, and even the Church is conceived, not as the kingdom of God realized on earth, but as an ark of refuge, in which man is to be carried through the storms of life to his true fatherland. It was by the aid of this conception, which practically deferred the realization of its ideal to another world, that

the Church was enabled to retain that ideal, and yet partly to reconcile itself to the conditions of its existence in a society still only half civilized, and organized on principles alien to Christianity. For the division which was thus made between the secular and the sacred, if in one point of view it tended to exalt the Church at the expense of the State, yet supplied an excuse to the former for tolerating in the latter a kind of life that was not in harmony with its own principles. In this way the revolutionary tendencies of Christianity, the demands of its idealistic morality, and its purely spiritual criteria of judgment were retained, and yet made reconcilable with acquiescence in the *status quo*, and even with a conservative alliance with the existing political powers. The kingdoms of this world were allowed to subsist, nay, their authority was consecrated, by a Church which repudiated all their principles of life and government; and the doctrine that this life is merely a preparation for another enabled Christianity to be used as an anodyne to reconcile men to sufferings and wrongs which were regarded as inevitable, rather than as a call to change the institutions which caused such evils. On the other hand, the Church, at least in its dedicated orders, in its priests, monks, and nuns, sought to realize within itself that higher life which it refrained from demanding from the world. But even here the same antagonism betrayed itself; and the three vows of the "religious" life turned Christianity into an ascetic struggle against nature. Yet such asceticism could not be based on the idea (which underlay earlier ascetic systems) that the natural passions or feelings are in themselves evil. Such a Manichæan division, discordant as it was felt to be with the doctrine of a divine humanity, was once for all rejected and refuted by the first great speculative genius of the Western Church, St. Augustine. It remained that asceticism should be conceived as a stage of transition, and that the object of it should be taken to be, not to root out nature, but only to purify it. Nature must die to itself that it might live to God, but it could so die without perishing; it could rise again to a new spiritual life without ceasing to be nature. Nay, if the mediæval saint could believe that nature had so "died to live," he could even accept its voice as divine. On this point, however, he was very difficult to reassure; he was, indeed, scarcely willing to admit that the spiritual death of nature, which is the beginning of a higher life,

could come before the natural death of the body. Hence the highest morality, the morality of the cloister, remained for him negative and ascetic, and, if he ever regarded it as a preparation for a positive morality in which impulse and duty should be made one, it was in a future life only that he expected such an ideal to be realized. The tender feminine voice of mediæval piety, its self-repression and submission to an evil present, its ardent longing for a glory to be revealed, its self-mortification and renunciation of the world, and its exultant consciousness that everything it lost would one day be regained, its combination of all-leveiling love with the resigned acceptance of a social state in which men were held down and held asunder by the most fixed class-divisions, were the natural results of this curious compromise. Christianity had brought together so many apparently inconsistent elements of thought and feeling, that in the first instance it was possible for them to be combined only by distributing them between two worlds. But, after all, it was one mind that lived in both; it was one spirit which was thus divorced from itself, and which was at the same time engaged in a continual effort to overcome the division.

Dante comes at the end of the Middle Ages, and, as has already been indicated, it was his work to bring the mediæval spirit to a consciousness of itself and so to carry it beyond itself. He does so, however, not by the rejection of any of its characteristic modes of thought. He does not, like some of his immediate successors, recoil from the one-sided spiritualism of the Middle Ages, and set against it a naturalistic delight in the beauty of the world of sense. Nor does he rise to that higher perception of the spiritual in the natural which has inspired the best modern poetry. He was no Boccaccio or Heine, raising the standard of revolt in the name of mere nature against all that hindered her free development. Nor was he a Shakespeare or Goethe who could spiritualize the natural by force of insight into its deeper meaning. But, accepting without a shadow of a doubt or hesitation all the constitutive ideas of mediæval thought and life, he grasped them so firmly and gave them such luminous expression that the spirit in them broke away from the form. The force of imaginative realization with which he saw and represented the supernaturalism, the other-worldliness, the combined rationalism and mysticism of the Middle Age,

already carried in it a new idea of life. In this view we might say that Dante was the last of mediæval and the first of modern writers. To show that this is the case will be the object of the remainder of this paper.

We may best realize this aspect of Dante's poem if we regard it in three different points of view, and if we consider how he deals with three contrasts or antagonisms which run through all mediæval thought and life — though, indeed, they may rather be regarded as different aspects of one great antagonism: *first*, with the antagonism between this and the other world; *secondly*, with the antagonism between the Empire and the Church, with which in Dante's mind is closely connected the opposition between faith and reason, or between theology and philosophy; and, *finally*, with the antagonism between the natural and the spiritual, or between the morality of self-denial and the morality of self-realization.

1. It has already been pointed out that mediæval religion tended to regard the world as a sphere in which man is prepared for a better life, but which has no substantial worth in itself. "This is not our home," "the native land, the *patria* of the soul, is in heaven," "we are pilgrims and sojourners, who seek for a city that hath foundations." In such sayings we find the distinctive note of mediæval piety, the source at once of its weakness and its strength, of its almost fatalistic resignation to suffering, and of its consoling power. The other world is the inheritance of those who have failed in this; and the sense of failure, the sense that man is utterly powerless in himself, had in this period altogether expelled the joyous self-confidence of ancient virtue. This change may be traced to many causes. The sufferings of an age of war and oppression, the insecurity of a time when the tribal bonds of barbarous society were being dissolved, and when the unity of modern nations was not yet established, may furnish a partial explanation; but still more is due to the agonies of fear and remorse which took the place of the self-confident animalism and rude freedom of the Teutonic races when brought into the presence of the new spiritual light of Christianity, and to the ascetic recoil from all secular interests which, as we have seen, was the necessary result of the first conflict of Christian ideas with a world they could not yet transform. These causes tended to develop a kind of religion which withdrew man from the interests of the pres-

ent and, as it were, transferred the centre of gravity of his life beyond the grave. Such a religion essentially contrasted with the religions of classical antiquity, which were in the main worships of a divine principle revealed in the family and the State. And it contrasted equally with the religion of the Jews, which, if it took men beyond the present, yet did not lift them out of this world, but only carried them forward to a better future for their race. It has often been felt as a difficulty by modern students of the history of religion, that ancient religions dwelt so little on the concerns of another world; but it is a difficulty only because the mediæval stamp has been so strongly impressed on our minds that, like Kant, we are ready to say that "without a belief in a future state no religion can be conceived." But the inspiring power of religion for most of the peoples of antiquity lay, mainly at least, in the view which it led them to take of this rather than of another world. Mediæval Christianity, on the other hand, turned the Jewish aspiration after a better future on earth into a belief that man's good can be realized, and his happiness attained, only in heaven. And, for what was thus lost in the inspiring power of the consciousness of a divine purpose realizing itself in the present life of man, it tried to make up by the idea of the present life as a preparatory discipline for another. Now, it is easy to see that such a belief is susceptible of many shades of meaning. It is capable of sinking into the coarsest superstition which barter a joy here for a joy of no higher character in the life to come. Yet, even in that case it may be said, that the joys that are not seen, the desires that cannot be gratified here and now, are by that very fact changed and elevated in character, if for no other reason at least because a joy not possessed is always idealized by imagination. And it may be further said that even mediæval Christianity, if it caught men at first by sensuous fears and hopes, contained in itself a provision for their gradual idealization, as the nature of the Christian life became better known. It admitted of a sort of sliding scale of interpretation from the mere superstitious fear of the vengeance of God to the most saintly desire for inward purity. Still, so long as it laid such exclusive emphasis on the idea of another life — which was broken off from this life by a chasm that could not be filled up — so long as its supernatural was not the natural seen in its ideal truth, but, so to speak, another

natural world somewhat differently constituted, so long mediæval religion wanted something which, *e.g.*, even Greek religion possessed. The division of the religious from the secular vocation of man was necessarily a source of disharmony in all his existence. It led naturally and almost inevitably to a separation between divine service and that service of God which is only another aspect of the service of man—a separation which turns religion into superstition, and deprives morality of its ideal character. Now in Dante's great poem the mediæval form of representation is strictly preserved. Human life is viewed as essentially a preparation for another world, whose awful reality throughout overshadows it, and reduces its interests almost into an object of contempt, except when they are viewed in relation to that world. "O, wretched man, do ye not see that we are worms produced only to contain the angelic butterfly, which flies to justice without a covering," is one of many similar utterances; and in a remarkable passage in the "Paradiso" Dante represents himself as looking down upon the earth from the highest heaven, and makes the minuteness of its apparent size a symbol of the littleness of earthly things as seen from the heavenly point of view. Yet, after all, the eternal world which he exhibits to us is just this world seen *sub specie aternitatis*, this world as it is to one who views it in its moral aspect. And, as we see from the letter to Can Grande della Scala already quoted, Dante means it to be so understood. Thus taken, the "Inferno" and the "Paradiso" are simply evil and good in the full development of their abstract opposition, and the "Purgatorio" is simply this world, regarded as a scene of moral struggle and purification. Thus, both in the "Inferno" and in the "Paradiso," Dante's attempt is to make the woe and the joy as closely as possible the visible expression of character, which finds its doom in being fixed forever in its characteristic act or attitude; and in the "Purgatorio" the same sufferings—which in the "Inferno" had been the penal return of the crime upon the criminal—become the purifying pains through which he frees himself from his sin. Or, looking at it in a slightly different point of view, the descent of Dante through the circles of the "Inferno" is a kind of treatise on the process of moral degradation, and his ascent through the Purgatorial mount, together with his upward flight through the heavens, a description of the

process of moral renovation. Thus in the upper circles of the "Inferno" we begin with the sins of passion, of inordinate indulgence in some finite good, with lust, gluttony, avarice, and prodigality, the punishment being in each case a kind of symbol of the crime, or as has just been said, the return of the crime upon the criminal. Those who have yielded to lawless desire are blown about in the dark whirlwind. The avaricious and the prodigal are doomed to the endless task of rolling heavy weights backward and forward, each undoing the other's work. Lowest among the sins of passion Dante puts the discontent which wastes its energy in fretting against the limits of earthly satisfaction, and will not look kindly upon the light of day.* Those who have been thus morose and sullen in their lives are plunged in the deep mire, where they continually keep up a monotonous complaint. "Sad were we above in the sweet air, which is brightened by the sun, bearing in our hearts a lazy smoke that hid its light from our eyes; now are we sad in the black mire." In the next circle is punished the sin of heresy, which is for Dante the acceptance of the evil in place of the good principle, or, in other words, the denial of that higher idea of life which raises man above the animals. Those who have thus shut their minds to *il ben del intelletto* are prisoned in fiery tombs. Out of this root of evil principle, according to Dante's way of thinking, spring all the sins of malevolence, of hate of God and man, beginning in violence and ending in deceit and treachery in all its kinds, which, as involving the utmost corruption of man's peculiar gift of reason, are punished in the lowest circles of the "Inferno."

In the "Purgatorio" the principle of good is supposed to have been restored, and therefore suffering has ceased to be penal, and has changed into the purifying pains by which men free themselves from evil. Hence, though there is nothing here exactly corresponding to the lower circles of the "Inferno," the lowest terraces of the Purgatorial mountain have still to purge away some remaining stains of the baser forms of sin, stains of pride, envy, and anger, which make a man seek his own good in opposition to the good of his neighbors. In the fourth circle, man's purification from *accidia*—that torpid and

* Cf. Mr. Harris's essay on "The Spiritual Sense of the Divina Commedia," in the *American Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, for October, 1887, which has suggested some of the above remarks.

relaxed temper of mind which refuses to be stimulated to action either by divine love or by the desire of finite good — prepares the way for his purgation, in the three highest terraces, from the sins of passion, the sin of giving to finite good the love that should be reserved for the infinite. Finally, the heavenly journey of Dante carries us up through all the finer shades of spiritual excellence, beginning with the devotion that is not yet unswerving in purpose, the love that still clings to the charm of sense, and the practical virtue which is still haunted with the "last infirmity of noble minds," and ending with the passionate faithfulness of crusaders like Dante's ancestor, Cacciaguida, the pure zeal for justice of kings, like Godfrey of Jerusalem, and the perfect devotion of monastic sainthood, whether seraphic in love with St. Francis, or cherubic in wisdom with St. Dominic. In all this Dante holds to the mediæval point of view, in so far as he makes this world altogether secondary and subordinate to the other; yet he escapes the mediæval dualism by exhibiting the other world as simply the clear revelation of ideal forces which are hidden from us amid the confused phenomena of our earthly existence. In effect, though not in so many words, the postponement of this world to the other comes simply to mean the postponement of appearance to reality, of the outward show and semblance of life to the spiritual powers that are working in and through it. It is, therefore, no mere afterthought when, in his letter to Can Grande, Dante bids us regard the description of the other world as symbolic of the truth about man's life here. We might even, from this point of view, be tempted to regard Dante's representation of the other world as a mere artistic form under which the universal meaning of our present life is conveyed. For, even if Dante did not mean to say this, his work says it to us. His poetical handling of the idea of another life tends to remove from it all that is conventional and arbitrary, and to turn it into the appropriate expression of an ever present moral reality. And, though some elements of the horror and brutality of the mediæval conception of retribution are still retained in harsh discords of the "Inferno," and some of the childishness, which mingled with the childlike purity of mediæval piety, in the dances and songs of the "Paradiso," we may, perhaps, compare these things to the unfinished parts of the statues of Michael Angelo, which exhibit the material the artist had to use,

and heighten our consciousness of his power by a glimpse of the difficulty with which he was struggling.

2. In mediæval thought the opposition between this and the other world was closely connected with the second opposition to which reference has been made, the opposition between the Empire and the Church, between politics and religion, and also, as Dante holds, between philosophy and theology. In Dante's prose treatise, the "De Monarchia," we have an elaborate argument in regular scholastic form, in which he tries to defend his own reading of the politico-ecclesiastical ideal of the Middle Age, which was expressed in the maxim: "One God, one pope, one emperor." The following quotation gives the substance of Dante's view: —

If man is a mean between the corruptible and the incorruptible, like every other mean, he must have something in him of both extremes. Further, as every nature is constituted in view of some ultimate end, man, who partakes of two natures, must be constituted in view of a twofold end. Two ends, therefore, the ineffable wisdom of Providence has set before his efforts: to wit, the beatitude of this life, which consists in the exercise of his proper virtue, and which is figured to us by the Terrestrial Paradise; and the beatitude of eternal life, which consists in the fruition of the divine vision, and which is represented by the Celestial Paradise. To these different beatitudes, as to different conclusions, we can attain only through different means. To the former we attain by the teaching of philosophy, which we follow in the exercise of the moral and intellectual virtues. To the latter we attain by means of those spiritual teachings which transcend human reason, and which guide us in the exercise of the theological virtues, faith, hope, and charity. These ends and the means to them are exhibited to us, on the one hand, by human reason expressing itself in its fulness in the philosophers, and, on the other hand, by the Holy Spirit, which, through the prophets and sacred writers, through the Eternal Son of God Jesus Christ and his disciples, has revealed to us a truth which is beyond nature. But, in spite of all these evidences, human passion would inevitably disregard both the earthly and the heavenly end, unless men, like horses, had their brutal lusts restrained with bit and bridle. Hence there was needed, in order to bring man securely to his double end, a double directing power: to wit, the Holy Pontiff, to guide him in accordance with Revelation, to eternal life; and the Emperor, to direct him to temporal felicity, in accordance with the precepts of philosophy. And since none or few, and these only with the utmost difficulty, could attain to this haven, unless the waves of deceitful lust were quelled, and the human race enabled to enjoy the freedom and tran-

quillity of peace, *this*, above all, is the aim to which the Curator of the world, who is called the Roman Prince, should direct all his efforts: to wit, that in this mortal sphere life may be freely passed in peace. . . . It is clear, then, that the authority of the temporal monarch descends to him without any medium from the fountain of all authority — that fountain which, one and simple in its lofty source, flows out into many channels in the abundance of the divine goodness. . . . This, however, is not to be taken as meaning that the Roman Emperor is in *nothing* subject to the Roman Pontiff; for that mortal happiness, of which we have been speaking, itself has a farther end in the happiness which is immortal. Let then Cæsar pay such reverence to Peter as a first-born son owes to his father, that, illumined by his paternal grace, he may, with greater virtue, irradiate the whole circle of the world, over which he is placed by Him alone, who is the ruler of all things temporal and spiritual.

The ideas which Dante thus expresses in prose govern the whole movement of the "Commedia." They explain the contrast between the two guides of Dante, Virgil and Beatrice, the former of whom is immediately taken as the representative of philosophy, and of the teachings of reason, and indirectly also of the Roman imperial power which Dante regarded as the source of that secular moral discipline by which man is taught the cardinal virtues of the secular life; while the latter speaks for a theology based on revelation, and maintains the necessity of that discipline in the three theological virtues, which it is the function of the Church to supply. The great evil of his time, according to Dante, was that these two different functions had been confused, that the Empire and the Church had become rivals instead of complements of each other, and that by this dislocation of the governing power, the whole life of man had been thrown into disorder: "Ye may well see that it is ill guidance that has made the world stray from good, and not any corruption of the nature of man. Rome, that once gave peace to the earth, was wont to have two suns. Now that one has quenched the other, and the sword is joined with the pastoral staff, they must both wander from the path. For, so united, the one fears not the other."

As is manifest from this passage, the main responsibility for the perversion of the divine order of life, lay, in Dante's opinion, with the Church, and especially with the Papacy, which, as he held, had abandoned its proper functions, and had grasped at the imperial authority. For, by this policy, the Papacy alienated its

natural ally, and gave opportunity for the undisciplined license of the communes and the sanguinary ambition of France, to which the Papacy itself ere long became a victim. And the main cure for this state of things which Dante requires and prophesies is, that some great emperor or servant of the empire, some Henry VIII. or Can Grande, should appear to drive back to hell the wolf, *cupidigia* — *i. e.*, to repress the greedy ambition which had thrown the world into disorder, and to restore the Church to its original purity, the purity it had before the fatal gift of Constantine had begun to draw it into the arena of worldly politics. Dante, therefore, seeks for the reversal of the whole course of policy by which the Church, especially after the time of Gregory the Great, had sought to establish its secular authority. He would strip the Church of her wealth in order to make her trust only in spiritual weapons. In the "Inferno," Dante breaks out into taunts and rejoicings over the just fate of the simoniacal popes. "Tell me how much gold our Lord required of St. Peter, when he put the keys into his charge? Verily he demanded of him nought, but 'Follow me.'" On the other hand, his intensest sympathy is reserved for the new orders of mendicant friars, who sought to bring back the simplicity of the Gospel, and his severest denunciations are for those who have corrupted the original purity of these orders, and of the Church in general.

This enables us to understand an often-discussed passage in which Dante puts among these contemptible beings — who "were neither faithful nor rebellious, but were for themselves," and who are therefore "hateful to God and to his enemies" — one who is characterized only as "the man who, through meanness, made the grand renunciation." This we are told by all the older commentators of Dante refers to Pope Celestine, who resigned the papacy, and was succeeded by Boniface VIII. The contempt of Dante for this simple monk, who shrank from a burden which he could not bear, is to be understood only if we regard it as an expression of the disappointment of those who, in Celestine, saw a representative of the pure, unworldly view of the functions of the Church lifted to the throne of Christendom, and who then saw him confess himself unequal to the mission thus committed to him. Dante sympathized with the resentment of the so-called "spiritual Franciscans," — those who so rightly maintain, in all its strictness, the original law

of St. Francis as to poverty — when, after a short interval, they saw worldly policy restored to the papal throne in the person of Boniface. Jacopone di Todi, the poet of the "Spiritual Brethren," attacked Boniface with accusations of sacrilege, heresy, and avarice, and in the "Paradiso" St. Peter is made to pronounce him a usurper. But for Celestine, whose selfish saintliness was not capable of sustaining contact with the world, and whose pusillanimity lost, as it seemed, the greatest of all opportunities, Dante reserves his bitterest word of contempt.

Now it is easy enough to see that Dante's ideal of a universal Church, standing side by side with a universal empire, protected by the empire, and by its unworldliness saved from all collision therewith, was impracticable, was indeed incapable of realization in *both* its aspects. The universality of the Empire was, even at the best, *magni nominis umbra*, and the assertion of its claims invariably brought it into collision with the privileges of the Church, and the Church, on the other hand, not seldom found itself driven to maintain those privileges by excommunicating the emperor and calling on his subjects to rebel. The emperors could not uphold law and order in their dominions without interfering with the spiritual courts and curtailing the rights of the clergy, and the popes saw no way of securing the independence of the Church except by asserting its claim to rule over the world. Thus the essential contradiction of the attempt to divide human life into two halves, and to determine definitely what was Cæsar's, and what was God's, showed itself in the logic of facts. Yet undoubtedly the idea of such a separation, which should leave each in possession of all its legitimate prerogatives, and should completely secure it from coming into collision with the other, was the political ideal of the Middle Age, an ideal which was the necessary outcome of the way in which the Christian Church had for centuries been existing or endeavoring to exist, as a community in the world yet not of it. Hence Dante was only following out that ideal in its most logical form, when he demanded that the Church should return to its original purity, and should withdraw from all interference with the interests of the world, and that the Empire should again become all powerful over man's secular life, as it seemed to have been before the Church became its rival. We might perhaps say that in this view of Dante's we find a culminating instance

of the mediæval method of escaping all difficulties by a "Distinguo" — *i.e.*, of using a distinction to make a kind of truce between elements which it could not bring together in a true reconciliation. By absolutely separating the Empire and the Church, Dante conceived it to be possible to restore harmony between them. And, indeed, it is true that such abstract opposites, if they could exist, would cease to come into collision, because they would cease to come into contact. Unfortunately, at the same time in which they thus cease to affect each other, they lose all meaning, as abstractions which have no longer any reference to the whole from which they were abstracted. Thus in Dante's treatise, "De Monarchia," from which the above quotation is taken, the empire is represented as an omnipotent justice, which, because omnipotent, has no special interest of its own, and therefore is freed from all temptation to injustice; while the Church is conceived as reaching the same ideal purity by the opposite way — *i.e.*, by detaching itself from all finite interests whatever. The real lesson to be learnt from such an abstract opposition is just the reverse of that to which it apparently points. It is that the opposing forces can never cease to be rivals, and are therefore never safe from impure compromises, until they are brought to a unity as complementary manifestations of one principle of life, which at once reveals itself in their difference, and overcomes it. The problem is not to divide the world between God and Cæsar, or, as we should now say, between God and humanity, but to give all to God in giving all to humanity, humanity being conceived, not as a collection of individuals, but as an organism in which the Divine Spirit reveals himself. Of this solution there is no direct statement in Dante, nor could any unbiassed interpreter suppose that beneath the form of adhesion to the mediæval duality of Church and Empire, he conceals the idea of their essential unity. What gives a color of reason to such an idea is merely that the new wine of Dante's poetry *does* burst the old bottles of mediæval philosophy, or, in other words, that he so states the mediæval ideal that he makes us see it to be in hopeless antagonism with reality and with itself, and at the same time to carry in it the germ of a new form of social life.

3. A clearer anticipation of this new order of ideas is seen in Dante's treatment of the last of the three contrasts to which reference has been made. For Dante, as he repeats after St. Augustine and St. Thomas

the conception of a twofold truth, a truth of reason which is determined by reason alone, and a truth of faith which is primarily due to revelation, so he necessarily accepts the idea of a twofold morality, a morality of the four *cardinal* virtues, which are acquired by habit and teaching on the basis of nature, and a morality of the three *theological* virtues, which are entirely the effect of supernatural inspiration. Hence the continually increasing danger and darkness of his descent through the circles of the Inferno, and the hopeful but slow and laborious nature of his ascent over the terraces of the Purgatorial hill, are put in contrast with his swift upward flight through the planetary heavens, in which he is conscious of no effort, but only of the vision of Beatrice and of her growing brightness. But the theological barrier between the human and the divine which Dante thus acknowledges, and which, we may even say, he builds into the structure of his poem, is removed or reduced to a merely relative difference, when we consider its inner meaning. In the exaltation of Beatrice two very different ideals of life are united, and two different streams of poetry, which had run separate up to the time of Dante, are concentrated in a common channel. The chivalrous worship of woman, which grew up in connection with the institutions of feudalism, is combined with that adoration of divine love, as embodied in the Virgin Mother, which gave tenderness to the piety of the saints. The hymn of worship, in which the passionate devotion of St. Francis and Jacopone di Todi found utterance, absorbs into itself the love-ballad of the Troubadour, and the imaginative expression of natural feeling is purified and elevated by union with the religious aspirations of the cloister. Thus poetry brings ideas which had been separated by the widest "space in nature" to "join like likes, and kiss like native things." Dante's poetic idealism — with that levelling power which is characteristic of all idealism, and above all of the idealism of Christianity — sets aside all the hindrances that had prevented human and divine love from coalescing. Or, perhaps, we should rather say that he approximates *as nearly* to this result as the mediæval dualism will let him, retaining the mark of his time only in the fact that the natural passion which he idealizes is one which was fed with hardly any earthly food, but only with a few words and looks, and which was soon consecrated by death. Thus the ascetic ideal of purity, which

shuns like poison the immediate touch of sense, claims its tribute; but when this tribute has been paid, Dante has no further scruple in following the impulse of natural emotion which bids him identify his earthly love with the highest object of his reverence, with the divine wisdom itself. Thus in the adoration of Beatrice the Platonic idealization of *ἡρώς* is interwoven with the Christian worship of a divine humanity; and a step is made towards that renewed recognition of the sacredness of natural feelings and relations, by which modern is distinguished from mediæval ethics.

Again, Dante accepts the mediæval idea of the superiority of the contemplative to the active life. This idea was the natural result of the ascetic and mystic view of religion which separates the love of God from the love of man, and regards the service of the latter as partly withdrawing our eyes from the direct vision of the former. "To love God *secundum se*," says St. Thomas, "is more meritorious than to love one's neighbor. Now the contemplative life directly and immediately pertains to the love of God, while the active life directly points to the love of our neighbor." Such a doctrine, if logically carried out, would involve an opposition of the universal principle of morality to all the particulars that ought to come under it; or, to express the same thing theologially, it would involve a conception of God as a mere Absolute Being, who is not revealed in his creatures — a conception irreconcilable with the Christian idea of the unity of the divine and the human. The natural inference from such a conception would be that we must turn away from the finite in order to bring ourselves into relation with the infinite. But, in Dante, the identification of Beatrice with the divine wisdom, or, what is the same thing, the representation of the divine wisdom as individualized and embodied — and that not merely in Christ or in the saints, but in the human form that was nearest to the poet's affection — practically counteracts this tendency, and involves a reassertion of the positive side of Christianity as against the over-emphasis which the Middle Age laid on its negative side. It may, indeed, be said that, for Dante, the contemplative life remains still the highest. But this is not altogether true, at least in the sense in which the above objection holds good. For there is a sense in which contemplation may be said to include and go beyond action — the sense, viz., in which religion includes

and goes beyond morality. Religion does not lift man *out of* the practical struggle for good, but in a sense, it lifts him *above* it. It turns morality from the effort after a distant and unattainable ideal into a consciousness of a divine power within and without us, of which all things are the manifestation; and so it enables us to regard all things as working together for good, even those that seem most to oppose it. Religion is thus primarily contemplative, not as looking away from the world to God, nor as excluding the active life of relation to the world, but because it is a rest in the consciousness that the ultimate reality of things, the world as seen *sub specie aeternitatis*, is at once rational and moral. And such a consciousness, though it gives the highest inspiration to moral activity, does so by removing much of the pain of effort, and especially much of the feeling of hopelessness, which is apt to arise whenever moral effort is long continued against powerful obstacles. So far, then, the addition of religion to morality tends to assimilate moral activity to Dante's swift and effortless ascent into heaven, in which, as we have seen, he is drawn upward simply by the vision of Beatrice. "Not I work, but God worketh in me," is the genuine expression of religious feeling, and the source of its inspiring power. Dante puts the same idea in another way, when he tells us that, if freed from the burden of sinful inclination, man cannot but follow the divine attraction of his nature, and inevitably rises to Paradise as to his natural place. "Thou shouldest not wonder at thy ascent," says Beatrice, "any more than that a stream descends from the top of the hill to the bottom. It would rather be a marvel if, freed from all impediment, thou didst remain below, *like living fire lying quietly on the ground.*" Thus in Dante's hands the one-sided exaltation of the contemplative life, which he accepts as part of the theological tradition of his time, becomes susceptible of an interpretation which removes all its one-sidedness. It is open for us to take it as expressing the truth that religion bases the "ought to be" of morality upon a deeper "is," and that the moral ideal is not merely a subjective hope or aspiration of the individual, but our best key to the nature of things. In a similar way the absolute distinction — which Dante, like the scholastic theologians whom he followed, is obliged to make — between the truths of faith and the truths of reason, finally resolves itself into this, that there are some truths which cannot be attained

except by those "whose intelligence is ripened in the flame of love;" or, in other words, some truths that must be felt and experienced before they can be known. Considering all these points, we may fairly say that, orthodox as Dante is, his poem is the euthanasia of the dualistic theology and ethics of the Middle Ages. In spite of the horrors of his "Inferno," which are the poetic reflection of the superstitious terrors of a half-barbarous age, and in spite of the monastic austerity and purity of his Paradise of light and music, which is like a glorified edition of the services of the church, Dante interprets the religion of the cloister in such a way as to carry us beyond it. His "Divina Commedia" may be compared to the portal of a great cathedral, through which we emerge from the dim religious light of the Middle Ages into the open day of the modern world, but emerge with the imperishable memory of those harmonies of form and color on which we have been gazing, and with the organ notes that lifted our soul to heaven still sounding in our ears.

EDWARD CAIRD.

From Temple Bar.
LLOYD COURTENAY'S BANISHMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISTERTON," ETC.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE room before us is long and low, with a ceiling upon which much pains had been spent in times gone by, speaking of art not only high but old. Cupids play hide and seek in the cornices; a basket of flowers is in the centre, delicately carved. The furniture is old, too — oak, once brown, now black. It has stood in that room for some two hundred years, more or less. The curtains are fashioned of some dark heavy drapery, which falls in stately folds, suggesting permanence, adding to the general feeling of wealth and stability.

The bed alone is modern, low and light, not wood but brass, not out of keeping with its surroundings, with dainty white hangings; for it serves as a link between room and owner, between far past and immediate present. In one corner of the bedroom is an old-fashioned writing-desk, with round top that slides up and down at pleasure.

The owner of the room is standing facing this piece of furniture, and the round top is rolled back. Her hand is

on the ledge beneath; she presses a spring, button-shaped, in the wood, only visible to the practised eye which knows where to look for it. One would have thought there was something worth looking for in this recess—some jewel of great value, a historic necklace, a tiara unmatched by the wealthiest in the land, or even some deed which deals with acres of noble property, and to display which would elevate one to riches and sink another to poverty.

The drawer shoots out to the touch. It is small and square, with only one thing in it—that one thing is a rose. It was not gathered yesterday or to-day. Let us look out. The casement is filled with the diamond-shaped panes of our forefathers. It is late evening, but the sound of the elements hardly suggests roses. As we open the windows the beating snow drives in on our faces. It lies outside thick, quiet, untrodden, covering the face of the earth with its mantle of white, lying deep in the valleys, heavy on the trees, shrouding the face of the ground as if the earth were laid in its last long endless sleep. One branch stretches out its hand almost to touch us from a pear-tree growing up the house side; but the time of foliage is long past. The touch would be that of an ice-cold, bony finger. No, this is not quite the time of roses! And this rose?—see, she has it in her fingers now—is not of yesterday. It is shrivelled and dead, and yet bearing some of the semblance and form it had as a living thing. It once grew a young and shapely thing, blush pink in a garden, and was plucked by loving hands, placed in a delicate throat, round it gathered hopes and anticipations, thoughts of love and vows of faith. The bosom beneath the rose was true, as that bud was perfect in its symmetry. The thoughts of love are gone, the hopes and anticipations forgotten! No, not gone, not forgotten; only not realized. What hopes and anticipations are? The vows have never been kept! What vows are? That rose has been dead these seven long years and more. It has been wet with tears, but they flow no longer. Still sometimes when the past is very near, a living thing, that rose comes out of its secret drawer and is looked at by its owner—with a sad, far-away gaze which speaks of a life stronger than most; for only such lives can love like this—weaker souls use the word but know not its meaning—of a life which knows now only duty and faith; which once knew love and hope.

Let us look at the woman before us. That she is no ordinary woman of the ball-room and boudoir type goes without saying; such women neither know the sweets nor the bitterness of a love like this. Tall and shapely, with large brown eyes, with that pensive look in them which is generally allied with sorrow, a trace of the weight of years quietly borne, delicately shaded brows, a slightly aquiline nose; a woman who could answer tenderness with tenderness, and passion with passion, dignified always, but more dignified since she had suffered, borne, and overcome.

Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh—such is her name—owns this vast Elizabethan mansion and the broad lands around it and far beyond. She rules it all wisely and well, meeting the steward weekly, and the housekeeper daily, holding the threads of business with firm grasp.

So life goes on, a prosaic round of common duties, humdrum and ordinary; and within passion and sentiment, half subdued but wholly powerful, hide themselves, like a stream rushing beneath the earth with calm pasture-lands smiling above. Recently, as we shall see before this story closes, the stream has been dangerously near the surface. Before this night is over it may even have overflowed its banks.

The night that that rose was given is very green in her memory, as she looks at it now, hard, and dry, and withered. It had a double beauty once, a beauty of its own, of colors and shape and fragrance; and an added beauty, inasmuch as it conveyed a message, the sweetest a woman's life knows; for, what ambition and business are to a man, with a little love thrown in, love alone is to a woman.

Lloyd Courtenay was a man any woman might have been proud to love, of ancient lineage and noble name, fair, bronzed, and stalwart. What wonder that Vivyan's eyes had rested upon him from the time that she began to know good from evil; and that when she heard him woo her with words that sounded strangely eloquent to unaccustomed ears, she wondered what there was in her to attract the love of a man like this. She was only a girl then, slim but not spare, lithe of form but rounded of outline, with a grace, a rare grace, of movement which alone was a charm to a man who had seen many women, and had been more than offered many loves. Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh was only Vivyan Melcombe then. The vast property from a distant cousin had not come to her,

and with it the name which had once belonged to an ancestress of hers, and which had to be taken under the terms of her cousin's will.

She was a girl of nineteen, or thereabouts, in her guardian's house, when Lloyd Courtenay asked for her heart, which she gave to him, if indeed it was not his already; and her hand, which she was destined not to bestow, as they stood together in the vast garden with the warm June sunshine without and the fiercer sunshine of love within.

Lloyd was the younger son of an ancient stock, not too well endowed, with barely enough to maintain the elder branch in the station to which he was called, and with nothing worth speaking of for those who had the misfortune to come after. What business then had Lloyd to woo and win this delicate, portionless, beautiful maiden? No one then, of course, could forecast the cousin's death, and the revelation of an eccentric and unexpected will. So thought half the country-side, or would have done doubtless, but the engagement was not yet proclaimed. So thought—and said with quite unnecessary force of language—Sir Freeling Courtenay, Lloyd's more fortunate elder brother. So thought—but did not say—George Granville Armstrong, banker and squire, the wealthiest bachelor of the district, who had destined Vivyan Melcombe for himself.

What Lloyd's elder brother, Sir Freeling, may have thought was not at that time of very much moment to Lloyd. The younger son had never been in the habit of deferring much to his senior even in less important matters. He was not very likely to take any advice from that quarter now upon a subject on which his heart was set. But Mr. George Granville Armstrong's opinion—and something more than an opinion—was quite a different matter, as will be seen directly, for reasons which will be duly set forth.

The young people however had a whole month in which they thought of nothing but their love, a month of unalloyed happiness, of meetings which were bliss, and separations which were dreams of meeting again. And a month, be it remembered, is a long time to lovers, for love grows like a weed.

They neither of them had any particular worldly goods; but the sky above was blue; nature was radiant; and they were young. Why bother about the morrow when to-day is so bright?

The test of time proved how deep one
LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3650

love was at any rate, perhaps both; who can tell? Of that time the rose she holds in her hands is now the only tangible relic.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE TOILS.

I HAVE said that Lloyd Courtenay had nothing; but of course this was comparative. What he possessed would not keep himself with his present habits, much less a wife and possibilities. The small income he had was derived from two sources—a little property left him by his mother, and an agency. He superintended and managed the estates of no less a person than Mr. George Granville Armstrong. They agreed well enough together until the master and the man loved the same maid, and the lady had the bad taste to prefer the acreless to the acred. After that things were not so smooth. George Armstrong was five or six and thirty, strong, broad-shouldered, riding fourteen stone, fond of country sports, but a keen business man all the time. He had been very pleased to secure handsome Lloyd Courtenay as his agent, steeped to the lips, as the latter was, in details of farm management and forestry, and with an engineering turn which saved streams from overflowing their courses, detected flaws in bridges and banks in good time, and capable of designing a farm building at a pinch as well as any second-rate architect, at half the cost, which would both look well and answer all practical purposes. But when Lloyd Courtenay fell in love with Vivyan Melcombe things took quite a different turn; for the banker's cunning little eyes had taken the measure of Vivyan's beauty of face and form, and marked it down as a desirable addition to a fine house, a large park, a staff of servants, and an ample income. Mr. Armstrong's affection, if such it may be called, did not proceed further than this. Such as it was, it was sufficient for the purpose. When he was told that Vivyan returned the young man's preference, by no less a person than his agent himself, Armstrong was inclined to look upon it as a mere piece of youthful folly, and to pass it by lightly. No engagement had been announced, and he felt sure that before anything definite was settled, one or both would change their minds. He himself had done the same sort of thing lots of times, and he was a bachelor now at six-and-thirty. A little reflection and observation of the symptoms convinced him

that the matter was more serious than he had at first thought.

Mr. Armstrong began to look round for some obstacle to put in the way of the little game. Fate was kind, for it provided one to his hand.

It happened that the banker had a little property in Norfolk, where he was in the habit of going now and then for shooting purposes, and to receive rents. Just as the month referred to in the prologue drew to a close, the Norfolk bailiff fell ill and died. It therefore became necessary that some one should go down to see about another, and to set the affairs of the estate office in order for the new-comer. Under ordinary circumstances George Armstrong would have gone himself, but he thought it such a good opportunity of separating the lovers, even if only for a time, that he decided to send his agent instead. The plan answered beyond his utmost expectations.

Lloyd went down to Norfolk readily enough, in spite of the wrench of saying good-bye to Vivyan. He was always ready for anything new — one of those sunny, eager temperaments which extract honey from flowers and weeds alike, by a process all their own. In a few days everything was in readiness for the new bailiff, who had been selected, but was not able to come for a couple of days after the work was finished. Lloyd had nothing to do, which is always dangerous for people of his temperament, and he must wait where he was to see the new man in possession.

In an evil hour something — the papers or casual people he met, it does not matter which — suggested that a race meeting was on at Newmarket. Lloyd had been on to a race-course once or twice in his boyhood, but had no particular weakness for the pursuit, except the actual physical excitement which a race briskly contested and a shouting crowd naturally produce.

Nevertheless he decided to go. He had never been on "the Heath," and had heard much about it from more enthusiastic friends. Courtenay was a careless fellow, and had brought scarcely anything more with him than would just pay for his ticket. He was not, therefore, in danger of losing anything, a not uncommon pastime at Newmarket.

He was just on the point of starting next morning for the station, and had locked the office door, when a farmer, the largest on the estate, came up to pay his rent, which had been considerably in arrear. The farmer had had a lucky deal, and he came to hand over a trifle under

two hundred pounds. Lloyd had no time to return to his desk if the train was to be caught, so he promised to send a receipt, and thrust the notes into a pocket-book. The farmer had paid him the same notes he had himself received from some transactions in cattle. The pocket-book was put back again into the breast pocket of his coat.

Courtenay had no earthly intention of betting when he started, and was, indeed, as he considered, saved from the suggestion of temptation by having no money to speculate with. But the air of Newmarket is heavy with the instinct of bookmaking. The train was of course full of people, whose one thought was the horses, the jockeys, and the odds. Outside the station Lloyd met a casual acquaintance, whom he was glad to join for mere companionship sake, in the bustling and not over-polite crowd. Mr. Anderson had the day's racing at his finger ends, and soon Lloyd likewise was armed with a card or "c'rect card of the day's racing," to give it its full local dignity of nomenclature. Unfortunately, too, Mr. Anderson knew exactly what was going to win the principal race of the day; always a dangerous piece of information to possess, as more often than not special information before a race is apt to be very expensive afterwards. He also had his ideas about the first fixture, in which only five horses had accepted, and four eventually appeared on the board. Courtenay took no part; but he stood by when his friend handed in his ten-pound note, and he also saw him receive back his own with slight usury afterwards. This is unfortunately very stimulating to the racing novice.

The second race was a very open one for juveniles, which Anderson, who was by no means a novice, let alone, and wisely.

There was an interval between the second and third, and Anderson strongly advised Courtenay, as they walked about the course and looked in at the saddling paddock, to follow his example and put a "pony" on "Karkoss," which was sure to win. Karkoss was the second favorite, and odds were being laid against him of three to one.

"Let me put on your 'pony' with mine. I had the tip from a man who knows all about racing. He said there were only two certainties in the day: Foxglove for the first race — and you saw how easily he cantered in — and Karkoss for the third. I only saw him again just now, and he told me he had three hundred on at

four to one. It will see a shorter price yet unless we make haste." A bottle of champagne — vile gooseberry — helped to screw Courtenay's courage to the sticking point.

Out of the pocket-book came five-and-twenty pounds, which were duly placed in the bookmaker's hands. Lloyd satisfied his conscience that it was only "a loan," to be repaid the moment the race was over.

"Come on, now," said Anderson, "let us go over to the other side, and we shall see the race splendidly."

"All right; only how about our money? Is the bookmaker straight if we lose sight of him?" Courtenay knew all about welching; but Anderson assured him all was right. He knew his London address, and had often made bets with him before.

So over they went. Karkoss certainly acquitted himself well in the preliminary canter. In the distance they could see the line of horses; now one kicked up his heels, and then another, causing delay. The suspense was breathless. At last "They are off!" rings from a thousand throats. Here they come. What a noble stretch of turf it is! Now they are breasting the hill. "Karkoss wins — Karkoss wins in a canter!" What a shout there is. The friends take it up, although they cannot distinguish the horses one bit. Still Karkoss ought to win. At last they see "yellow and black" stripes opposite to them, apparently far in advance of his field. At this moment there is another cry, just as loud but not so jubilant as the other: "White Heart walks in — White Heart wins in a canter!" By the railing is a small black horse extended, but apparently not urged, while the jockey of Karkoss close to is "riding" his utmost with whip and spur. The black horse shoots out — White Heart has won. He was a despised outsider. Anderson will not believe it, until the numbers go up, 9, 5, 3. Nine is White Heart; five is Karkoss. There is no necessity to go and look for the bookmaker, as the money is his, not theirs. This "certainty" has gone the way of countless other "certainties," equally dependable.

Lloyd had had enough of betting, but he remained until the racing was over. There was a dense crowd on the road between the course and the town. The platform was thronged. The friends were parted, Anderson getting into a moving train while Courtenay waited. Eventually he squeezed into another, having to stand up the greater part of the way home.

They had passed a station or two when Lloyd bethought him of his pocket-book. He felt in his breast pocket, where it had been put safely back after the twenty-five pounds were taken out. The pocket was empty. The book with its valuable contents was not there. Lloyd turned sick at heart. He turned his other pocket out, in a vain hope that inadvertently some other receptacle contained the missing property. Everything else was safe, even to his watch; but no pocket-book rewarded the diligent search. No doubt the thief had seen the notes when the agent took the others out, had watched his opportunity, and stolen the notes during the press at the station.

Lloyd Courtenay's feelings, as he returned home, may be better imagined than described. The thing could not have happened more terribly. If he had lost the whole two hundred the matter would not have been nearly so serious, but five-and-twenty had been betted away. There was no dishonesty about the intention. On his return home he could easily have replaced the smaller amount, and no one would have been the wiser. But two hundred pounds or thereabouts, was quite a different thing. He would have to whistle for so large a sum. He could not help feeling that he was in a great dilemma. His employer must be told, and at once; but to tell him anything he must tell him all. A rogue would of course have said outright that the whole had been stolen. But Lloyd Courtenay, although weak, easy-going, and too much open to persuasion, was a gentleman, and had never told a lie in his life. Mr. Armstrong had always been kind to him, and although the two men had the instinctive feeling of not much love being lost between them, still the agent expected lenient treatment, even if combined with a severe reprimand. He was happily unconscious that any new cause had arisen to sharpen the resentment of master towards servant.

The next morning Mr. Armstrong received the following letter: —

"DEAR SIR, —

"The business you sent me about is nearly completed, and I think satisfactorily. The new bailiff, who seems an exceptionally sharp man, comes in tomorrow night. He is well up to his work, and understands the Norfolk customs and the capabilities of the soil. I should have left this to tell you on my return, but a graver matter has unfortunately arisen. In great sorrow and shame I have to make

a confession. This morning early I had fixed to go to Newmarket. Just before starting, Farmer Brown of Hayfield Cross came to pay me nearly two hundred pounds, rent, which you were aware was overdue. I put the notes into my pocket-book. On the course I wanted five-and-twenty pounds to make a bet. Unfortunately I had come away without money of my own, and knowing I could repay immediately on return, I borrowed the sum out of Farmer Brown's money. The bet was lost. Most unfortunately, either on leaving the course, or at the crowded station, the pocket-book containing the notes was stolen, and in my haste I had not taken the number. I cannot tell you how much this affair distresses me. Now that I look back upon making a bet with your money I feel the matter is very different from what I thought it. I trust you will forgive me, and the whole sum shall be repaid as soon as possible.

"Believe me to be, with deepest regret,
"Yours, LLOYD COURTENAY."

There was no time for an answer to be received before the agent's return, as he left by the night train after the bailiff had arrived.

Courtenay had two or three hours in bed, and then, as soon as he could, went to see Mr. Armstrong. The hour was early, but the banker had finished breakfast and was sitting in his office. The agent was shown in by the maid. Mr. Armstrong bowed stiffly, but took no notice of the proffered hand. There was an iron-grey look about his eyes and brows which boded no good to his visitor. The latter felt his heart sink within him for the second time.

The banker began the conversation.

"I received your letter, sir, and have carefully considered the matter you related to me. I suppose that you have nothing more to tell me than what you were pleased to put down here."

The last words were spoken with a sarcastic intonation which was not lost upon Lloyd, although he failed to understand the covert meaning.

"Have you anything more to add?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I am not very much troubled to consider whether you have told me the truth, or a part of it, or a pack of lies."

Courtenay flushed crimson, and advanced a step or two. The banker waved him back.

"As I said," he went on, "I am not disposed to consider whether you lost the

whole at this rascally meeting to which you went, or whether you only lost part and had the rest stolen. I am content to go by your letter. You are aware, sir, that, by your own words, you stand convicted of theft. You have brought yourself within the pale of the law."

Courtenay started. This aspect of the question had never even occurred to him.

"But, sir, surely it can never be your intention to look at the matter in so severe a light?"

"Not only is that my only view of it; but yesterday I laid your epistle, which was full of high-flown sentiment, before my London solicitor, and his opinion distinctly coincided with my own. I have made out, in my capacity as a magistrate, a warrant for your arrest, and the officers, whose duty it is to carry it out, are in the next room."

The words seemed to stick in poor Lloyd's throat. All the memory of his past life came up before him. It had been a pleasant, open, careless existence. Then it had wonderfully deepened with his love to Vivyan; and although they were poor, hope was strong, and the future looked bright in the sunlight of joy and love. Now it was all dark. The black cloud had come, and all was terrible shadow. Lloyd looked at Mr. Armstrong to see if there were any signs of relenting. The face was hard, and grey, and set. There were none. The agent grew years older during the brief silence. The only sounds consisted of the ticking of a solemn-looking ebony clock on the mantelpiece, and the breathing of a black-and-tan terrier on the rug, which lay asleep, happily unconscious of mortal woe so near at hand.

"Do you then, sir, mean to proceed to extremities? You know it will be utter ruin to me; that I am plighted, if not openly engaged to be married——"

Lloyd broke down.

There was another pause. Then the banker spoke once more.

"I have considered all this, and for the sake of your family, and your comparative youth, I have decided, against my better judgment, not to send you to prison, provided certain indispensable conditions are complied with."

"What are they, sir?"

"The first is, that you leave the country immediately; do not return to it until you receive my sanction, living, or hear positively of my death. The second is, that you speak to no one and communicate to no one the cause of your departure, now or afterwards, without my permission."

Lloyd paused before he answered. He was in the toils, and he felt it.

"These are fearfully hard, sir!"

"Not for a felon," with a marked stress on the word.

"But how about Miss Melcombe?" The question choked him.

"You shall write her a letter which I will dictate."

There was no way of escape, and at last the unhappy letter was written. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS MELCOMBE,—

"I have hopelessly compromised myself in a way which places an impassable barrier between us. My employer, Mr. Armstrong, has most generously overlooked my fault, but under the condition that I leave this country forever. I trust you will find some one far worthier than I. Believe me, in deep sorrow and shame,

"Your faithful

"LLOYD COURTENAY."

The agent pleaded for some alteration in the terms, a word of the awful regret and burning love that was in his heart, but his judge was inexorable. At midday he was on his way for Southampton, *en route* for America.

CHAPTER II.

FATE; THE AVENGER.

VIVYAN MELCOMBE had given her soul, as well as her promise of life, to Lloyd Courtenay. Their love was mutual, but hers was infinitely the deeper of the two, just as her nature was by far the stronger. Before marriage, the fact that the advantage of character is on the woman's side matters comparatively little. There is a glamor about love-making which is not dispelled by the minutiae of too close an acquaintanceship. After the tie is secured, and intimate life begins, reason reasserts itself, and the man and the woman become to each other what they really are. Hitherto they have been shadows walking in a moonlight mist, or in the dawn haze of opening day. Now the daylight shines full into every crevice and cranny, every nook and gable of character and life. Some life relationships benefit considerably by this. Many do not. It can never be right that the woman should tread the pathway of life with firmer foot than her companion. To say all this of Vivyan is not for a moment to deprive her of womanliness. Her strength was a strength of gentleness, a strength to love, and if need

be endure—a strength to follow if one be found worthy to lead. It could only show as strength by the side of weakness; united with a fibrous tissue of masculine tenacity it would assume its proper sphere.

For these reasons the marriage, could it ever have taken place, between Lloyd Courtenay and Vivyan Melcombe would probably never have been an entirely happy one. It was not in the former to wholly satisfy the latter. Unfortunately the girl did not know this. She was intoxicated with the new joy of a man's love, wholly her own; her fancy had painted it all she wished. It had been joy to part—that they might meet again. It had been infinite joy to meet. Her love had colored her dreams, and had shone about her daily path. It was the one thing which was all her own; which no one shared.

The abrupt letter dashed this brimming cup to the ground, and emptied it as a libation to fate. Marriage would have drained it, drop by drop, until only the handsome exterior remained.

Vivyan was heart-broken. The shame shadow rested on her as well as on him. She felt she should never hold up her head again. Her love remained, but as a blasted tree struck by the summer lightning.

For a year this awful unexpected sorrow preyed upon her with giant force. It might have continued to do so for years to come.

But the unexpected happened. A distant cousin left her his house and broad lands, an ample estate, and a new name which she was to take with it. She was no longer to be Vivyan Melcombe only, but Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh. From that moment she held up her head once more. She was like a soldier, convicted of some slight fault, and afterwards sent by his commander, who through it all has had full confidence in him, to head a charge, or scale a redoubt, or do some service requiring tenacity and courage. Her cousin knew little of her, and had no such intention in making his will. But that mattered nothing. The effect was the same. She felt once more the world trusted her, just as before she had felt that it did not. Both were alike born of a morbid feeling, the result of that sudden blow. It was a strong nature unHINGED, to which the new mission proved a valuable tonic. So far Vivyan.

How about George Armstrong? He knew, of course, he had done a foul wrong. Lloyd was technically guilty; but

his knowledge of the steward's nature told the banker that he was morally innocent. Nothing but the gross selfishness of the man, allied with a hard nature, would have dictated the course he had pursued. After it was done he repented it daily. He repented it more than all because he was as far off, if not further off than ever, from the object at which he aimed.

Some six months after Lloyd Courtenay's sudden departure, the banker called one afternoon at Miss Melcombe's guardian's house, and for the first time since the breaking off of her old engagement found her alone. She was in a small drawing-room at the end of the house, listless as usual.

For the only time in that year Vivyan woke up to her full strength, and blazed. Her womanly acuteness had told her pretty nearly the truth. Mr. Armstrong had had an obvious motive in sending her lover away, and the present visit was the result.

The banker urged his suit with the manner he considered most fascinating. The young girl heard him in silence for a few minutes, while she gathered up her forces. Then she turned upon him with scathing irony.

"So, Mr. Armstrong! this is the scene for which the way was prepared six months ago. Do not think that letter deceived me. You wrote it, even if you used my poor Lloyd's hand to hold the pen. Perhaps you thought that by meanly getting rid of a rival you would secure me yourself. Do not imagine it for a moment. I have given my heart to the man you hate, and whom you have foully wronged, and it will never be given to you!" Vivyan was perfectly breathless with anger and scorn, and the overflow of her own thoughts, long dammed up.

Mr. Armstrong actually lost his temper. "If it had not been for me your precious lover would now be serving his time as a felon, at the expense of her Majesty." He felt as he rode away that he had not materially advanced his suit; and to a man it is not quite the satisfaction it is to a woman that he has had the last word.

Thus seven years passed away. The girl had become a woman. It may be safely said that Miss Melcombe-Leigh was the most admired woman in the county. Her stately beauty and magnificent carriage were suited to the position she held, and the fine property over which she ruled. But lovers she had none. Encouragement to the first advances did not

shine out of the clear glance of those dark eyes. Men were in the habit of saying:—

"Vivyan Leigh is a fine woman, not a doubt of it, and Leigh Manor is a splendid property, but our generation hasn't got the pluck, somehow. Now our fathers, or better still, grandfathers, would have carried her off across their saddle-bows, willy-nilly."

The women said that she was only waiting for the first swaggering adventurer with a brass face and a glib tongue.

Vivyan recked little of all the talk. The adventurer, at any rate, did not come. She did her duty; and was true to a dead love, which only slumbered after all.

Thus seven years and a trifle over passed. The summer had come, and with it a general election which had been fought unusually bitterly. At the close, after the poll was declared, a considerable riot ensued, half the windows of the town were broken, and a few heads were the worse for wear. George Armstrong had never been a popular landlord, with tenants or laborers. He was liberal at times, but always hard. No one turned to him for sympathy, for they felt instinctively that he had none to give. The poor accepted his charity, when it pleased him to be charitable, but knew there was no love, human or divine, at the bottom of it. His decisions, as a magistrate, were always terribly severe, especially on vagrants and poachers. Altogether the district did not love George Granville Armstrong, squire and banker.

They had liked him less since Lloyd Courtenay went away, partly because they fancied the hard justice had something to do with it, partly because the agent had stood between them, and, as far as he could, smoothed matters over, tempering the rough justice of the one, and restraining the dislike of the other.

It fell to Mr. Armstrong's lot to occupy the chair when the bench of magistrates tried the rioters, several of whom had been run in by the police. His voice actually influenced the decision and the sentences, making them as severe as possible. Worse than this, being in the chair, it fell to George Armstrong's lot to pronounce judgment, which he did in unsparing language. All the prisoners being local people, the court was crowded with friends and relatives, who sympathized as openly as they dared with the men in the dock. After the sitting was over, Mr. Armstrong mounted his horse, which was being led up and down before the door by a groom. It was an animal of great

beauty and symmetry, almost black, but with a splash of white close to the saddle. As the banker mounted, the crowd, which gathered courage with numbers, set up a hiss, and a stone was flung of no great size, which struck the horseman on the hat. The banker was furious. The hot blood mounted to his temples. He raised his crop, a heavy riding-whip with leathern thong, wheeled his horse, rode into the thick of the throng, and struck to right and left. In his anger his aim was not good; besides, he was half blinded with rage. The leather of his hunting-whip descended on the face of a woman who was unable to get out of the way. A moment afterwards Armstrong wheeled his horse, and, followed by his groom, rode rapidly homeward. The blow raised an ugly red welt on the woman's face. She was the good-looking wife of a blacksmith, who was standing with his arms folded at no great distance, but not near enough to seize the horse, or a struggle would have ensued. Ben Manser occasionally varied the labors of the anvil by a night excursion over the neighboring woods. Probably he was an admirer of the effect of moonlight on landscape. At any rate he had never been caught with game upon him, but he had twice been convicted of trespassing. On both occasions Mr. Armstrong, who was a born magistrate, and seldom away from his place, had been the legal instrument of punishment. Consequently there had been no love before between Ben Manser and the worthy banker. His feelings on this occasion may be imagined. True, he occasionally chastised his somewhat gossip wife himself, but that is quite a different thing from caring about other people doing it. However, whatever he may have felt, beyond an awful expletive despatched after the retreating horseman, he kept his thoughts to himself. Neither was he to be drawn, as most people expected, when he joined the circle at the Blue Boar the same night. Those who knew him said this was a bad sign, and that big Ben meant mischief.

CHAPTER III.

THE VENDETTA.

THREE nights after the scene outside the court house, the banker was to dine with a friend some six miles from his own house. Saturday had been the day of the magistrates' decision. Tuesday was the day named for the dinner. Amongst his letters in the morning was a missive which did not look particularly inviting. The

cover was dirty, the direction almost illegible, either by intention or from sheer ignorance of penmanship. The magistrate opened it first, out of curiosity; he knew pretty well what the others were likely to contain. This might be anything. There is a fascination about the unknown. Within was a long sheet of paper loosely folded. Opening it, there appeared the words at the top of the page, "Better order your," and below a grim-looking coffin, not badly drawn. In fact the whole indicated a better knowledge of draughtsmanship than penmanship. The coffin had been supplied with some large nails all round near the edge, to indicate, probably, that no expense need be spared in the preparations for the prospective interment.

Mr. Armstrong was a man almost without nerves, but he also knew perfectly the condition of the country, the estimation in which he personally was held, and the lawlessness of a large proportion of the inhabitants. A coward would probably not have ventured out at night for some time to come — there was no danger in the daylight — a fool would have gone and thought no more about it. George Armstrong was neither. He reached down a trusty revolver, primed it, put the weapon in the breast pocket of his coat, and thus armed thought no more on the subject. The banker rode the black horse with a white splash, dressed in the evening costume which is common to the opposite poles of the social scale — the waited on and the waiters — covered with an overcoat of light texture, with his dress shoes in his pocket.

On the way and at the dinner nothing particular occurred. It was remarked afterwards, by his host and others, that there was an angry red line across his brow all the evening, as if the result of a blow, but no comment was made upon it at the time.

Armstrong started from Raymond Hall, where he had been dining, at 11.15 P.M. He was the last to leave, as his host, who was likewise a magistrate, kept him some minutes at the end of the evening to discuss the recent riots, and the probable results of the polls which were yet undecided.

The night was dark, save for the light of the stars which studded the heavens. The moon in the infancy of its first quarter shed no light upon the scene. All was quiet, save for the tread of his own good steed upon the road. Ranger, the black hunter, might be trusted to find his own way home, so the banker rested the reins carelessly upon his neck. Night is the

time for reverie, for thoughts of the past and the future. Among the guests, with whom he had recently dined, had been included Sir Freeling Courtenay, Lloyd's elder brother. When the ladies retired they had sat next each other. Both probably had thought of the absent one, although neither mentioned him. This circumstance may account for the fact that his old agent kept forcing himself into the squire's mind, as he rode along, more than he had ever done during the seven years that had elapsed since the rough sentence of banishment was passed.

George Armstrong strove to drive away the thought of the wrong which ought to have been forgotten long ago. Once he struck the black horse violently with his riding-whip, causing it to rear and plunge, simply because he was so angry with himself to think that his thoughts would keep running into one channel.

In a wood through which the road ran, a curious sight might have been seen by any one with the eye of a fox, an owl, or a hawk, any time the last hour or two. A man was crouching in the dense cover, with his head peeping carefully out every now and then to catch the most distant sounds. Now and again an arm would come out bare and brawny, as if to prevent itself from getting cramped. The hand grasped a thick, but lithe, switch. No one would have doubted that the hero of the wood was a poacher; but if so, it was curious that his attention was turned rather to the road before him than to the wood behind him. There was a patient watchfulness, too, about the silent figure which certainly seemed to augur ill for somebody or something.

The banker rode along at a quiet pace. It was almost midnight when he entered the wood, which was not very far from his own door. As he entered it a sound struck the ear of the watcher. It was that of a horse's hoofs, advancing at a cautious pace. All around was very still and dark. The man, whoever it was, could not even see the opposite hedge. A white stone in the middle of the road was the only thing visible, besides the stars which gleamed through the opening which separated the tree tops on either side of the road. It was the very spot and night for a vendetta, if such were contemplated.

The sounds became nearer and clearer. The horseman approached. Now there could be no question that there was a connection between the two, between the man who waited and the man who came.

The former rose up to his full height. His eyes blazed. The strong switch swayed nervously in his hand. The horse was opposite to him, and then he sprang out. One second to satisfy himself that this was the man he wanted, which the white splash on the black horse determined at once, then he seized the bridle and rained blow after blow upon the banker's face and head. The first knocked his hat off; the rest descended on brow and cheek and shoulder, making him reel in the saddle. "Take that, and that, and that!" shouted the assailant, as he dealt the merciless blows. There could be no question now who it was, this midnight watcher. It was Ben Manser the blacksmith of Tollington. But Armstrong, though daunted for a moment by the suddenness of the attack, was not a man lightly to be beaten without a return. Quick as lightning he drew his revolver and fired. As he fired half blinded by the blows, either his aim was uncertain, or the good horse, frightened too, swerved beneath him. At any rate, whatever the cause, the bullet, intended for Manser, struck the horse itself behind the ear a blow which would be fatal in a few seconds. Ranger reared up straight on end, and then fell back heavily on its master. Big Ben bent for a moment over the crushed form, saw that the horse was dead and its rider nearly so, and then fled. The vengeance was more complete than he expected it to be, notwithstanding the suggestive coffin with its adornment of nails.

Armstrong was not dead, only dying. He lay with his horse across his chest until morning, barely breathing. Thus they were found by a farm laborer, a horse keeper, going early to his duties. This man soon summoned his mates from some neighboring cottages, and together they carried the banker to his own house, the distance being slightly greater than to the nearest laborer's dwelling, but the alternative accommodation was not considered sufficient for the dying squire. A doctor was soon in attendance, and although pronouncing the case hopeless from the first, directed his efforts to a restoration of consciousness.

In this he was successful. As soon as it was accomplished, Mr. Armstrong put the most searching inquiries as to possibility of recovery, declining at the same time even to hazard a suggestion as to his assailant. The doctor sought at first to evade his patient's inquiries, but although the lower limbs were a wreck,

the grey eyes were as clear as ever, and the dying man would know the truth. There never had been a chance, as all the country-side was aware, of evading George Armstrong's scrutiny. There was just as little now. When he had extracted the truth he directed his groom to be summoned, and ordered him to ride over and ask Vivyan Leigh to come over and see him.

Naturally puzzled at this strange request, she complied at once, and in less than an hour Vivyan was in the house. She was expected, and immediately on her arrival was shown by the doctor himself into the room in which the patient lay on a couch.

The sight that greeted her gaze as she entered was engraven on Vivyan's mental vision ever afterwards with a freshness never to be effaced. The venetian blind had been drawn down, but stood partially open. On the sofa, supported by pillows, lay Armstrong with his white drawn face; a muscular contraction passed over the upper part of his limbs, affecting the coverlet every now and then; all the lower part was strangely still, with a stillness that pervaded the onlooker. It was dead already. Vivyan, in spite of herself, in spite of the repulsion she had ever felt towards this man, was deeply moved. Her womanhood went out to this awful spectacle of ruined manhood, and the tears came and fell unbidden.

He asked her to come near, and told his tale, that tale of seven years ago, as a man would who did not know whether each breath might be his last.

Vivyan heard him in silence, and then she cried to herself, more for her dead love than for him.

Armstrong waited a little while, and then he said, very gently: "I sent for you for two reasons. In the first place, to undo as far as I could my great wrong. In the second place, to ask you to forgive a dying man. Can you, will you forgive me?" He looked at her wistfully, as a strange, far-away, unearthly light seemed to play about his lips, and to shine out of his eyes. For a moment Vivyan was silent. Then she said, very reverently and slowly, —

"I forgive you; and I pray from the bottom of my heart God to forgive you too."

These were the last words Armstrong heard. The light deepened for a moment, then flickered, then went out altogether. With the light the life was gone, to the unseen from whence it had come.

THE EPILOGUE.

NO one had heard of Lloyd Courtenay for seven years. It was hardly to be expected that he would have written, bound over as he was not to explain the reason for his hurried departure.

After the death recorded at the end of the last chapter Vivyan Melcombe-Leigh spared no expense in advertising the fact, and in inviting the exile to return. The following advertisement, put together by her lawyers, appeared from time to time in the principal American, colonial, and English newspapers, beneath an announcement worded in the ordinary way of the death of George Granville Armstrong: —

"Mr. Lloyd Courtenay is requested to at once return to his friends. All is understood. A welcome awaits him."

But to no purpose. Summer gave place to autumn; autumn to winter. It was the night described in the opening sentences of this story. Snow had been falling heavily all day. After dinner, which was served in the small dining-room, Vivyan was strangely restless. Her usual quiet had given place to a nervous irritability which was wholly strange to her. Throughout the day the presence of her old lover had been more than usually with her. The feeling strengthened as the night advanced. Vivyan rang her bell early for tea, retired to her room immediately she had partaken of it, dismissed her maid after she had taken down her hair and put on a light wrap. Something impelled her to take out the rose from its hiding-place. She had not done so for a long time. She looked long and fixedly at it, living over again the past. Then she shut the drawer, closed the escritoire, and went and sat down in an easy-chair by the fire. The wind sounded in the chimney, and the icy cold even made itself felt in the warm room, with a penetration which fire and curtains could not effectually prevent. It was not exactly cold, but suggested cold without. Vivyan heaped a couple of logs from a wood basket on the fire, shaded her head with her hand, and fell into a reverie. The reverie became sleep. In her sleep a horror fell upon her. She saw again the room in which the banker lay dying, the pictures on the walls, the pattern of the carpet, the tracery of the delicate French paper, the bed, half-tester, with its heavy hangings, the still limbs. It almost seemed that in her sleep she strove not to look upon the bed's head, and the pillow upon which a face rested. Nevertheless fate was too strong for her. She did look

upon it; but, with a shudder which convulsed her frame without waking her, she recognized that it was not George Armstrong—but Lloyd Courtenay, who lay there cold and still.

Then the scene changed and Courtenay was offering her a rose. As he did so he became dim and vanished. The rose died in her hands, and seemed to sting her by its touch as though a very viper.

Now she was on board a boat alone with Lloyd on the water. He took her hand and gazed into her eyes with looks of adoring love, as he had done the night of the betrothal. He was going to embrace her, when Armstrong's face appeared behind, and flung him into the sea. As she saw him with a look of mortal agony on his features, and a despairing cry on his lips, the visions passed and she awoke.

It was midnight. The fire had nearly burnt itself out; only a few red embers remained. The bedroom was getting deathly cold. Still Vivyan did not seem inclined to get into bed. The influence of the visions remained upon her. She felt—and nothing could shake it off—that her lover was near to her.

Suddenly there came a loud ring at the bell, which reverberated through the silent, echo-full house. This was followed by the baying of the carriage dog from his kennel in the courtyard. An awful darkness of suspense, fear, superstitious dread seized upon Vivyan's heart-strings. She strove to cry, but no sound came.

But hers was a courageous nature which soon rallies. She put on a heavy cloak, and went out into the passage, carrying a chamber candlestick with a candle in it, hastily lighted. Soon the butler appeared, hurrying into his clothes, half asleep, and not knowing what had aroused him.

Together they descended the stairs. Before the great hall door could be unlocked they were joined by a footman, who had taken a minute longer to dress. At last the door was unfastened and thrown open. Beyond all was darkness in the thickly falling snow, but close to was something, not yet quite covered. It was a man lying at the very doorstep, who must have had just strength enough to pull the bell and then have fallen. An awful sinking at the heart told Vivyan who it was. If she had seen him clearly nothing could have made her more sure. Together the men bore the inanimate form, and placed it gently on the sofa of the room in which their mistress had so recently dined.

Then they brushed the snow off him,

and carefully wiped his face. It was indeed Lloyd Courtenay, but so old, so worn, so wan, so terribly altered and aged, only Vivyan recognized him. He must have been a dying man when he turned homewards, and the last struggle through the snow had done its final work. And yet not quite final. The heart still pulsed slightly. Vivyan knelt by his side with her arms round his neck. The groom went round to the stables to saddle a horse to fetch a doctor. But no earthly skill could avail anything. Vivyan felt this with a bitterness of despair, as she chafed the brow, and showered on lips and hair kiss after kiss. Even the servants felt it was a very sacred scene, and withdrew to the other end of the room. For one moment Lloyd opened his eyes, those eyes which had once been so beautiful, but were now filmy in death. He looked round. Then his eyes settled on Vivyan's face. Their gaze softened strangely as he looked into her eyes, an almost dog-like expression of fidelity and love came over him, and from the depths of his very being spoke to her inmost soul. It was only for a moment; then a deep drawn sigh, as of a weary child, once lost and wandering from home, now safe in its mother's arms with head pillowed on her breast; then rest, abiding, everlasting.

So men pass into sleep; but love dies not; because love is eternal. That only grows brighter and purer in the waiting time, as it prepares once more to unite severed hearts on the further shore.

From Longman's Magazine.

SOME INDIAN WILD BEASTS.

I WILL not try to enumerate all the wild beasts in India. It was my fate or fortune to meet a considerable number of them, under various circumstances and conditions, and though it compels me to be guilty of much disagreeable egotism, perhaps it may be in my power to tell something new about them. Yet it is very possible for an Englishman to spend many years in India without ever seeing a live wild beast. It would be less safe to assert that he will not have heard the voice of one, for even in the most civilized towns, such as Calcutta or Bombay, the jackal makes night hideous in the streets, and many a newly arrived visitor has jumped hastily from his bed, believing that a horrid murder was being committed within a

few yards of him. It was only a jackal howling under his window. The prowling beast had either found some prey, or having searched in vain for it, he was challenging his comrades to let him know how they had fared. The cry of the jackal is usually rendered into English in the following words: "Dead Hindoo, where, where, where, where, where?" The answer being: "Dead Hindoo, here, here, here, here here!" the tones rising and falling rhythmically in their dismal strain. Almost any one who has heard the jackal's cry can passably imitate it, and a wild jackal in India will stop to answer the sound if he cannot make out whence it comes. I was at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park one day, with an Anglo-Indian friend, who stood near the jackal cage and imitated the familiar cry. The jackal listened attentively, and after a while began to call in answer to the unsuspected visitor. The prairie wolf in an adjoining cage pricked up its ears, but apparently did not understand what the jackal said in his Indian vernacular.

On the first night of my arrival in Calcutta, I had been told by my kind host that the jackals in his garden would probably serenade me, and although thus warned, their yelling alarmed me not a little. But a native servant sleeping outside my room, in the verandah, jumped up and called out "Shoo!" as a child might say to a goose, and all was at once quiet. The first wild jackal that I remember to have seen was at Barrackpore during a visit to Sir Henry Hardinge, who was then governor-general of India. One of his personal staff had taken out two Scotch terriers to India, and he wished to try if they would kill a jackal; so a live-trap had been set, and it had caught a jackal, which was brought to the courtyard at the entrance of the viceregal mansion. Every one turned out to see the combat, and after a ten minutes' struggle, in which the dogs were severely bitten, the jackal gave in and lay down *exanimis* with its eyes closed. The dogs were taken away, and most of the party went indoors, but some of us stayed outside to finish our cigars, whilst a *moordafraash*, or sweeper, was sent for to remove the jackal's corpse. Then, when all was still, the jackal slyly opened his eyes, looked around, and, jumping up, rushed into the mouth of a barrel-drain close by. There it defied all our efforts to drown it out with water, and the dogs did not care to face it again in the drain. Doubtless, when night came on, the jackal emerged and rejoined his fam-

ily, and it may be that he lives to this day.

Although the jackal is small in body, it has very powerful jaws. It is the terror of all Indian nurseries, where the native servants seldom fail to frighten little English children about it. But the native servants know that the jackal is by no means a myth in their own village homes. From the statistics published annually by the government of India, I learn that in one year nine hundred and twenty-eight persons were killed by tigers, and in the same year more than one thousand children were carried off by jackals. A jackal finds a child sleeping or playing unprotected near its mother's hut, and is off with it in a moment. The audacity of a jackal is almost incredible. I was sitting one evening with a friend on his lawn near a bed of rather high rose-bushes. His dog, a terrier puppy about six months old, suddenly ran barking among the rose-bushes. There was a stifled yelp and a sort of scuffle, and we knew that a jackal had carried off the puppy within fifteen yards from us. Though we instantly rushed to the rescue, with at least a dozen native servants to help us afterwards in searching the whole garden, nothing was ever seen or heard again of that puppy or jackal. Under the name of the "phyoo" the jackal is believed by the natives of India to pilot a tiger to his prey. Some people aver that the phyoo is a distinct animal from the jackal, but no one can say that he has seen or slain such a beast. Indeed, the whole story is rather mythical, and it seems probable that a jackal, when it utters the cry known as the phyoo's cry, is not piloting the tiger, but it is raising a note of alarm at the approach of a tiger.

It may seem strange that so few Englishmen in India have ever seen a wild tiger. But they have little chance of seeing one. The tiger is a very scarce and shy animal; and though, according to a recent picture in the *Graphic*, he comes out occasionally to see the ladies at the Pachmurree Sanatorium, when they are taking an evening drive, they are exceptionally fortunate, or it may be unfortunate if they don't like it. It was nearly five years before I saw a live wild tiger, though during that period my efforts to see one had been very numerous in the Chittagong jungles. Fortunately for me, I never did see a live tiger at that period, for I was armed with only a light, smooth-bore gun, and except by the greatest good luck, its bullets would neither have killed nor stopped an angry tiger. Nevertheless, I used to walk after

sunset along the sandy bed of a small river, where the tracks of tigers were numerous. I have crept along the edge of the jungle on the little hills in the early morning, and have tracked the footsteps of five different tigers in the course of two or three hours, where they had retreated into the jungle after their midnight prow outside. One morning I was sneaking up a ravine to get a shot at some hornbills perched up on a tree, when on looking down, I saw the footprints of a tiger so fresh before me, that the water from the sand was just trickling into them. The tiger can have been only a few paces in front of me, but it was probably as much afraid of me as I was of it. I mention these facts, not to boast of my own foolhardiness, but as showing that the tiger is a shy beast, and will rarely seek an encounter with a man if it can manage to slink away unseen.

But the time was to come when I was to be more successful in seeing wild tigers. Being transferred to the Bhagulpore district, I made friends with the Barnes's of Colgong, who were experienced sportsmen, and they soon introduced me to tiger-shooting from the howdah, with a line of elephants. We went to the Rajmahal jungles at the end of March, when the hot winds were blowing, and much of the high grass and reeds had been burnt. Charles Barnes knew the ground well, and the first day we put up a couple of tigers that were living in one of the cool green patches of grass that were left near some water. My first idea was that two ponies were cantering in front of the elephants, but I quickly corrected that mistake, and as my companions were good shots, both tigers were soon despatched. One day a great calamity befell us. We beat along the bed of a nullah or stream, with bushes on either side of it. I was on the right wing of the line, and after we had gone about four hundred yards, several fine spotted deer came out in front of me. It did not occur to me that these animals, instead of looking at my elephant, were still gazing towards the nullah. Charles Barnes called to me to shoot the deer, as we wanted venison for the camp, and I fired away all the eight barrels of my battery at the deer. I could not say, with *Aeneas*, *numerum cum navibus aequat*, but I had secured one fine stag. Just as I was rejoicing at this, a big tiger cantered out of the bushes, not thirty yards in front of me. It was the tiger that the deer had been watching when they ran out of the bushes. All my guns were empty. I tried to re-load, but

breechloaders were not invented then, and long before I could get a barrel ready, the tiger was far out of shot. How disgusted we all were, and how we despised the beautiful spotted stag which lay dead. But better luck was in store for us. For we went off in pursuit of the big tiger, and though we never saw him again on that day, we came upon his wife and two nearly full-grown cubs, who were busy with the carcase of a cow that they had killed. As our elephants approached them, the three tigers came roaring at us, but they none of them, made good their charge. Altogether we had a lucky day, although the loss of the big tiger rankled long in my heart. We killed nine full-grown tigers and the two large cubs in the course of twelve days' shooting, which was considered good sport; but of course we had some blank days, and the heat and the glare about midday were scorching.

From that time forth for a long series of years, it was my good fortune to be able to shoot many tigers in eastern Bengal, sometimes single-handed, but preferably with one or more companions. I never came to grief, or had any native with me injured by a tiger, but there is always the chance of an accident when playing with edge-tools. I was almost invariably in company with experienced men and good shots. But some men are excitable, however experienced. One day, as we were starting after a notorious tiger, the wife of my companion implored me not to let her husband get off his elephant till the tiger was dead. I thought little of her words at the moment; but, by-and-by, after rather a scrimmage, I had stopped the tiger with a shot through his back, that paralyzed him so that he could not rise. As he lay glaring at me with his terrible big green eyes, I was horrified to see my companion running up to the tiger on foot, for he had jumped down from his elephant on seeing the tiger fall. Luckily I had a spare barrel, with which I put a bullet through the tiger's head at once, and his eyes ceased to glare.

It was my good luck with two friends to get twenty-three tigers in one expedition of three weeks on the Berhampooter churs, but we had to work very hard indeed for it. I merely mention this to justify myself in writing about the wild tiger. From the security of the howdah, I have seen him in almost every position, usually sneaking off, trying to hide himself, but sometimes charging and fighting for his life. The pictures of sporting incidents are often exaggerated, and so are

the descriptions of them. The tiger is usually an unwilling combatant, and seldom fights except in despair. On more than one occasion, it seemed as if the tiger thought the elephants were only big cows, and that they could be easily frightened or killed. In eastern Bengal a man-eating tiger is seldom found. But if a tiger has once, by chance or intention, killed a human being, he finds the human neck so fragile, and the human being so incapable of resistance, that he is less disposed to take the trouble to kill the deer or cattle, who in their death struggles may hurt him with their sharp horns and hoofs. Nor is a man-eating tiger always old and mangy, as some writers have said. The finest and cleanest tigress that I ever shot had been killing human beings for some little time before the news of her ravages reached me.

After many years of casual tiger-shooting in eastern Bengal, I was transferred to Burdwan, where the rajah had a very fine menagerie, with several tigers in it. The rajah, who is long since dead, was a well-educated, intelligent, and most kind and charitable man, but it was his pleasure at times to have a live young pig put in the den of his pet tiger. The tiger killed its prey, always seizing it by the back of the neck, whilst the long fangs were fixed deeply in the lower part of the throat. Usually the victim's neck was broken, and death was instantaneous. If the neck of an animal is too large for the broad grip of the tiger's open jaws, as in the case of a large wild boar or a buffalo, the tiger prefers to leave it alone. Where leopards abound, the owner of a dog does well to protect his dog's neck with a strong metal and spiked collar, to make the dog proof against the ordinary attack of a leopard.

The summit of my happiness was attained when I was appointed by government to be president of the honorary committee who superintended the management of the Calcutta Zoological Gardens. We had an abundant supply of tigers, for the private owner of a tiger soon gets tired of it, and as there is no regular market for tigers, the owners gladly presented them to the Zoo, whilst their liberality was duly acknowledged on the tickets in front of the cages. As most people rise early in India, I used to drive to the Zoo nearly every morning in the week, and walk about with our scientific member, Dr. Anderson, and our other colleagues, to see the animals. The public never came till later in the day, so we had the beasts quietly to ourselves, and saw

them to the best advantage. The native keepers treated them very kindly. Each tiger seemed to have a special character of its own. They would usually eat from our hands the green *dhooop* grass, fresh with dew, which we gathered and gave them through the bars. One tiger was blind, and would let itself be handled and patted by us, as would also a beautiful tigress which had been brought up by hand, for it was a tiny cub when its mother was shot by me near Dacca. The others were more or less friendly, only it was safer to rub their backs with a stick than with the hand, for a tiger whips round very swiftly, and though it might mean no harm, it might give an ugly bite. We had two very fine man-eating tigers with which it was unsafe to play, though they would eat the fresh, dewy grass greedily when put before them. They had killed many human beings before they had been caught alive in pitfalls, and they had not forgotten it. But the large male of this pair was a coward, and at the sight of a small tame elephant in front of his den, he would run into his inner compartment and hide himself. He had never seen an elephant in his native wilds, but he did not like the look of it. So I remember the case of a tiger in the Burdwan menagerie, which could not endure the sight of a white man, but hid itself in its den; though it was perfectly indifferent as to the dark-skinned natives if they went to look at it. But, however familiar we became with our tigers in the early morning, when we were alone with them, we had to leave them to themselves when the public came to look at them. Some of the public seemed to think that it showed their spirit and courage to rattle at the bars of the cages with their sticks, or to poke up the tigers with their umbrellas. Moreover, the public always crowded to see the animals at their feeding time, when of course they become excitable, so that it was not the right time for playing with them.

I will pass on from tigers to bears, of which there are many kinds in India. Those with which I was best acquainted were the small black plains-bears, which are common in any part of Bengal where there are rocks and caves to provide them with a home. The plains-bear is an ugly, awkward, black-haired fellow; but he is much quicker and more active than he looks. Whenever I heard of a man who was going out bear-shooting for the first time, I used to advise him to go and see one of the bears in our menagerie and learn a lesson. This bear, whenever a

stranger came and rapped on the bars of his outer den, rushed out from his inner den like a flash of lightning, and bounced against the iron gratings as if he would have dashed through them. It is advisable to learn what a bear can do in this way, before you go and put fireworks into his cave, and stand outside on a little rock about four feet high to get a shot at him as he comes out. If he is at home, he will come out fast enough; and if he sees you, he will be on that rock beside you before you can say "knife." Many accidents have occurred to inexperienced men who fancied that the bear would quietly come out, and stand up on his hind legs, and give them an early shot at his white waistcoat. I would recommend a novice to get on a rock at least ten feet high, or to stand behind a rock, so that the bear cannot directly see him. A bear in a fury, with all its thick, long hair on end, looks much bigger than was expected, and when he stands up on his hind legs he measures some six feet in height. Though not carnivorous, he has some big canine teeth, which make dangerous wounds, and with his long claws he has a bad habit of scalping a man if he can get a paw on his head. One bear at a time is an ugly customer for a man on foot; but perhaps, when you are expecting one bear to bolt from its cave, the fireworks that you have thrown in drive out two bears. I never much liked shooting bears on foot. It was too dangerous for my taste, for bullets were always flying about in wrong directions, and the bears seldom broke cover exactly where they were expected to come. Of course it is perfectly safe to shoot a bear from a howdah on an elephant; but it is also easy to miss a bear, for his brain is small and well protected, and his long, thick hair makes it difficult to judge the most vulnerable part of his body.

I had a sort of childish weakness for the tame or performing bears which are led about the country by the men who have tamed and taught them. My servants had a standing order to bring every performing bear that they heard of to my house. The small black bears were most common, but from time to time men from Cashmere came with the large Isabelline bears from that part of India, and they were all welcome. The greatest objection is that each poor bear has had every tooth in his head pulled out, and wears a muzzle, of which it is one object to prevent the spectator from noticing the absence of the bear's teeth. After a certain amount of preliminary "talkee-

talkee," the performance or combat begins. The man has covered his naked back with a thick piece of cowhide, but the rest of his garb is little more than a pocket-handkerchief. He slaps his naked arms and chest with his hands, and challenges the bear to come on. Bruin, standing fully as tall as the man, waddles forward with his head comically on one side, and after a few feints and passes, the man is locked in the bear's embrace. The cowhide on the man's back protects him from the bear's long claws, but to those who see the contest for the first time the position seems very dangerous. The man struggles and twists about, and tries in vain to trip up the bear, and all the while he is talking loudly, abusing the bear and all its ancestors with most untranslatable bad language, whilst he gradually seems to become more and more exhausted. Just as the spectator begins to get really anxious for the man's safety, there is a sudden twist—probably a preconcerted signal to the bear—and the pair roll over on the ground, the man promptly rising victorious, and planting his foot on the bear's neck. Throughout the combat the bear usually wears a stolid look of indifference whilst the man is shouting and abusing it, but, accustomed as I was to watch the struggle, and knowing full well that it invariably ended well, there have been times when it seemed as if the man would really be hurt, and that some one ought to interpose. But I never saw or heard of an accident. If you pay a visit to the huts where the bears and the men usually put up on the outskirts of a town, you will find them living as amicably together as the Irishman and his pig; and if you arouse them in the cold weather in the early morning, it is difficult to distinguish man from bear as they begin to rise from their slumbers on the same bed of straw.

I had an intention of saying something about elephants, of which I thought that I knew a little. But I give it up. The performing elephants to be seen in England are so very different from the animals that I used to know that I should be at once convicted of error by any boy or girl, to say nothing of grown-up people, who have witnessed the wondrous performances of Lockhart's elephants, or the many trained animals that may be seen in the itinerant menageries. Of course people will believe what they have seen with their own eyes; and as they thus know that an elephant walks on two legs, or stands on its head, or plays a musical

instrument, or rides a bicycle, just as its keeper prompts it, it would be of little use for me to say anything of the hum-drum accomplishments of the Indian elephant and his mahout, with which the public used to be satisfied. In England I have seen a bear riding on a horse, and at Paris a short time ago a lion was exhibited similarly mounted. There may be in countries where these animals divert themselves thus *secundum naturam*, but I can only apologize for my ignorance of it.

Of all Indian animals the wild boar is the best and bravest. I have seen a great deal of him, having for many years hunted him on horseback, or with a line of elephants to drive him out of the thick coverts, so that other men well mounted on fleet horses might pursue and slay him with their spears. I was but an indifferent performer with the hog-spear, and have no feats of prowess to recount, though I once took a first spear where about ten other men were eager for that honor; but it was a very small boar, and it was quite his own fault that he fell into my hands, for I was sitting smoking at the end of a covert just thinking of starting for home after a blank morning, when the animal rushed out, and in self-defence I was obliged to spear it. How angry some of the other men were at my luck, though they did not all know how unmerited it was.

Being disabled from riding by an accident, it subsequently became my pleasant function to manage the line of beating elephants, with which, in lower Bengal, we had to drive the wild boar from his lair, in high rushes and thick grass and thorny bushes, so as to make him break across the open plain and fly for his life to some other shelter. It was most interesting to watch the dodges and devices of a cunning old grey boar as I stood in my howdah and tried to get the elephants to drive him out at a point convenient for the riders. The boar usually had his own ideas as to the line that he would take if he were compelled to face the open; but before coming to that last resource he would try everything else. Perhaps it was not heroic conduct on his part, but he would seek to induce the fat old sow, his wife, with her infant progeny, to go out and show themselves as a blind to the hunters. If there were any of his older sons in the jungle, he would roust them from their hiding-places, and try to drive them out, to become a vicarious sacrifice. He would lie down

and hide himself in an incredibly small patch of grass, so that the elephants might pass him by unsuspectingly; or, if too carelessly pressed by a loose line, he would charge right at some loitering elephant's legs, and there are very few elephants that will not flinch and turn aside from a wild boar's charge. It needed much patience and watchfulness to contend with all the wiles of the clever animal. I usually carried a gun loaded with snipe-shot, and a charge fired into the grass or bushes just behind where the boar was moving generally startled him, and if a chance pellet hit him he thought it best to quit the covert and trust to his speed to reach some stronger shelter or swamp impenetrable to elephants and horses. If the riders kept well back so as not to turn the boar again into the covert, he would have about a hundred yards' start before the sound of their horses' hoofs and the cries of "Tally ho" informed him of the coming danger. It takes a very fast horse to catch a full-grown boar in a gallop over the open plain, but every experienced rider knows that he must go as hard as he can if he means to spear the animal. I shall not try to repeat the oft-told tale of the mortal combat that ensues. Oftentimes I could see all the incidents of the chase from my howdah, for not unfrequently the boar when overtaken would jink and come round again to the jungle from which he had started. When men ride really well the boar seldom escapes, unless he has the luck to find some deep swamp through which the horses cannot follow him. A full-grown wild boar in lower Bengal is about thirty inches high, but they are sometimes found as high as thirty-six inches, and there is a skeleton in the Indian Museum in Calcutta of a boar that was forty inches at the shoulder. There is almost as much difference in the anatomy of a wild boar and a tame one as there is between a man-of-war and a merchant ship. In the size of the brain the wild boar has a marked superiority, and perhaps this accounts for his great courage, which makes him fearless of everything. One morning, looking out of a railway carriage, I saw a wild boar come charging down at the passing train, but he missed it, for the train was going too fast for him, and he was a little hampered in forcing his way through the wire railway fencing.

I had something to do with rhinoceros, but never succeeded in shooting one, though I sought for them for three long and hot days under the guidance of the best

sportsman in Assam; and I visited their haunts in the Sunderbunds with men of great local experience. But the rhinoceros, like all big animals, has acute senses of smelling and hearing, and makes off at the slightest indication of danger. We had a large one in the Calcutta Zoo which was very tame, and when it got a bad abscess in the head, of which it eventually died, it used to come and lie down to have its ear syringed by the veterinary surgeon, whom it learned to recognize. There were two fine rhinoceroses in the rajah's menagerie at Burdwan in the inclosure in which the crocodiles were kept, for the pond in which the crocodiles used to swim served also as a bathing-place for the rhinoceros. One day a young pig had been turned into the inclosure to become food for the crocodiles, and as these animals do not travel very fast on land, piggy led them a lively chase, and at last, perhaps by chance, it took refuge under the legs of one of the rhinoceros, which was looking on solemnly, but when the crocodiles approached the rhinoceros, the latter presented his horn and warned the crocodiles to be off. And so the pig survived and grew up and lived for some months under the protection of the rhinoceros. I saw it there, and sent an account of it to my cousin, Frank Buckland. But in the course of time piggy became over-confident, and one day, as he was walking through some high grass near the pond, one of the crocodiles that was lying there in the sun swept him into the water with his powerful tail and plunged in after him, and no more was seen of poor piggy save that the waters were stained with his blood. When our large rhinoceros in the Calcutta Zoo died, I wrote to every native prince and potentate of my acquaintance to beg for a new specimen, but they had none to spare. At last I wrote to an old friend, a native magistrate, named Tyjurnal Ali, as follows: "My dear Sir, — When I was a magistrate and you were a policeman, if I ordered you to catch a thief, you caught him. Now you are a magistrate in the Sunderbunds I want you to catch a rhinoceros for the Zoo, and am sure you will not fail." My friend replied, urging the difficulties of the case, but promising to do his best. Several months passed, when one day a man appeared with a letter to me. "Honored Sir, — Herewith I send you a rhinoceros, which my shikaris have caught after much labor. They shot the mother and then secured the young one. Please forgive me for sending such a small one, but it will soon get bigger. I am

your obedient servant, Tyjurnal Ali." It was a dear little beast, and quite gentle, so that a man could ride on it. It grew very fast, but it got fever when its large teeth began to come, and so it died. We lost several young elephants in the same way from fever when teething.

Crocodiles, or, as they are more commonly called, alligators, were very common in eastern Bengal. I could not venture to guess how many hundreds I must have seen in many voyages through the Sunderbunds, and in navigating the large rivers and backwaters of the Dacca division. In Calcutta children sometimes keep little crocodiles as pets, but they seldom live long. I have fired many shots at them but I cannot pretend to have killed many — at least, outright. The crocodile is very tenacious of life. Once when staying at an indigo factory on the Ganges, we were greeted on our return from a long morning's shooting by the news that some fishermen had caught a live crocodile in their nets, and had brought it upon a bullock-cart to the factory. A strong rope was tied round its loins, and it was put into the factory tank or reservoir while we dressed and breakfasted. After about an hour we had the creature pulled out of the tank and tried to kill it. A few bullets seemed to make little impression; a spear thrust down its throat was of no avail. At last its head was chopped off with a Sontal axe, and the body was cut open and the vital organs taken out. The muscular action still continued to move the tail when the beast was headless and its heart was lying on the ground by its side. This crocodile was about six feet long, and a large fish was found in its stomach. In the rajah's menagerie at Burdwan there were several very large crocodiles, as has been already mentioned. They were kept in a reservoir full of dirty water covered with green scum. It was the rajah's custom to give these creatures a live duck occasionally. When a poor duck was thrown into the pond, the head and eyes of a large crocodile might be visible just above the water. When the duck had recovered from the fall, and had settled and plumed its feathers, it would usually paddle away a few feet from the spot where it had alighted. Meanwhile the crocodile's head and eyes had disappeared from their original position, but only to reappear suddenly on the exact spot where the duck had first alighted. It was marvellous with what exactness the crocodile had marked and measured the distance that it had to dive through the thick,

muddy water. Of course, as soon as the duck saw its enemy it fled, splashing and fluttering, to the other side of the tank. But it was only an escape from Scylla to Charybdis; for there were several crocodiles in the tank, and the poor duck had rushed wildly into the jaws of another monster. The huge jaws opened and closed, and the duck was seen no more. In the Calcutta Zoo we sometimes kept a crocodile in a cage for the public to see at their leisure. Unfortunately, we had more crocodiles than we wanted, for volunteer crocodiles from the river Hooghly and its tributaries found their way over our fences and walls into the ornamental waters, where they killed several of our black swans and English swans, and other valuable birds, before we found them out or could provide a safe refuge at night for our pets. The water was drained off from the lakes, and several sportsmen attended in the hope of getting some crocodile-shooting; but the crafty animals had buried themselves in the mud, and were strictly invisible.

Let me turn to the more innocuous tribe of monkeys, which are usually favorites with young people. I regret to say that one of my earliest mentors in sport taught me to shoot wild monkeys for the sake of their skins, from which we made comfortable, soft racquet-shoes. But I soon abandoned the evil practice; and in after-times did what I could to make up to the monkeys for this unkindness. I flatter myself that I once saved the life of a large ourang-outang in the Calcutta Zoo. He was a big, ugly fellow, all covered with red hair. He had got out of his house and was walking about the gardens, when he was seen by some casual workmen, who were much frightened, and began to throw bricks at him, and strike at him with big sticks, and probably they would have hunted him to death. Luckily, I appeared on the scene, and ordering the crowd to stand back, I went forward and offered the ourang-outang my hand. He immediately took hold of my wrist, and we walked off together to his house, rather a comical-looking pair I fancy, and he gladly took refuge indoors. He was really very tame, and would always eat grain out of the palm of my hand, holding my wrist tightly with his hand till the grain was finished. Some of the ourang-outangs that we had were so tame that they used to be let out loose in the gardens until the hour when the public began to arrive. But they did much mischief to our trees. For

it was their pleasure to get up the trunk of a tree and break off some of the branches, and make for themselves a platform to sit upon, about twenty feet from the ground. If they had been content with one tree, it would not have signified so much; but when the leaves of the shady bower that they had built began to wither away and to give insufficient protection from the sun, they commenced to build a new house and to ruin another tree. They were very sensitive of the heat of the sun. My particular friend mentioned above had the misfortune to lose his wife, a lady of much darker color and rather larger than himself, and, if it is not too rude to say so, even much uglier. But he was very fond of her, and of their baby, which was a few months old, and quite pretty in comparison with its parents. But the poor lady died, and her husband was inconsolable. He planted himself out in the heat of the midday sun, until he got a *coup de soleil*, followed by paralysis, and he also died. We had specimens in the Zoo of nearly every kind of monkey in India, but I have no space to tell of them in detail. Most monkeys are gregarious in their habits, and like to live together in a troop. If kept singly they droop in spirits and neglect their toilets, "whereas," writes Dr. Anderson, "if two or more are kept together they mutually attend to personal cleanliness in the way which is so characteristic of their race."

I have also learnt from Dr. Anderson, that no monkey of the Old World uses its tail as an organ for prehension — whereas in the monkeys of the New World, the tail is as much used as a fifth hand. But if the Old World monkeys have not got prehensile tails, there is one quaint animal in India that makes up for this shortcoming. This is the binturang, the creature that I loved most of all the beasts in the Zoo. It is about the size of an English fox, with pointed nose, tufted ears, and a long, shaggy, pepper-and-salt-colored coat, with a very thick, tapering, prehensile tail. All the specimens that we had were very tame and tractable, and would do almost anything if bribed with a plantain or banana. One rather large one delighted to come out and play with us and climb up our legs, and then lower itself from an outstretched arm by its tail. One day the lieutenant-governor of Bengal came to see the animals, and we took him to look at the binturang. The playful creature at once fraternized with him, as if he had been an ordinary man and not a lieutenant-

governor. It climbed up his leg on to his shoulder, and then gracefully hung from his neck, round which it had curled its tail. The tableau was lovely; and it might have gladdened the heart of Mr. Harry Furniss to see it, but the lieutenant-governor did not quite like it.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

From The National Review.

A KENTISH PILGRIM ROAD.

No better example of English conservatism in the matter of local nomenclature can be found than in the name of "The Old Pilgrim," which still clings to the road we purpose to follow, although not only have three centuries and a half elapsed since the last band of religious devotees passed along it, but in many places it has ceased to be used as a highway at all. Although it has never been immortalized after the manner of the more famous Watling Street, along which Chaucer's company travelled on their way to the shrine of Saint Thomas at Canterbury, it was a very important and much-used line of route, inasmuch as pilgrims from all the west and south-west of England followed it, besides many from London who were unwilling to run the risks and dangers attending a journey along the great Roman highway.

Coming from the south-west by the line of the Surrey hills which run above Guildford, Dorking, and Reigate, the Old Pilgrim enters Kent at Tatsfield above the town of Westerham, and, passing under the brow of the hills but above the valley line of towns and villages, pursues a circuitous course which sufficiently testifies to the danger attending journeys in the so-called good old days. The pilgrim guide-posts in those days, as now, were the dotted line of sombre yew-trees planted along the hillsides above the old way, which accompany it faithfully to the end, and at many a doubtful point the modern pilgrim may reassure himself by keeping these ancient sentinels in view.

When the extraordinary veneration with which Saint Thomas was regarded from the date of his martyrdom until the dissolution of the monasteries is borne in mind, it can be readily comprehended that bands of pilgrims heavily laden with costly offerings had excellent reasons for following a sequestered road which, although doubling their exertions, at any rate ensured them safety; and so thoroughly unobtrusive is

our Old Pilgrim Road that many people living in towns within a mile or two of it are absolutely unaware of its existence.

For the first five miles, during which the way skirts Westerham Valley, there is very little to interest the modern explorer. Formerly it cut across Chevening Park, but it was diverted by act of Parliament some years ago in the face of much public opposition and irritation, and we must make a detour in order to rejoin it at the point where it leaves the London and Sevenoaks highroad. Indeed, we would advise the start to be made from Otford; and, always premising that the journey is to be done, as it should be, on foot, get to Lenham, a distance of twenty-three miles, the first day, arriving at Canterbury, twenty-one miles farther on, the next evening.

Otford, now a pleasant little village, beautifully situated on the river Darent, amidst typical Kentish scenery of wooded hill and quiet dale, famous as a resort of anglers, was in old days a place of some importance.

Two great battles have been fought here: the first in 773 between the kings of Kent and Mercia, whereat the former was beaten; the latter, two hundred years later, when Canute and his Danes completely defeated Edmund Ironside.

But the chief interest of Otford is centred around the remains of its archiepiscopal palace, one of those stately resting-houses used by the prelates on their solemn, leisurely progresses between the temporal and the spiritual capitals of which Croydon and Charing are specimens.

Although nothing remains above ground but a picturesque, ivy-clad tower and a line of buildings now used as farm cottages, but with the evident stamp of cloisters upon them, traces of what must have been a very extensive mass of buildings are still to be seen scattered about the surrounding fields in all directions.

The visits of Thomas à Becket are still commemorated in the name given to a tumble-down, bramble-grown mass of masonry known as Becket's Well, the water of which is believed to be beneficial to those suffering from blood diseases, and in the local tradition that nightingales never sing at Otford because they disturbed the holy man at his prayers one evening.

From Otford we ascend the chalky down to the Old Pilgrim, hereabouts a broad and well-used road. At about two miles (we turn down to the right into

the village of Kemsing—one of the few “ings” of Kent—in pilgrim days a halting-place for the sake of Saint Edith, who was born here, and whose name still clings to a massively built well which stands on the typical English green, and of which the water, as might be expected, is reputed of high medicinal value.

After we regain the Pilgrim track, we find it gradually dwindling in size until it becomes a mere grassy lane running between lofty hedges, which effectually shut out all view. Probably for much the same reason which made the sixteenth-century pilgrims adopt this sequestered road, the modern tramp and the modern Romanny favor it extensively. Indeed, but for their patronage it would be altogether unused, and we have walked for hours along it without meeting with a single human being.

To them, however, it is, as the Romanny term is, a *kek-keno mush's puu*—a no-man's land; the traces of their fires dot its entire length hereabouts, and as daylight fades they may be seen squatting around their fires, the *kek kavi* boiling, the horses turned out to browse, and the orthodox, round-topped *tan*, or tent, in process of construction. Robbery or even murder might be perpetrated here without the smallest chance of detection; but the writer has never experienced anything but politeness and hospitality from these children of Egypt, although wild horses will hardly tear from them any information about their language beyond the rendering of a few of the commonest phrases and words.

We proceed between the lofty hedges, sweet-scented with a luxuriant wealth of wild flowers, the woodland depths on our left hand literally carpeted with them; occasionally catching a glimpse through a break in the hedge of the pleasant valley and the wooded hills, amidst which are dotted many of those ancient Kentish halls to which the warlike errand went in the days of the Invincible Armada.

At five miles from Otford we cut the main road to the Sussex seacoast, just above the pleasant village of Wrotham, our path still creeping along obscurely, under the brow of the hill, with the dotted yew-trees above it, and for the most part grass grown. It is utterly deserted, and seems to be clothed with an appropriate silence; with that silence which pervades some of our old coach roads, or such ancient Roman causeways and British tracks as have ceased to be arteries of communication; with a silence which inspires med-

itation over the transient character of the sturdiest institutions, and makes it difficult for us to picture the characteristic scenes of old English wayfaring life which must have been daily enacted where now nature runs wild for lack of restraint, and a man may linger during a long summer day without hearing any sound but the song of birds or the rustle of rabbits in the underwood.

Five miles farther on we turn down to the right and, passing by Paddleworth Farm, a collection of time-worn buildings which seem to speak of grander days by-gone, enter the broad main street of Snodland.

Here we are suddenly plunged into the noise and activity of the workaday world, for Snodland is one of the glass and paper making towns which line the Medway banks. Still, the place retains its primitiveness so far that the river is unbridged, and we cross it by a ferry which lands us in a muddy region apparently devoted to the cultivation of long grass.

Passing deserted Burham old church, we ascend through a brand-new yellow brick district which has sprung up about Burham new church, and follow the Old Pilgrim until it cuts at right angles the main road from Rochester to Maidstone, just below the Lower Bell Inn.

Here we are on historic ground.

Local tradition selects this road as being that along which Mr. Pickwick undertook to drive, and Mr. Winkle to ride upon a memorable occasion; and furthermore, insists that “somewhere hereabouts” was Dingley Dell, where was played the immortal cricket match with All Muggleton, at which Mr. Alfred Jingle was such a prominent spectator.

Be that as it may, we are in the country of Charles Dickens, and he probably knew this road as well as he knew every other within a wide circle of his retreat at Gads Hill.

But much more ancient history has surrounded this corner of Kent with stirring memories.

Between this point of the crossing of the Old Pilgrim and the Maidstone roads, and the little town of Aylesford, lying away to our right beneath the smoke of its pottery and paper works, was fought that great battle between the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa on one side and the Britons under Vortigern, which, says Mr. Green, “struck the keynote of the whole English conquest of Britain.”

Horsa was killed in this fight, as was Catigern the brother of Vortigern, and

antiquaries are ready to point out the burial places of the two leaders; the former at Horsted or Horstep, about three miles on the road to Rochester, the latter beneath that strange, solitary cromlech known as Kits Coty House, which stands on the slope of a field nearly opposite the Lower Bell Inn. This interesting relic of a buried age consists of three huge upright stones, each eight feet high, supporting a slab twelve feet long by nine feet broad, placed so as to command a view over the entire country side. All around, in the fields below, and on the hills above, are scattered huge stones which seem to point to the existence of an extensive British cemetery; one collection in particular, situated in a field below, being known as the Uncounted Stones.

So much, however, has been written by skilled hands about Kits Coty House and its neighbors that a mere passing notice suffices in a paper dealing, as does this, with more general matters. One interesting feature of this country, however, may be appropriately noticed. Along the line of Watling Street, but north of it, between Chatham and Faversham, the land may be described as one vast brick-field. This modern brick-making industry is a lineal descendant of the ancient pottery industry which existed in the same district in Roman times, and which produced the bluish-brown Upchurch ware, which seems to have been more than locally famous, as specimens of it are dug up not only wherever Roman remains have been unearthed in Britain, but even on the Continent. A great deal of this pottery has been found in the neighborhood of Kits Coty House; and without doubt the remains of Roman houses which have been brought to light near Snodland and Lower Halling are those of villas belonging to the old Roman pottery princes.

Leaving the Maidstone road behind us we continue our course along the Old Pilgrim, which immediately resumes its neglected, solitary appearance.

At two miles distance we turn down to the right into Boxley. Here is a famous old inn, the Queen's Head, which, our hostess assures us, has been a house of call ever since the old pilgrim days, when upon its site no doubt stood one of the most important caravanserais along the route, as hard by was a goal of pilgrimages at one time hardly less famous than the shrine of Saint Thomas himself.

Pleasant gardens stretch behind the inn, and hither on Saturdays and Sundays in summer resort large numbers of soldiers,

sailors, and dockyard men from Chatham. The figure-head of the old line-of-battle ship Howe, standing amidst the trees, is religiously decked with laurel and evergreen upon every anniversary of the glorious First of June.

But the fame of Boxley is, of course, centred upon its associations with the ecclesiastical history of our land. Of the stately abbey, dedicated to the three-day-old Saint Rumbald, hardly a vestige remains; and as we saunter beneath the grand old trees, it is hard to realize that hither in old days flocked annually hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, not only from the uttermost parts of Britain, but from beyond the seas.

It was in Boxley Church that was kept that celebrated piece of clerical humbug, the Rood of Grace, an image of the Virgin which, by ingenious mechanism, was made to move its head and eyes, and which was so potent a conductor of the peace of the poor into the clerical purse that when Henry VIII.'s ruthless and unappreciative commission exposed the imposture, and caused the image to be carried to London and burned at Paul's Cross, Boxley Abbey revenues sank into insignificance. Boxley Abbey, it should be said, is some way from Boxley village, and the pilgrim is barely repaid for quitting his line of road; but if the deviation is made, it is as well to go on to Allington, sweetest of Kentish villages, where are the ruins of the castle long the home of the Wyatts, where lived and wrote the Sir Thomas described by Tennyson in "Queen Mary" as

Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
His own grey towers, plain life and letter'd
peace,
To read and rhyme in solitary fields;
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song.

Continuing our road from Boxley Green along the Old Pilgrim, we pass through Deptling and Thurnham, by Thurnham Place, famous for its avenue, through Broad Street to Hollingbourne, the very name of which carries us back to the pilgrim days.

Half way down the village street on the right hand stands a typical, stately manor-house of the old Elizabethan type. It is now inhabited and furnished anew from attics to basement, but when we first saw it it had stood empty for many years, and was as complete a picture of forlorn, faded grandeur as ever harbored novelist's ghost or was linked with romantic crime. Under the guidance of a little girl we wan-

dered through room after room, admiring the carved oaken fireplaces, the sturdy panelling, and the quaintly carved cornices, along winding passages with odd nooks and corners and the most meaningless little flights of stairs; we ascended a broad staircase with curiously twisted balusters to a dim, upper region of dust and decay, where mouldy tapestry still clung to the walls, and grim family pictures rotted in their frames. Our guide could tell us no more than that the house had been in this condition as long as she could remember, but that she had "heard say" that a "London gentleman" had bought it, and was going to make it his home.

The next time we saw it we found that our little friend's hearsay was truth, and as we surveyed it with its new face, we were not sorry to have seen the last of it in its old garb. History such a house must have, but we have consulted Hasted and other Kentish authorities in vain, for they dismiss it with the briefest of notices.

A deviation from the Old Pilgrim to be recommended is to continue through Hollingbourne by way of Greenway Court, the ancient seat of the Culpepers, and strike the main Maidstone road in sight of Leeds Castle, one of the most historic piles in this most historical of counties, associated as it is with Richard II., Henry IV., Joan of Navarre, Eleanor, the wife of "Good Duke Humphrey," George III., and Queen Charlotte.

It was on the Old Pilgrim, near Hollingbourne, that we met, one fair May morning, a procession of neatly dressed juveniles clustered about two little girls, who were carrying on a broomstick between them a doll seated under a canopy of wild flowers. At our approach the procession halted, and the priestesses of Flora — of course utterly unconscious that they were performing a ceremony which had perhaps been performed in this very neighborhood eighteen centuries ago by little Roman maidens — recited some verses of doggerel and solicited largesse, which we gladly bestowed, in our delight at beholding at any rate one harmless old rural custom observed in this prosaic latter end of the nineteenth century.

We turn down from the Old Pilgrim, which is here barely to be traced, as its course, through long disuse, has become a ditch thickly, nay, impenetrably overgrown, and enter pleasant Harrietsham. We may as well warn pilgrims against making the detour in order to see Harrietsham Church, for the building is kept

as jealously shut up as if it contained the national regalia.

Two miles farther on we reach Lenham, a large village, where excellent accommodation may be had at the Bear Inn.

Lenham Church, open all day as it ought to be, is an interesting building, and was formerly attached to the monastery of Saint Augustine at Canterbury. In the chancel are still the stalls used by the Augustinian canons when they made their visitations, quaintly carved oaken structures, with the usual movable seats. There is also a stone confessional, an exceedingly curious carved pulpit, an oaken lectern, and some good woodwork in the roof.

We make an attempt, upon resuming our journey, to follow the Old Pilgrim conscientiously into Charing, but are forced to give it up, the attempt consisting of a series of flounderings amidst brambles and undergrowth, of plodding across ploughed fields, by no means conducive to a proper pilgrim frame of mind; so we return to the uninteresting and unlovely highroad for the four miles yet to be done.

Charing is a most interesting village, and well worth a stay. Here was another of those stately archiepiscopal residences, a halt at which must have so materially smoothed the journey from London to Canterbury; so that Charing was a place of some importance until the sixteenth century. After the dissolution, it shared the fate of so many other country places which absolutely depended upon the monkish rule for their existence, and drifted into decay and lifelessness.

The era of coaches, however, revived it; for, standing at the junction of the four great roads from Maidstone, Canterbury, Ashford, and Faversham, it became a convenient point for change and halt. But when the coaches were driven out of existence by railways, Charing sank for a second time, only, however, to be again revived by the same power which dealt the blow — the making of the Chatham and Dover branch to Ashford, with a station at Charing. Moreover, wheelmen and driving parties found the village convenient as a place of call and rest, so that the two excellent inns now do a roaring trade. Indeed, the explorer of rustic England would find it hard to match the King's Head and the Swan at Charing for good entertainment at a most moderate rate.

The remains of Charing Old Palace are interesting, although scanty, but they probably do not represent a quarter of the

original buildings. A quaint, ivy-clad farmhouse occupies the interior of the courtyard, into which we pass through a double archway, and the date, 1586, over a mullioned window seems to point to its being part of the original building. But all around us we may read sermons in stones upon the instability of human grandeur. Here a man is forking hay through the delicately chased window of what was the chapel. Out of the roof of the ancient banqueting hall, which exteriorly reminds us of Eltham, the hideous cowl of a modern oast-house protrudes. The usual litter of a farmyard, amidst which pigs and poultry disport themselves, lies piled against grand old masonry, which may have heard the cheers which greeted Henry VII. when he was entertained here by Archbishop Morton, or the shouts of the revellers on that night when Henry VIII. lodged here *en route* for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

A large portion of the original wall encloses broad fields, upon the turf of which we may trace far and wide the outlines of the walls of vanished buildings; and as the ground often rings with a hollow sound, we may, perhaps, see some reason in the local belief that there are miles of subterraneous passages and chambers.

The church is interesting to those who can sufficiently smother their feelings of annoyance at finding it shut up to take the trouble to get the keys. With reference to a fire which destroyed part of the building, including the belfry, at the end of the sixteenth century, runs the rhyme:—

Dirty Charing lies in a hole;
She has but one bell, and that she stole.

The theft alluded to having been committed, so it is said, at Lenham, in order to replace the bells consumed in the fire.

The village contains a number of old half-timbered houses, but the proximity of the railway will, no doubt, very soon improve them off the face of the earth. Indeed, as it is, Ashford is, from a sentimental point of view, a great deal too near Charing, and much as the railway artisan is to be respected, his Sunday deportment, although quite harmless, seems to fit ill with surroundings which carry us back to the days of the Tudors.

The Old Pilgrim, in accordance with its rarely violated rule, does not touch Charing village itself, but cuts the line of the Canterbury road at a point half way up the steep hill at the foot of which Charing

nestles. This Canterbury road goes in a tolerably straight direction by Moldash and Chilham, but as it runs for a great part through a forest, apparently almost impenetrable even in these days, the reason is apparent why the offering-laden pilgrims of old days should have preferred a more circuitous road through more open country. So, instead of proceeding in a north-easterly direction, the Old Pilgrim strikes south-east, only to turn north later on. But our efforts to trace it are futile, and, after a careful boiling down of the opinions of our landlord and of several "oldest inhabitants," we can only learn that it traverses Eastwell Park, passes through Wye, and enters Canterbury by the old Roman Stane Street, and that its course has long been obliterated by the steel of the ploughman.

We are, however, in some measure consoled for our want of success in tracing the Old Pilgrim to its goal, by the beauty and interest of the two roads by which we may continue our journey to Canterbury. We may either ascend Charing Hill, and, after enjoying what has been considered the finest panorama in Kent, follow the road through dense woodland to Moldash, Challock, and Chilham, at which latter place an agreeable halt may be made in the quaintest of old villages, and so, by the valley of the Stour, into the cathedral city; or we may follow what must have been the line of the Old Pilgrim, through beautiful Eastwell Park and picturesque old Wye, now better known for its steeple-chases than for the remains of its once famous college and school, and get into Canterbury, appropriately enough, by that straight old Roman way along which the murderers of Thomas à Becket galloped on their foul errand from the Castle of Saltwood.

H. F. ABELL.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE ART AND MYSTERY OF
COLLABORATION.

IT may be said that curiosity is the only useful vice, since without it there would be neither discovery nor invention, and curiosity it is which leads interest to many a book written in collaboration, the reader being less concerned about the merits of the work than he is with guessing at the respective shares of the associated authors. To many of us a novel by two writers is merely a puzzle, and we seek to

solve the enigma of its double authorship, accepting it as a nut to crack even when the kernel is little likely to be more digestible than the shell. Before a play of Beaumont and Fletcher or a novel of M. M. Erckmann-Chatrian not a few find themselves asking a double question. First, "what was the part of each partner in the writing of the book?" And, second, "how is it possible for two men to be concerned in the making of one work?"

The answer to the first question can hardly ever be given; even the collaborators themselves are at a loss to specify their own contributions. When two men have worked together honestly and heartily in the inventing, the developing, the constructing, the writing, and the revising of a book or a play, it is often impossible for either partner to pick out his own share; certain things he may recognize as his own, and certain other things he may credit frankly to his ally; but the rest was the result of the collaboration itself, contributed by both parties together and not by either separately. To explain this more in detail calls for an answer to the second question, and requires a careful consideration of the principle of collaboration, and a tentative explanation of the manner in which two men may write one book.

I confine myself to a discussion of literary partnerships, because in literature collaboration is more complete, more intimate than it is in the other arts. When an architect aids a sculptor, when Mr. Stamford White, for instance, plans the mounting of the "Lincoln" or the "Farragut" of Mr. Saint Gaudens, the respective shares of each artist may be determined with precision. So it is also when we find Rubens painting the figures in a landscape of Snyders. Nor are we under any doubt as to the contribution of each collaborator when we hear an operetta by Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan; we know that one wrote the words and the other the music, and the division of labor does not seem unnatural, although it is not necessary; Wagner, for example, composed the score to his own book. But no one is puzzled by the White-Saint-Gaudens combination, the Rubens-Snyders, or the Gilbert and Sullivan, as most of us are, for example, by the alliance of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins in the writing of "No Thoroughfare."

If the doubt is great before a novelette composed by two authors of individualities as distinct as those of Dickens and of Collins, how much greater may it be be-

fore books written by more than two partners. Not long ago, four clever American story-tellers co-operated in writing a satirical tale, "The King's Men;" and years before four brilliant French writers, Mme. de Girardin, Gautier, Sandeau, and Méry, had set them the example by composing that epistolary romance "La Croix de Berny." There is an English story in six chapters by six authors, among whom were the younger Hood, the late T. W. Robertson, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert; and there is an American story happily entitled, "Six of One, by Half-a-dozen of the Other"—Mrs. Stowe being among the half-dozen.

Six authors for a single story, or even four, may seem to some a woeful waste of effort, and so, no doubt, it is; but I have found recorded cases of more extravagant prodigality. In France, an association of three or four in the authorship of a farce is not at all uncommon; and it is there that collaboration has been carried to its most absurd extreme. M. Jules Goizet, in his curious "Histoire Anecdotique de la Collaboration au Théâtre" (Paris, 1867), mentions a one-act play which was performed in Paris in 1811, and which was the work of twenty-four dramatists; and he records the production in 1834, and also in Paris, of another one-act play, which was prepared for a benefit of the Dramatic Authors' Society, and which had no fewer than thirty-six authors. This suggests an intellectual poverty as barren as that once satirized by Chamfort in Prussia, when, after he had said a good thing, he saw the others talking it over at the end of the table; "See those Germans," he cried, "clubbing together to take a joke."

For the most part these combination ventures are mere curiosities of literature. Nothing of real value is likely to be manufactured by a joint stock company of unlimited authorship. The literary partnerships whose paper sells on 'Change at par have but two members. It is this association of two, and of two only, to which we refer generally when we speak of collaboration. In fact, literary collaboration might be defined, fairly enough, as "the union of two writers for the production of one book." This is, of a truth, the only collaboration worthy of serious criticism, the only one really pregnant and vital.

Like any other partnership, a collaboration is unsatisfactory and unsuccessful unless it is founded on mutual esteem. The partners must have sympathy for each

other, and respect. Each must be tolerant of the other's opinions. Each must be ready to yield a point when need be. In all associations there must be concessions from one to the other. These are the negative qualities of a good collaborator; and chief among the positive necessities is the willingness of each to do his full share of the work. A French wit has declared that the happiest marriages are those in which one is loved and the other lets himself (or herself) be loved. Collaboration is a sort of marriage, but the witticism does not here hold true, although Mr. Andrew Lang recently declared that in most collaborations one man did all the work while the other man looked on. No doubt this happens now and again, but a partnership of this kind is not likely to last long. Mr. Lang has also quoted from the "Souvenirs Dramatiques" of the elder Dumas an opinion of that most delightful of romancers, to the effect that when two men are at work together, "one is always the dupe, and *he* is the man of talent."

It is pleasant to be able to controvert the testimony of the great Dumas by the exhibits in his own case. Of all the mighty mass of Dumas's work, what survives now, a score of years after his death, and what bids fair to survive at least three score and ten years longer, are two or three cycles of brilliant and exciting narratives: "Monte Cristo," the "Three Musketeers," with its sequels, the stories of which Chicot is the hero; and of these every one was written in collaboration with M. Auguste Maquet.

Scribe is perhaps the only contemporary author who rivalled Dumas in fecundity and in popularity; and Scribe's evidence contradicts Dumas's, although both were persistent collaborators. Of all the hundred of Scribe's plays, scarce half-a-dozen were written by him unaided. When he collected his writings into a uniform edition, he dedicated this to his many collaborators; and he declared that while the few works he had composed alone were hard labor, those which he had done in partnership were a pleasure. And we know from M. Legouvé, one of Scribe's associates, that Scribe generally preferred to do all the mere writing himself. The late Eugène Labiche, almost as prolific a playwright as Scribe and quite as popular, did nothing except with a partner; and he, so we are told by M. Augier, who once composed a comedy with him, also liked to do all the actual writing.

In a genuine collaboration, when the

joint work is a true chemical union and not a mere mechanical mixture, it matters little who holds the pen. The main advantage of a literary partnership is in the thorough discussion of the central idea and of its presentation in every possible aspect. Art and genius, so Voltaire asserted, consist in finding all that is in one's subject, and in not seeking outside of it. When a situation has been talked over thoroughly and traced out to its logical conclusion, and when a character has been considered from every angle and developed to its inevitable end, nine-tenths of the task is accomplished. The putting down on paper of the situation and the character is but the clothing of a babe already alive and kicking.

Perhaps the unity of impression which we get from some books written in partnership is due to the fact that the writing was always the work of the same partner. Scribe, for example, was not an author of salient individuality, but the plays which bear his name are unmistakably his handiwork. Labiche also, like Scribe, was ready to collaborate with anybody and everybody; but his trade-mark is woven into the texture of every play that bears his name. It is understood that the tales of M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian are written out by M. Erckmann and revised by M. Chatrian. I have heard, on what authority I cannot say, that of the long series of stories bearing the name of Besant and Rice, all that the late James Rice actually wrote with his own pen was the first chapter or two of their first book, "Ready Money Mortiboy." This assertion, whether well founded or not, gains color of truth from the striking similarity of style, not to call it identity, of the Besant and Rice novels with the novels of the surviving member of the partnership. Yet, if one may judge by the preface he has prefixed to the library edition of "Ready Money Mortiboy," Mr. Besant would be the last one to deny that Mr. Rice was a full partner in the firm, bearing an equal share in the burden and heat of the day. Comparing the novels of dual authorship with those of the survivor alone, it is perhaps possible to ascribe to Mr. Rice a fancy for foreign characters and a faculty of rendering them vigorously, a curious scent for actual oddity, a bolder handling than Mr. Besant's, and a stronger fondness for dramatic incident, not to say melodramatic. The joint novels have a certain kinship to the virile tales of Charles Reade; but little trace of the family likeness is to be found in the later

works of Mr. Besant alone, whose manner is gentler and more caressing, with a more delicate humor and a subtler flavor of irony.

But any endeavor to sift out the contribution of one collaborator from that of his fellow is futile—if the union has been a true marriage. It leads to the splitting of hairs and to the building of more than one hypothesis on the point of a single needle—surely as idle a task as any ever attempted by a Shakespearean commentator. I doubt, indeed, if this effort “to go behind the returns”—to use an Americanism as expressive as an Americanism ought to be—is even permissible, except possibly after the partnership is dissolved. Under the most favorable circumstances the inquiry is little likely to be profitable. Who shall declare whether the father or the mother is the real parent of a child?

It is interesting, no doubt, and often instructive to note the influence of two authors on each other; to consider the effect of the combination of their diverse talents and temperaments; to discover how the genius of one conflicts with that of the other or complements it; to observe how at one point the strength of A reinforces the weakness of B, and how at another point the finer taste of B adroitly curbs the more exuberant energy of A; and to remark how the conjunction of two men of like minds and of equally ardent convictions sometimes will result in a work harsher and more strenuous than either would produce alone.

For curious investigation of this sort there is no lack of material, since collaboration has been attractive to not a few of the foremost figures in the history of literature. The list includes not only Beaumont and Fletcher among the mighty Elizabethans, but Shakespeare and almost every one of his fellow dramatists—not only Corneille, Molière and Racine, but almost every other notable name in the history of the French theatre. Cervantes and Calderon and Lope de Vega took partners in Spain; and in Germany Schiller and Goethe worked together. In Great Britain Addison and Steele united in “The Spectator,” and in the United States Irving and Paulding combined in “Salmagundi,” as did Drake and Halleck in the “Croakers.”

The list might be extended almost indefinitely, but it is long enough to allow of one observation—an observation sufficiently obvious. It is that no great poem has ever been written by two men together, nor any really great novel. Col-

laboration has served the cause of periodical literature. But it has been most frequent and most fertile among dramatists. We ask why this is—and the answer is ready. It is because a play calls primarily for forethought, ingenuity, construction, and compression, in the attaining of which two heads are indubitably better than one. And here we are nigh to laying hold on the root of the matter. Here we have ready to hand what may help towards a definition of the possibilities and of the limitations of literary partnership.

Collaboration fails to satisfy when there is need of profound meditation, of solemn self-interrogation, or of lofty imagination lifting itself freely towards the twin-peaks of Parnassus. Where there may be a joy in the power of unexpected expansion, and where there may be a charm of veiled beauty, vague and fleeting, visible at a glimpse only and intangible always, two men would be each in the other's way. In the effort to fix these fugitive graces they would but trip over each other's heels. A task of this delicacy belongs of right to the lonely student in the silent watches of the night, or in solitary walks under the greenwood tree and far from the madding crowd.

Collaboration succeeds most abundantly where clearness is needed, where precision, skill, and logic are looked for, where we expect simplicity of motive, sharpness of outline, ingenuity of construction, and cleverness of effect. Collaboration may be a potent coadjutor wherever technic is a pleasure for its own sake; and the sense of art is dull in a time or in a place which does not delight in sound workmanship and in the adroit devices of a loving craftsman. Perhaps, indeed, collaboration may tend—or, at least, it may be tempted now and again—to sacrifice matter to manner. Those enamored of technic may consider rather the excellence of the form than the value of the fact upon which their art is to be exercised. Yet it may be doubted whether there is any real danger to literature in a craving for the utmost technical skill.

In much of Byron's work Matthew Arnold found “neither deliberate scientific construction, nor yet the instinctive artistic creation of poetic wholes.” Accidental excellence, an intuitive attaining of the ideal, the instinctive artistic creation of poetic wholes, is not to be expected from a partnership—indeed, is hardly possible to it. But a partnership is likely to attempt deliberate scientific construction

owing to the mutual criticism of the joint authors; and by collaboration the principles of scientific construction are conveyed from one to another to the advancement of the art itself and to the unmistakable improvement of the mere journeyman work of the average man of letters. For example, many even of the best English novels seem formless when compared with the masterly structure of any good French story; and perhaps the habit of collaboration which obtains in France is partly to be praised for this.

All things have the defect of their qualities as well as the quality of their defects. Collaboration may be considered as a labor-saving device; and, like other labor-saving devices, it sometimes results in a loss of individuality. One is inclined to suspect a lack of spontaneity in the works which two authors have written together, and in which we are likely to find polish, finish, and perfection of mechanism. To call the result of collaboration often over-labored, or to condemn it as cut-and-dried, would be to express with unduly brutal frankness the criticism it is best merely to suggest. By the very fact of a partnership with its talking over, its searching discussion, its untiring pursuit of the idea into the most remote fastnesses, there may be an over-sharpness of outline, a deprivation of that vagueness of contour not seldom strangely fascinating.

No doubt in the work of two men there is a loss of the unexpected, and the story must of necessity move straight forward by the shortest road, not lingering by the wayside in hope of windfalls. There is less chance of unforeseen developments suggesting themselves as the pen speeds on its way across the paper—and every writer knows how the pen often runs away with him “across country” and over many a five-barred gate which he had never intended to take; but as there is less chance of the unforeseen, so is there also less chance that the unforeseen will be worth having. Above all is there far less likelihood of the writer’s suddenly finding himself up a blind-alley with a sign of No Thoroughfare staring him in the face. It has been objected that in books prepared in partnership even the writing is hard and arid, as though each writer were working on a foreign suggestion and lacking the freedom with which a man may treat his own invention. If a writer feels thus, the partnership is unprofitable and unnatural, and he had best get a divorce as soon as may be. In a genuine collaboration each of the parties thereto ought to

have so far contributed to the story that he can consider every incident to be his, and his the whole work when it is completed.

As it happens there is one department of literature in which the defect of collaboration almost becomes a quality. For a drama deliberate scientific construction is absolutely essential. In play-making an author must know the last word before he sets down the first. From the rigid limitations of time and space there is no room on the stage for unexpected development. Voltaire tells us that there were misers before the invention of money; and no doubt there were literary partnerships before the first playhouse was built. But the value of collaboration to the playwright has been instinctively recognized whenever and wherever the theatre has flourished most abundantly; and as soon as the dramas of a country are of domestic manufacture, and cease to be mainly imported from abroad, the playmakers take to collaboration intuitively.

In Spain, when Lope de Vega and Calderon and Cervantes were writing for the stage, they had partners and pupils. In England there was scarce one of all the marvellous company of the Elizabethan dramatists who did not join hands in the making of plays. Fletcher, for example, wrote with Massinger even while Beaumont was alive. Chapman had for associates Marston, and Shirley, and Ben Jonson. Dekker worked in partnership with Ford, Webster, Massinger, and Middleton; while Middleton combined with Dekker, Fletcher, Rowley, and Ben Jonson.

In France, a country where the true principles of the play-maker’s art are most thoroughly understood, Rotrou and Corneille worked together with three others on five-act tragedies barely outlined by Cardinal Richelieu. Corneille and Quinault aided Molière in the writing of “*Psyché*.” Boileau and La Fontaine and other friends helped Racine to complete the “*Plaideurs*.” In the present century, when the supremacy of the French drama is again indisputable, many of the best plays are due to collaboration. Scribe and M. Legouvé wrote together “*Adrienne Lecouvreur*” and the “*Bataille des Dames*.” MM. Meilhac and Halévy were joint authors of “*Frou-frou*” (that poignant picture of the disadvantages of self-sacrifice) and of the “*Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*” (that bold and brilliant satire of imperial misrule). Emile Augier, to my mind the most wholesome and the

most manly dramatist of our day, joined Jules Sandeau in composing the "Gendre de M. Poirier," the strongest comedy of the century.

Scribe and Augier and Sandeau, M. Legouvé, M. Meilhac and M. Halévy, are all men of fine talents and of varied accomplishments in letters; they are individually the authors of many another drama; but no one of these other pieces attains the stature of the co-operative plays or even approaches the standard thus set. Nothing else of Scribe's is as human and as pathetic as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and nothing else of M. Legouvé's is as skilful. Since the dissolution of the partnership of MM. Meilhac and Halévy they have each written alone; M. Halévy's "Abbé Constantin" is a charming idyll, and M. Meilhac's "Décoré" is delicately humorous; but where is the underlying strength which sustains "Frou-frou"? where is the exuberant comic force of "Tricoche et Cacolet"? where is the disintegrating irony of the "Belle Hélène"? Here collaboration has proved itself. Here union has produced work finer and higher than was apparently possible to either author alone. More often than not collaboration seems accidental, and its results are not the works by which we rank either of its writers. We do not think of Charles Dickens chiefly as the author of "No Thoroughfare," nor is "No Thoroughfare" the book by which we judge Wilkie Collins. But "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is the finest play on the list of either Scribe's works or of M. Legouvé's, and "Frou-frou" is the one comedy of MM. Meilhac and Halévy likely to survive.

France is the country with the most vigorous dramatic literature, and France is the country where collaboration is the most frequent. The two facts are to be set down together without a forced suggestion that either is a consequence of the other. But it is to be noted again that in any country where there is a revival of the drama collaboration is likely to become common at once. In Germany just now, for example, there is a promising school of comedy writers — and they are combining one with another. In Great Britain and in the United States there are signs of dramatic growth; and very obviously there has been an enormous improvement in the past few years. A comparison of the original plays written in our language twenty-five years ago with those now so written is most encouraging. It may seem a little like that circular argument — which is as dangerous as a circular

saw — but it seems to me that one of the causes of immediate hopefulness for the drama in our language is the prevalence of collaboration in England and in America — for by such partnerships the principles of play-making are spread abroad. "We learn of our contemporaries," said Emerson, "what they know, without effort, and almost through the pores of the skin." Now, a collaborator must needs be the closest of contemporaries.

With Charles Reade, Tom Taylor composed "Masks and Faces," an artificial comedy of undeniable effect; and with Mr. A. W. Dubourg he wrote "New Men and Old Acres," a comedy also artificial, but more closely akin to modern life. With Palgrave Simpson, Mr. Herman Merivale prepared a moving romantic drama, "All for Her," and with Mr. F. C. Grove he wrote a brilliant comedy, "Forget-Me-Not." To collaboration again is due the "Silver King," the best of recent English dramas. And collaboration, alas! is also to be credited with the most of the latest machine-made British melodramas, plays which may bear the signatures of any two of half-a-dozen contemporary playwrights — which reveal a most extraordinary likeness, one to the other, as though they had each been cut from the same roll of goods in lengths to suit the purchaser — and in which the pattern is always a variation of a single theme, the revengeful pursuit of an exemplary good man by an indefatigable bad man.

In America there is also an evident tendency toward co-operation, as there has been a distinct improvement in the technic of play-writing. Mr. Bronson Howard has told us that he had a silent partner in revising his "Banker's Daughter," known in England as the "Old Love and the New." To the novice in the theatre the aid of the expert is invaluable. When Mrs. Hodgson Burnett desired to make a play out of her little tale of "Esmeralda," she consulted counsel learned in the law of dramatic construction, Mr. William Gillette, by whose aid the comedy of "Young Folk's Ways" was written. If the poetic drama has any future on our stage, it must owe this in a measure to collaboration, for the technic of the theatre is nowadays very elaborate, and few bards are likely to master it satisfactorily. But if the poet will frankly join hands with the practical playwright, there is a hopeful possibility of success. Had Browning taken advice before he finally fixed on his action, and while the form was yet fluid, "A Blot on the Scutcheon" might have

been made a great acting play. It is while a drama is still malleable that the aid of the expert is invaluable.

The assistance which Dumas received from his frequent associates was not of this kind; it was not the co-operation of an expert partner but rather that of a useful apprentice. The chief of these collaborators was the late Auguste Maquet, with whom Dumas would block out the plot, and to whom he would entrust all the toilsome detail of investigation and verification. Edmond About once caught Dumas red-handed in the very act of collaboration, and from his account it appears that Maquet had set down in black and white the outline of the story as they had developed it together, incorporating, doubtless, his own suggestions and the result of his historic research. This outline was contained on little squares of paper, and each of these little squares Dumas was amplifying into a large sheet of manuscript in his own fine handwriting.

Thackeray answered the accusation that Dumas did not write all his own works by saying, "Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases?" Then — it is in one of the most delightful passages of the always delightful "Roundabout Papers" — he declares that he himself would like a competent, respectable, and rapid clerk, to whom he might say, "Mr. Jones, if you please, the archbishop must die this morning in about five pages. Turn to article 'Dropsy' (or what you will) in encyclopædia. Take care there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physicians, and chaplains round him. In Wales's "London," letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Color in with local coloring. The daughter will come down and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth Stairs.' 'Jones (an intelligent young man) examines the medical, historical, topographical books necessary; his chief points out to him in Jeremy Taylor (fol. London, MDCLV.) a few remarks, such as might befit a dear old archbishop departing this life. When I come back to dress for dinner the archbishop is dead on my table in five pages; medicine, topography, theology, all right, and Jones has gone home to his family some hours.'" This was Thackeray's whimsical suggestion; but if he had ventured to adopt it himself, I fear we should have been able to distinguish the prentice hand from the fine round sweep of the master.

This paper is, perhaps, rather a consid-

eration of the principle of collaboration than an explanation of its methods. To point out the departments of literature in which collaboration may be of advantage and to indicate its more apparent limitations have been my objects, and I have postponed as long as I could any attempt to explain "how it is done." Such an explanation is at best but a doubtful possibility.

Perhaps the first requisite is a sympathy between the two partners not sufficient to make them survey life from the same point of view, but yet enough to make them respect each other's suggestions and be prepared to accept them. There is needed in both openness of mind as well as alertness, an ability to take as well as to give, a willingness to put yourself in his place and to look at the world from his standpoint. Probably it is best that the two authors shall not be too much alike in temperament. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, for example, although not twins, thought alike on most subjects; and so close was their identity of cerebration that, when they were sitting at the same table at work on the same book, they sometimes wrote almost the same sentence at the same moment. This is collaboration carried to an abnormal and unwholesome extreme; and there is much that is morbid and much that is forced in the books the Goncourts composed together.

Collaboration may once more be likened to matrimony, and we may consider MM. Erckmann-Chatrian and Messrs. Besant and Rice as monogamists, while Scribe and Labiche, who were ready to collaborate at large, are polygamists. In marriage husband and wife are one, and that is not a happy union when either inquires as to which one it is; the unity should be so complete that the will of each is merged in that of the other. So it should be in a literary partnership. Respect for each other, mutual esteem, is, perhaps, the first requisite for collaboration as for matrimony; and good temper is assuredly the second.

In discussing the practice of collaboration with that past master of the art, Mr. Walter Besant, he declared to me that it was absolutely essential that one of the two partners should be the head of the firm. He did not tell me who was the head of the firm of Besant and Rice, and I have no direct testimony to offer in support of my belief that the dominant member was Mr. Besant himself; but there is a plenty of circumstantial evidence to that effect, and, as Thoreau says, "some cir-

cumstantial evidence is very strong — as when you find a trout in the milk."

What Mr. Besant meant, I take it, was that there must be a unity of impulse so that the resulting product shall seem the outcome of a single controlling mind. This may be attained by the domination of one partner, no doubt, as when Dumas availed himself of the aid of Maquet; but it can be the result also of an harmonious equality, as when M. Meilhac and M. Halévy were writing together. In collaboration as in matrimony, again, it is well when the influence of the masculine element does not wholly overpower the feminine.

As there are households where husband and wife fight like cat and dog, and where marriage ends in divorce, so there are literary partnerships which are dissolved in acrimony and anger. M. Alexandre Dumas *fi/s* has lent his strength to the authors of the "Supplice d'une Femme," "Héloïse Parquet," and the "Danichiefs," and there followed bad feelings and high words. Warned by this bitter experience, M. Dumas is said to have answered a request to collaborate with the query, "Why should I wish to quarrel with you?" But M. Dumas is a bad collaborator, I fancy, despite his skill and his strength. He is like the powerful ally a weak country sometimes calls in to its own undoing. Yet in his case the usual cause of disagreement between collaborators is lacking, for the plays he has recast and stamped with his own image and superscription have succeeded. Now in general it is when the work fails that the collaborators fall out. Racine made an epigram against the two now forgotten authors of a now forgotten tragedy, that each claimed it before it was produced, and both renounced it after it had been acted. The quarrels of collaborators, like the quarrels of any author, or, for that matter, like any quarrels at all, to which the public are admitted are the height of folly. The world looks on at the fight, and listens while the two former friends call each other hard names; and more often than not it believes what each says of the other, and not what he says of himself.

If I may be allowed to offer myself as a witness, I shall testify to the advantage of a literary partnership, which halves the labor of the task and doubles the pleasure. It may be that I have been exceptionally skilful in choosing my allies or exceptionally fortunate in them, but I can declare unhesitatingly that I have never had a hard word with a collaborator while

our work was in hand, and never a bitter word with him afterward. My collaborators have always been my friends before and they have always remained my friends after. Sometimes our literary partnership was the unpremeditated outcome of a friendly chat, in the course of which we chanced upon a subject, and in sport developed it until unexpectedly it seemed promising enough to be worthy of artistic consideration. Such a subject belonged to both of us, and had best be treated by both together. There was no dispute as to our respective shares in the result of our joint labors, because we could not ourselves even guess what each had done when both had been at work together. As Augier said in the preface to the "Lionnes Pauvres," which he wrote with M. Edouard Fournier, we must copy "the married people who say one to the other, 'your son.'"

I have collaborated in writing stories, in making plays, and in editing books. Sometimes I may have thought that I did more than my share, sometimes I knew that I did less than I should, but always there was harmony, and never did either of us seek to assert a mastery. However done, and by whichever of the two, the subject was always thoroughly discussed between us; it was turned over and over and upside down and inside out; it was considered from all possible points of view and in every stage of development. When a final choice was made of what seemed to us best, the mere putting on paper was wholly secondary. I have written a play of which I prepared the dialogue of one act and my associate prepared that of the next; I have written a play in which I wrote the scenes in which certain characters appeared and my ally wrote those in which certain other characters appeared; I have written a short story in two chapters of which one was in my autograph and the other in my partner's; but none the less was he the half-author of the portions I set on paper, and none the less was I the half-author of the portions he set on paper.

Probably, the most profitable method is that of alternate development — certainly it is for a drama. After the subject begins to take form, A makes out a tentative sequence of scenes; and this, after several talks, B fills up into an outline of the story. Slowly, and after careful consultation, A elaborates this into a detailed scenario in which every character is set forth, every entrance and every exit, with the reasons for them, every scene and

every effect—in fact, everything except the words to be spoken. Then B takes this scenario, and from it he writes a first rough draft of the play itself, complete in dialogue and in “business.” This rough draft A revises, and re-writes where need be. Then it goes to the copyist; and when the clean, type-written manuscript returns both A and B go over it again and again, pointing and polishing, until each is satisfied with their labor in common. Perhaps the drama is the only form of literature in which so painstaking a process would be advantageous, or in which it would be advisable even; but of a play the structure can hardly be too careful or too precise, nor can the dialogue be too compact or too polished.

“I am no pickpurse of another’s wit,” as Sir Philip Sydney boasts, but I cannot forego the malign pleasure of quoting, in conclusion, Mr. Andrew Lang’s insidious suggestion to “young men entering on the life of letters.” He advises them “to find an ingenious, and industrious, and successful partner; stick to him, never quarrel with him, and do not survive him.”

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

From Macmillan’s Magazine.
GEORGE WITHER.

JOHN BRIGHT is reported to have said to a friend, “If you come across a quotation in any speech of mine that you don’t recognize, it is probably Wither.” It is possible that to some of his friends the name might have been as unfamiliar as the quotations; they may even have taken it as a misprint for Whittier. Yet George Wither was a person of no inconsiderable note in his day, and among the voluminous writings which he has left behind him are several passages of rare grace and beauty. His career as an author commenced in 1613, the year which witnessed the production of the last of Shakespeare’s dramatic creations, and it only terminated with his death in 1667, the year following the great fire of London. He may be said to have outlived his own fame. Pope refers to him in “The Dunciad” as “wretched Wither,” sleeping “among the dull of ancient days, safe where no critics damn;” but he was in Pope’s time only remembered as a renegade Cavalier who, like all renegades, was extremely bitter against his old party. Ritson, the crusty collector of old ballads, called him the English Bavius, and the more genial

Bishop Percy merely says that “he distinguished himself in youth by some pastoral pieces that were not inelegant.” Subsequent critics, however, have adopted a much higher estimate of Wither’s poetical work. Ellis, in his “Specimens of Early English Poets,” and Sir Egerton Brydges in his “Censura Literaria,” both quoted Wither extensively, and spoke enthusiastically of the sweetness and melody of his verse; while Charles Lamb, beyond question the most competent of all judges of our older literature, has devoted to his earlier poems an essay full of fine and felicitous praise.

George Wither was born in 1588, at Bentworth in Hampshire. His family was apparently of some position and wealth, for he records how in his youthful days hounds, hawks, and horses were at his command, and intimates that he might have required “without denial,”—

The lute, the organ, or deep-sounding viol, or indeed anything else he had a mind to, to cheer his spirits. In his sixteenth year he was sent up to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for some time he found more delight in “practice at the tennis-ball” than in practice at “old Scotus, Seton, and new Keckerman.” Hardly, however, had he turned over a new leaf, and begun to love a learned college life, when he was removed from Oxford and taken home, much to his disgust, “to hold the plough.” Though not altogether congenial to him, a farming life was far from unendurable, but a proposal to apprentice him to “some mechanick trade” was not to be thought of with equanimity, and the youth, then eighteen years of age, hurried off to London. Here he entered himself at Lincoln’s Inn, and was fortunate enough to strike up a close friendship with William Browne, who was then meditating his “Britannia’s Pastorals,” the influence of which powerfully affected all the earlier work of his friend. Wither’s plans were not very definite, but he had a vague notion that he could push his fortune at court. Naturally therefore he dropped into the laureate vein, and we find him, in company with numerous other bardlings, bewailing the untimely death of Prince Henry with a sheaf of elegies, and the next year composing *epithalamia* to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth. There was apparently not enough of the sycophant in Wither’s composition to ensure him a rapid rise in court favor, and failing to obtain any preferment, he turned satirical and in 1613 produced his “Abuses

Stript and Whipt," the dedication to which says that, having been provided with no work, he has employed his leisure in observing the vices of the times. Warton says the satires are severe but not witty. They certainly contain none of those pungent personalities such as Dryden and Pope loved to make their adversaries' ears tingle with. Hate, envy, revenge, covetousness, vanity, and the rest of them, receive some hard knocks, but it is always abstract vice that he scourges, never particular men in whom such vices are presumed to be personified. Perhaps, however, it was more evident at the time than it is now what people in high places the cap fitted. At all events the satires sufficed to obtain for their author a lodging in the Marshalsea prison. Curiously enough, he appears to have thought that as satire got him in, satire might get him out. Accordingly in 1614 he composed another, written with much vigor, and addressed to the king, in which he shows himself altogether unrepentant for his former offence.

Perhaps it was thought wise to muzzle such an outspoken muse, or some other influence may have been at work; at any rate Wither was soon liberated, and moreover presented by the king with a patent for some "Hymns and Songs of the Church" which he proposed to write. But he had chosen the wrong road to fortune. The man who wrote the following lines had evidently mistaken his vocation when he proposed to rise in life by the arts of the courtier, though, as we have seen, he had at least tried his hand at the doleful elegies he now scorns, and apparently to no purpose.

I have no Muses that will serve the turn
At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn
Upon a minute's warning for their hire,
If with old sherry they themselves inspire.
I am not of a temper like to those
That can provide an hour's sad talk in prose
For any funeral, and then go dine,
And choke my grief with sugarplums and wine.

I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.

I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme
For every lord or ladyship that dies,
And then perplex their heirs to patronize
That muddy poetry.

So he will find out a more excellent way
to success. During his imprisonment in

the Marshalsea, he had composed "The Shepherd's Hunting." This is a pastoral poem in five eclogues. In the first eclogue, Willie (William Browne) comes to lament his friend's imprisonment, and finds that he may save his labor, for Philarete (Wither) has discovered that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," and professes to have enjoyed more true bliss and content in the quiet prison than ever he knew in the contentious court. In the second and third eclogues Philarete relates, under the thin disguise of a shepherd's hunting, the whole story of his imprisonment and the cause of it. It is in the fourth eclogue that Wither first uses, and at once with consummate mastery, that seven-syllabled trochaic metre which so delighted Charles Lamb. Philarete advises his friend to produce more pastorals. Willie dejectedly replies that what he has done has not been very well received; that he has been told he is too young, and should "keep his skill in store till he has seen some winters more." Whereupon Philarete declares, —

That the sacred Muses can
Make a child in years a man.

And then follows "that rapturous melody of praise and thanksgiving to poetry, which," says Mr. Swinburne, "has made the modest name and gentle genius of Wither immortal in the loving memory of all who know and cherish that 'best earthly bliss' which filled his prison-house with 'comfort and delight.'" This splendid panegyric, which extends to a hundred and twenty lines, has been more frequently quoted than anything else that Wither wrote, but it is not by any means so generally known that any apology need be offered for transcribing one of its finest passages again. She, he says of his muse, —

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring
Or the least bough's rusteling,
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me

Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.

"The praises of poetry," says Charles Lamb, "have been often sung in ancient and in modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but, before Wither, no one ever celebrated its power *at home*, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that too after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from their art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession, as well as a rich reversion; and that the muse had promise of both lives, of this and of that which was to come."

Wither's "darling measure," in which the fourth eclogue of "The Shepherd's Hunting," and the greater part of "The Mistress of Philarete" is written, has been sometimes spoken of by critics as octosyllabic verse, which plainly it is not. It is the seven-syllabled trochaic couplet, which Shakespeare lightly laughed at as the "butter-woman's rank to market," and which, as used at a later date by Ambrose Philips, roused Henry Carey (he "who lived a life free from reproach, and hanged himself October the 4th, 1743") to parody it and add a new adjective to our English vocabulary in calling it *namby-pamby*. Wither himself seems to anticipate some cavilling about it, for he says:—

If the verse here used be
Their dislike; it liketh me.
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' vaines.

Doubtless it is a form of verse that readily runs into doggerel, and the fatal facility of its flow tends to the production of a maximum of jingling sound with a minimum of sense. But in the hands of masters like Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Wither, and Milton it has proved itself an instrument of considerable compass, and they have drawn from it not only strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out," but notes of deeper harmony and power. In a note to the essay already quoted, Lamb cites the following lines from "The Shepherd's Hunting":—

If thy birth doth bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more,
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,

and, remarking that "a long line is a line we are long repeating," he asks what Alexandrine could express "labor slowly but strongly surmounting difficulty" as it is done in the second of these lines? Again, he says, in more sweeping terms, "What metre could go beyond these, from 'Philarete'?"

Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart,
Thoughts too deep to be express'd
And too strong to be suppress'd.

In 1618 appeared "The Motto," written, he says, by way of recreation after his liberation from the Marshalsea. It is a long poem (some two thousand lines) in the heroic couplet, and is divided into three sections corresponding to the three divisions of the motto, *Nec habeo, Nec curo, Nec careo*. It is in form a continuous self-eulogy, yet, as has been more than once remarked, it is singularly free from any offensive or distasteful egotism. The reason of this is supplied by Wither himself in his preface to "The Motto." "My intent was," he says, "to draw the true picture of mine own heart; that my friends who knew me outwardly might have some representation of my inside also. And that, if they liked the form of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their own minds thereunto. But my principal intention was, by recording those thoughts, to confirm mine own resolution; and to prevent such alterations as time and infirmities may work upon me." That is to say, he had no intention of holding up a likeness of himself for all men to admire and imitate, but of painting the picture of a man such as he *fain* would have himself to be. And, being endowed with a pure and healthy mind, his ideal is a high and noble one. Regarding "The Motto" as a work of art, we may, in spite of an occasional fine passage, adopt his own words. "The language," he says, "is but indifferent; for I affected matter more than words. The method is none at all; for I was loathe to make a business of a recreation."

In 1619 appeared "Fidelia," an elegiac epistle of forty four pages from a forsaken fair one to her inconstant lover. The lady, without any feigning, pours out her own love with all the ardor of an *Eloisa* and something of the plain-spokenness of a *Juliet*. There are some fine touches in the poem, but, though Wither seems to have been a master in the art of love, we

have a shrewd suspicion that there is too strong a tincture of the masculine element in *Fidelia's* philtre.

"Fair Virtue," though written some time before, did not see the light until 1622, and even then was published anonymously, because Wither had some, though perfectly groundless, fears that it would damage the credit of more serious work which he then had in hand. It was entitled "Fair Virtue: or, The Mistress of Philarete, written by Himself;" and in a preface the publisher says that he has entreated the author to explain his meaning in certain obscure passages, and to set down to what good purposes the poem would serve. All he could get from him was, however, that the first would take away the employment of his interpreters, and the second would be well enough found out by all such as had honest understandings. The reader is designedly left in doubt whether the poet is merely celebrating the charms of his own mistress, or laying his votive offering at the shrine of Virtue herself. The introductory epistle favors the latter view.

On this glass of thy perfection,
If that any women pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby,
And if aught amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.

This thy picture therefore show I
Naked unto every eye.
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy.
For the more make love to thee
I the more shall pleasèd be.

I am no Italian lover
That would mew thee in a jail;
But thy beauty I discover
English-like, without a veil.
If thou mayst be won away,
Win and wear thee, he that may.

In another passage, however, he distinctly states that he is painting no imaginary portrait, but that a real love for a real lady is the font and inspiration of his song.

For if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream and bread and cheese.

It is also probable that he would have remained in the embarrassing condition in which he found himself when, as he con-

fesses, he simultaneously courted *Amarvllis*, *Phyllis*, *Daphne*, and *Cloris*,

And in love with all together,
Fearèd the enjoying either,
'Cause to be of one possest
Bar'd the hope of all the rest.

But now the face of the whole round world is changed, and he is as constant as the needle to the pole. He proceeds to sing the praises of his mistress in his own rude way, as he modestly says, but really with many a delicate touch of dainty art, as in the following lines:—

When her ivory teeth she buries
'Twi't her two enticing cherries,
There appear such pleasures hidden
As might tempt what we're forbidden.
If you look again, the whites
She doth part those lips in smiles,
'Tis as when a flash of light
Breaks from heaven to glad the night.

Charles Lamb, with unerring taste, has pointed out two passages of "The Mistress of Philarete" as being of pre-eminent merit. They are indeed the fairest flowers in this lover's coronal. The first passage is that wherein he wonders that all men, even her servants, are not pleading love, and then explains, according to love's philosophy, why they are not. It is too long to be transcribed in this place, and the reader must be referred to Lamb's essay, or to a copy of Wither's poems if haply he may find one.

The second passage is that in which he vindicates himself against the common charge of hyperbole by boldly denying the possibility of hyperbole, and justifying his "setting forth her glories by unheard-of allegories." The whole passage is fine, and the following six lines are among the loveliest of their kind in our literature.

Stars indeed fair creatures be;
Yet amongst us where is he
Joys not more the whilst he lies
Sunning in his mistress' eyes,
Than in all the glimmering light
Of a stary winter's night?

But he is not content only to celebrate his mistress's beauty of hand, and foot, of lip, and eye, and brow; he must also praise her spiritual perfections, for,—

This that I have here exprest
Is but that which veils the rest.
An incomparable shrine
Of a beauty more divine.

And moreover:—

These are beauties that shall last
When the crimson blood shall waste,

And the shining hair turn grey,
Or with age be worn away.

It is strange that any man capable of producing poetry of this high order should ever have felt called upon to apologize for it, as Wither did on more than one occasion. In his satire "Of the Passion of Love," after railing in good set terms at the absurdities commonly perpetrated by people in that undesirable condition, he bethinks himself of his own "Philarete."

How now; was't not you (says one) that late
So humbly begg'd a boon at Beauty's gate?

Yes; he must admit it was; and all he can say for himself is that he has had his follies like other men, and doubtless cut quite as absurd a figure as any imaginary lover depicted in the present satire. And again, in a postscript to "The Shepherd's Hunting," he anticipates a similar objection, though in this case he takes his stand boldly on the feelings natural to ardent youth; for he says, "Neither am I so cynical but that I think a modest expression of such amorous conceits as suit with reason will yet very well become my years; in which not to have feeling of the power of love were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an over-sottish affection were of extreme folly." This is admirably put, and quite unimpeachable; but there was not the slightest necessity for him to apologize. Allowing for the change in manners since the seventeenth century, Wither's muse is as modest as Mr. Coventry Patmore's.

Nearly all Wither's best work was produced in the decade 1613 to 1623. Between these two dates were published his "Abuses Stript and Whipt," "Fidelia," "The Shepherd's Hunting," "The Motto," and "The Mistress of Philarete." With these we take leave of Wither the poet, and in subsequent publications make acquaintance with Wither the preacher, the prophet, the puritan, and the politician. Wither was no exception to the general rule that those who abandon for public life the studies of poetry and philosophy suffer a steady degeneration, partaking like brooks and rivers, as Landor finely says, "the nature of that vast body whereunto they run, its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion." Not that Wither ever became quite the fanatic that he has been represented to have been. Up to the time of the outbreak of the civil war, he was an adherent of the established order both in Church and State. His "Hymns

and Songs of the Church" were approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he says in his "Furor Poeticus":—

The Royal Power I loyally obey'd
And though it did oppress, was so afraid
Of innovating, that a Reformation
Thereof I wishèd, not an extirpation.

He never became a sectary, but described himself, like Milton, as a member of the Church Universal. One sentence from his "Answer to Some Objections" is worth quoting. "True faith," he says, "cannot be evidenced without good works, which being imperfect in the best of men, we have no such certain mark whereby unfeigned disciples may be known, as by their being loving to each other, and charitably affected towards all men; yea, although they are our personal enemies." His own charitableness was considerably tempered by an ineradicable contentiousness. He lived under eleven different forms of government, and he managed to be more or less at loggerheads with them all.

Wither was in London during the devastation caused by the plague of 1625. "When hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations," he remained "to be a remembrance both to this city and the whole nation." In his "Britain's Remembrancer" he describes his experience in walking the deserted streets. The Royal Change and St. Paul's Cathedral, usually crowded promenades, were avoided as places of certain danger; the Strand was as unfrequented as a country road; the inns of court were silent as the grave; smokeless chimneys betokened that numberless houses were uninhabited, and where pleasant women's faces were once to be seen, "the empty casements gapèd wide for air." Two poets, Thomas Lodge and John Fletcher, are said to have perished in this pestilence, but Wither had no belief in contagion, and notwithstanding that he awoke one morning with "round, ruddy spots" (the fatal signs) on his breast and shoulders, he came through the danger unscathed.

In 1639 occurred his first experience of soldiering when he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots. On the outbreak of the war in England, Wither, according to Anthony Wood, sold his estate and raised a troop for the service of the Parliament. In 1643 he was appointed governor of Farnham Castle. He asserted that his superiors neglected to supply him with adequate means of defending the place; his enemies said

that he deserted it. Anyhow, as Campbell remarks, the defence of his conduct which he afterwards published seems to have been far more resolute than his defence of the fortress. Wither's own house and farm were among the first to suffer during the war, for, as early as January, 1642, we find the House of Commons making an order for the immediate payment to him of £328 6s., by way of compensation for the plunder by the king's Cavaliers. But Wither claimed to have lost as much as £2,000, and he obtained an order empowering him to indemnify himself by seizing the goods of those who had plundered him. Among these were Sir John Denham, and Wither promptly seized upon his neighbor's property. Some time after this, as Aubrey tells the story, Wither was taken prisoner, and in great danger of his life; but Sir John Denham prayed the king not to hang him, for that while George Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wither's life was accordingly spared. In 1643 we hear of him in poverty and distress, getting pecuniary aid from his generous friend Mr. Westron and from the Earl of Essex. He appears to have been perpetually petitioning Parliament for the redress of his grievances, and getting orders for his relief which were almost invariably of no benefit to him.

The energy which in happier circumstances might have given us permanent additions to our poetical literature, expended itself in cursory comments on current events, futile vaticinations, and profitless controversies. In 1653 his ever-restless mind produced a curious scheme for parliamentary reform. He declared the means of settlement to be an "Everlasting Parliament." Every city, shire, or borough, on "pain of being deeply fined," was to elect a representative annually, and this was to be done in such a manner that a twelfth part of the members retired, and new members took their places every month. The members were to be paid their wages regularly, and the House was to elect a fresh speaker also every month. Undue influence in elections was to be punished by exile, and bribery in the public offices by death. There was to be a new Parliament House, "with towers adorned and strong walls fenced about," and having gardens and fair walks adjoining thereto. Members were to receive free lodging in twelve mansions to be erected close by the House, there was to be "a constant

table of one meal a day" for all and sundry, and many other things arranged,

So as they might,
Pursue the public service with delight.

And "forasmuch as outward habits draw respect unto men's persons," the members were to be all alike attired in a peculiar robe or upper garment, and from each man's neck was to be suspended a golden tablet whereon was enamelled "the British Isles within the ocean placed." This poetico-political pamphlet may be commended to the attention of certain honorable members now at St. Stephen's.

Wither's own circumstances, however, were growing worse and worse. His enemies caused his name to be struck from the commission of the peace for Hampshire and from the militia, and he had become so poor that when it was proposed to rate him at two horses for the service of the militia, he pitifully protested that he was hardly able to find so much as the bridles. In August, 1661, his books and papers were seized by authority of a warrant from Secretary Nicholas; he was charged with publishing a seditious libel against members of the House of Commons, and in the course of a few days found himself a prisoner in Newgate. He was kept in confinement until July, 1663, when he was released, on giving to the lieutenant of the Tower a bond to be of good behavior. A second time he saw the plague ravage London, and although none of his household succumbed to it, the sickness and subsequent fire played such havoc among his friends that, some being dead, some impoverished, and the remainder scattered, neither he nor they knew where to find each other, and there were few or none to help him in the destitution of his latter days. He died on May 2d, 1667.

Wither's poetry, at least all that was written between 1613 and 1623, before he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, is characterized by fine feeling, delicate fancy, true pathos, and singularly sweet versification. He is at his best in the seven-syllabled trochaic measure of "Philarete" and "The Shepherd's Hunting," but many of his lyrics are only below the best, and have that indescribable charm of the older Elizabethan manner, which he lived long enough to see evaporating into the courtly sprightliness of his later contemporaries. Only one of these keeps its place in the popular anthologies, the "Shall I wasting in despair," to which Mr. Palgrave in his "Golden

Treasury" has prefixed the title of "The Manly Heart." But Wither has the true lyrical note, and the music of more than one song of his "beats time to nothing in the brain" of many a student who knows and loves the treasures that lie buried in worm-eaten volumes on the dustiest shelves of our great libraries.

Wither was not included in Chalmer's collection of the British poets, neither has any complete edition of his works ever been published. In the early years of this century Sir Egerton Brydges edited a somewhat meagre selection from them, and in 1872 the Spencer Society published three handsome volumes entitled "Juvenilia," containing nearly all his best work. But these are neither generally known nor easily accessible, and a popular reprint of some half-dozen of Wither's most notable performances would be a boon for which all true lovers of poetry would be deeply grateful.

JOHN FVIE.

From The National Review.
VERMIN IN ENGLAND.

DEAD leaves crackling and rustling under foot, yellow fir needles forming a dense carpet, sloping banks exposed to bright sunlight, here and there covered by traceries of grey shadow; yellow chestnut cobs strewn the ground, and disclosing at every step their rich brown fruit, which has been shelled immediately it has fallen, and duly garnered by the squirrel.

Tangles of brown bracken and red-tinted briar form an undergrowth among the oak-trees, whose gnarled and knotted branches are already yielding to the fungus. At intervals, plantations of smooth-stemmed beeches have shed their foliage with approach of winter, so that the ground beneath them is covered with every pattern of an art carpet, from green to grey, brown to golden, yellow to every shade of rich orange. Such is the story that confronts me on an autumn day in the woods.

Farther afield, amidst dense fir plantations, whose upright trunks are covered with lichen, the dark green of the holly, brightened by red berries, introduces a very different scene. Here green moss and sphagnum carpet the ground, or grow at the very root of the trees, and the rough fir stems and branches prevent free ingress and egress.

Through the thick woods, at intervening

gaps, blue water glimmers and glitters, showing, where the eye has free vision, the region of moorland and marshes. Miles away from all kinds of village habitation, this wild country has a charm all its own; those yellow rushes and bright green reeds have a well-defined and written history.

In old days, before the march of steam, plough, and rail, miles of such land as this must have existed, with denizens of its own fast disappearing — *videlicet*, the hen harrier and the martin.

Such ranges of moorland, heath, green oases, as Dorsetshire still boasts, remain as they are for the most part, because hardly paying cultivation. Bogs, overgrown with upright spear, are the happy hunting-ground of the fox, of the weasel, of the stoat, the sparrow-hawk, and peregrine falcon.

All kinds of rarities have at times fallen here to the common lot of the keeper's gallows — "vermin" or "varmint," anything with claws, with teeth, hooked beak, or talons. Poachers, too, have disputed the game, condescending to all kinds of subterfuge, with a system of signalling that would deceive the very wisest keeper, imitating to perfection the cry of hawks, crows, owls, or the bark of a fox, much as the Abtuzzi banditti in Irving's "Tales of a Traveller."

This was in the old days, when poaching irregularities were followed by severe imprisonment. In the year 1800 I find a record of £15 for poaching penalty.

Down by the water-side, through moss and bog, miles away across the woodlands, numbers of stoats and weasels come to feed, working far away from their own homes. It is well known that they cover immense distances, lured by the ardor of their hunting expeditions.

Spring is the busiest time for vermin trapping; then they are roaming after their mates. All the *Mustelida* are egg-suckers, also magpies, jays, rooks, jackdaws. All the weasel tribe about February become very bloodthirsty, and hunt in company, often uttering peculiar sharp cries. Sometimes they cross the green rides so slowly that they might be knocked over with stone or stick; the keeper's boy told me lately he had seen this done.

Stoats are very much larger, and lighter in color; they go a greater pace. A track I lately recognized measured a good half inch. Keepers in Dorsetshire not only burn charcoal in their holes to get them to bolt, but frequently peg poisoned food in

their runs, which cannot be too strongly reprobated.

Sometimes a baited trap is put beside the stoat's run. More frequently, a tunnel is made of turf in some outlying hedge; the iron trap is laid in the exact centre of the run, carefully covered with earth, or the miscreant will, with the least scent of human touch, discover the treachery. The unfortunate fact is that rabbits and stoats often use the same bolt or passage hole, and are therefore indiscriminately caught.

Tunnel traps of this description are frequently used in hedges bordering the coverts (three such I observed set in our neighborhood one day last week); a trail of red herring has ere now been found effective.

In old days calls were used for vermin, especially for weasels, which are often identified by their apparent preference for one locality as a resting-place. Martins I have never seen in England, but a Dorsetshire man told me he had seen one on a tree, conveying eggs to its young, and believed it was established in that same place for some years.

All the *genus mustelinum* show a great hatred for the smell of burnt cat, which is used to strew the ground and ward off their attacks. How this was discovered I cannot imagine. An old poison used for weasel is thus jotted down in a keeper's book: "Take sal ammoniac, white of egg, flour and honey paste; strew these about the weasel's run, and you will soon be quit of him."

In various parts of the thick fir wood, rendered inaccessible from marshes, wild cats in old days were very apt to lie out. An old keeper of these parts has told me of the steady increase in their numbers, in his father's days, for instance, and which went on for years. At night time, when on the ground, their cries re-echoed through the woods; and my friend assured me he had felt "eerie" on hearing it, as he lay out watching for poachers. This past week a keeper's boy showed me two skins of wild cat, killed in Dorsetshire this autumn, at least three times the size of the common cat, with bushy tails and wiry coats. Both showed fight to the last (caught in traps), and tried vainly to spring forward in the death agony.

If come upon suddenly, a tame cat has been known to spring at a stranger; it is easy to see that in the wild state the cat's nature becomes still further emboldened. The sparrow-hawk is the only other kind of vermin which shows such determina-

tion. "There is nothing worse than a tame cat that has taken to wood life, among the birds in spring or the rabbits in autumn. You can never get them away from the woods again; they end there!" So says the head man of the largest shooting I know, as he points ominously to the "keeper's gallows." Like weasels, hunting by day and night, little can escape their continued persecution; they are not only keen hunters, but undoubtedly mesmerize their victims.

All the *genus mustelinum* care for the blood alone, of which they are never satiated; and will kill, or attempt to drag, a sitting pheasant or partridge to their abode; or, if it be distant, to some quiet lurking-place, where they can drain its life-blood unobserved.

A weasel can make its way anywhere, and twist and turn its wonderful body like an acrobat or athlete, going forward with leaps and bounds, its tail hoisted like a rudder. Its teeth always strike the back of its victim's head (not, as an amateur I noted, wrote, the throat).

Stoats are very careless of observation, as a rule; that is, of the observation of a field naturalist; they evidently associate brown velveteen with quite another species of the human race. I observed one sitting on a tussock of grass near our old decoy, which, I regret to say, has been trapped there since I noted the fact. This little animal seems capable of carrying immense weights, quite out of proportion to its smallness of size.

Both stoats and weasels are poor fun in captivity; dull, listless, losing all energy. If let loose they will hide at once in a lady's dress, a curtain, or even chimney. They are very artful; they are, moreover, very difficult to recapture. Let into a hen-house by the merest crevice, they will destroy a whole batch of prospective pheasants, by the *emeute* of setting hen, and the general terror they exert. A panic seems to seize the hens, and probably some half-dozen are ruthlessly destroyed in one night.

Squirrels, with what degree of truth it is hard to say, are often credited by keepers with poaching; and I remember an old sporting magazine which stated that squirrels had been detected catching *young chickens*! Running briskly up and down the red-brown trunk of a pine-tree, with tail hoisted and pricked ears, it is hard to believe such tales of it. Perhaps the idea originated in the fact that squirrels' dreys are old birds' nests; and from the injury done to young trees, the keeper

has had orders to demolish the race. The year 1889 was unusually productive of squirrels — the ornament, not the vermin of our woods and glades.

Hedgehogs dispute the palm with squirrels as to supposed destructive qualities. "What do he want with such a nozzle if he don't eat eggs?" said an old keeper. I believe myself that the hedgehog is as much a vegetarian as a very different animal, the pig; but that if animal food is thrust in his way he may take it by way of treat, just as a farmer's porker rooting about for a fresh *menu*.

Away through the thickest part of the pine woods where moor and bog land are drained into an immense lake, there is the happy hunting-ground of all kinds of real vermin. Green reed and yellow flag, brown rush and stunted hazel, fringe the borders of the morass, and effectually hide all comers. Soft sphagnum underfoot makes a carpet well-nigh noiseless, except for the occasional crackling of a dry leaf or twig.

Lace-like boughs of blackthorn trees overhang the water margin; briar bushes with yellow leaves, and red hips and haws are reflected in the dark-brown water. Sodden grass, yellow and brown, grows in tufts among the mud, on which lie both polecat and fox.

The fox must have sadly altered from days of yore, and cannot be in such good condition for a long run as he was in the olden times. He now seeks and gets his food from preserves close to his own kennel, without taking for the purpose either exercise or trouble. The "afternoon fox" of by-gone day must have been a very troublesome customer. The prejudice against his natural smell makes outsiders think badly of him. Few people know how antagonistic is his nature to all kinds of dirt. He will rarely go to earth in a muddy condition, and in many ways resembles the dog, cleaning himself with precision, and caring mostly for live food. He prowls round the neighborhood at nightfall, lying *perdu* all the day, generally in an inaccessible morass, curled up or lying outstretched dogwise on a round hassock of grass, which, raising him out of damp and wet, gives him also a wide view of the field; cold and draft are the especial dislike of the fox. About March he prepares for his family, and excavates a rabbit's earth for his young. It is easy in agricultural districts for him to pick up a meal in the farmyards. A fat hen falls a pretty ready victim, especially roosting,

as the majority of farm poultry do, in a spot easy of access; on a cart in the shed, on a low wall near the stables, in a laurel bush or stunted fir-tree. That he sometimes meets with a repulse is clear, from an old book (1820) lying close to my hand. A gamecock, it appears, being disturbed at night by a fox, flew at him, struck him on the head, and killed him on the spot.

In the spring time, when days draw out, the coverts offer attractive larders; pheasants and partridges sit so close that they may be caught up and devoured. Rabbits may be dug down upon, lying mesmerized with fear in their earths.

Away from the fen-land by paths of sand, flanked by rough heather and faded bracken, raised out of the marsh by rude causeways connected by wooden planks and handrails, a desolate country opens up to view, bounded by barrows and vast mounds, as though the by-gone scene of fierce fray and battle. In the distance the keeper's cottage, with its hen-coops for kennel, its stacks of grey peat, its wooden out-house of "traps and engines," its old stable door with streaks of red paint, its boxes of addled eggs used for bait and allure. Next the keeper's gallows comes into sight, covered with numerous victims. Magpies form the majority of cases, and seem to abound in these parts, finding in the dense fir woods shelter and sustenance. They build here, in immense numbers, domed nests with a passage out, thickly plaited with furze roots and thorn. They are hard to get at, except with the aid of bill and hook, and almost always built on a site chosen for protection. The magpies pair for several summers, and are often seen flying over the moors; in winter time flocking together, whether for night warmth or mutual protection. Yet with all this the magpie seems no bird of the wilderness, and is constantly seen at outlying farm homesteads, where it picks up a living, not disdaining for the purpose beech and oak mast. Always on the move, always jabbering, it is a great favorite with the keeper's children; many a caged magpie have I heard uttering its grating *mag, mag*, as I made my round of the lodges. The fondness of the magpie for eggs is too well known to exempt him from the keeper's gun, to which, with the jay, he falls a ready victim.

The jay, however, is much more a bird of the moor and covert, being rarely, at any rate in Dorset, seen to visit the farmsteads. In the evening his noisy call may

be heard on the moor and among the pine woods, a varied, grating sound, more like a wooden rattle than a bird's note. Flitting across the open moorland, he alights very abruptly; the light blue feathers in his wing first catching the eye. A jay, unlike a hawk, cannot strike a bird at a distance, and seems more given to watching for him, and warily pouncing on his victim. He will sit up in a knotted oak, a hollow beech, or stunted thorn; especially where a sudden slope of the wood prevents birds seeing him from below. He hunts chiefly for young birds, partridges and pheasants newly hatched; for small birds, not disdainng sparrows; in spring time for eggs and young rabbits, so that keepers are justified in using added eggs to entice their victim to the trap.

This bird has an enemy in these parts he finds it very hard to evade. I allude to the sparrow-hawk, his most constant antagonist. In the sparrow-hawk's larder, by-the-by, a most varied assortment of food may be found when engaged in feeding his young. He haunts the thick woods, avoiding the moors, skirting the very densest coverts, where the keeper knows he may be met with, trapped, or shot, on an off-day with the guns. Round the farm buildings in winter I have seen the sparrow-hawk skimming the ground in pursuit of prey, quite unconscious of my presence, striking some sparrow or black-bird with its claws; more especially as evening fell, and shadows grew dark and dim, a chirping of sparrows or starlings would betray the presence of the marauder. Indeed, remains of blackbirds and wood-pigeons, large as they are, have, with the bones of jays, swallows, sparrows, and young pheasants, been found in the sparrow-hawk's nest. So determined is he, moreover, when caught in a trap, that he will fly at you readily, and die game to the last. Birds lately fledged or sickly fall an easy prey to hawks, whose unerring eye, ear, and perhaps scent, detect the slightest movement.

Kestrels, so disliked by the keeper, are in reality harmless to game, and to be found in summer in the direction of corn lands, hovering at immense altitudes; swooping suddenly down, they strike with their claws (like the sparrow-hawk) such a small thing as a shrew mouse, which they will not eat as they will the common mouse. Like all hawks, they pair for life, it is supposed; but replace a lost mate at short notice. Kestrels choose, by preference, a magpie's nest for their young,

and in early spring haunt thick fir woods or dense thickets. Like the owl, they discharge the fur of their victims in the form of pellets; sparrow-hawks, on the contrary, carefully strip their victims.

Both merlins, hobby hawks, and peregrines are seen on the Dorsetshire moors; merlin, for the most part, hunt in pairs like dogs. Peregrines feed by preference on the wood-pigeon or dove; they will take a duck or teal without much difficulty.

Hen harriers, in old days the commonest of our hawks, are now rapidly disappearing, solitary specimens being soon extirpated; nesting on the ground, in the open moorland, among dry bents of grass and heather, the reason for their extinction is not far to seek. They fly, too, just above the ground, rise for a moment, strike their victim, and rapidly fly off. Like the Montague's harrier, they may be seen sitting on broken fir-trees, and poles of old moorland enclosures, when not circling high above you on the lookout for prey.

The common buzzard still breeds in some parts of Dorsetshire; the red buzzard and marsh harrier are very rare visitants. The latter was last identified in 1883. To all appearance, birds of prey cover the same ground at the same hour each day; which circumstance, alas, aids the taxidermist in their extinction. Pairing for life, they find themselves mates if one of the two birds is shot; and as Mr. Hart, of Christchurch, once observed to me, there must be a paradise of single specimens. All hawks travel immense distances for food, to avoid suspicion; the flight of a peregrine falcon in pursuit of prey is reckoned at one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Apart from hawks, some minor vermin may be noted, among crows and jack-daws; these only, in England at any rate, in the neighborhood of dwellings. Crows, as a rule, strike a bird in the eye, and watch for him when perched on a tree; perhaps sickly birds, eggs, and small animals form their chief quarry.

Then, too, there are birds of night, which yet hunt in the day, such as the short-eared owl, a winter migrant, coming to us in October. With long wings, it beats the fields, perfectly noiseless in its movements; skimming the grass tops, it suddenly lets down a talon, to strike with its claws like a hawk; field mice, water voles, and small rabbits form the biggest part of his victims. "Owls is owls," as a keeper once told me: and for his beak

he pays the penalty, being too often shot down and ruthlessly destroyed. From the pellets he discharges, the short-eared owl is evidently a mouse eater; and you may find under his roosting-place quantities of such remains.

Then there are also the well-known tawny owls, hunters of the night, to a certain extent migratory; I have known several which habited one spot for a long number of years. A dense, ivy-covered holly-tree formed the roosting-place of one pair of birds during the long days of my youth; and many a night have I crept past that tree in half awe and wonder. Dreadful sounds would issue forth, like a man snoring or groaning in his sleep, and all kinds of tales were current of that awful tree. In the nest of a tawny owl this year, built in the fork of an old beech-tree, there were found for his sustenance, and for his hissing, snapping, shapeless young ones, five mice and half a rabbit; the latter very small, but to the keeper justifying his immediate destruction. Bird catchers, by-the-by, imitate an owl's cry to entice small birds to lime twigs; so readily will they, if possible, mob an owl in broad daylight, as if aware it is but a game of blind man's buff.

Barn owls, once common with us, are not so plentiful as formerly; in old times they would cross and recross my path in the dark lanes, flitting like ghosts before me in the gloaming. To compare him with his predecessor in gastronomic tastes, his larder has been found to contain, during the spring nesting season, two rats, two bats, mice, and part of two young rabbits; owls are indeed styled hereabouts cats with wings.

The long-eared owl, which, with us, inhabits mainly moorland districts, is so like the bark of a tree in color he is difficult to discover in daytime. He breeds chiefly in deserted birds' nests, and is sometimes caught in pole traps; his down-tipped wings provide him with a ready means of taking small roosting birds from their perches. He will come so near you, and yet so noiselessly, that his appearance is almost ghostly. In confinement, alas, he will not live long, rarely surviving his captivity. As a game poacher he is entirely innocent, so my observation has yet led me, and small birds alone fall a victim to him.

Ravens, which kill by thrust of beak, unlike the hawks, which tear their prey, have disappeared entirely from Dorsetshire districts, along with the eagle. In

old times, ravens must have been common; their croak is still quoted as indicative of coming rain. Huge tracks of moorland were once, doubtless, a protection to them against the sportsman's gun; but not against the latter-day taxidermist, or keeper's "reputation."

White-tailed eagles have been sighted, and occasionally brought down by the gun; perhaps doing their hundred miles before breakfast, or taking a trial trip from Scotland.

The osprey has been watched and waited for on our salt-water creeks and estuaries. Will no one interfere to prevent his extermination?

Against rats, mice, weasels, stoats, we may wage our exterminatory war: Who will protect for us the *Falconida* and *Strigida*?

NOTE. — Vermin killed by Richard Breniston, keeper to Lord Gwdyr, from December 23rd, 1823, to December 24th, 1824, District of Callander. 4 foxes, 1 otter, 9 badgers, 29 marten cats, 11 wild cats, 22 polecats, 1 stoat, 2 weasels, 12 hedgehogs, 61 house cats, 111 gledes, 105 ravens, 22 hawks, 136 hooded crows, 2 owls, 3 daws, 31 magpies, 11 jays — 573 head.

DISCIPULUS.

From Time.

IN THE BRAZILIAN CAPITAL.

MR. H. M. STANLEY once attempted to dignify the undignified by calling Coomassie "a city of magnificent distances." His sole excuse for such a draft on the reader's credit was the prevailing fashion of the time among war correspondents — the fashion, that is, of hyperbole. At any rate, such a description would apply with perfect truth to Rio de Janeiro, with its long *ruas* running neck and neck with the sea-walls for five and six miles at a time. And yet this is hardly the feature which would most impress the average Briton. To him it might seem more characteristic of the Brazilian capital to describe it as a city of tramways — and pedlars. For if there is one thing that can be singled out for the "first fiddle" part in the city's life, it is the ubiquitous tram-car; and running this very closely is the street pedlar. And though the latter is a nuisance and generally dispensable, the former is — like the famous pens — "a boon and a blessing to men."

Under what, I suppose, we must now call the old days of the empire, the uni-

versal use of the tram-car — to the almost entire neglect of private conveyances — imparted a curiously democratic appearance to the city. Indeed, it might be perfectly accurate to say that only the imperial family and the members of the government kept private carriages. For the latter it was *en règle* to drive in closed vehicles, at a great pace, and escorted by a couple of troopers. And if the accounts we are now receiving are true, republican simplicity has not yet been able to dispense with the last precaution. That is, if it is fair to describe a government as republican when it wears so military a visage as the *régime* of Marshal de Fonseca.

I was much struck, when in Rio, by the curious name given to the tram-cars. They are called *bondes*, because, I was told, the capital of the original company was raised by bonds which became in time a part of the public currency. Except in the heart of the city, the lines are of the broad-gauge, and splendid mules — only rivalled by those of South Carolina and Georgia — draw the cars. They perform their duty with terrible slowness in the crowded, narrow streets of the older part of Rio, and with speed almost equally terrible along the fine thoroughfares that reach round to the Bay of Botafogo at the one extremity of the city and to the Tijuca Mountains at the other. The cars are roofed over, but are open at the sides and have reversible seats. In these and other respects they reminded me of those which are in vogue in the Southern States during the summer months. A sudden rain-storm finds the occupants out in very little time, but sudden rainstorms are the exception and not the rule in the beautiful climate of Rio; and on ordinary days a draught of wind, created by the rapid motion, sweeps through the car from end to end and keeps the stranger as well as the native in a delightful state of breezy coolness. It is a very short distance that one need walk in Rio, for the whole city is simply honeycombed with the light, steel lines of the "horse railroad," as our Yankee cousins call it; and the fares are low — as prices rule in Rio.

There are other cars, covered in and built more like ours, but resembling the fourth class on a German railway, in that they are reserved for baggage and the very poor — that is to say, the unshod. For any one, black or brown, coatless or hatless, may jump on the footboard which runs right round the first-class cars and take his seat among the pale-faced Cauca-

sians, provided — always provided — he is not shoeless as well. The line is drawn at bare feet. On the wrong side of this line there is no salvation.

And bare feet bring me to the second salient feature of the city — the Brazilian pedlar. He pervades the whole place, and though mainly supported by the lower stratum of society, is not by any means discouraged by the higher. Those who devote themselves to the hawking of fish, fruit, and vegetables are the least objectionable, though not the least importunate. Perhaps the perishable nature of their goods induces the latter trait, and certainly the excellence of their wares justifies the former. But the stranger finds an intolerable nuisance in the countless horde of those who peddle in such rubbish as tinsel, trinkets, gaudy but treacherous fabrics, and the sickly sweetmeats which all sorts and conditions of men — not omitting the women and children — relish greatly as *refrescos*. All pedlars — including the fair sprinkling of Chinamen to be found in their ranks — carry their goods in two enormous baskets slung at each end of a long bamboo. But I should add that there are yet other pedlars (and tolerable) who deal in milk and poultry, and drive the cows and flocks of geese and fowls about the street, milking the former at your door, and killing the latter for you on the striking of a bargain.

Before taking my reader into the *ruas* and *passaios*, the private houses and public resorts of the Brazilians, it may be as well to mention that Rio de Janeiro is but half the city's name. The bay on which it stands was at first supposed by its Portuguese discoverers to be the mouth of a river, and as this inaccurate discovery was made in the month of January, it was straightway baptized Rio de Janeiro. This chronological system of nomenclature is common enough. Natal received its name from first being sighted on Christmas day; Ascension, Easter, Christmas, from their discovery on those festivals; St. Helena, St. Paul, St. Augustine for like reasons. And so when the present federal capital of the United States of Brazil was founded, it received the style and title of Sao Sebastiao do Rio de Janeiro. One may legitimately wonder if there is another important city in the world with a name of such longitude. Like the *ruas* of the city, it is indeed of "magnificent distance!"

But to the ordinary inhabitant of the outer world Rio is distinguished neither for its tram-cars, its pedlars, nor the inor-

dinate length of its name. It is famous, rather, for the magnitude and loveliness of its harbor, for the glorious environment of nature in which it is set, and which wrung from a patriotic but dazzled Valaisian the best eulogy he could conceive. "It is the southern Switzerland!" If one bears in mind the glories of the Valais and the Oberland, of Geneva and Luerne, and the full force of the term "southern" (or tropical), this description may be held as true as most epigrammatic ejaculations, *ex tempore*, or of aforethought.

For Rio is indeed incomparable. San Francisco with her Golden Horn and the wooden chalets clambering up her hills; Sydney and the pastoral beauties of Port Jackson; Naples with her satellite Cyclops; and Constantinople and her thousand cupolas and minarets, groves of cypress and palaces of marble, cannot compare with the Bay of Rio and the sublimity of the city of St. Sebastian — that is, as seen from across the bay or down from the neighboring mountains. For here, as ever on this delusive globe, distance leads enchantment to the view.

From these two points Rio presents a superb aspect. The voyager beholds the first as he exchanges the rolling waters of the Atlantic for the blue placidity of the bay; the second, when he ascends that great range of the Corcovado which, rearing its long bulk in the south, turns to the city a sloping shoulder refulgent with tropical vegetation, and to the bay a purple gloom of precipice and ravine.

The approach to Rio is marked out by nature as uncommon. On the right, to the eastward, mountains and hills rise behind each other in ever-varying form. Contorted and eccentric in shape, ranged, grouped, and isolated in position, dissimilar from each other in every respect save one — all being uniformly clad with a dense growth of verdure — the scenery on the east as one enters the harbor recalls to mind the words, "Why hop ye so, ye high hills?" If hills were ever "caught on the hop," I am sure those of Rio are they. They are tip-tilted and fantastic to a degree. On the left, however, the change is sudden and remarkable. First and foremost stands the famous Pao d'Assucar — the Sugar Loaf — a great blunt pyramid of granitic gneiss, which stands on sentry-duty at the very mouth of the bay, rearing its head some fourteen hundred feet above the silver threads of foam that wind forever about its feet, and displaying an inhospitable face to the pilgrim from over

the seas. For the purpling scars and wrinkles, which wind and weather have carved, fall sheer from brow to base — so unbroken, so precipitous is the descent. And behind rise quaint grey towers and battlements of crag and scarp and tor, grey with the clinging lichen, grey in their great age.

But right before one lies Rio — the sleeping queen of a Lotos-Eaters' land. Across the bay, following its receding curves, she lies in gleaming white on the broad open shore, stretching a score of octopus arms upward to as many hills, and outward through as many valleys. From the level rise the lofty domes of the Candelaria Cathedral and the glaring white walls of the government buildings and the warehouses of commerce. Lofty royal and fan palms, umbrella and fern trees, and spiral clusters of bamboo shoot up and absorb the glitter of the city with their cool green. Farther back, on the many hills, gleam from the vivid environment of tropical foliage the red roofs and gaily painted walls of Brazilian houses. Bright with their audacious coloring, the houses star the palm-clad slopes and spangle the verdant valleys. Westward the city stretches one lengthy limb, curving with the ever-curving shore, right round to the south and the foot of the Pao d'Assucar. Mile after mile the road runs between avenues of towering palms and spreading fern-trees; mile after mile the houses of the upper classes of Rio line it on either side. Standing in gardens crimson with poinsettias, vivid with mimosas, dark with the foliage of the orange and mango, and illumined by the innumerable orchids which climb and hang and trail from every tree, the spacious houses present an aspect of beauty and wealth at one and the same time. Well may it be called the Paris of Rio — the suburb of Botafogo Bay!

And as the steamer threads its way between the islands which arise on either hand — some half-dozen of which are surmounted by forts and some half-hundred entirely covered with a jungle of palms and palmettos, aloes and acacias, crotons and what not, reaching to the water's edge, and thence spreading outward in a trailing net of blossoming water-creepers; as the grim old Sugar Loaf closes up behind, locking the only entrance to this lake-like bay, and the bow of the steamer swings rapidly round toward the north, one's gaze is held by the distant serrate peaks of the Organ Mountains, hacking and hewing the hot, blue sky into an infinity of form. High above the recumbent city, high above

the palm-clad Morros, above the long spar of the Corcovado and the peaks of the Tijuca, they rise blue and dim upon the distant sky and accentuate with silent eloquence the turmoil and heat and ceaseless clatter of the streets of Rio.

For although the face of Rio may be exceeding fair, her feet are as brass. Her garments gleam and glitter, but the moth is in them, nevertheless. The queen of cities she may seem to one who gazes through the door of her presence-chamber, but those who stand about her know her to be corrupt and unhappy. Rio, in fact, has been harassed by jobbery and corruption for many a decade, and a residence in the tents of the Brazilians only serves to show how much has been left undone which might have been effected, and how much has been done which should have been left alone.

Yet Rio does not wholly disenchant on nearer acquaintance. The well-laid-out public gardens and parks, the spacious homes of the wealthy, the handsome buildings of State and commerce, the gay shops, the well-dressed women, the bustle of the markets and the stir of the business quarter, the life, manners, and amusements of all classes of Brazilians interest as much as they attract, and repay attention with no small meed of pleasure.

The streets of the Brazilian capital are of two qualities: excellent and execrable. The broad *ruas* which run through a portion of the level business quarter, along the shores and out to Lorangeiras and Botafogo, are, to a great extent, paved with granite blocks, and admirably shaded by a quadruple avenue of umbrella-trees. But in the industrial quarter, and leading up and down the score of hills within the city, the streets are ill-paved and narrow — so narrow that as the tram-cars come gliding down, the footboard overlaps the apology for a pavement and leaves to the passer-by but one option. He must either accept what is in store for him and be ruthlessly mowed down, or evade that fate by dodging into the nearest doorway. As a consequence, few make the somewhat exciting ascent of such a street, but jumping on board the *bonde*, leave the wilful pedestrian to his own unconsidered career.

The most unfrequented as well as most attractive street in Rio is the Rua do Ouvidor. It is the Bond Street, the Palais Royal of the Brazilian. Shops devoted to jewellery abound. This jewellery is not imported, neither is it European; it is distinctively the product of

tropical Brazil. In fantastic elegance of design it is, I consider, unrivalled by the productions of the Old World. The monotonous detail of the Oriental, the pretty trifling of the modern Latin, and the well-balanced but repressed conceits of the Anglo-Saxon goldsmith, appear poor and heavy after the exquisite audacity of their Brazilian *confre*. But the Rua is noted for more than its jewellery. Rich fabrics and wonderful laces are arranged with prodigal but tasteful hands in the shop windows. Sandwiched between the shops are the best restaurants in Rio, where both sexes foregather after the fatigues of shopping, or, as far as the men are concerned, perhaps, of accompanying the *shoppeuses* — to use the latest product of French Anglomania.

Yet, in spite of its fine shops and fashionable frequenters, the Rua do Ouvidor is a narrow street. So narrow, indeed, that vehicle traffic is not allowed in the daytime, and, accordingly, both roads and pavements are thronged with the passers-by. Deputies on the way to and from the Senate House, undergraduates of the College of Dom Pedro at the end of the Rua, business men sauntering — your true Brazilian never hurries — to the neighboring custom house, post-office, or exchange, pass incessantly along the street. Mingled with the crowd, and of late years seen in ever-increasing numbers, are the Brazilian dames of rank and fashion. They are good-looking, and, though slight when in their girlhood, soon develop exuberant charm. Both hair and eyes are often as black as night, but the complexion is as a rule clear and rosy. Indeed, after the prevailing pallor of the men, the rich color of the *senhoras* comes as a surprise and a pleasure. They dress beautifully, blending the brightest colors with the happiest taste, and in this they compare very favorably with the women of the lower classes; who, while they affect gorgeous hues, can lay no claim to taste in their toilets, or, for the matter of that, in anything else.

In fact, artistic taste (always excepting fashionable costumes and jewellery) is conspicuous by its absence in the Brazilian capital. The pictures exhibited in the few so-called "Art Galleries" are daubs of the most uncompromising kind. Pictures which are execrable in composition and execution hold honored places on the walls of the best houses in Rio; colored prints are seen everywhere, and in every case they are coarse and unlovely. Brazilian art imbued with French ideas and

the worst modern Portuguese manner comes nigh to abomination. The State gallery has a school attached to it, but unfortunately it is so inefficient that those who wish to study drawing and painting invariably employ private teachers. This, of course, will be remedied in time — that is, if the new-fledged citizens of the republic have time for anything but politics.

The homes of the people vary in degree, but in one respect, at least, they are common in kind. The one word to describe them by is "artificiality." There is nothing domestic, nothing like "home" in one of them. The plan of the houses is square and stiff, the rooms are too large to be cosy, and the furniture too severe to be comfortable. The usual arrangement in most drawing-rooms is to place a large lounge at one end of the room — a few feet from the wall — and make a straight avenue of chairs lead up to it. Sometimes as many as twenty chairs will be arranged in this way. Against the wall, on either side, will stand a cabinet; upon the walls hang a few pictures, and in the middle of the floor lies a large rug. This completes the drawing-room furniture of a Brazilian home.

Among the middle-classes, the frames of chairs and sofas will be made of mahogany or rosewood, the seats and backs of cane; while among the rich, upholstery plays a more conspicuous part, but rather in hangings and trappings than as it is understood in Europe. And as one descends in the social scale, the same stiffness is found to prevail. A strip of once gaudy carpet, two or three cheap but glaring ornaments, and a few pieces of wooden furniture, make up the adornments of the sitting-room in a house which corresponds to the cosy and comparatively luxurious fifty-pound villa of Clapham and Putney.

And the life which is led in so bare an arena is, perhaps naturally, bare too. Take, for example, the meals — those rallying points of sociability. Throughout Brazil, but two meals are eaten in the day — breakfast between nine and eleven, and dinner after sunset. A cup of coffee with a roll is taken before rising, answering to the *chotahasri* of Anglo-Indians. Nearly all the men are employed in government offices or business, and leave as soon as a meagre breakfast has been despatched. But the women must find time hang heavily on their hands. They have absolutely no ideas of housewifery. All domestic shopping is done by the

servants at an early hour in the morning, leaving the mistress of the house an additional excuse for *ennui*. Not that she suffers much from it, for habit has helped her to while away the long sultry hours of the day with wonderful success. One thing is certain: she never soils her fingers with housekeeping matters, nor indeed does she make much use of her eyes in the same laudable direction, for there are few Brazilian homes in which dust is not paramount. It has been said, but mockingly, I would prefer to think, that the elbows of Rio damsels are horny — the inevitable evolution of their habit of sitting for hours together in the window seats, and, with chin lazily propped on hands, gazing on the moving panorama of the street. I will not vouch for the horny elbow, though I certainly can for the window lounging. It is universal.

But the poor *senhora* is more sinned against than sinning. She is the creature, the victim of social prejudice. Not allowed to enter into any charitable or social movements, not until quite recently permitted to walk unattended through the streets of the town, she is naturally forced back upon herself and the bare white walls of the only "home" she knows. Needlework, save perhaps a little ornamental embroidery, she has not been taught; she can play the piano and guitar, but she finds no real enjoyment in playing them in solitude; she is not illiterate, but there is nothing to read. The majority of Brazilian novels appear in daily papers, which women seldom see; many of those which are separately published are grossly immoral and are placed on the Index Expurgatorius. Besides, the habit of reading has never been acquired. English people may find it hard to believe, but it is true nevertheless, that children's literature does not exist in Brazil. A child has simply nothing whatever to read but the wretched lesson books which are used in conveying the art. Here is a chance for some English publisher to combine philanthropy with business.

Like most cities in South America, the evening hours of Rio are very gay. The private houses with their red roofs and gay walls of blue, buff, pink, or green, have slept all day in embowering gardens like Brobdingnag butterflies. The air has been saturated with sultriness, and against its heat the Venetian shutters of the windows have been closed. Through the lofty gateways of sculptured marble or masonry, matted with flowering vines, the passer-by has had a peep of shrubberies

of exotics, clusters of slender bamboo, rows of oleanders, clumps of eusibius, giant begonias, scarlet-fruited torch-trees, spreading umbrella-trees — *chapeo de sul* — and splendid golden-edged cactuses. Here and there a royal palm shoots up some seventy feet, and its leaves — perhaps twelve or fifteen feet in length — look like a bunch of feathers on the top. This wealth of vegetation may be seen in hundreds of gardens — marred in the daytime, perhaps, by the desolate silence. But when the sun has set, the window shades are thrown wide open, colored lights stream out upon the luxuriant foliage, the sounds of music and song ascend with the aroma of the oleander and the hum of the cicada into the cool night air, and as soon as the meal is over the garden becomes the arena of Brazilian hospitality. A stroll along the Larangeiras or any similar rua in the evening hours will reveal scores of such scenes, and not seldom will the exiled Englishman be found in the family group. For, whatever the Brazilians may be, they are at least hospitable — hospitable to a degree which is superlative.

And their evening gaiety is not confined to the wealthy, for in the open squares and gardens, in the Largo do Constituição, the Passeio Publico, and the Praça Dom Pedro II., crowds of the middle classes and cleanly poor do congregate. The lights of handsome gas-lamps play on the fountains, and, raying through the foliage of palm and fern, illumine lounging groups of grave Brazilians. The smoke of the inevitable cigarette — a few broken bits of twist tobacco rolled in a maize leaf — curls slowly upward through the air, and the twanging of more than one guitar adds melody to the scene. The lights from the houses on the many hills — the Morro da Gloria, do Castello, da Nova Cintra, or Santa Theresa — are hardly brighter than the constellations which revolve above the ridge of the Corcovado or the aiguilles of the Organ Mountains; and the frequent passages of the huge ferry-boats between various points on the bay, with their long rows of dancing lights, and the phosphorescent cascades swishing from their paddle-wheels, form a good objective for the careless eye.

And while here in the Largo do Constituição, the vendors of bananas, oranges, and sweetmeats are doing a brisk business around the splendid equestrian statue of Dom Pedro, their exiled emperor, the rays of the rising moon fall on the great white building across the bay that will stand as

a lasting monument to that emperor's sense of humor.

It is an asylum, and its story is worth repeating. It seems that Dom Pedro was extremely anxious to build such an institution on a grand scale, but he was unable to get his subjects to see the idea from his point of view. After trying many plans, he was suddenly struck by one of those "happy thoughts" which do so much to make the world go round with less friction. Why should he not raise the money by selling titles? Why not, indeed? The idea proved even more felicitous when put into action, and while a goodly crop of viscounts and barons arose in the city, a not less goodly harvest of *milreis* was reaped for the emperor's pet project. With an afterthought, too, which must be acknowledged as equally happy, he declared that the titles were not hereditary; in fact, that if the son of a defunct viscount wished to retain his nobility, he must pay for it over again. In spite of this — or because of it — the treasury was filled to overflowing, and the white walls of the lunatic asylum arose in grandeur. And over the entrance gateway I read this inscription: *Vanitas Humana Miseria Humana!*

A reminiscence or two of the emperor may not be out of place here. The first time that I saw him, he was sitting in a large carriage drawn by six mules, and surrounded by an escort of some half-a-dozen troopers. He was sitting in a thoughtful attitude, reading. He was bare-headed, and returning the more obvious manifestations of his subjects' loyalty with a familiar sort of nod. The second time that I met him he was on his way to open a railroad in the interior. I happened to enter the station of the Estrada de Ferro, and saw him pacing restlessly up and down the platform, waiting, not for the appointed time of departure — that was past — but for the sweet will of the officials! This may sound odd to the European ear, but the reader must remember that this was in Brazil. Poor Brazil! Your energy is indeed latent — in your mountains and forests; but patient — in your people — *never* — or, since exceptions prove the rule, well, hardly ever!

The emperor was always at work on State affairs, and the jeers that have been cast at him are as uncalled for as they are unkindly. It is true that of late years he had concentrated much of his attention on matters scientific, but it was with a view

to the benefit of the empire. He would board any foreign vessel that had some new feature in its machinery in order that he might examine its capability for Brazilian purposes. He was bent on introducing the benefits of European civilization into the enormous realm over which he ruled. He had tact and energy, but he was perhaps too kindly to be firm. Annually he washed the feet of a number of beggars and drank a cup of holy water in public, in order to show in his own person a respect for religion; and though he gave no State balls or banquets, he was always ready to interview any of his subjects. Few days passed without his spending several hours in some one or other of the government departments, and in public and private charity he spent the whole of his huge fortune. No sovereign ever labored so much for the good of his people, and none, I fancy, has received so ill a return.

And now, with the exception of Canada, the Guianas, and that great curved bow of palm-fringed islands we call the West Indies, the twin continents of the New World afford the sharpest contrast possible to the Old by being wholly innocent of monarchy. The best we can hope for Brazil is that it may be equally innocent of anarchy.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S.

From The Spectator.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW CAREERS ON WOMEN'S HAPPINESS.

MISS ALFORD'S success in the classical tripos following so closely on Miss Fawcett's senior wranglership, and two other less brilliant wranglerships gained by women, makes it very natural to ask what will be the probable effect of the new careers, the new ambitions which are opening on every side to women, on their happiness. We do not know that the answer to this question, so far as we can give one, in the least involves the answer to the further question whether a rapidly increasing number of women are likely to enter upon the new careers; or whether, even if they are not the happier for them, it may not be still, in a large number of cases, their duty to take up the new duties and responsibilities opened to them, for we are always seeing instances in which large numbers compete for positions of trust and responsibility which diminish rather than increase the happiness of those

who enter upon them; and it is clear that it is often a duty to accept a trust which, instead of adding to the happiness of him who accepts it, greatly constrains and weights the ease and freedom of his life. No less legitimate inference could be drawn from a rush for any career than that the career so much coveted is one which confers special happiness on those who attain it. Look at the multitudes who covet a Parliamentary career, and the exceeding few who can be said to enjoy it. Look at the multitudes who appear to covet knighthood, or even any inferior social distinction, and the extraordinarily little advantage, beyond additional opportunities for expense, which such distinctions bring. It would be about as wise to regard the swarming of bees as a sign of the happiness of the hive, as to judge from the crush and competition for new careers that those careers open up special enjoyment. And certainly it is not true that the natural shrinking from a career of responsibility and anxiety at all implies that it is not a duty to enter upon it. Capacity to discharge a duty well, by no means necessarily implies much enjoyment in the discharge. On the other hand, it is really often true that the recoil from it is the best test of the true appreciation of what it involves,—the real origin, we suppose, of the notion that *nolo episcopari* is one of the best indications of the capacity for episcopal rule. It is very rarely that a duty is ideally discharged without modesty. And yet it is often modesty which renders the discharge of it the severest burden. We should not in the least argue, from the number of feminine candidates for high university or other distinctions that those distinctions are likely to confer great happiness on those who succeed, nor should we conclude that because the successful candidates did not gain and did not even expect to gain such happiness, it might not still be their bounden duty to aspire to those distinctions and to the careers that they open. If it is true that *noblesse oblige*, it is equally true that capacity obliges, that talent obliges, that genius obliges. Indeed, some one has said that "Le droit dérive de la capacité," and still truer is it that "Le devoir dérive de la capacité," but no one has said that happiness always results from capacity; indeed, the higher the sphere and the more lofty the duty, the less true is it that happiness results from taking up the burden which duty imposes. Hence when we ask ourselves whether women are likely, on the whole, to be happier for the

new careers, we do not for a moment suppose that the answer to that question in the least involves any answer to the question whether or no women will, as a matter of fact, press into these careers, or any answer to the question whether or no it will be the duty of many women to take up these careers who might nevertheless be all the happier for a different and less distinguished life. The question as to the happiness they will bring has an independent interest of its own, quite apart from any inferences which might result from the answer given to it, bearing upon either the popularity of such careers for women, or the right and duty of entering upon them.

It is, of course, very doubtful whether happiness does generally increase in proportion to the increase in the scale of life's interests and duties. It is generally thought, and, we imagine, thought truly, that a really happy childhood is about the happiest part of life; that the responsibilities and ambitions, and even the large interests which come with maturity, though no man or woman worthy to enter into them would ask to be relieved of them, do very materially lessen the mere happiness of life. Indeed, many people venture to believe (though on very little that can be called evidence) that the happiness of some of the lower animals, a dog, for instance, that is well cared for and heartily attached to its master or mistress, is more unadulterated than even the happiness of a happy child. But here, of course, we draw inferences from the most dubious indications, as none of us can really appreciate what the happiness of a different race of creatures amounts to. But most of us know by our own experience that the enlargement of the sphere of duty is by no means equivalent to the enlargement of happiness, and is very much the reverse when we undertake what is fully up to, or, worse still, a little beyond, the limits of our physical or intellectual or moral strength. It is only when our inclinations and duties are all but identical, and when our duties are well within the limits of our powers, that an enlargement in the sphere of those duties usually adds to our happiness. No doubt these lady-wranglers and class-women will have felt, and will continue to feel, the genuine enjoyment which always accompanies the first development and exercise of quite new powers. Miss Fawcett will thoroughly enjoy co-operating with the greater mathematicians in working out new mathematical problems. Miss Alford will

thoroughly enjoy the sympathy and respect which scholars and philologists will show her, and the delight of entering thoroughly into a new world of literary interest and achievement. But the newsphere will probably bring new duties which will by no means be so enjoyable. Suppose any of these new learners finds that her first use of her distinction must be to add to her resources by teaching, and that teaching happens to be to her very far indeed from an enjoyment? That has certainly been the lot of thousands of men who have gained the high prizes in mathematical and classical careers; and though not a few have enjoyed the teacher's life, thousands of them have bitterly lamented over the slavery of teaching, a slavery which they could never have incurred but for their aptitude in learning. Women will have just the same experience, and, indeed, it may to many of them be even more burdensome, for as yet at least, unpalatable intellectual toil is probably easier to men than to women. Again, to many of these new scholars it may seem a duty to undertake some of those laborious tasks which have strained all the energies of the strongest men, — like the compilation of cyclopædias or dictionaries, or systematic treatises requiring continuous application from day to day for years together, and the organization and criticism of a vast quantity of routine work. Will the work of intellectual mill-horses suit the tenderer and more sensitive natures of women? Yet it will inevitably fall upon some of those who are competent to discharge these duties and who will not see any other means of earning the incomes which they will soon come to feel that it is their duty to earn for those less able than themselves to add to the resources of the family group to which they belong. We think it all but certain that the more mechanical departments of high intellectual toil will exhaust women even more than they exhaust men of the same calibre, and yet that they will not feel that they can in good conscience avoid them, where they are the most obvious means of adding to the resources of their families. Undoubtedly the inevitable consequence of finding a new capacity for laborious duties will be the undertaking of a great many laborious duties which will render women's lives a heavy burden to them in countless cases, as it has, of course, rendered men's lives a burden to them. Just as childhood escapes some of the most serious pangs of life by virtue of its incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict

those pangs, so women have hitherto escaped some of the most serious pangs of life by reason of the incapacity to bear the burdens which inflict those pangs — an incapacity which is now rapidly vanishing away.

As we have already said, we do not for a moment suppose that considerations of this kind either will influence the majority of women, or ought to influence them, in evading the higher class of intellectual responsibilities which they are now preparing themselves to assume. They will say, as men have said, that the capacity brings the duty with it, and that it is not their business to ask whether the duty will make them happier or less happy. And in many cases, doubtless, it will make them happier, and a great deal happier. Where the back is equal to the burden, and too often where it is not, women have not shrunk from bearing the heaviest burdens. In some countries, as we all know, women have even done the physical drudg-

ery from which the selfishness of man has shrunk. And of course it will be the same with intellectual drudgery. If, as is generally supposed, women are oftener unselfish than men, they will oftener risk bearing intellectual burdens to which they are not equal; in other words, they will oftener slave themselves to death with a kind of work for which they are not well fitted. But, at all events, it is well that they should open their eyes to the fact that their new careers are not mere prizes, mere additions to the happiness of their lives, but will involve in a very large number of cases the taking up of a sort of independence which will be very irksome to them, the more irksome the more love of leaning on others there is in them, and the performance of tasks which must often exhaust their strength, and more or less exclude them from the exercise of that happy and gentle vigilance for the well-being of others for which their nature appears specially to fit them.

ON THE USE OF THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH IN THE PRESERVATION OF THE LANGUAGES OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS. — The present state of perfection of the Edison phonograph led me to attempt some experiments with it on our New England Indians, as a means of preserving languages which are rapidly becoming extinct. I accordingly made a visit to Calais, Maine, and was able, through the kindness of Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, to take upon the phonograph a collection of records illustrating the language, folk-lore, songs, and counting-out rhymes of the Passamaquoddy Indians. My experiments met with complete success, and I was able not only to take the records, but also to take them so well that the Indians themselves recognized the voices of other members of the tribe who had spoken the day before.

One of the most interesting records which was made was the song of the snake dance, sung by Noel Josephs, who is recognized by the Passamaquoddies as the best acquainted of all with this song "of old time." He is always the leader in the dance, and sang it in the same way as at its last celebration.

I also took upon the same wax cylinder on which the impressions are made his account of the dance, including the invitation which precedes the ceremony.

In addition to the song of the snake dance I obtained on the phonograph an interesting "trade song," and a "Mohawk war song"

which is very old. Several other songs were recorded. Many very interesting old folk-tales were also taken. In some of these there occur ancient songs with archaic words, imitation of the voices of animals, old and young. An ordinary conversation between two Indians, and a counting-out rhyme, are among the records made.

I found the schedules of the United States Bureau of Ethnology of great value in my work, and adopted the method of giving Passamaquoddy and English words consecutively on the cylinders.

The records were all numbered, and the announcement of the subject made on each in English. Some of the stories filled several cylinders, but there was little difficulty in making the changes necessary to pass from one to the other, and the Indians, after some practice, were able to "make good records" in the instrument. Thirty-six cylinders were taken in all. One apiece is sufficient for most of the songs and for many of the short stories. The longest story taken was a folk-tale, which occupies nine cylinders, about "Podump" and "Pook-jin-Squiss," the "Black Cat and the Toad Woman," which has never been published. In a detailed report of my work with the phonograph in preserving the Passamaquoddy language, I hope to give a translation of this interesting story.

J. WALTER FEWKES.

Boston, U.S.A., March 20.

Nature.

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CONTENTS.

I. THE POETRY OF JOHN DONNE,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	195
II. A WALTZ OF CHOPIN,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	205
III. MY ISLANDS,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ,	222
IV. MUTE WITNESSES OF THE REVOLUTION,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	228
V. EARLY DAYS RECALLED,	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> ,	239
VI. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> ,	247
VII. THE SPRING HABITS OF BRITISH QUAD- RUPEDS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	254

POETRY.

THE SPRING THRUSH,	194	A DREAM,	194
THE STARS,	194		
MISCELLANY,			256

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THE SPRING THRUSH.

*Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater.*

BROWN bird that swingest on the windy spray,
Pouring sweet music forth with silver voice,
When first the morning wakes the grey-robed
day

Thou biddest every budding copse rejoice.
Charmed into being by thy ringing note,
The golden crocus lifts her shining eye,
And round the edges of the reedy moat
The fair, pale primrose, faltering yet and
shy,
Reflects the earliest light that floods the east-
ern sky.

With such a voice as thine, in olden days,
The Cyprian queen awakened from his
sleep
Her love, Adonis; when the greening haze
Of opening buds across the elm 'gan creep,
And crimson tinged the tender larch-tree cone,
And all along, each wood the hazel threw
Gold-dust from dancing tassels random blown,
And the fair maiden earth, as Danae knew
The kindly Jove descend from out the open-
ing blue.

How swift from silent couch then raised his
head
Bright young Adonis, monarch of the
Spring,
Roused from his weary sleep among the dead
In those still caves, where never bird doth
sing.
What joy to feel the fresh sweet upper air,
Thick-fraught with honeyed whispers of his
love,
Touch the soft cheek, and fan the waving
hair,
And bring from earth the crooning of the
dove
And song of all the birds from some new-
wakened grove!

Dear speckled songster, what although the
years
Long since have slain the simpler race of
men
Who heard in that dim past with clearer ears
Thy music singing down the rocky glen,
And feigned sweet fables there of nymph and
swain,
And Gods descended to the happy world?
To us that hear thy voice restores again
The golden time, and sees the mist-wreaths
furled,
That years of sadder days 'twixt them and us
have curled.

Sing on, fair bird, like that sweet angel shape
Whose heart-strings are a lute, and let thy
song
Well up from every glade and purple cape,
One pure fount springing from a world of
wroong.

Rouse Spring, and all his wealth of sun and
shower,
And wavelets whispering up the yellow
sand;
Bid from his footprints every shining flower
Arise to star with blooms this northern
strand
Till winter's fetters fall from off the loosened
land.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

Longman's Magazine.

THE STARS.

WHAT are their years? The night's unfath-
omed deep
Rings back no answer, gives no glimmering
key;
And still unknown, and beautiful, they keep
The silent courses of Eternity.
What are their memories of Creation's days,
When startled Chaos, from its kingdom
hurled,
First knew its Master, and with glad amaze
They sang the birth-song of our trembling
world?

What have they looked on since, with patient
eyes,
While million years uncounted rolled away?
Who claims antiquity for man that dies,
Before such records of the past as they?
Can they to man his mystery explain,
The why, the whence, of his uncertain state?
Unlock the riddle that he reads in vain,
And clear the tangled problem of his fate?
Can they a fashion to the future give,
And tell the whither of man's anxious
quest?
Make life a less than weariness to live,
Or stay the hazard of his wild unrest?

Oh stars! what midnight message do ye bear
To minds grown weary with the years' in-
crease?
The wistful eyes that watch you shining there,
Look out of troubled hearts that know not
peace.

Chambers' Journal. LOUIS H. BRINDLEY.

A DREAM.

MY dead love came to me, and said,
"God gives me one hour's rest,
To spend with thee on earth again:
How shall we spend it best?"

"Why, as of old," I said; and so
We quarrell'd, as of old:
But, when I turn'd to make my peace,
That one short hour was told.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE POETRY OF JOHN DONNE.*

THE study of a great writer acquires its highest interest only when we view his work as a whole; when we perceive the relation of the parts to one another, and to their centre; when nothing remains isolated or fragmentary; when we trace out unity in variety; when we feel the pulse and the rhythm of life. I had hoped to speak of Donne the famous preacher as well as Donne the poet, and to show how the same intellect and the same heart lived under the doublet of the poet, courtier, scholar, and the gown of the grave, yet passionate divine. But the task has proved too much for the limited time at my disposal. I must reserve for some other occasion what I have to say of the eloquent dean of St. Paul's. In presenting to Sir Robert Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset, the unworthy favorite of James I., one of his early works, the author begs him to remember that "Jack Donne," not "Dr. Donne," was the writer. It is of Jack Donne that I propose to speak this evening. After he had taken holy orders Donne seldom threw his passions into verse; even his "Divine Poems" are, with few exceptions, of early date; the poet in Donne did not cease to exist, but his ardor, his imagination, his delight in what is strange and wonderful, his tenderness, his tears, his smiles, his erudition, his intellectual ingenuities, were all placed at the service of one whose desire was that he might die in the pulpit, or if not die, that he might take his death in the pulpit, a desire which was in fact fulfilled.

The latest historian of Elizabethan literature, Mr. Saintsbury, has said that Donne the poet should be regarded by every catholic student of English literature with a respect only "this side idolatry." There is indeed a large expense of spirit in the poems of Donne, an expense of spirit not always judicious or profitable, and the reader who comes with reasonable expectations will get a sufficient reward. When prospecting for gold

the miner considers himself fortunate if he can reckon on finding some twenty pennyweights of the precious metal in a ton of quartz and wash-dirt. The prospector in the lesser poetry of any former age must be content to crush a good deal of quartz and wash a good deal of sand in the expectation of an ounce of pure gold. But by vigor and perseverance in the pursuit large fortunes may be amassed.

Donne as a poet is certainly difficult of access. How shall we approach him, how effect an entrance? With different authors we need different methods of approach, different kinds of cunning to become free of their domain. Some must be taken by storm, some must be entreated, caressed, wheedled into acquiescence. There are poets who in a single lyric give us, as it were, a key which admits us to the mastery of all their wealth. Towards others we must make an indirect advance, we must reach them through the age which they represent, or the school in which they have been teachers or pupils. It is as the founder of a school of English poetry that Donne is ordinarily set before us. We are told that in the decline of the greater poetry of the Elizabethan period a "metaphysical school" arose, and that Donne was the founder or the first eminent member of this school. I do not believe in the existence of this so-called "metaphysical school." Much of the most characteristic poetry of Donne belongs to the flood-tide hour of Elizabethan literature; to the time when Spenser was at work on the later books of the "Faerie Queene" and Shakespeare was producing his early histories and comedies. The delight in subtleties of thought, in over-ingenious fantasies, in far-fetched imagery, in curiosity, and not always felicitous curiosity, of expression was common to almost all the writers of the period. The dramatists were to some extent preserved from the abuse of fantastic ingenuity by the fact that they wrote for a popular audience, and must have failed unless they were at once intelligible. But authors of prose as well as authors in verse were fascinated by subtleties of the fancy; the theologian and the philosopher, as well as the poet,

* Read before the Elizabethan Literary Society, May 7, 1890. The subject had been announced as "John Donne: his Verse and Prose."

swung in the centre of a spider's web of fantasies,

All the waving mesh
Laughing with lucid dewdrops rainbow-edged.

There was no special coterie or school of "metaphysical poets," but this writer or that yielded with more *abandon* than the rest to a tendency of the time.

It is not then by studying Donne as the leader of a school that we shall come to understand him. We get access to his writings, I believe, most readily through his life, and through an interest in his character as an individual. And fortunately he is the subject of a contemporary biography which is one of the most delightful biographies in the language. We possess a large number of his letters, and for Donne friendship was almost a second religion, and to write a letter was often to give himself up to an ecstasy. The story of his life is an Elizabethan romance, made the more impressive by the fact that the romance is a piece of reality. The son of a London merchant, he had in his veins the blood of the poet John Heywood and that of the sister of Sir Thomas More. His two maternal uncles, members of the Society of Jesus, suffered persecution in their native land, and died in exile on the Continent. The little boy, left fatherless at the age of three, must have been a zealous student, for he was admitted at Hart Hall, Oxford, when in his twelfth year. While still hardly more than a child he travelled abroad for some three years, gaining a knowledge of French, Spanish, and Italian. On his return he became a student of Lincoln's Inn, but he was more interested in poetry and theology than in the law. When he was twenty he was already known as a writer of high-conceited love lyrics, and led the way in another department of poetry as the first English satirist. He was the friend of wits and ladies and men of letters; he probably had known some of the bitter-sweets of forbidden pleasure. He had doubtless received a deep shock when his younger brother was thrown into prison for the crime of harboring a seminary priest, and it may have been this, as Dr. Jessop suggests, which set him upon his study of the rival claims

of the Protestant faith and of that Church in which he had been devoutly reared. In June, 1596, he was on shipboard as a volunteer in the expedition against Spain under the Earl of Essex. The soldier and sailor was by-and-by transformed into the lord-keeper's secretary, and became acquainted with the intrigues and follies and fashions of the court. And then came about the great happiness and the great misfortune of Donne's life—his passion for the niece of Lord Keeper Egerton's second wife—she sixteen years old, he nearly twenty-seven—their secret marriage, followed by the dismissal of the bridegroom from his patron's service, his disgrace and imprisonment, his subsequent poverty, with a constantly increasing family, the trials and fidelity of love, and the years of weary waiting for court employment, during which time he dulled the sense of misery with what he terms "the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptique immoderate desire of human learning and languages." In the same letter—a melancholy one—in which he uses these words Donne speaks of his passion for meditation as being almost criminal in one who has duties to those dependent on him; even in that deep desire for a future world, which remained with him through good and evil fortune, he finds something of sin. He would not meet death in a lethargy, but confront it with the courage of a man of action; but how and where to act?—that was the question: "I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him merely seize me, and only declare me to be dead, but win me and overcome me. When I must shipwreck, I would do it in a sea, where mine impotency might have some excuse; not in a sullen, weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming." We talk of melancholy as a disease of the nineteenth century; but Burton anatomized it more than two hundred years ago. Donne, in one of his sermons, speaks of the peculiar liability of men in his own time to "an extraordinary sadness, a predominant melancholy, a faintness of heart, a cheerlessness, a joylessness of spirit," and he exhorts his hearers to the duty of dilating the heart with holy gladness—

the duty of a "true joy in this world that shall flow into the joy of heaven as a river flows into the sea." Doubtless he had himself known that sadness which comes from thought and desire that cannot be turned to active uses; doubtless he had often longed "to make to himself some mark, and go towards its alegrement," as he advises the friend to whom his mournful letter is addressed.

"I be in such a planetary and erratique fortune," he writes, "that I can do nothing constantly." Papist and Protestant; doubter and believer; a seeker for faith and one who amused himself with sceptical paradoxes; a solitary thinker on obscurest problems and "a great visitor of ladies," as Sir Richard Baker describes him, "a great frequenter of plays;" a passionate student longing for action; a reader of the law; a toiler among folios of theology; a poet and a soldier; one who communed with lust and with death; a courtier and a satirist of the court; a wanderer over Europe and one who lay inactive in a sullen, weedy lake without space for stroke of arms or legs — such was Donne up to his fortieth year. We have not now to consider him as he was in his later life, when all his powers were concentrated in the intense effort to plead with the souls of men — "a preacher in earnest," as Izaak Walton has pictured him, "weeping sometimes *for* his auditory, sometimes *with* them; always preaching to himself, like an angel *from* a cloud, but *in* none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives . . . and all this with a most particular grace and an inexpressible addition of comeliness." We have not now to think of Dr. Donne, the preacher; but when we look at the portrait of Donne in his youth with right hand upon the sword, the jewelled cross pendant at his ear, and those other adornments which, as Walton says, might then suit with the present fashions of youth and the giddy gaieties of that age, and when we read his motto: —

How much shall I be changed,
Before I am changed?

we are constrained to recall that other

portrait, executed by his own desire, in which he was represented with closed eyes, cadaverous face, and the winding sheet knotted at the head and feet. It was a morbid thought of Donne to be so pictured; but he had always lived in the presence of death; and undoubtedly, apart from the one great sorrow that his faithful wife was taken from him, the closing years of his life were the happiest years. He was no longer a disappointed waverer; he had a supreme purpose; his powers were organized in a great cause; he had abundant evidence that he did not fight now as one that beateth the air. Donne, amid the pleasures of his youth, amid the studies of his early middle life, was not a happy man. Donne, as he feebly ascended the pulpit steps on that first Friday in Lent, with hollow cheeks and pallid lips, and gave forth with a tremulous voice the text of his own funeral sermon, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death," was filled with a joy that passeth understanding.

About the time when Donne wrote the melancholy letter to Sir Henry Goodere from which I have quoted, he wrote also the poem entitled "The Litanie," and sent the manuscript to the same friend. Through this poem we can obtain, perhaps, a clearer insight into Donne's character than through any other that he has written. In a series of stanzas, full of spiritual ardor, he invokes the persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, the angels, patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and doctors. He laments that he has fallen into ruin, that his heart by its dejection has turned to clay, that he who had been wasted by "youth's fires of pride and lust" is now weather-beaten by new storms; he prays that his perpetual inquisition of truth may not darken the spiritual wisdom within him:

Let not my mind be blinder by more light;
he implores the "eagle-sighted prophets" to petition on his behalf that he may not by their example excuse his excess

In seeking secrets or poetiqueness;
he hopes to win, through the blood of the martyrs, "a discreet patience," which may endure death, or life, and, if life, then

without too passionate a longing for the grave :—

For oh, to some
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom !

And then in his litany he passes on to a series of petitions, which seem to be veritable sighs of desire from his inmost heart. The general purport of these may be expressed by saying that they are prayers for temperance of mind, for a *via media* between the extremes and excesses natural to a temperament at once ardently sensual and ardently spiritual. Donne feels that in either extreme of passion he must lose himself. He fears that the world may be too much for him, and fears equally that it may be too little; he would not think that all happiness is centred in earth's brightest places, nor yet that this earth is only framed for our prison; he prays that we may be preserved from the danger "of thinking us all soul," and in consequence neglecting our mutual duties; from the danger of indiscreet humility; from thirst of fame, and no less from an unjust scorn of fame; from contempt of poverty, and from contempt of riches. The bodily senses, he maintains, though often fighting for sin, are, in truth, not opposed to righteousness, but rather the "soldiers of God;" learning, which sometimes tempts us from our allegiance, is, in truth, "God's ambassador;" beauty, though it may be poisoned, is, in truth, a flower of Paradise made for precious uses. The whole poem is directed against the temptations to which a man liable to the opposite violences of the flesh warring against the spirit, and the spirit warring against the flesh, is exposed. He fears a barren asceticism or the sweet blindness of mystical devotion almost as much as he fears the world and the flesh. With both extremes he has been acquainted, and now would win, if possible, an "evenness" instead of his "intermitting, aguish piety." He would especially seek deliverance from temptations of the intellect; from dwelling with an endless idle curiosity on nature, and so ceasing to bear his part in the life of the world, from a dilettante interest in religion, which uses it only as a mode of deploying a shallow intellectuality. The poem is the litany of the scholar, the courtier, the poet; it admits us to the secrets of its writer's troubled spirit.

Something of the same feeling appears in poems which are rather ethical than religious. Donne commends what he does not himself possess — a philosophi-

cal equanimity. In one of his letters in verse addressed to Sir Henry Wotton, he speaks of the various ways in which men lose themselves in cities, in courts, and in the solitude of the country, how the ideals of early life are corrupted and destroyed, so that if one of these men were to meet his true self there would scarcely be a recognition between the pair :—

They would like strangers greet themselves,
being then
Utopian youth grown old Italian.*

And then Donne proceeds to exhort his friend to seek for the tranquillity of a self-sufficing soul :—

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth
room,
Carrying his own house still, is still at home,
Follow—for he is easy-paced—this snail:
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.

But it is not a barren quietism that Donne commends. Man's nature is at first a wilderness, which must by degrees be reclaimed, and then actively tilled, that it may bear the noblest fruits. We are familiar with Tennyson's exhortation in "In Memoriam" :—

Work out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

The same image is to be found in Donne's letter to Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury :—

How happy's he which hath due place assigned
To his beasts, and disafforested his mind.

Donne would have these beasts tamed and put to the uses for which they are best fitted. How happy, the poet goes on, is he who has

Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn where they
have bin,
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast.

When the wilderness is reclaimed, then begins the vigorous tillage of the soil; as Donne elsewhere puts it :—

We are but farmers of ourselves, yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent
day.†

The vital centre of some of Matthew Arnold's poems, in which he tells of the pains of outward distraction and inward division, may be found in his exhortation

* Italy being taken as the land of nameless vicar, and so opposed to Utopia.

† To Mr. Rowland Woodward, ed. 1669, p. 113.

to us to "rally the good in the depths of ourselves," or in such a line as that which concludes the remarkable sonnet suggested by words of Marcus Aurelius:—

The aids to noble life are all within.

Donne preaches no such stoical gospel constantly; but he, too, can at times take a stoical text for his discourse:—

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves; for as
Men force the sun with much more force to
pass
By gathering his beams with a chrystal glass,

So we, if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue, may out-burn
The straw which doth about our hearts so-
journ.

There is some danger in the pride of stoicism; in the notion that one has attained; in the tendency to look down as from a pinnacle, rather than up towards the endless height yet to be climbed. In our own day no poet has expressed so nobly as Robert Browning the unsatisfied aspiration of the soul after perpetual progress. What though the body stand still or decline, the soul only rises from the body's decay, and spreads wings for a farther flight. We remember the exultant spiritual advance of Rabbi ben Ezra amid the growing infirmities and sadnesses of old age. Browning hardly expressed this prerogative of the soul with more imaginative energy than Donne in his letter to Sir Henry Goodere:—

A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else
decays;

But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune
raise:

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is
night:

But her fair larger Guest, to whom sun and
moon
Are sparks and short-liv'd, claims another
right.

Donne apologizes in this poem for his moralizings, which might as well be found, he says, at the end of fables or in the mottoes inscribed on fruit-trenchers. Even if this were true, we might read what he has written in this kind with interest. Much of a man's character and inmost experience is revealed by the selection which he makes from among the common-places of morality. When a truism strikes us as eminently true, it must have been vivified for us by some passage of the

inner life, some moral victory or moral failure.

Several of Donne's most interesting poems are connected with incidents of his personal history, and gain an added interest from the fact that they are autobiographical. Few lovers of poetry are unacquainted with the elegy addressed perhaps to his young wife when he thought of quitting his native land, and the ardent girl—a Shakespearean Viola in real life—proposed to accompany him in the disguise of a page. There is a vigor of movement, a strong coherence, a freedom from conceits in these lines which is not always, or perhaps very often, to be found in a like degree in Donne, and which we may ascribe to the fervor and directness of his feeling:—

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine-persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts which spies and rivals threatened
me,
I calmly beg; but by thy parents' wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath
I conjure thee; and all those oaths, which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
Here I unswear and overswear them thus—
Thou shalt not love by ways so dangerous;
Temper, O fair love, Love's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistress still, not my feigned
page.

Touches of dramatic power are rare in Donne, whose genius was lyrical and meditative, not that of a dramatist; but in this elegy there is one touch which might seem of triumphant power even if it had occurred in a tragedy by Webster. Having pictured the dangers to which his lady would be exposed in foreign lands, where, in spite of her garb of a boy, all would spy in her

A blushing womanly discovering grace,

Donne goes on to exhort her, for his sake, to be of good cheer, and to dream no ill dreams during his absence:—

Nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight startings, crying out, "Oh!
Oh!

Nurse, oh! my love is slain! I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall,
and die."

All the greatness and terror of external nature are here made subservient to the passion of a girl's heart in that midnight cry: "I saw him go o'er the white Alps alone."

There are other poems of parting which probably refer to later seasons of their writer's life. The births of Donne's children followed each other at no long intervals; and it was when his wife looked forward to hours of trial and danger that he was urged by Sir Robert Drury to be his companion on a visit to the court of the French king, Henry IV. When Izaak Walton, speaking of the unwillingness of Mrs. Donne to let her husband part from her on this occasion, quotes the words, "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence," he was, in fact, citing them from the exquisite lyric of parting which begins with the lines:—

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me.

Two days after Donne's arrival in Paris, he saw, at midday, a vision of his wife pass before him twice, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. Her ill-divining fears were in fact realized; the infant of which she was delivered died at birth. Walton refers to the same occasion of parting Donne's "Valediction, forbidding to mourn," in which occurs the quaint image of the two feet of the compass, one fixed, the other moving, and each inseparably united to the other. The poet prays for a mild departure, without violences of grief, like that of a good man when leaving his friends on earth in a tranquil death:—

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

It will be for some close investigator of the facts of Donne's life—for Dr. Jessop, let us hope—to attempt to ascertain the precise occasions of several of his poems. I like to think that it is of his young bride and the new, glad morning of life which he found in her love that he speaks in his "Good-morrow":—

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did till we loved: were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on childish pleasures seelily?
Or slumber'd we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did see
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream
of thee.

And I suppose there can be little doubt that it is the first annual return of the day of his meeting with her which is cele-

brated in another poem, written before marriage, and entitled "The Anniversary." The two lovers are a king and a queen, and what king and queen so safe as they, whom no treason can assail?

True and false fears let us refrain.
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write three-score: this is the second of our reign.

"A Lecture upon the Shadow," one of the most admirable of Donne's shorter poems, has in it a touch of fear lest love may, indeed, pass its meridian and decline towards the west. The poet undertakes to read his mistress a lecture in love's natural philosophy; as they walked side by side in the morning hours, the eastern sun threw their shadows behind them on the ground; so it was in the early days of secret love, when they practised disguises and concealment upon others; but now it is love's full noon, and they tread all shadows under foot:—

That love hath not attain'd the highest degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see.

Ah! what if the sun of love decline west-erly? Then the shadows will work upon themselves and darken their path; each of them will practise disguising upon the other:—

The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day,
But oh, love's day is short, if love decay.

Unfaith in aught, sings Vivien, is want of faith in all, and Donne's "Lecture upon the Shadow" closes with the same truth—or shall we say sophism?—of an ardent heart:—

Love is a growing, or full constant light:
And his short minute after noon is night.

The love of Donne and his wife may, perhaps, have known some of the cloudy vicissitudes incident to all things on earth, but it never waned. After her death, which took place before the days of his worldly prosperity as dean of St. Paul's, "his first motion from his desolated house was," says Walton, "to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, London; and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremiah's Lamentation: '*Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction.*'"

In several of his early poems Donne, with his delight in paradox and dialectical ingenuity, maintains that love must needs range and change with boundless inconsistency:—

Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

It is, he declares, the very law of man's nature; and as for woman, a fair woman and a true may be found when we can catch a falling star, or translate the mermaid's song, or tell who cleft the devil's foot. We cannot doubt that Donne himself had followed false fires of passion before he found his true home of love. But it were rash to take all his poems of intrigue as passages of autobiography. He sometimes wrote best, or thought he wrote best, when his themes were wholly of the imagination. Still it is evident that Donne, the student, the recluse, the speculator on recondite problems, was also a man who adventured in pursuit of violent delights which had violent ends. I cannot think that the elegy entitled "The Perfume," has reference to an incident in his secret wooing of Ann More, his wife to be; if there be any autobiographical truth in the poem, it must be connected with some earlier passion. Once and only once, the elegy tells us, was the lover betrayed in his private interviews with his mistress; her little brothers had often skipped like fairy sprites into the chamber, but had seen nothing; the giant porter at the gate, a Rhodian colossus —

The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man,

for all his hire could never bear witness of any touch or kiss. Who then was the traitor? Not silks that rustled nor shoes that creaked. It was the courtier's perfume, scenting the air, as he crept to the chamber of his beloved, which betrayed his presence; whereupon the narrator breaks forth into reproaches against the effeminacy of perfumes, of which the one happy use were to embalm the corpse of the father who had interrupted their delights: —

All my perfumes I give most willingly
To embalm thy father's corpse. What, will
he die?

We can well believe that in this poem Donne has set his fancy to work and created what he thought a piquant incident out of the stuff of dreams.

"The Picture" seems clearly to have been written on the occasion of his voyage as a volunteer with the Earl of Essex, or to have been suggested to his imagination by some such soldierly adventure. As he starts on his seafaring he bids farewell to his beloved, and places his picture in her

hands. Thoughts of death fly like shadows across his mind; even if he should ever return, he will come back changed, with rough and weather-beaten face, his hand, perhaps, grown coarse, from labor at the oar, and tanned by the sun, his skin speckled with blue marks of the powder-grains: —

If rival fools tax thee to have loved a man
So foul and coarse as, oh, I may seem then,
This [his picture] shall say what I was.

His lady will have the greater joy in knowing that she still owns her full beauty to bestow on one so worn, and will feel that the loss of what was fair and delicate in him is more than compensated by the manlier complexion of his love. There is no doubt that two descriptive poems, "The Storm" and "The Calm," record some of Donne's experience on the Spanish expedition. In the former of these poems the terrors and miseries of a tempest at sea are set forth as they might be by one who had himself endured them. The writer does not paint from fancy, but had surely seen with his bodily eyes the pale landsmen creeping up on deck to ask for news, and finding no comfort in the sailors' rough replies: —

And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will
creep

At the last day, some forth their cabins peep,
And trembling ask, What news? and do hear
so

As jealous husbands what they would not
know.

"The Calm" was a favorite with Ben Jonson, who could repeat by heart some of Donne's poems. It describes such a weary, torrid stillness of the elements as that suffered by the ancient mariner of Coleridge's poem; the men lying helpless on the hatches, the tackling hung with idle garments, the air all fire, the sea "a brimstone-bath," the deck as hot to the feet as if an oven: —

And in one place lay
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.

The descriptions in these companion poems are unique in Elizabethan literature by virtue of Donne's choice of unusual subjects and his realistic manner of treatment.

Donne's "Satires" are also among the poems which were not spun out of his brain, but were written, to use Wordsworth's expression, with his eye upon the object. In one he tells how he was tempted away from the companionship of his beloved books, into the London streets,

by a coxcomb, who, says Donne, though superstitiously devoted to all the rites and ceremonies of good manners, might be called for the precision of his fine breeding a very Puritan. There is something of majesty in the lines contrasting the poet's own condition with the elegance of this spruce master of ceremonies: —

And in this coarse attire which now I wear
With God and with the Muses I confer.

In another satire the object of Donne's ridicule is a small poet of the day who has turned lawyer, and who interlards his ordinary conversation with legal term and phrase, nay, who woos in language of the pleas and bench: —

Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians' scoldings,
more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.

In yet another there is a lively picture of the needy court suitor assuming courtier's airs, and in the end thankful to be dismissed with the gift of a crown-piece, a figure half piteous, half grotesque: —

A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the
sun
E'er bred.

But of the "Satires" the most remarkable is one which hardly deserves that name; it is rather a hortatory poem addressed to those who fail as Christians to stand with their loins girt and their lamps burning. How is it, asks Donne, that the stoic philosopher of Greece or Rome should be more zealous in the pursuit of the true ends of life than the Christian of to-day?

Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our soul's devotion
As Virtue was to the first blinded age?

How is it that a man will dare the frozen North and burning South, and undertake forbidden wars and give rash challenges for idle words, and yet will not be bold against his true foes and the foes of God, "who made thee to stand sentinel in this world's garrison?" Donne glances at the various creeds and churches — Rome where the rags of religion are loved: —

As we here obey
The state-cloth where the Prince sate yesterday;

Geneva where religion is "plain, simple, sullen, young, contemptuous, yet unhand-some;" and having spoken of the man who cares nothing for any form of faith,

and the amateur in creeds who cares a little for all, he justifies the earnest seeker for truth, even though he still remain a doubter. We are reminded of an often-quoted stanza of "In Memoriam" by the words of Donne: —

Doubt wisely; in strange ways
To stand inquiring right is not to stray;
To sleep, or run wrong, is.

But Donne would have the doubter attain, if possible, before old age comes, which he names the twilight of death, for that is the season to which rest in the possession of truth is due, and soon follows the night when no man can work. In this passage we have unquestionably a personal confession, a vindication of Donne's own attitude of inquiry and doubt, addressed by himself to himself.*

The section of Donne's poems entitled "Songs and Sonnets" is almost wholly devoted to love, and the metaphysics and casuistry of love. On occasions he can write, at least for a line or two, with a directness like that of Burns: —

Yet I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour than all else ever —

What words can be simpler than those, which sound almost as if they had come out of a song to Mary Morison or Jean Armour? More often he is ingeniously subtle. Mr. Ruskin, if I remember right, has somewhere praised and over-praised the delicacy of a quatrain in Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House," which is indeed a pretty Chinese puzzle in verse; the lady who has taken her lover's kiss maintains that her modesty is still inviolate: —

He thought me asleep; at least, I knew
He thought I thought he thought I slept.

A parallel may be found in Donne's poem "Love's Exchange": —

Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own woe.

For the most part Donne in his love poems is high-fantastical, but this does

* Another parallel with a passage of "In Memoriam" may be noted: —

"I thought if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verse."

So Donne. And Tennyson similarly in the well-known stanza: —

"But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics lulling pain."

not imply any coldness or insincerity. "True love," he says, "finds wit," but he whose wit moves him to love confesses that he does not know genuine passion. In a poem in which he makes various imaginary legacies, he leaves all that he has written in rhyme to nature, in doing which, as he tells us, he does not *give* but *restore*; and it is undoubtedly a fact that there have been periods of literature when it was natural to seek out ingenuities of fancy and curiosities of expression. When Donne writes in his licentious vein he is not light and gay but studiously sensual; he makes voluptuousness a doctrine and argues out his thesis with scholastic diligence. To the other extreme belongs such a poem as that admirable lyric beginning with the lines:—

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is — to keep that hid.

This rare achievement is to love a woman without a single thought of the difference of "he and she;" but profane men would deride such love as this, and hence the braver thing is called for — to keep this spiritual friendship a secret from the unbelieving world. In this book of his, Donne declares:—

Love's divines — since all divinity
Is love or wonder — may find all they seek,
Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhaled with what they do not see,
Or, loth so to amuse
Faith's infirmities, they choose
Something which they may see and use;

for though mind be the heaven of love, beauty is a type which represents that heaven to our mortal senses. Or, to cite another of Donne's similitudes, if love be an angel, yet an angel takes to himself a face and wings of air, else he were invisible; and in like manner love materializes itself through beauty while yet it remains a spirit. In "The Extasie" the same doctrine of amorous metaphysics is upheld; two lovers seated upon a flowery bank hold commune in the spirit, and time seems almost suspended:—

And whilst our souls negotiate there
We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.

But why should not hand meet hand and lip touch lip? There is an ascent and a descent in this complex nature of ours; the blood rarifies itself into the animal spirits,

Because such fingers need to knit
The subtle knot which makes us man;
and in like manner the soul must descend into the affections and the lower faculties,
Else a great Prince [the soul] in prison lies.

The metre of "The Extasie" is the same as that of the "Angel in the House," and the manner in which meaning and metre move together closely resembles that of Mr. Patmore's "Preludes."

The piece best known of all that Donne has written is that in which he imagines the exposure of his own skeleton, when his grave shall be reopened to receive a second guest, and the discovery of the secret love-token, "a bracelet of bright hair about the bone." It is sometimes forgotten that in this romantic piece of fantasy Donne heightens the effect by representing the lovers as during all their lives no other than ideal friends to whom such a pledge as this golden tress was the highest symbol granted of their perfect union:—

Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do.

"The Funeral" is a companion piece:

Whoever comes to shroud me do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul.

But here it is evident that there was a time when the speaker "knew difference of sex," had offered a man's love to the woman of his choice, had been rejected, and had received this gift as a token of friendship from which all thought of wedded union must be banished. Cartwright names one of his lyrics, "No Platonique Love," and tells with what result he had once tried "to practise this thin love:"—

I climb'd from sex to soul, from soul to thought;
But, thinking there to move,
Headlong I roll'd from thought to soul, and then
From soul I lighted at the sex again.

It may be conjectured that Donne sometimes toppled from his heights (if indeed it is a fall); but there is one poem in which, with evident sincerity and with rare grace, he sings the praises of autumnal beauty like that so gracefully pictured in Mr. Alfred Austin's "Love's Widowhood," and Donne finds in this loveliness, which is almost spiritual, a charm found nowhere else:—

No Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such
grace

As I have found in one Autumnal face.

Here is Love's abiding-place : —

Here dwells he, though he sojourn every-
where

In Progress,* yet his standing house is here.
Here where still evening is, nor noon nor
night,

Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

The range is indeed wide between the
feeling expressed in this poem and in
others of the same group of elegies.

In several of the passages from which
I have quoted examples occur of the
juxtaposition, so frequent in Donne, of
thoughts of love and thoughts of the
grave : —

A fancy shared party per pale between
Death's heads and skeletons and Aretine.

When he gazes at womanly beauty he
reflects that one day it will be as useless
as "a sun-dial in a grave;" when at part-
ing from his mistress he scratches his
name with his diamond upon her window-
pane, he leaves the ragged signature with
her, he says, as a death's head to preach
the mortality of lovers; when he would
learn the ancient lore of passion in happier
days before the lord of love grew tyrannous,
he desires to hear the tradition from
a phantom : —

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost

Who died before the god of love was born.

His own brief love-lyrics are likened by
him to "well-wrought urns," which will
preserve the ashes confided to them as
becomingly as "half-acre tombs." Even
from an epithalamion he cannot banish a
thought of death; when the bride rises on
the wedding morning from her downy bed,
the impression left by her body reminds
him of the grave : —

Your body's print
Like to a grave the yielding down doth dint.

In whatever sunny garden and at what-
ever banquet Donne sits, he discerns in
air the dark scythesman of that great pic-
ture attributed to Orcagna. An entire
section of his poetry is assigned to death.
In one of the funeral elegies he com-
pares death to the sea that environs all,
and though God has set marks and bounds
to it, yet we can forever hear it roar and
gnow upon our shores. In another the
similitude is hardly less majestic: Death
is a "mighty bird of prey," but "reclaimed

by God," and taught to lay all that he kills
at his master's feet.

Donne's most ambitious efforts as a
poet are not the most successful. One of
these is the sequence of elegiac poems
suggested by the death of Mistress Eliz-
abeth Drury, his friend Sir Robert Drury's
daughter, who died in her fifteenth year.
Donne had had no personal knowledge of
her; he was, as it were, the poetical tomb-
maker, and he determined to erect a
pompous monument in verse. On each
anniversary of the day of death he pur-
posed to present his friend with a memo-
rial poem; but not more than two of these
were written, nor can we regret that this
funereal Eiffel tower was carried no higher
than the second stage. Donne expatiates
on a general theme rather than laments an
individual; true sorrow is discreet, and
sets a bound to extravagance; but here
the poet, taking for his subject the loss of
ideal womanhood, does not write under
the controlling power of deep personal
grief, and pushes to an extreme his fantas-
tic exaggerations. In the poem of the first
anniversary Donne enlarges on the frailty
and decay of the whole world; in the sec-
ond elegy he traces the progress of the
soul. Thus they form a contrasted pair.
The lines in the second poem, which pic-
ture the face of the dead maiden as it was
in life, sensitive to every motion of her
spirit, are well known : —

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.

But in the earlier elegy there are lines
perhaps more admirable which have been
forgotten. Donne is maintaining that
while the doers and workers of the world
may be named the active organs of society,
the very life of its life and soul of its soul
resides in rare spirits, like that of the dead
girl, which awaken in us what he else-
where calls "the whole of divinity" —
wonder and love : —

The world contains
Princes for arms, and Counsellors for brains,
Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts and
more,
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the
poor;
The officers for hands, merchants for feet
By which remote and distant countries meet;
But those fine spirits which do tune and set
This organ are those pieces which beget
Wonder and love.

It will be remembered that the word
"piece" is used by Elizabethan writers
in the sense of perfect specimen or mas-

* *i.e.*, the progress of a prince.

terpiece, as where Prospero describes her mother to Miranda as "a piece of virtue."

Donne's other ambitious effort in verse is also a fragment. It is that singular poem, written in an elaborate stanza of his own, and embodying the doctrine of metempsychosis, which bears the same title as the later written elegy on the death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury—"The Progress of the Soul." "Now when I begin this book," Donne writes—and at this time he was in his twenty-eighth year—"I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out I know not." We may lament that he did not carry out his complete design, for though the poem could never have been popular, it would have afforded, like the Scotchman's haggis, "a hantle of miscellaneous feeding" for those with an appetite for the strange dishes set before them by Donne. Professor Minto, in an excellent study of Donne, contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, has said of this poem that, if finished, it might have been a monument worthy of its author's genius. The soul whose progress the poet traces was once the apple of temptation in the garden of Eden:—

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn.

Thence it passed into the dark and mysterious life of the mandrake, and ascending through antediluvian fish and bird and beast, became in the course of time the ape which toyed wantonly with Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia. In the last transformation recorded by the poet the soul is incarnated in Themech, the sister and the wife of Cain; but its brave adventures have only just begun. There was scope in Donne's design for a history of the world; the deathless soul would have been a kind of Wandering Jew, with this advantage over Ahasuerus, that it would have been no mere spectator of the changes of society, but itself a part and portion of the ever-shifting, ever-progressing world of men.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A WALTZ OF CHOPIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HAND AND MUCKLE GOLD," "AUT DIABOLUS, AUT NIHIL," ETC., ETC.

I.

It has been my custom for many years to spend the season of Christmas out of

England, and thus avoid that epidemic of compulsory joviality which attacks our rude island society at that time. As commemorating the visit of the Day-spring from on high by an excessive indulgence in the gross appetites of the flesh has become an honored custom in our country, I invariably in the early part of December retire to the French capital, and there accordingly I found myself, not many years ago, on an evening in the week preceding the sacred day, alone, as was my wont on such occasions. So completely had I abandoned myself to the melancholy thoughts which were partly inspired by the solemn lessons of the season, and partly occasioned by the host of sad memories which must inevitably assail one who revisits alone scenes hallowed by the spirit of the days that are no more, that I had listened to the strange suggestion of the sempiternal Ernest (who doubtless read my familiar face as a book), and so found myself dining quite alone in that celebrated chamber of the *Café Anglais*, known as *le Grand Seize*. Alone, said I? Nay, not alone. The room was crowded with the phantoms of gay, graceful, witty revellers who had come back across the Stygian river, forgetting the terrible secrets that had been revealed to them, leaving the realms of desolation to troop in and keep me company once again in the capital of pleasure, and drink one more glass of St. Marceaux *à la santé des belles!* There is Barucci, *élégante* as usual, and looking none the worse for her visit to the Plutonian shore, teasing *le Duc Darling*, whose harsh voice vies with the guttural, husky tones of poor *Citron* in discordancy; and Anna Deslion breaking in with ironical epigrams, learnt like a poll-parrot from *Plon Plon*; while Paul Demidoff, handsomer than ever to-night and nodding across the table to *Narischkine*, recites with sardonic glee Louis Bouilhet's farewell to his sweetheart:—

Et maintenant, adieu! Sais ton chemin, je passe:

Poudre d'un blanc discret les rougeurs de ton front;

Le banquet est fini,—quand j'ai vidé ma tasse,

S'il reste encore du vin, les laquais le boiront!

which brutal lines so distress Léontine Massin as to melt her to tears. But the vision vanishes! Like the shade of Protesilaus these phantoms had departed, and I was alone in the *Grand Seize* with my cigar and the sparkling wood fire, while from without came upon my ears the

ceaseless clamor of *boulevard* life, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; the noise of the revolving wheels of the great mill of pleasure into which is cast youth, beauty, rank, wit, riches, honor, purity, and hope, and which returns to us in lieu of these — ashes and worse than ashes!

But it was getting late; my ghosts had been such good company that I had forgotten to take count of time and it was eleven; so, deciding to take a bath of fresh air and a glimpse of humanity after my long draught of dreams, I rang and departed, wondering as I passed the lodge whether the Great Reaper in some idle moment had perchance thought it worth his while to gather even Isabelle into his sheaf. It was a grand night, frosty and very cold, but the moon was up and flooding the gay, crowded streets with silvery beams. The shops were all ablaze with lights even at that late hour, for the Christmas and New Year's presents were on exhibition. Being fond of children, I am of course fond of toys, and so my steps naturally, and almost without my knowing it, led me to the famous toy-shop in the Passage Jouffroy, a shop which may be easily recognized from afar by reason of the immense india-rubber elephant which swings clumsily over its portal. Skirting the crowd I paused for a moment before the window, deciding within myself that the few purchases I had intended making could probably be made with less discomfort early the following morning, and was about to stroll on when my attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a youth, child, or man (I could not exactly tell which he was), who came running up by my side and then, after having paused and raised himself up on tip-toe, for he was very short, in order to catch a glimpse of the toys which the surging mob prevented him from seeing, began pushing his way with feverish impetuosity to reach the window. What impulse prompted me to stop I cannot say. I hate a crowd, and here was a very large and very unfragrant, albeit good-natured, concourse of people; I detest and fear draughts, and now the wind came careering up the passage, asthma vaulting over bronchitis in wheezy joy — and yet I stayed. I wanted to see the face belonging to that strange, stunted figure, to learn why he had been so feverishly anxious to see these toys. Yet perhaps after all he was but a thief, and this struggling to get a front place at the show was but the result of a vulgar desire to relieve some gaping citizen of his

purse. Just then the crowd opened violently and the mysterious little individual who had been occupying my thoughts emerged, greeted as he fought his way through the mob with many angry remarks not unadorned with imprecations. I could see his face plainly now, but whether it belonged to a child prematurely old through suffering, or to a young man, I could not say, but about the ugliness and the power of the face there could be no doubt; it was that of an emaciated juvenile Danton, the leonine expression being very striking at that moment, for the countenance, deeply pitted with small-pox, was illuminated by a look of insolent joy and triumph. He fell up against me when he had at length fought his way out, and looked up, apparently about to apologize for crushing my foot, but when his eyes met mine he said nothing, and giving vent to a deep sigh of relief turned into the shop. The glance, however, which had met mine was so extraordinary, so full of what I can only describe as spiritual light, that I followed and stood in the doorway listening.

"I want that doll," I heard him say, in a tone of deep agitation, but the voice was strangely musical, in no wise resembling the husky whine of the Paris *voyou*, to which class he apparently belonged. The shopman stared at him.

"Which doll?" he inquired, with a strong tinge of insolence in his manner; for the very shabby, though not exactly ragged costume of the youth, and his pale, worn, ugly face, which would indeed have been hideous but for the light and power shed from between the red, tired eyelids, evidently had not predisposed the vendor of toys in favor of his customer. "We have many dolls here."

"I want that one," exclaimed the shabby youth; and turning, he pointed in an imperious fashion with his forefinger to a doll in the window, much in the same way as Danton would have denounced an enemy in the Mountain and pointed him out for sacrifice.

The shopman took out the doll rather reluctantly and laid it on the counter before his strange customer. The toy was certainly a beautiful one, representing a lady dressed in the height of fashion, the *toilette* being composed of silk, satin, velvet, and lace, the golden curls crowned with a stylish bonnet and the tiny ears decorated with imitation gems. What in the world could such a shabby little dwarf want with such a dainty toy, I wondered; the contrast between the smiling, richly

dressed puppet and its wan, half-starved, poverty-stained purchaser being indeed very striking.

"Well," exclaimed the youth impatiently, as the man said nothing, "what are you about? I told you I'd take it; pack it up for me at once, I will take it with me now; I am in a hurry."

The man hesitated. "This doll is not a cheap one," he began, "and —"

"Pack it up for me, I tell you; do you suppose I'm not going to pay you? I know the price; I asked it a month ago — it's a hundred francs," exclaimed the shabby little Danton haughtily.

Then the man began carefully, but with very evident reluctance, to pack the doll, enveloping it in many sheets of soft paper. When it had been carefully deposited, surrounded by cotton-wool, in a neat cardboard box, and the whole tied with smart ribbon, the parcel was handed over to the careworn, haggard youth, who put it eagerly under his arm and then began fumbling in his pocket; but even as he did so, his sallow face turned to an ashen pallor, and an expression of anxious agony came into it which was heartrending to behold.

"I have been robbed!" he gasped, still keeping the precious box tightly clasped under his arm, and still fumbling with wild despair in his pocket. "I have been robbed! I had six louis when I left home, and I had them when I turned into the passage, for I stopped on the *boulevard* and counted them, and now — now they are gone!"

The shopman's face broke into a sardonic grin. "Oh, robbed of course! *Je connais celle là!* Why, you never had six louis in your life, *petit vaurien!* What do you mean by coming in here and taking up my time for nothing? Do you hear me? What do you mean? Robbed, indeed! You look like it, to be sure! Why, you're nothing better than a thief yourself! Come, give me back that parcel at once, or I'll call a *sergent de ville* and have you marched off to the lock-up!" and coming from behind the counter, the fellow approached the lad in a threatening manner. The poor boy put down the parcel, and though his eyes were wet with tears, he stared the enraged shopman in the face defiantly. At this juncture I stepped into the shop.

"Take care," I said to the shopman. "You have no right to touch this gentleman. He has given you back your parcel, so you have nothing to complain of. He has been robbed — that is clear. Here is

your money, I will take the doll," and putting down six louis on the counter I took up the box.

"But, monsieur —" stammered the man.

"*Assez!*" I said. "You have got your money now and the toy is mine." Then, turning to the lad, I said in my most gentle and courteous manner, "Will you come out with me, monsieur? I should like to talk with you, if you would allow me." The poor lad did not answer, but, staring at me as one in a dream, followed me in silence out into the passage. When we had gone a few yards from the shop-door I stopped short, and turning to him said, "Forgive me, monsieur, for thus interfering in your private matters, but I happened to be standing by and heard and saw all. You have evidently been robbed, and the shopman insulted you most grossly."

This strange, pale-faced gnome, who might have been any age from fourteen to forty, looked at me fixedly, his luminous eyes seeming lost in wonder. "Yes, I have been robbed," he said simply and very slowly, each word sounding like a sob.

"You seemed very anxious to have this doll," I continued very gently, my whole heart going out in sympathy to this poor waif.

"Yes, monsieur, very anxious. I had saved up my money for a month to buy it."

I hesitated for a moment and then said: "I hope, monsieur, you will forgive me and not think me rude if I ask you why. It was not for yourself, I suppose?"

The lad's face flushed. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed quickly. "It was not for myself," — and then he stopped abruptly, a look of shyness suddenly softening his rugged countenance. "It was for a friend, a friend who is dying." And the tears welled up to the poor tired eyelids.

"Forgive me," I exclaimed. "I must beg of you to forgive me, monsieur. I did not mean to cause you pain. I must be old enough to be your father, for you can hardly be more than —"

"I am twenty," interrupted the lad.

"Twenty! Then you're only just beginning life."

He shook his head, and then said with a forced smile, looking at me kindly in the face, "That depends, monsieur: —

On ne vieillissait pas si vite au temps jadis, Et l'on n'arrivait pas au jour avant l'aurore."

What in the world had I stumbled over now, I wondered — a poet? Here

was a lad almost in rags quoting Marc Monnier. But before I had had time to recover from my surprise the youth, who had been looking at me very earnestly, exclaimed in my mother tongue: "Are you English, monsieur?" Here was another mystery, for the lad's accent was perfect!

"Yes," I exclaimed, greatly astonished. "And you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am an Englishman, although I was born in Paris; my father was an Englishman."

"Then we are fellow-countrymen," I exclaimed, "and ought to be friends. Is your friend, your friend who is — who is so very ill, English too?"

The lad's face saddened again. "No — she is French."

Then I paused for a moment. "I wonder if I might ask you to do me a very great favor?" I said gently. "I should have asked you in any case, but now that I know you are an Englishman like myself I feel sure you will not misunderstand me. I only bought this doll for you, so you must take it and give it to your friend."

"Bought the doll for me!" he echoed. "Why, you don't know me!"

"Perhaps I don't, but I bought the doll for you, and you must take it. You and I are fellow-countrymen and in a foreign country, and I am old enough to be your father, so you must not refuse me, *mon ami*. Remember it is not for you but for your dying friend!" Then, as I said these words and thrust forward the box, a poor, thin, emaciated little hand was raised timidly and took it.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply. "I will take it for my friend. You are very kind, but I will pay you in a month. I can save the money by that time and will send it to you then, if you can wait so long."

"Oh, yes, my dear boy, I can wait, and for more than a month, or two, or five, or twelve months. You must not trouble yourself about that."

"Then I will take it, sir," said this strange boy, "if you can wait, for my little friend is dying, and Death will not wait! You must give me your name and address, please, and I will give you mine. Believe me, you shall have the money back in four weeks, if —" and he hesitated, "if I live." Then he fumbled in his pocket, took out a soiled envelope and gave it to me. "I have an absurd name," he said, "but that's not my fault; Roselin Tudor, 298 Rue St. Marc. I am a copyist; most

of the authors in Paris know me; M. Dumas has been very kind to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Tudor. Here is my card; there is no address on it, but if you write to me to the — Club, London, it will be sure to find me. In the mean time, I am staying here in Paris at the Hotel Westminster for ten days longer. I hope you will let me see something of you. I should like —" and I hesitated. "I should like you to let me be your friend." Once again the tears mounted to those strange luminous eyes, and welled up to the poor tired eyelids that showed very evident tokens of work done by night.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "You are very kind to me; but you are a gentleman, and I am only a copyist."

"Never mind," I replied with affected gaiety. "You are certainly my superior in one way, for you work, whereas I, unfortunately, do nothing, — except perhaps harm."

He shook his head and smiled sadly, and then proceeded with great precision and gravity, but in a listless tone that seemed to indicate a terrible fatigue bordering on despair: "As I have taken this doll you have been kind enough to offer me, and as I am forced to keep you so long waiting before I can repay you, I must tell you why I do it."

"No, you must not; not if it pains you."

"Nothing pains me; nothing will ever pain me any more. This doll is for a little girl who is dying. She is only seven, but she is consumptive, and the doctors have given her up. She is living with me, and just before she was taken ill, — more than a month ago now — she saw this doll. We were walking here together one morning and she saw it and wanted it — not exactly as a plaything — here he paused, and then continued in a lower tone — "because it reminded her of her mother." Then, after another pause, he added, "Her mother is dead! So I decided to save my money and buy it for her," he continued. "Of course I said nothing to her about it at first for I was not sure of saving so much money, but then she fell ill, and then — and then — the doctor gave her up, and then I managed to get some extra work to do, and saw that I was certain of being able to save the money, so I told her. I told her ten days ago that she might be happy at least once before she died; and since then every morning and every evening we have counted up what was

saved, and I have come here to make sure the doll was not yet sold. This evening I got the last five francs for a play I am copying for M. Sardou, and went home and told Marie and then came on here. You know the rest. She is waiting for me; it would break her heart if I came back without the doll. That is why I take it."

Then came a pause. Of course I could not speak—who, indeed, could have spoken at such a moment?—but I took his hand in mine, and pressed it, and he understood me. "Is this little girl related to you?" I said at last.

He turned his head aside. "No, she is not related to me; neither she nor I have any relations; but—but—I knew her mother."

"And is there really no hope? Has she had the best medical advice? Surely if she were sent to a warm climate she might recover."

He shook his head. "No,—there is no hope. She has had the best medical advice; M. Gondinet sent Dr. Potain to see her. Her time has come and she must go!" These last words came almost as a wail.

After a pause I resumed timidly. "Did she inherit this consumption from her mother, do you think?"

He turned on me quickly, almost fiercely, but on failing to recognize what he had evidently feared to read in my face, he dropped his eyes and shuddered. "No," he said, almost in a whisper, "she did not inherit it. It is trouble that has brought it on,—her mother did not die of consumption."

Then, after another long pause, I broke the silence. "Well, I am more than glad to have met you, Mr. Tudor, but I must not keep you any longer now. You must go back to her, for she will be waiting for you. Will you let me come and see you? I can't tell you how thankful I should be if you would only let me try to make your little friend happier while she lives."

He stretched out his hand, which I grasped warmly.

"Thank you," he murmured, greatly agitated; "but you have done all already. She will want nothing now, and I want nothing. I can work."

"But you will let me come to see you?" I urged.

He hesitated, and then said gravely, "No, perhaps you had better not; we have only two rooms, and she is so very

ill your visit might disturb her, but if you care to see me——" and he paused.

"Well, I do care to see you; tell me where and when I can."

"Do you know a little café near the corner of the Rue St. Marc,—nearly opposite the stage entrance of the Opéra Comique?"

"I do; when can I meet you there? Any time will suit me, late or early, but let it be to-morrow."

"To-morrow then, at four in the afternoon. And now good-bye till then. I shall not thank you, sir, again; you are giving the first joy she has known to a dying child,—how can I thank you for that?" And again we clasped hands. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tudor, till to-morrow. Good-bye, and God bless you!" And then we parted, and I stood still in the passage watching the stunted, frail figure of the poor boy, as he eagerly threaded his way through the gay crowd of loungers and merry-makers, clasping his precious box in his arms and hurrying to the death-bed of a child that haply he might be in time to bring her joy before the Great Consoler came. But I now, standing there alone, became conscious almost for the first time of the cold wind, and making my way out of the passage to the boulevard, I turned to the left, deciding that it would be far less uncomfortable, on the whole, to walk than to get into a draughty cab. What should I do,—go to the club or go to bed? It was too early for the latter, and, moreover, my interview with this youth had so affected me that no thought of sleep was possible, so when my idle steps brought me to the Place de l'Opéra, I turned into the Opera House and went up to the club box. The opera was over, but the ballet, "La Korrigane," had but just begun, and as I entered, the well-known graceful music reached my ears and the dainty Rosita Mauri came slowly from the back in the *pas de la Sabotière*. The club box was packed tight, and indeed the whole house was crowded; but feeling no desire either to talk scandal with the men or pay my court to any of my many fair friends, I, after having given my tribute of admiration to the grace of Rosita, left the box and the house, intending to stroll up to the Cercle de l'Union and then go to bed. As I stood on the steps of the Opera House lighting a cigar, I felt a hand placed lightly upon my shoulder, and turning, I saw an old acquaintance of mine, the famous *savant*

and fashionable physician, Leopold Maryx, the great specialist for all disorders of the nervous system, and certainly one of the most curious products of our civilization. Of his early years but little really was known, but the legend ran that he had at one time been immensely rich, owning a great number of slaves and vast plantations in South Carolina, and that then, having had a taste for medical science, he had attended to and experimented on his own slaves when a mere boy, in this way gaining a wide practical experience at an age when most youths are trying to stumble through Virgil at school. The War of Secession had, of course, ruined him, but as he was at that time still quite young, he determined to dedicate the remains of his fortune to completing his medical studies, and had for that purpose come to Europe and sat under most of the scientific celebrities of the day, laboring incessantly and sparing neither time nor money in his endeavors to realize the dreams of his ambition. He very soon became famous, astonishing with his audacious experiments the more sedate and prudent medics of the old world; and of course his sudden fame made him many enemies, "charlatan" and "quack" being the least unkind epithets levelled at his head by his envious colleagues. At length Maryx could stand it no longer, and challenging a very eminent physician who had insulted him, but who was old enough to be his father, he shot him through the heart. "That's the first patient I have lost!" he cynically remarked when his opponent fell before his fire. Then the scientific world of Europe set up a howl of execration, which Maryx quietly answered by restoring to health a prime minister and a Hebrew financier, both of whom had been given up for lost by all the leading physicians of the day. There was no withstanding such arguments as these, so the fatal duel was forgotten and Maryx once more became the rage. He resided in Vienna—where indeed I had first met him—but he had a *pied à terre* in Paris, where many of his most influential and illustrious patients lived. He was an avowed atheist, a man of the loosest morals, a confirmed and desperate gambler, and a hardened cynic; but as his visits almost invariably restored health to the ailing, and always afforded amusement to the idle, his society was courted by all who were really unwell and by all who imagined themselves to be so, that is to say, in other words, by the vast majority of mankind.

"What, Maryx!" I exclaimed, as I shook hands warmly with my illustrious friend. "You in Paris at Christmas time!"

"I am only here for forty-eight hours. I came on to see the Princesse de Birac and return to Vienna to-morrow night. I haven't seen you for months! Have you anything special to do to-night? Any engagement?"

"No. Why?"

"Would you like to see a man guillotined? Because, if you would, you had better come with me. It's a bore going alone, and I don't want a man with me who is likely to make a fool of himself."

"I shall certainly not to do that. When is it?"

"To-night, or rather to-morrow morning. I have cards from the prefecture."

"Who is it?"

"Corsi."

"The man who killed that woman in the Rue Louis le Grand?"

Maryx nodded.

"I remember seeing that poor woman play in the 'Trois Margots' at the Bouffes two or three years ago."

"She was pretty, was she not?" asked Maryx.

"Yes, very."

"*Tant pis!* there are not many!" exclaimed this extraordinary man. "Well, will you come?"

"Is it very horrible?"

"Certainly not; not at all. This will be the seventh I have seen. The worst part is the waiting—the trick itself is done in a minute," and the great physician made a gesture with his hand to indicate swiftness.

"Well, I'll go, doctor, of course for the pleasure and honor of your society." Maryx nodded and smiled. "What time does it take place?"

"About five."

"Five! *Diable!* And what are you going to do till then, Maryx?"

"Try my luck there," he said, smiling and pointing to the Washington Club.

"And you?"

"I am going to the Union for a few minutes, for I want to see a man from our embassy if I can, and then I shall go back to my hotel. Will you call for me? I'm staying at the Westminster; it's on our way."

"Very well then; I'll be with you at about half past three or four. It's a devil of a distance, you know, to the Place de la Roquette, so don't keep me waiting."

"I shan't keep you waiting. You will

find me there waiting for you, probably asleep."

"Capital! till half past three then," and the great specialist picked his way across the *boulevard* to the gambling rooms.

I failed to find the man I was in search of at the Cercle de l'Union, and so within an hour of having parted with Leopold Maryx I found myself seated alone by my fireside at the Westminster, having given orders to admit the doctor when he should call in the early morning. As I lighted my cigar and seated myself by the blazing logs the thought occurred to me how odd an evening I had been spending, to be sure! One thing I was determined to do, and that was to look after the welfare of this dying child and this strange lad. I knew I should meet with opposition from the latter, for I could see that his was a high-spirited and independent nature, but I told myself that I would let nothing daunt me and that, no matter at what expense of time or money, I would labor unceasingly to bring these two — the child and her self-sacrificing protector — to look upon me as a friend in whose power, perchance, it might lie to bring sunlight into their joyless lives. Having so decided I threw away my cigar, took up the *Débats*, and ere long had fallen into a profound sleep from which I was awakened by the voice of the great doctor saying calmly, "Come; we must not be late; it is time for us to go."

II.

IT was four o'clock in the morning and piercingly cold, and the Rue de la Paix looked perfectly deserted as my companion and I, both well muffled in furs, hurried into the *fiacre* which the doctor had come in from the club, Maryx giving the ominous order, *à la Roquette!* to the coachman in what seemed to me a needlessly melodramatic tone of voice.

"I shall have to leave you after a while," explained the great man, puffing at his cigar, "for you can well imagine I am not taking all this trouble out of mere morbid curiosity. I am going as a professional man, and to study. I have a special permission to accompany the officials to the condemned cell when they go to tell the convict he must prepare to die, and I shall stay close by the man until his head falls. Of course, however, I can't take you with me." I shuddered.

"I would not accompany you if I could, *mon cher*," I exclaimed. "Do they suffer much, do you think?"

Maryx nodded his head wisely. "That depends upon the individual. They would probably suffer, and suffer greatly, were it really the knife that killed them, but in nine cases out of ten the convict is practically dead when he is thrown on to the plank.

"But what do you expect to see that will interest you in your special department before the man is killed?"

"What do you call my special department?" inquired Maryx with an amused smile.

"The nerves and all that sort of thing, of course."

"*Quel toupet!*" murmured the great man. "I don't as a matter of fact expect to see anything very interesting, but still I may, for Corsi is, they say, no ordinary criminal and perhaps his death will be no ordinary death. His courage is, I believe, not assumed, but the real thing, not bravado, but real bravery — an absolute contempt for death. I shall be interested to see whether this keeps up to the very last." Then, after a pause, he added: "We whose business it is to prolong life can never fail to learn something by perching as close to death as possible, clinging as it were around those about to depart until the one is suddenly pulled in, and click! the door is slammed in our faces!"

This was one of those peculiar speeches for which Maryx was famous, and which his numerous enemies declared that he made for the gallery, but which at all events were one of the causes of his being constantly in hot water with his less talkative brother, *savants*. We both now relapsed into silence, Maryx evidently enjoying his cigar, and I vainly endeavoring to find in my heart some excuse for thus sinning against the elementary laws of taste and good feeling by going to see a fellow-creature put to death out of mere morbid curiosity.

Suddenly Maryx leant forward. "Here we are!" he said, and let down the window as the carriage stopped. We alighted, and the doctor telling the coachman where to wait for us, we passed on through the crowd to the *cordon* of Gardes de Paris. "*Cartes de la Préfecture*," murmured my companion producing them. The brigadier after a close inspection, both of the cards and of ourselves, muttered a gruff *passsez!* and we penetrated into the infernal circle wherein the dance of death — but this time *à pas seul* — was shortly to be performed. The soldiers lined the great Place de la Roquette keeping the mob back, so there was a large open space

absolutely empty save for the presence of a few shadows, which I took, rightly or wrongly I know not, to represent reporters for the press.

Maryx looked at his watch. "We shall not have to wait long now. *Tant mieux!* It is desperately cold!" he murmured, and then turning to me he said, "You won't mind my leaving you now, will you? I ought to go into the prison."

"Go, by all means," I replied. "I would rather be alone."

"Very well then. Do you see that bench? When the men come to erect the guillotine the police will force you all back to the side walk. You will not find a better place to see from than that bench, so when it's all over I'll come for you there, and if I don't find you there, you know where our cab is,—I shall go on there at once and wait for you."

"Very well," I assented; and Maryx disappeared in the gloom in the direction of the prison where the condemned man lay. I walked to the bench he had indicated to me, and sat down and waited.

The Grande Roquette, wherein the prisoners condemned to death sleep their last sleep on earth, faces the Petite Roquette or prison for juvenile offenders, so that here we have in this comparatively small space the whole history of human villainy—from the first petty larceny which brings the mere infant to the reformatory to the cruel murder leading to the condemned cell from whence the hardened outcast walks to the scaffold. Horrible as the place is at the best of times it is of course rendered ten times more detestable on such a night as the one I am describing, by the fact of all that is more vicious and evil in the French capital being attracted thither to see the last act of the tragedy played out and the curtain and the knife fall together on the story of an ill-spent life. The authorities had, as I have said, encircled the *place* wherein only persons provided with tickets of admission were allowed to penetrate, but coming from beyond this infernal circle, could be heard the cries and murmurs of the mob massed on the other side of the *cordon*, laughing, singing, cat-calling, and chattering like jackals.

Voyez ce Corsi:
Voyez ce Corps là!

some hoarse voice broke out, braying to the well-known tune in "Les Cloches de Corneville," and the refrain was at once taken up by a hundred cynical mountebanks. Could the sound of this ghastly mirth reach the condemned cell I won-

dered, and this gay strain wedded to such terribly significant words be the first warning to the doomed man that the end had come?

I began walking up and down to keep warm, longing for the dawn to break, the shadows in the enclosed space becoming every moment more numerous as the hour for the final expiation drew nigh. Now the half hour struck and some verses of poor Albert Glatigny came to my mind.

Espoirs! Ruines écroulées
Le bonheur avare s'enfuit;
Voici les heures désolés
Qui tentent dans la grande nuit.

Was he awake, I wondered,—the man for whom this night would be, dark as it was, the brightest he could hope to see forevermore? Awake and thinking, the chambers of his memory, which might have been illuminated with the pure light of tenderness and pity, transformed by a hideous slaughter-trick into a noisome dungeon re-echoing with the wailing of the fates?

Evite tout ce que l'on aime;
Fuis jusqu'à la fleur; reste seule
Et dans ton navrement suprême
Drape-toi, comme en un linceuil.

How dark it was! The moon had gone long ago, and the stars had gone, and the dawn would not yet come! Death had perhaps told Light to wait until the tragedy on the scaffold should be over, and morning, finger on lip, was standing hushed with awe, hesitating to unfold her gleams of hope until the shadows of despair should have dispersed.

Suddenly I saw a light, and then another and another, and then the crowd that had during the last few minutes been chilled and tired into comparative silence broke forth again as if reinvigorated and refreshed by what it saw approaching—the guillotine! Slowly up the ascent, drawn by a white horse and with policemen walking on either side came a long *fourgon* or covered cart, and through a small window in the side a light was seen gleaming, revealing shadows passing to and fro—the shadows of the guardians of the instrument of death, of the valets of the guillotine. The first cart was followed by another, but this second one was altogether dark and sombre, and as these two terrible vehicles came lumbering slowly up, they were followed by a common cab,—that in which the priest would proceed to the cemetery, when the guillotine should have done its worst. The two carts

stopped, one behind the other, but the driver of the cab turned quietly to the left and drew up by the kerb-stone, as if bespoken by death and willing to wait patiently, knowing that his fare would not deceive him. The police now pressed us back to make more room for the coming performance. *Place à sa Majesté La Mort!* they might have cried as they drove us back, and as men looking like carpenters suddenly emerged from the surrounding darkness, and opening one of the carts with a key began taking out the beams and posts, the cross beams and bolts, laying them carefully on the ground preparatory to the building up of the throne on which the king of terrors would shortly sit to hold his court. I turned my head aside in horror, but my eyes lighted on a still more hideous sight, — two baskets, the one small but deep placed close to the guillotine and on a level with it in front, — the other, long and comparatively shallow, placed to the right of the fatal plank; in the first mentioned, the small but deep one, a tall, burly youth with bare arms was scratching out a place in the sawdust for the head, and the pungent particles as they mounted made him sneeze! I closed my eyes; and as a sardonic whisper came to my memory the words of Jean Paul: "When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head, the mental faculties, are the lights on that altar!" Ay! but when the heart is made the altar of the Devil — what of the head then, friend Richter? When I opened my eyes again the night had taken one terrible leap towards morning. The dawn was breaking, and I then, for the first time, noticed the double row of mounted *gens-d'armes* facing the scaffold, the officers in front; and this sight, reminding me, as it did, that it was a stern act of justice and not a revelry of revenge that I was about to witness refreshed me as a breath of air coming from a purer world.

"Ah, there they go!" murmured in a hoarse whisper a man standing by my side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw the significant movement to which he alluded — five or six individuals slowly disappearing into the prison through the little wicket-gate which closed noiselessly behind them. They had gone to tell him, it had at length begun, the prelude to the end, and if the condemned wretch had not heard or suspected anything before that night he would be knowing now. This thought was terrible to me. The sight of the merciless composure of the sombre prison walls, while my imagi-

nation whispered to me what must be going on within them, drove me mad and filled my heart suddenly with immense pity for the man about to die. Everything was against him, everything and everybody, — but here a prolonged gasp of horror proceeding from a thousand throats chilled my heart to silence, and turning, as if spell-bound, my reluctant eyes were riveted to what they fell upon. The great central gate of the prison was open wide, and from it a white figure and a black figure emerged side by side, the condemned man and the priest, the felon looking like an armless doll, fashioned to amuse a nursery full of gibbering demons, for his head was shaved, his arms pinioned back, and his legs tied so tightly together that he could only totter or waddle forward, pushed gently from behind by the headsman's aid, like a baby learning to walk or like a toy moving by clockwork. I was vaguely conscious that the priest was, in a voice broken with emotion, endeavoring to encourage and comfort his charge, holding up in his trembling hand a crucifix before the hideous face which seemed to pay no heed, to see no cross, no Saviour, no hope — only the guillotine, the red beams, the knife, the baskets. But I was only vaguely conscious of the words and movements of the priest, for my whole attention was taken up by the other, the one who would go on when the priest should be forced to stop, the one who would have to continue his journey alone, and only stop — ah, where would his dreadful journey end, and what at that journey's end would be awaiting him? And so, waddling, tottering, he who had once been a man, but who now looked hardly human, came out to death; his gaze — if anything so inexpressibly terrible could be called a gaze — never being removed from the upper beam of the guillotine, or rather from that part of the scaffold that was the most full of meaning to him — the knife. When this terrible couple — the man in black and the thing in white — had advanced within two yards of the guillotine the priest stopped, took the felon in his arms, kissed him twice, and then stepped quickly back. Even as he did so the white thing was seized and hurled with great violence forward on to the plank, the executioner waved his hands, the plank fell forward and the knife shot down with a re-echoing, tremendous crash, and then a wild scream rent the air, and turning, I saw some one who had been standing not far from me fall backwards in a dead faint, doubtless overcome

by the horror of the scene, and as he fell I recognized my strange young friend and fellow-countryman — Roselin Tudor.

III.

PUSHING my way roughly through the crowd I was by the lad's side at once.

"I know him," I exclaimed, "he is a friend of mine." Then, turning to the policeman, I said, "I came up here with Professor Leopold Maryx, and —"

"Ah, Dr. Maryx!" exclaimed a young man standing near. "There he comes." And, indeed, just at that moment the head of the great *savant* was seen towering over the crowd and advancing in my direction.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed rather gruffly, and evidently not in the best of humors.

"This young fellow is a friend of mine and has fainted, that's all," I explained. "I know where he lives and want to get him home."

In an instant I had a hundred offers of assistance, for the sight of the red rosette of a commander of the Legion of Honor, which the doctor wore in his buttonhole, acted like a charm. The lad was still unconscious, and Maryx, after having stared at him for a moment, suggested that he had better be carried to a neighboring wine-shop and fortified with some cordial before being taken home. So two stalwart men lifted the light burden and led the way to the nearest *bastringue*, Maryx and I following in the rear.

"Well," I ventured to inquire, "and were you pleased? Did you succeed in observing anything of special interest?" Maryx shook his head savagely.

"Interest!" he echoed. "Why, it has been an absolute waste of time coming here. If I'd known what I know now, I'd have given you my card to come alone and stuck to the *baccarat*. Why, the man was such an arrant coward that he almost had a fit when the barber's scissors touched his neck cropping his hair. I have seen many criminals die in many countries in my life, but I never saw such an uninteresting cur as this Corsi."

"But they told you he was brave."

"Bah! Mere bravado. He counted on the president commuting his sentence at the last minute. Have you got a cigar?"

We had now reached the shop and, having explained matters to the landlord, we were shown into an inner room where the boy was laid on a table and Maryx began to attend to him. No crowd had followed us, for I fancy fainting-fits are not uncom-

mon events in that quarter on such occasions, but the front room of the wine-shop was nevertheless packed tight with a vile mob of ruffians of every description, who discussed the ghastly spectacle they had come to witness over their absinthe and brandy. As their remarks were wholly unedifying, I closed the door, and as I turned saw Tudor opening his eyes. As his mind seemed to grasp the situation his face flushed—the strangely powerful, rugged, ugly face—and he made a violent endeavor to spring from the table, but Maryx held him down gently but firmly.

"Be still, my boy, be still," he said in a quiet tone of command.

"Where am I? Who are you?" gasped the boy in French, but then as I approached and his eyes fell upon me, he fell back overcome with astonishment, murmuring in English, "You here? Am I dreaming?"

"No, my dear fellow," I replied cheerfully, "you are not dreaming. You are all right now. You fainted, that's all, and I happened luckily to be by, and took the liberty of taking care of you. You'll be all right in a minute."

"Where am I?" he inquired in a husky voice. "How did I faint? Where did I faint?"

"Why, you came up here as I did, I suppose, to see the man guillotined, and —"

"Oh, I remember!" murmured the poor lad in a tone of horror, and falling back he became once more insensible. This second fainting-fit lasted much longer than the previous one, lasted indeed so long that I could see it caused Maryx considerable anxiety although he said nothing. "Ah, it's all right now," he murmured at length as the lad gave signs of recovering consciousness, "and high time too." Then, taking up a glass of *kirsch* he bent over the lad as he opened his eyes, saying, "Drink this at once, it will do you good." A look of suspicion crossed the scarred, leonine face, but then the poor eyes lighted on the magic rosette, he glanced at Maryx who was smiling, and then at me, and then, as if reassured, he opened his mouth and drank the cordial.

"Ah," said the doctor. "That's a good boy, now you're all right."

"Thank you, monsieur," murmured the lad in French, "you are very kind to me."

"You will be all right in a minute or two, Tudor," I said, speaking in English, "but you must let me see you home. You are too weak to go home by yourself."

"Oh, no," he exclaimed. "I can get

home perfectly well by myself in a minute. I'd rather."

"I don't care what you'd rather do," broke in Maryx with affected sternness. "I know better than you do, and I tell you you are not in a fit state to go home by yourself. If you will not let my friend here take you home, I shall go with you myself. Where does he live?" he added in a low tone.

"298 Rue St. Marc," I replied in a whisper, but the lad heard me, opened his eyes and smiled.

"Ah, you remember!" he murmured.

Maryx had taken out his note-book, and after scribbling a few lines on a page, tore it out and gave it to me. "He lives near a friend of mine, Dr. Tangpy, Rue Louis le Grand, 94. Send for him at once and use my name. I hope you take no particular interest in this lad, for he has not a year's life left in him." Maryx watched me narrowly as I read what he had written, but my face evidently revealed to him nothing of importance, for as my eyes met his, he smiled and nodded his head. Then he went to the door and called for the frightened landlord.

"Is there a chemist near here?" he enquired.

"Yes, monsieur — only two steps off." Maryx wrote a few lines and gave them to the man, at the same time extracting a lous from his pocket.

"Bring back the chemist and his medicine with him in five minutes and I will give you this. Now be off! Make haste!" When the man had gone Maryx turned to me. "You had better go to our cab and have it brought to the door here at once. I shall take this lad back with me myself; he interests me. There will be no room for you, so you had better go on to his home before us and prepare his friends. You are no good here, and you may be useful there. We shall be there soon after you." I hesitated.

"What is it?" asked the great man; then he added impatiently, almost rudely, "Why don't you do as I tell you?" I had intended telling Maryx what I knew of the lad's home, but the imperative tone in which these last words were uttered closed my lips and I departed. When I had found our cab and driven back in it, the chemist had already arrived, and Maryx had given orders that no one was to be admitted to the inner room. So I left word that I had gone on, hailed a passing *fiacre*, jumped in and drove off to the address the lad had given me. The Rue

St. Marc is an old street, and No. 298 is one of the oldest houses in it, a house that had very evidently been built for some one of the wealthy citizens of Paris about a hundred and fifty years ago — an old hotel in fact, with a splendid gateway and spacious courtyard, the lower part of the building being now used for commercial purposes, but even the upper rooms being only let out to most respectable tenants.

It was now nearly seven, and Parisians being (although such is not generally supposed to be the case) much earlier risers than Londoners, I found the *concierge* busy washing the courtyard. He was an old man and I could see at a glance one of kind and gentle nature. I told him at once my story; how M. Tudor, who was a friend and fellow-countryman of mine, had fainted in my company an hour or an hour and a half before, how he was having the best possible medical attendance, and how I expected him home every moment, and had come on beforehand to tell his friends of his accident.

"M. Tudor?" exclaimed the worthy man, almost letting the broom fall in his astonishment and consternation. "You mean little Roselin?" I nodded assent. "Fainted!" he continued, "and where? He has lived here two years and I never knew him out so late before, although he often sits up copying all night. And to-night of all nights!"

"Why do you say 'to-night of all nights'?" I enquired. The man looked at me evidently surprised.

"Well, and Corsi? Wasn't it for this morning? The papers say so." I saw I was treading on dangerous ground and so held my peace, not wishing my pretended knowledge to elicit any particulars concerning the lad's life which he himself had not told me; but my discretion was of no avail, for the *concierge*, interpreting my silence and increased sadness of aspect that I knew all the circumstances of the case, proceeded "*Ce gredin de Corsi!* He ought to be guillotined twice over, for he really killed two people. M. Roselin will never get over the murder of Mlle. Marie."

"Mlle. Marie!" I echoed, now fairly amazed. "I don't understand!"

The man looked at me for a moment in astonishment and then said suspiciously, "I thought you said you were a friend of M. Tudor?"

"So I am," I stammered, "but I have not known him long, and —"

"Bah!" interrupted the man. "Then

his private affairs can hardly interest you. I'm sorry I spoke. I naturally thought as he sent you on to let us know that —"

"He did not send me on, he does not know that I have come on, he — but here he is!" I abruptly broke off as a cab drove up to the door. Maryx leant out of the carriage window and beckoned to me and the *concierge*.

"He tells me he lives on the fifth floor; he must be carried up; he can't walk." But here Tudor, who was lying half back in the arms of the chemist's assistant with his head on a pillow in a half swoon, opened his eyes and on recognizing the *concierge* an expression of great anxiety came over his face.

"Aristide," he whispered, catching his breath, "she doesn't know, does she?" The honest *concierge* shook his head and his eyes filled with tears.

"No, *mon pauvre ami*, she knows nothing. We didn't know you had gone out, you said nothing to us about it; but when my wife went up as usual this morning she found the little one sound asleep with the doll in her arms. That was only half an hour ago."

"I ought not to have left her; it was selfish of me, but I am punished for it." Here he closed his eyes wearily. Maryx got out of the cab and took the *concierge* and myself aside.

"This," he said, "I fear will be a very serious case. His nervous system has received a very terrible shock, and his constitution seems to me to have been always weak. Perhaps he works too hard." Here the *concierge*, seeing that he was speaking to a man of importance, cast his discretion to the winds and began eagerly: "Oh, yes, monsieur," he works very hard and he was never strong, I —"

"Never mind now," interrupted the doctor. "The first thing to do is to get him to his bed. Pray go and tell your wife and then come back and help us carry him up-stairs to his room. He is suffering from a series of fainting fits and I want to get him to bed at once. Pray lose no time; I don't want him to faint in the cab." The wife of the *concierge* now put in an appearance, and being like all the Parisiennes a most sensible and practical although most tender-hearted woman, she wasted no time in vain lamentation but gave me at once some useful information. I explained everything to her in a moment.

"M. Tudor is an Englishman, as you know, and I met him last evening for the first time. He greatly interested me and

I am only anxious to be of service to him."

"Ah!" she interrupted, "is monsieur then the gentleman who bought that beautiful doll for little Mariette?" I nodded. "Oh, if you had only seen the pleasure it gave her! *Chère petite!* What she has suffered and what M. Roselin has suffered, God only knows!"

"She is asleep now, is she not?"

"Yes, at least she was half an hour ago — asleep with the doll in her arms. But she is so weak she sleeps most of the time!"

"There is no one else living with them, is there?" I inquired.

"No one; M. Roselin lived here alone until the mother of the little one was murdered and then he took her to live with him. But she will not live long; the doctors say she may die any day now." These few words of explanation took only a minute or two and were spoken as the chemist's assistant and Aristide were making, under the surveillance of Maryx, preparations to lift the inanimate form (for the poor boy had fainted again) from the cab.

"Let me," said the *concierge*, "I can easily carry him alone. He weighs nothing, *pauvre petit!* Here, Caroline," addressing his wife, "take the key and go up with the gentlemen first."

"You go with her," said Maryx, turning to me, "and see that all is right. I will stay here and see the boy is properly lifted." So turning into the courtyard I followed the woman, who with key in hand led the way.

"We need not disturb the little one," she explained breathlessly as we mounted the stairs. "M. Roselin's bedroom where he sleeps and works is next to hers, but there is a thick wall between and she will hear nothing if we are careful. I had no idea he had gone out; he ought to have told us. He came in at midnight with the doll; we were just going to bed, but he dropped in to see us to ask us to come up and see the little one's delight. So we both left the *loge* and went up with him. She was waiting for him wide awake, for he had told her he was going to bring it to her. She has talked of nothing else for weeks past. Oh, monsieur, if you had only seen her joy it would have made you cry! She heard us coming, for as I opened the door M. Roselin called out, 'I've got it, *chérie*, I've got it!' and we found her sitting up in bed trembling with excitement, her arms outstretched. Then M. Roselin ran up to her and put the box

in her arms and took her in his and kissed her and fondled her. He was crying, monsieur, I saw the tears streaming down his face. But the little one hardly seemed to notice him, she was so anxious to see the doll," and here the woman paused breathlessly.

"And when she did see it?" I enquired.

"Ah, monsieur, when she did see it she cried out in a piteous way '*Maman! Maman! Maman!*' and took it in her arms and hugged and kissed it, and then we all cried and laughed together. Then we left them, my husband and I, and we heard nothing more. M. Roselin said nothing about going out, but as I always come up at seven to see how Mariette is I found he was not in, and the little one was alone and asleep, and so I went away without waking her. He must have crept out in the early morning."

We had now reached the fifth floor, and the worthy woman unlocking a door to the left of the landing we found ourselves at once in a large, lofty, wainscoted, old-fashioned room very poorly furnished and with the floor littered with papers. In one corner stood a small iron bedstead, in the centre of the room a writing-desk also covered with papers; and these, with three shabby chairs which might at one time have been green but which were now no color in particular, a chest of drawers, and a washing-stand completed the furniture of this humble dwelling. The looking-glass over the fireplace was crowded with letters, memoranda, and cards.

"The little one sleeps next door," whispered the woman, nodding in the direction of a thick green baize door which was closed, "and the walls are so thick that when the door is closed you have to call to be heard." While thus speaking she was opening and smoothing the bed which had evidently not been slept in, and now, as I heard the tread of men carrying a burthen mounting the stairs, she began making the fire, I standing by her side the while and half unconsciously reading the open notes and cards lying on the mantelshelf, when my eyes lighted on a photograph of a young actress, and I recognized at once the girl I had seen three years before acting in "*Les Trois Margots*," at the Bouffes, — Marie Dufresne, the woman Corsi had assassinated, the mother of the child sleeping in the next room. How well I understood now the look of horror which had come into his face when he said, in reply to my question, "Her mother did not die of consumption!" But the

sound of footsteps slowly mounting the stairs drew nearer, and Maryx entered the room.

"Ha!" exclaimed the great man drawing a long breath, "your friend lives too near paradise to suit me, but he has comfortable enough quarters when you get here. Here he is — be careful — be careful," — and the *concierge* came staggering into the room, carrying in his arms the unconscious lad and followed by the chemist's assistant. "Lay him on the bed — there — gently — so. We will undress him and put him to bed presently. Lift his head higher — there, that's right." Then turning to me he said, "What do you intend doing? I am going to stay here. I have nothing special to do this morning and this case interests me."

"Of course I shall stay," I replied. "I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you, Maryx," and I tried to take his hand. But he laughed, and ignoring my proffered hand ran his fingers through his beard.

"How absurd!" he exclaimed. "I am merely indulging in a caprice; that is all. Is he living alone?"

"No, he has a child, a little girl, living with him. She is asleep now in that room and knows nothing." And then, speaking in German, I told him in a few words what I knew, Maryx all the while listening to me, but keeping his eyes fixed on the prostrate form of the lad on the bed.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed suddenly to the chemist's assistant, who had unbuttoned the boy's collar, extracted a small bottle from his pocket, uncorked it, and was about to apply it to the lad's lips. "Leave him alone. I will attend to him presently myself. But if you want to make yourself useful, get this made up for me at once and bring it back yourself," and drawing up a chair to the writing-desk he sat down, pushed all the papers and books on to the floor carelessly, seized a pen and piece of paper and began writing, talking as he wrote. "When you have got this made up and have brought it back to me yourself, go to Dr. Tangpy's, — you know where he lives, just round the corner, don't you?"

"Yes, M. le Docteur."

"Well, go to him, wake him if necessary, and tell him I want to see him here at once and shall wait until he comes. Tell him in fact what you like, but bring him back with you." The man, delighted beyond measure at being entrusted with a message from so illustrious an individual as Professor Leopold Maryx, bowed and departed.

"Now," said Maryx, speaking very quickly and in German, "I must repeat to you what I said before. This is a very serious case. I will not bore you with scientific terms you would not understand, but I tell you frankly the boy is dying—that is, he will not, may not at least, die now, but he certainly will not live a year unless some extraordinary change for the better sets in, which I can hardly hope for. He is insensible now and will remain so until I choose to bring him round, which I shall do presently. But he will need constant care and watching. I will stay by him till my friend Tangpy comes"—and here Maryx divested himself of his hat, gloves, and voluminous fur coat, and began arranging his disordered evening dress, smoothing his white tie and examining with great care a rather damaged gardenia, as if he were about to wait upon an archduchess—"and I will tell Tangpy what I think and then leave your *protégé* in his hands, for I am lunching with Vulpian at twelve, and leave for Vienna tonight. What do you intend doing?"

"You asked me that before and I told you. I shall stay here also," I replied, following the example set me by Maryx, and throwing my great coat and other accoutrements on top of his. "I shall wait until you think I can go back to the hotel and change my dress, and then come back here again. I can't tell you how this poor lad interests me."

Maryx nodded, then changing into French and addressing the *concierge* and his wife, whose horror at hearing the detested language spoken had been somewhat modified by the unexpected sight of two gentlemen in evening dress standing before them: "Tell me about this little girl,—my friend here tells me she is very ill." The woman nodded. "She is sleeping in there," she said, pointing to the green baize door. "Shall I go and wake her?" Maryx hesitated.

"No," he said after a pause, "I think I will go in myself. If she is asleep I shall have time to watch her, listen to her breathing, and see what I think of her. If she is awake I will call you in." And so saying Maryx walked to the green baize door, opened it softly and passed into the next room on tip-toe, the door swinging to noiselessly behind him. But in a moment he was back again, saying very gently, and in almost a reverent tone: "Poor little child, she is dead!"

"Dead!" echoed the *concierge* and his wife, "dead!"

"Come and see," said the doctor, open-

ing the door, "she has been dead an hour at least."

The room into which we now passed was even more large and airy than the one in which poor Tudor lay, and had evidently been tastefully decorated by him for his little friend. There was a sofa and a *chaise longue* and many easy-chairs, and an open piano with a piece of music standing on the rest as if the player had suddenly been interrupted in his playing; and there were violets on the table and pretty pictures on the walls, and toys on the mantelshelf and on the chest of drawers and table—cheap toys, but the best he could afford to buy—and a child's picture-book lying open on the little table by the bed, with a crucifix by it and a closed prayer-book; and the bed itself was white and bright and pretty, and had dainty little pink curtains hanging over it and half hiding it; curtains which Maryx now drew back to show us that he had not been deceived. There she lay, a pretty little baby girl, lying as if asleep, with a smile upon her face, clasping tightly in her arms the beautifully dressed doll, the bright, pretty face of the puppet with the staring blue eyes, the golden curls, the little earrings, and the fashionable bonnet, lying close beside the ashen cheek of the dead child who had so longed for it and so loved it because it looked like her murdered mother, and who now in God's mercy had been taken to that mother. Death, more capricious than any pretty woman, had put aside all aspect of sombre majesty here, had come on his mission of peace unaccompanied by any horror, but lay nestling there like a soft white dove hiding under a pretty toy.

"How very beautiful!" murmured Maryx in German, and my heart echoed his words. "How very beautiful!" And so we three stood there speechless and in awe—spell-bound at the sight of this most vulgar accident of life—the ending of it, that common event which Schiller says is so universal that it must be good. And gazing on that fair dead face, the thought came to me how strange it was that I, by the merest accident, should have been the means of enlivening it with its last smile, and yet have come too late to make smiles dwell thereon as I had hoped to do. And then the love, the simple, self-sacrificing love this dying lad in the next room bore to the dead child lying there, how everything told of it,—the doll she held in her arms most of all! And as this thought came to my mind, my eyes left the two pretty and inanimate child-faces lying

cheek by cheek on the pillow,—the one as lifeless as the other, but both smiling—and fell upon the music lying open on the piano. I recognized it at once, for it was one of my favorites—a waltz of Chopin, a posthumous work,* one of the saddest and most touching expressions of a broken heart. Innocent and tender in its utterance as this child's life, but sad as her untimely death, no piece of music ever composed by a great master mind could possibly have been more in harmony with what so lightly lay upon that bed than this.

Maryx was the first to break the silence. Turning to the man he said, "You had better go to the Mairie and report this at once. My friend, Dr. Tangpy, who will be here in a few minutes, will see about the rest. In the mean time you had all better leave me here alone."

So we three, the man and his wife and I, returned to the adjoining room, where we found Tudor still lying on his back insensible, looking indeed far more like a corpse than she whose breath had really sped forever; and it was in fact probably the majesty of his stillness and the great pathos of the repose of this lad, who would soon be called back again to life to have his heart once more cruelly wounded, that checked the outburst of violent emotion which I had seen foreshadowed in the face of both the *concierge* and his wife.

"Hush!" I said in a whisper, pointing to the lad, as if he could hear us, "we must be quiet and make no noise. It is all over with her—we must now only think of him." Then turning to the man: "You had better go at once to the Mairie," I said, "but send me the first *commissionnaire* you meet on your way. Your wife will stay with me for a moment,—I have something to say to her." When the man, who by this time could with difficulty restrain his emotion, had left the room, I said to his wife, who stood as if half dazed, looking at the unconscious youth and with the tears streaming down her cheeks, "Have you any vacant rooms in the house?"

At first she could hardly trust herself to answer me, but at length she said, "Yes, there is a large apartment on this same floor to be let, on the other side of the landing, but it is unfurnished."

"Well, I will take it for the time being, until the *propriétaire* lets it. I will pay him beforehand, so he need fear nothing. You can easily hire or buy for me what

is necessary. I am going to stay here"—and I put money into her hand, the poor woman gazing at me with an astonishment that almost interrupted the falling of her tears. Then I sat down and wrote two letters,—one a line to my servant at the hotel, telling him to bring me what was necessary, and then a letter to one of my dearest friends, the Duchesse de Lussac, who is as good as she is fair and as fair as she is good, and what can I say more? I hurriedly told her all, adding that I knew I could rely upon her aid and advice, and that I should wait impatiently until she could come and give it to me. Just as I had finished the *commissionnaire* arrived, and almost directly behind him came the physician whom Maryx had sent for. I told him all in as few words as possible; he looked at the lad for a moment, felt his pulse, shook his head, and then went into the next room to join his colleague without saying a word.

But what took place during the next few days I need hardly linger over. When Tudor was brought round his mind was found to be wandering, and then brain-fever set in. Madame de Lussac came in great haste at eleven, and her husband, the duke, who was never behindhand in good works, followed her at two. When Maryx returned from his breakfast with Dr. Vulpian, he found his colleague Tangpy paying his second visit, and so we five—the duke and duchess, the two physicians, and myself—held a council of war. That I should stay by the lad until the last or until he should have sufficiently recovered to permit of my moving him to more comfortable quarters I had decided, and all present approved of my decision. All pecuniary details I of course took upon myself; Tangpy promised to do all that science and his own experience (coupled, if need be, with that of his friend), could achieve, while Madame de Lussac undertook the most precious part of all, the tender care, nursing, and sympathy. So Maryx was justified in saying, when he departed late in the afternoon and only just in time to dine in haste and catch his train, that he left his interesting patient in good hands, and that if he did not recover it would certainly not be for lack of care. The funeral of the little girl took place on the following day. The duke and his beautiful duchess undertook all the details connected with that ceremony and converted the death-chamber into a *chapelle ardente*, in the middle of which stood,

* Book iv. 1836. Op. lxix.

literally covered with flowers, the coffin containing the dead child and her doll, which at the suggestion of Madame de Lussac was buried with her. During all that time poor Tudor lay partly in a swoon and partly delirious, but wholly ignorant of what was taking place around him, and mercifully unconscious that his little friend had left him and was being taken to her last resting-place without a farewell kiss from his lips.

And now an extraordinary phenomenon took place,—one of those things which I think could only be possible in Paris. Suddenly this delirious, dying lad, this poor, ugly, almost deformed youth, who was a foreigner by birth and who lived by the few paltry francs he could earn by copying, became the fashion, and the right to watch by his bedside (of course I had engaged a trained nurse recommended by Tangpy) came to be looked upon as a coveted privilege by the ladies of the Noble Faubourg, and all that was bluest of blood, fairest of face, and most richly endowed with acres, ducats, and power in the patrician world of Paris took turns by day and by night to watch by the bedside of this broken-hearted little waif, not carelessly and capriciously, but earnestly and tenderly, Madame la Marquise coming from the opera to take the place of Madame la Comtesse who was due at a *soirée*, and Madame la Marquise in turn being relieved by Madame la Baronne on her return from a ball. The tenderness and care and skill which these *grandes dames* gave proof of in nursing seemed to me marvellous and almost incredible. Ladies whom I had considered incapable of any more strict obedience to the Divine Will than that which may be comprehended in being absolutely adorable in grace, beauty, and refinement, showed a patience, sympathy, and kindness which even Florence Nightingale could hardly have excelled. But these garrets in this old house in this shabby street were not only thus transformed into a vision-house, wherein a most sweet dream of fair and good women rested as a perfume, but they furthermore became the *rendezvous* of all the most prominent men of letters in Paris, most of whom knew Tudor personally, and from whom I learnt some of the particulars of his past life.

His father, an Englishman by birth, had come to Paris in early youth and had been engaged in some literary capacity by the benevolent Galignanis, but he had left them after some years and started for

himself as a bookbinder and printer on a small scale at Rueil, near Paris. From what I could gather he would appear to have been a man of considerable culture and refinement, but a visionary—weak and self-indulgent, and feebly ambitious. The lad's mother had been a famous model, and had thus been brought in contact with all the celebrities of the artistic world of Paris, Théophile Gautier having been her staunchest and truest friend and the godfather of her son and only child, to whom he had given the absurd name of Roselin, after the legend of the *Quatre Fils Aymon*. When Astarte, as Baudelaire had christened the beautiful model, married plain John Tudor, the struggling English printer, great had been the wailing and gnashing of teeth in the artistic world; but, as she died eighteen months after her wedding day, the memory of her beauty had not had time to fade away, and all the painters, sculptors, poets, and *littérateurs* of Paris came forward to do their best to aid the heartbroken widower and the infant Roselin, foremost among them, of course—as he was always in the front rank when a deed of delicate kindness was to be done—being Jules Sandeau, who took a special interest in the child's education and training, and eventually got him a berth in a bookseller's shop in the Rue des Saint Pères where, if the salary was but meagre, the lad had the run of all the classics in every language; his good-natured employer, himself a famous scholar, taking delight in teaching the clever boy Italian, Latin, Greek, and German, and thus introducing him to the best works of the greatest thinkers. Then a great misfortune befell the lad; he was seized with small-pox in its most virulent form, and after months of suffering, during which his father died, he left his bed at the hospital disfigured and debilitated for life, to find that his employer had failed and left Paris. In this emergency Jules Sandeau had again come to the rescue, and reminding his literary colleagues that they could not let the son of Astarte die of starvation, had procured dramatic and other copying work for him in connection with the house of Deporte, the leading men of letters, moreover, banding themselves together at the instigation of Sandeau to invest for the lad in the form of an annuity a sum in the Rentes, small of course but sufficient to keep him, especially when supplemented by what he might earn by copying, from absolute indigence. Such was the simple story. When, where, and in what way he

had ever become acquainted with Marie Dufresne, the murdered actress, nobody seemed to know; but then, as De Lussac reminded me, the *passure ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile* is a common enough event in the artistic world of the Ville Lumière.

Many a long and weary day and night passed before an opportunity presented itself of telling the poor boy of the death of his little friend. I had thought the matter over and consulted with my friends, and taking into consideration what the doctor had said about the lad's death being merely a question of weeks, and recalling to mind what he himself had said about his desire to die, I had decided that in the circumstances the news that his little friend had gone before him would come to him as a joy rather than as a fresh sorrow. Nor was I mistaken in this conjecture, although I was indeed spared the pain of breaking the news to him, for he divined it. It came about in this wise. After a terrible night of delirium he had fallen into another swoon, and on his recovery from this came his first lucid interval. Madame de Lussac, the trained nurse, and I were by his bedside, when he opened his eyes and looked at me for the first time with a glance of recognition. His eyes then wandered around the room and I divined what he was looking for, and then, as I saw he wished to speak, I bowed my ear to his lips.

"Is she asleep or dead?" he whispered.

"Which would you wish her to be?" I inquired.

"Dead," he murmured.

"She is not asleep," I said. He looked at me, and my eyes told him what he sought to know.

"Thank God!" he murmured, "for I am dying too!"

A week after this the end came, but three days before his death the delirium left him and he became very calm; and when at length he was allowed to speak, we told each other all we had to tell. I told him all that had taken place since that terrible night on the Place de la Roquette, and very plainly informed him that he was right and that he was dying, but that I should be with him to the last.

And he in his turn told me the simple story of the only romantic episode in his life, his love for the murdered actress; of how he had first seen her in a fairy piece at the Porte St. Martin and lost his heart to her; of how she had laughed at him

and scorned him, but still allowed him, out of pity for his great love of her, to see her sometimes as a humble and devoted friend who would willingly lay down his life for her; and of how by degrees he had brought himself to look upon this privilege as a greater and more precious joy than if she had given him her heart. Then came the advent of the handsome and mysterious adventurer, Corsi, whom the girl had met and fallen in love with at Monte Carlo, and then the robbery and the murder. The victim had no parents, and so Tudor had taken her little child. The rest the reader knows. The story, as I say, was a most simple one, but told in the lad's strangely dramatic way it was a terrible one. His mind indeed seemed to me like a most curious armory in which might have been found perhaps almost any weapon from the brave lance of the pure-hearted knight to the jewel-hilted dagger of a Borgia; the result, doubtless, of many morbid influences, the unhealthy fruit of precocious and misdirected study springing from an overtaxed imagination, nourished by unsatisfied passion, and strengthened by a spirit of revolt against the accidents of life which had kept his soul from soaring. He was a true *fleur d'asphalte*, born of a caprice and nourished in the unhealthy atmosphere of the studios and *coulisses*; and had it not been for the vigor and spirit which were very apparent even on his death-bed, and which he had inherited from his English father, his many great though undeveloped talents might have led him into crime, backed up and spurred on as they were by a vanity which had lost nothing of its morbid strength by the fact of its never having met with that partial justification which comes with success. As it was, the innate manliness of the lad had induced him to assume the haughty attitude of a disdainful rebel, and given to his rugged, disfigured countenance that expression which, as I have said, reminded one of Danton.

Roselin Tudor lies in the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and now, when at Christmas time I find myself alone in Paris, there is one invitation which is resistless, one hospitable challenge which may not be refused, coming in a noiseless whisper from that lonely grave. And while I stand there looking down upon the simple little mound, there invariably steals into my ear the sad, despairing melody of that posthumous waltz of Chopin which always seems to me to tell, almost in detail, the story of Roselin Tudor's life.

From Longman's Magazine.
MY ISLANDS.

ABOUT the middle of the Miocene period, as well as I can now remember (for I made no note of the precise date at the moment), my islands first appeared above the stormy sheet of the north-west Atlantic as a little rising group of mountain tops, capping a broad boss of submarine volcanoes. My attention was originally called to the new archipelago by a brother investigator of my own aerial race, who pointed out to me on the wing that at a spot some nine hundred miles to the west of the Portuguese coast, just opposite the place where your mushroom city of Lisbon now stands, the water of the ocean, as seen in a bird's-eye view from some three thousand feet above, formed a distinct greenish patch such as always betokens shoals or rising ground at the bottom. Flying out at once to the point he indicated, and poising myself above it on my broad pinions at a giddy altitude, I saw at a glance that my friend was quite right. Land-making was in progress. A volcanic upheaval was taking place on the bed of the sea. A new island group was being forced right up by lateral pressure or internal energies from a depth of at least two thousand fathoms.

I had always had a great liking for the study of material plants and animals, and I was so much interested in the occurrence of this novel phenomenon—the growth and development of an oceanic island before my very eyes—that I determined to devote the next few thousand centuries or so of my æonian existence to watching the course of its gradual evolution.

If I trusted to unaided memory, however, for my dates and facts, I might perhaps at this distance of time be uncertain whether the moment was really what I have roughly given, within a geological age or two, the period of the Mid-Miocene. But existing remains on one of the islands constituting my group (now called in your new-fangled terminology *Santa Maria*) help me to fix with comparative certainty the precise epoch of their original upheaval. For these remains, still in evidence on the spot, consist of a few small marine deposits of Upper Miocene age; and I recollect distinctly that after the main group had been for some time raised above the surface of the ocean, and after sand and streams had formed a small sedimentary deposit containing Upper Miocene fossils beneath the shoal water surrounding the main group, a slight

change of level occurred, during which this minor island was pushed up with the Miocene deposits on its shoulders, as a sort of natural memorandum to assist my random scientific recollections. With that solitary exception, however, the entire group remains essentially volcanic in its composition, exactly as it was when I first saw its youthful craters and its red-hot ash-cones pushed gradually up, century after century, from the deep blue waters of the Mid-Miocene ocean.

All round my islands the Atlantic then, as now, had a depth, as I said before, of two thousand fathoms; indeed, in some parts between the group and Portugal the plummet of your human navigators finds no bottom, I have often heard them say, till it reaches twenty-five hundred; and out of this profound sea-bed the volcanic energies pushed up my islands as a small submarine mountain range, whose topmost summits alone stood out bit by bit above the level of the surrounding sea. One of them, the most abrupt and cone-like, by name now *Pico*, rises to this day, a magnificent sight, sheer seven thousand feet into the sky from the placid sheet that girds it round on every side. You creatures of to-day, approaching it in one of your clumsy, new-fashioned, fire-driven canoes that you call steamers, must admire immensely its conical peak, as it stands out silhouetted against the glowing horizon in the deep red glare of a sub-tropical Atlantic sunset.

But when I, from my solitary aerial perch, saw my islands rise bare and massive first from the water's edge, the earliest idea that occurred to me as an investigator of nature was simply this: how will they ever get clad with soil and herbage and living creatures? So naked and barren were their black crags and rocks of volcanic slag, that I could hardly conceive how they could ever come to resemble the other smiling oceanic islands which I looked down upon in my flight from day to day over so many wide and scattered oceans. I set myself to watch, accordingly, whence they would derive the first seeds of life, and what changes would take place under dint of time upon their desolate surface.

For a long epoch, while the mountains were still rising in their active volcanic state, I saw but little evidence of a marked sort of the growth of living creatures upon their loose piles of pumice. Gradually, however, I observed that spores of lichens, blown towards them by the wind, were beginning to sprout upon the more settled

rocks, and to discolor the surface in places with grey and yellow patches. Bit by bit, as rain fell upon the new-born hills, it brought down from their weathered summits sand and mud, which the torrents ground small and deposited in little hollows in the valleys; and at last something like earth was found at certain spots, on which seeds, if there had been any, might doubtless have rooted and flourished exceedingly.

My primitive idea, as I watched my islands in this their almost lifeless condition, was that the Gulf Stream and the trade winds from America would bring the earliest higher plants and animals to our shores. But in this I soon found I was quite mistaken. The distance to be traversed was so great, and the current so slow, that the few seeds or germs of American species cast up upon the shore from time to time were mostly far too old and water-logged to show signs of life in such ungenial conditions. It was from the nearer coasts of Europe, on the contrary, that our earliest colonists seemed to come. Though the prevalent winds set from the west, more violent storms reached us occasionally from the eastward direction; and these, blowing from Europe, which lay so much closer to our group, were far more likely to bring with them by waves or wind some waifs and strays of the European fauna and flora.

I well remember the first of these great storms that produced any distinct impression on my islands. The plants that followed in its wake were a few small ferns, whose light spores were more readily carried on the breeze than any regular seeds of flowering plants. For a month or two nothing very marked occurred in the way of change, but slowly the spores rooted, and soon produced a small crop of ferns, which, finding the ground unoccupied, spread when once fairly started with extraordinary rapidity, till they covered all the suitable positions throughout the islands.

For the most part, however, additions to the flora, and still more to the fauna, were very gradually made; so much so that most of the species now found in the group did not arrive there till after the end of the Glacial epoch, and belong essentially to the modern European assemblage of plants and animals. This was partly because the islands themselves were surrounded by pack-ice during that chilly period, which interrupted for a time the course of my experiment. It was interesting, too, after the ice cleared

away, to note what kinds could manage by stray accidents to cross the ocean with a fair chance of sprouting or hatching out on the new soil, and which were totally unable by original constitution to survive the ordeal of immersion in the sea. For instance, I looked anxiously at first for the arrival of some casual acorn or some floating filbert, which might stock my islands with waving greenery of oaks and hazel bushes. But I gradually discovered, in the course of a few centuries, that these heavy nuts never floated securely so far as the outskirts of my little archipelago; and that consequently no chestnuts, apple-trees, beeches, alders, larches, or pines ever came to diversify my island valleys. The seeds that did really reach us from time to time belonged rather to one or other of four special classes. Either they were very small and light, like the spores of ferns, fungi, and club-mosses; or they were winged and feathery, like dandelion and thistle-down; or they were the stones of fruits that are eaten by birds, like rose-hips and hawthorn; or they were chaffy grains, enclosed in papery scales, like grasses and sedges, of a kind well adapted to be readily borne on the surface of the water. In all these ways new plants did really get wafted by slow degrees to the islands; and if they were of kinds adapted to the climate they grew and flourished, living down the first growth of ferns and flowerless herbs in the rich valleys.

The time which it took to people my archipelago with these various plants was, of course, when judged by your human standards, immensely long, as often the group received only a single new addition in the lapse of two or three centuries. But I noticed one very curious result of this haphazard and lengthy mode of stocking the country: some of the plants which arrived the earliest, having the coast all clear to themselves, free from the fierce competition to which they had always been exposed on the mainland of Europe, began to sport a great deal in various directions, and being acted upon here by new conditions, soon assumed under stress of natural selection totally distinct specific forms. (You see, I have quite mastered your best modern scientific vocabulary.) For instance, there were at first no insects of any sort on the islands; and so those plants which in Europe depended for their fertilization upon bees or butterflies had here either to adapt themselves somehow to the wind as a carrier of their pollen or else to die out for want of crossing.

Again, the number of enemies being reduced to a minimum, these early plants tended to lose various defences or protections they had acquired on the mainland against slugs or ants, and so to become different in a corresponding degree from their European ancestors. The consequence was that by the time you men first discovered the archipelago no fewer than forty kinds of plants had so far diverged from the parent forms in Europe or elsewhere that your savants considered them at once as distinct species, and set them down at first as indigenous creations. It amused me immensely.

For out of these forty plants thirty-four were to my certain knowledge of European origin. I had seen their seeds brought over by the wind or waves, and I had watched them gradually altering under stress of the new conditions into fresh varieties, which in process of time became distinct species. Two of the oldest were flowers of the dandelion and daisy group, provided with feathery seeds which enable them to fly far before the carrying breeze; and these two underwent such profound modifications in their insular home that the systematic botanists who at last examined them insisted upon putting each into a new genus, all by itself, invented for the special purpose of their reception. One almost equally ancient inhabitant, a sort of harebell, also became in process of time extremely unlike any other harebell I had ever seen in any part of my airy wanderings. But the remaining thirty new species or so, evolved in the islands by the special circumstances of the group, had varied so comparatively little from their primitive European ancestors that they hardly deserved to be called anything more than very distinct and divergent varieties.

Some five or six plants, however, I noted arrive in my archipelago, not from Europe, but from the Canaries or Madeira, whose distant blue peaks lay dim on the horizon far to the south-west of us, as I poised in mid-air high above the topmost pinnacle of my wild craggy Pico. These kinds, belonging to a much warmer region, soon, as I noticed, underwent considerable modification in our cooler climate, and were all of them adjudged distinct species by the learned gentlemen who finally reported upon my island realm to British science.

As far as I can recollect, then, the total number of flowering plants I noted in the islands before the arrival of man was about two hundred; and of these, as I

said before, only forty had so far altered in type as to be considered at present peculiar to the archipelago. The remainder were either comparatively recent arrivals or else had found the conditions of their new home so like those of the old one from which they migrated, that comparatively little change took place in their forms or habits. Of course, just in proportion as the islands got stocked I noticed that the changes were less and less marked; for each new plant, insect, or bird that established itself successfully tended to make the balance of nature more similar to the one that obtained in the mainland opposite, and so decreased the chances of novelty of variation. Hence, it struck me that the oldest arrivals were the ones which altered most in adaptation to the circumstances, while the newest, finding themselves in comparatively familiar surroundings, had less occasion to be selected for strange and curious freaks or sports of form or color.

The peopling of the islands with birds and animals, however, was to me even a more interesting and engrossing study in natural evolution than its peopling by plants, shrubs, and trees. I may as well begin, therefore, by telling you at once that no furry or hairy quadruped of any sort—no mammal, as I understand your men of science call them—was ever stranded alive upon the shores of my islands. For twenty or thirty centuries, indeed, I waited patiently, examining every piece of driftwood cast up upon our beaches, in the faint hope that perhaps some tiny mouse or shrew or water-vole might lurk half-drowned in some cranny or crevice of the bark or trunk. But it was all in vain. I ought to have known beforehand that terrestrial animals of the higher types never by any chance reach an oceanic island in any part of this planet. The only three specimens of mammals I ever saw tossed up on the beach were two drowned mice and an unhappy squirrel, all as dead as doornails, and horribly mauled by the sea and the breakers. Nor did we ever get a snake, a lizard, a frog, or a fresh-water fish, whose eggs I at first fondly supposed might occasionally be transported to us on bits of floating trees or matted turf, torn by floods from those prehistoric Lusitanian or African forests. No such luck was ours. Not a single terrestrial vertebrate of any sort appeared upon our shores before the advent of man with his domestic animals, who played havoc at once with my interesting experiment.

It was quite otherwise with the unobtrusive small deer of life—the snails, and beetles, and flies, and earth-worms—and especially with the winged things: birds, bats, and butterflies. In the very earliest days of my islands' existence, indeed, a few stray feathered fowls of the air were driven ashore here by violent storms, at a time when vegetation had not yet begun to clothe the naked pumice and volcanic rock; but these, of course, perished for want of food, as did also a few later arrivals, who came under stress of weather at the period when only ferns, lichens, and mosses had as yet obtained a foothold on the young archipelago. Sea-birds, of course, soon found out our rocks; but as they live off fish only, they contributed little more than rich beds of guano to the permanent colonizing of the islands. As well as I can remember, the land-snails were the earliest truly terrestrial casuals that managed to pick up a stray livelihood in these first colonial days of the archipelago. They came oftenest in the egg, sometimes clinging to water-logged leaves cast up by storms, sometimes hidden in the bark of floating driftwood, and sometimes swimming free on the open ocean. In one case, as I recall to myself well, a swallow, driven off from the Portuguese coast, a little before the Glacial period had begun to whiten the distant mountains of central and northern Europe, fell exhausted at last upon the shore of Terceira. There were no insects then for the poor bird to feed upon, so it died of starvation and weariness before the day was out; but a little earth that clung in a pellet to one of its feet contained the egg of a land-shell, while the prickly seed of a common Spanish plant was entangled among the wing feathers by its hooked awns. The egg hatched out, and became the parent of a large brood of minute snails, which, outliving the cold spell of the Ice Age, had developed into a very distinct type in the long period that intervened before the advent of man in the islands; while the seed sprang up on the natural manure heap afforded by the swallow's decaying body, and clinging to the valleys during the Glacial age on the hilltops, gave birth in due season to one of the most markedly indigenous of our Terceira plants.

Occasionally, too, very minute land-snails would arrive alive on the island after their long sea-voyage on bits of broken forest trees—a circumstance which I would perhaps hesitate to mention in mere human society were it not

that I have been credibly informed your own great naturalist, Darwin, tried the experiment himself with one of the biggest European land-mollusks, the great edible Roman snail, and found that it still lived on in vigorous style after immersion in sea-water for twenty days. Now, I myself observed that several of these bits of broken trees, torn down by floods in heavy storm-time from the banks of Spanish or Portuguese rivers, reached my island in eight or ten days after leaving the mainland, and sometimes contained eggs of small land-snails. But as very long periods often passed without a single new species being introduced into the group, any kind that once managed to establish itself on any of the islands usually remained for ages undisturbed by new arrivals, and so had plenty of opportunity to adapt itself perfectly by natural selection to the new conditions. The consequence was that out of some seventy land-snails now known in the islands, thirty-two had assumed distinct specific features before the advent of man, while thirty-seven (many of which, I think, I never noticed till the introduction of cultivated plants) are common to my group with Europe or with the other Atlantic islands. Most of these, I believe, came in with man and his disconcerting agriculture.

As to the pond and river snails, so far as I could observe, they mostly reached us later, being conveyed in the egg on the feet of stray waders or water-birds, which gradually peopled the island after the Glacial epoch.

Birds and all other flying creatures are now very abundant in all the islands; but I could tell you some curious and interesting facts, too, as to the mode of their arrival and the vicissitudes of their settlement. For example, during the age of the forest beds in Europe, a stray bullfinch was driven out to sea by a violent storm, and perched at last on a bush at Fayal. I wondered at first whether he would effect a settlement. But at that time no seeds or fruits fit for bullfinches to eat existed on the islands. Still, as it turned out, this particular bullfinch happened to have in his crop several undigested seeds of European plants exactly suited to the bullfinch taste; so when he died on the spot, these seeds, germinating abundantly, gave rise to a whole valleyful of appropriate plants for bullfinches to feed upon. Now, however, there was no bullfinch to eat them. For a long time, indeed, no other bullfinches arrived at my archipelago. Once,

to be sure, a few hundred years later, a single cock bird did reach the island alone, much exhausted with his journey, and managed to pick up a living for himself off the seeds introduced by his unhappy predecessor. But as he had no mate, he died at last, as your lawyers would say, without issue. It was a couple of hundred years or so more before I saw a third bullfinch — which didn't surprise me, for bullfinches are very woodland birds, and non-migratory into the bargain — so that they didn't often get blown seaward over the broad Atlantic. At the end of that time, however, I observed one morning a pair of finches, after a heavy storm, drying their poor, battered wings upon a shrub in one of the islands. From this solitary pair a new race sprang up, which developed after a time, as I imagined they must, into a distinct species. These local bullfinches now form the only birds peculiar to the islands; and the reason is one well divined by one of your own great naturalists (to whom I mean before I end to make the *amende honorable*). In almost all other cases the birds kept getting reinforced from time to time by others of their kind blown out to sea accidentally — for only such species were likely to arrive there — and this kept up the purity of the original race, by ensuring a cross every now and again with the European community. But the bullfinches, being the merest casuals, never again to my knowledge were reinforced from the mainland, and so they have produced at last a special island type, exactly adapted to the peculiarities of their new habitat.

You see, there was hardly ever a big storm on land that didn't bring at least one or two new birds of some sort or other to the islands. Naturally, too, the newcomers landed always on the first shore they could sight; and so at the present day the greatest number of species is found on the two easternmost islands nearest the mainland, which have forty kinds of land-birds, while the central islands have but thirty-six, and the western only twenty-nine. It would have been quite different, of course, if the birds came mainly from America with the trade winds and the Gulf Stream, as I at first anticipated. In that case, there would have been most kinds in the westernmost islands, and fewest stragglers in the far eastern. But your own naturalists have rightly seen that the existing distribution necessarily implies the opposite explanation.

Birds, I early noticed, are always great carriers of fruit-seeds, because they eat

the berries, but don't digest the hard little stones within. It was in that way, I fancy, that the Portugal laurel first came to my islands, because it has an edible fruit with a very hard seed; and the same reason must account for the presence of the myrtle, with its small blue berry; the laurustinus, with its currant-like fruit; the elder-tree, the canary laurel, the local sweet-gale, and the peculiar juniper. Before these shrubs were introduced thus unconsciously by our feathered guests, there were no fruits on which berry-eating birds could live; but now they are the only native trees or large bushes on the islands — I mean the only ones not directly planted by you mischief-making men, who have entirely spoilt my nice little experiment.

It was much the same with the history of some among the birds themselves. Not a few birds of prey, for example, were driven to my little archipelago by stress of weather in its very early days; but they all perished for want of sufficient small quarry to make a living out of. As soon, however, as the islands had got well stocked with robins, black-caps, wrens, and wagtails, of European types — as soon as the chaffinches had established themselves on the seaward plains, and the canary had learnt to nest without fear among the Portugal laurels — then buzzards, long-eared owls, and common barn-owls, driven westward by tempests, began to pick up a decent living on all the islands, and have ever since been permanent residents, to the immense terror and discomfort of our smaller song-birds. Thus the older the archipelago got the less chance was there of local variation taking place to any large degree, because the balance of life each day grew more closely to resemble that which each species had left behind it in its native European or African mainland.

I said a little while ago we had no mammal in the islands. In that I was not quite strictly correct. I ought to have said, no terrestrial mammal. A little Spanish bat got blown to us once by a rough nor'easter, and took up its abode at once among the caves of our archipelago, where it hawks to this day after our flies and beetles. This seemed to me to show very conspicuously the advantage which winged animals have in the matter of cosmopolitan dispersion; for while it was quite impossible for rats, mice, or squirrels to cross the intervening belt of three hundred leagues of sea, their little winged relation, the flitter mouse, made the jour-

ney across quite safely on his own leathery vans, and with no greater difficulty than a swallow or a wood-pigeon.

The insects of my archipelago tell very much the same story as the birds and the plants. Here, too, winged species have stood at a great advantage. To be sure, the earliest butterflies and bees that arrived in the fern-clad period were starved for want of honey; but as soon as the valleys began to be thickly tangled with composites, harebells, and sweet-scented myrtle-bushes, these nectar-eating insects established themselves successfully, and kept their breed true by occasional crosses with fresh arrivals blown to sea afterwards. The development of the beetles I watched with far greater interest, as they assumed fresh forms much more rapidly under their new conditions of restricted food and limited enemies. Many kinds I observed which came originally from Europe, sometimes in the larval state, sometimes in the egg, and sometimes flying as full-grown insects before the blast of the angry tempest. Several of these changed their features rapidly after their arrival in the islands, producing at first divergent varieties, and finally, by dint of selection, acting in various ways, through climate, food, or enemies, on these nascent forms, evolving into stable and well-adapted species. But I noticed three cases where bits of driftwood thrown up from South America on the western coasts contained the eggs or larvæ of American beetles, while several others were driven ashore from the Canaries or Madeira; and in one instance even a small insect, belonging to a type now confined to Madagascar, found its way safely by sea to this remote spot, where, being a female with eggs, it succeeded in establishing a flourishing colony. I believe, however, that at the time of its arrival it still existed on the African continent, but becoming extinct there under stress of competition with higher forms, it now survives only in these two widely separated insular areas.

It was an endless amusement to me during those long centuries, while I devoted myself entirely to the task of watching my fauna and flora develop itself, to look out from day to day for any chance arrival by wind or waves, and to follow the course of its subsequent vicissitudes and evolution. In a great many cases, especially at first, the new-comer found no niche ready for it in the established order of things on the islands, and was fain at last, after a hard struggle, to retire forever from the unequal contest. But often

enough, too, he made a gallant fight for it, and, adapting himself rapidly to his new environment, changed his form and habits with surprising facility. For natural selection, I found, is a hard schoolmaster. If you happen to fit your place in the world, you live and thrive, but if you don't happen to fit it, to the wall with you without quarter. Thus sometimes I would see a small Canary beetle quickly take to new food and new modes of life on my islands under my very eyes, so that in a century or so I judged him myself worthy of the distinction of a separate species; while in another case, I remember, a south European weevil evolved before long into something so wholly different from his former self that a systematic entomologist would have been forced to enroll him in a distinct genus. I often wish now that I had kept a regular collection of all the intermediate forms, to present as an illustrative series to one of your human museums; but in those days, of course, we none of us imagined anybody but ourselves would ever take an interest in these problems of the development of life, and we let the chance slide till it was too late to recover it.

Naturally, during all these ages changes of other sorts were going on in my islands — elevations and subsidences, separations and reunions, which helped to modify the life of the group considerably. Indeed, volcanic action was constantly at work altering the shapes and sizes of the different rocky mountain-tops, and bringing now one, now another, into closer relations than before with its neighbors. Why, as recently as 1811 (a date which is so fresh in my memory that I could hardly forget it) a new island was suddenly formed by submarine eruption off the coast of St. Michael's, to which the name of Sabrina was momentarily given by your human geographers. It was about a mile around and three hundred feet high; but, consisting as it did of loose cinders only, it was soon washed away by the force of the waves in that stormy region. I merely mention it here to show how recently volcanic changes have taken place in my islands, and how continuously the internal energy has been at work modifying and rearranging them.

Up to the moment of the arrival of man in the archipelago, the whole population, animal and vegetable, consisted entirely of these waifs and strays, blown out to sea from Europe or Africa, and modified more or less on the spot in accordance with the varying needs of their new home.

But the advent of the obtrusive human species spoilt the game at once for an independent observer. Man immediately introduced oranges, bananas, sweet potatoes, grapes, plums, almonds, and many other trees or shrubs in which, for selfish reasons, he was personally interested. At the same time he quite unconsciously and unintentionally stocked the islands with a fine, vigorous crop of European weeds, so that the number of kinds of flowering plants included in the modern flora of my little archipelago exceeds, I think, by fully one-half that which I remember before the date of the Portuguese occupation. In the same way, besides his domestic animals, this spoil-sport colonist man brought in his train accidentally rabbits, weasels, mice, and rats, which now abound in many parts of the group, so that the islands have now in effect a wild mammalian fauna. What is more odd, a small lizard has also got about in the walls — not, as you would imagine, a native-born Portuguese subject, but of a kind found only in Madeira and Teneriffe, and, as far as I could make out at the time, it seemed to me to come over with cuttings of Madeira vines for planting at St. Michael's. It was about the same time, I imagine, that eels and gold-fish first got loose from glass globes into the ponds and watercourses.

I have forgotten to mention, what you will no doubt yourself long since have inferred, that my archipelago is known among human beings in modern times as the Azores; and also that traces of all these curious facts of introduction and modification, which I have detailed here in their historical order, may still be detected by an acute observer and reasoner in the existing condition of the fauna and flora. Indeed, one of your own countrymen, Mr. Goodman, has collected all the most salient of these facts in his "Natural History of the Azores," and another of your distinguished men of science, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, has given essentially the same explanations beforehand as those which I have here ventured to lay, from another point of view, before a critical human audience. But while Mr. Wallace has arrived at them by a process of arguing backward from existing facts to prior causes and probable antecedents, it occurred to me, who had enjoyed such exceptional opportunities of watching the whole process unfold itself from the very beginning, that a strictly historical account of how I had seen it come about, step after step, might possess for some of you a greater direct interest than Mr. Wallace's

inferential solution of the self-same problem. If, through lapse of memory or inattention to detail at so remote a period, I have set down aught amiss, I sincerely trust you will be kind enough to forgive me. But this little epic of the peopling of a single oceanic archipelago by casual strays, which I alone have had the good fortune to follow through all its episodes, seemed to me too unique and valuable a chapter in the annals of life to be withheld entirely from the scientific world of your eager, ephemeral, nineteenth-century humanity.

GRANT ALLEN.

From The Contemporary Review.

MUTE WITNESSES OF THE REVOLUTION.

A WALK THROUGH THE HISTORICAL EXHIBITION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE Society for promoting Historical Research into the Revolution and its causes, have sought in their exhibition to correct, by a series of visible objects, the written accounts of that event. Truth, and nothing but the truth, was their aim. To get at the whole truth was impossible. Their belief in the salutary nature of that great event, or series of events, moved them to receive every kind of evidence which bore upon the Revolution. The imagery expressing the enthusiasm which the sweeping movement called out, the caricatures which were meant to sting and injure those who held the handle of the besom, the touching relics of the Temple prison, the picture of the dauphin in the ill condition in which the cobbler Simon kept him, are all impartially displayed. Louis XVI., the Girondins and Jacobins, the Mountain and Plain, Danton and Robespierre, Charlotte Corday and Marat, are equally in view. This exhibition, arranged with chronological sequence, shows first the precursors, and then the actors, in the period embraced between the opening of the States-General in 1789 and the creation in 1804 of the empire, which arose in tawdry showiness and ended in depletion and national disaster.

Everything is full of suggestion in the material evidence thus collected and classified. One sees what the monarchy was before the storm burst which brought it down, the rapidity of its fall, and the spontaneously evolved agencies which forced France into a republic. That the Revolution was to be, and could not but be, is the conclusion forced upon the thoughtful visitor who has been prepared by previ-

ous study to seize the points furnished by the mute witnesses of which I speak. Human design had but a small part in directing the general current of events, which imparted to commonplace men and women who took part in them an astonishing grandeur. Others of the actors, who had evil passions, became prodigiously terrible. Most were as if under the influence of possession. Some were possessed by noble, some by ferocious spirits, and all, consciously or unconsciously, aided in transforming the oldest and most powerful monarchy of Europe into a republic. It is shown in the hall devoted to the precursors of the Revolution that the tempest had its birthplace in North America, and that Washington, not less than Voltaire and Rousseau, helped to furnish the momentum.

Montgolfier the balloonist, and Galvani, are classed as precursors, though the scientists had but a small place among those who prepared the way for the Revolution. Galvani in reanimating dead frogs and Franklin in flying his kite had an intuition that much was to come of what they were doing. But they could not have known that they were beginning to give a nervous system to the planet.

Irony was the great intellectual power of the eighteenth century. Its reign began in England, having its origin as far back as the reign of Charles II.; and that reign was extended through Voltaire to Paris and Berlin, where Frederick sought in it an intellectual pastime. The wits were masters of the age. Ribaldry and raillery filled its literature, and held the first place in letters and in the conversation of the great. Voltaire towered above them all, because he had a burning hatred of injustice and of those legal iniquities which were giants in his time. What wit before him ever elected to be an exile for the best part of his life rather than cease attacking inhuman laws and customs? There was no such reforming purpose in Bolingbroke, Sterne, or Fielding, whatever there may have been by fits and starts in Swift.

It is therefore due to Voltaire to place his bust by Houdon at the entrance to the hall of the precursors. Rousseau's faces it. The one came to destroy through intellectual action, the other to set right the world, which he found out of joint, through the action of the heart and sensibilities. Rousseau was the father of Socialism, and found his gospel in the New Testament. It was brought home to him by a life of misery too great for words to utter. Louis

Blanc was his descendant in the spiritual order, and Lassalle, Karl Marx, and the German Socialists borrowed largely of Louis Blanc. Rousseau was the teacher of the blessings of inwardness. His effigy is indicative of painful chronic disease, from the misery of which he could only escape by retiring to a dreamland within himself. There he found the eloquence which enabled him to give old truths the freshness of a spring bloom. His eyes, as if drawn in from behind, have the look which we find in a cholera patient who is past recovery. There is also a querulous expression which, if it robs the head of dignity, testifies to the sculptor's veracity.

On a panel facing the door kept by these two illustrious janitors, we find proof that tradespeople made use of the events of the Revolution to make business hits. A piece of printed Jouy cotton is stretched on the panel; the prints are in red, brown, and grey, on a white ground, and illustrate the rejoicings at the fall of the Bastille. That prison fortress is all but demolished, and the rubbish is being cleared away. No cotton printer of our time would pack such a variety of designs into a space of a few yards square. Parties of pleasure visit the ruins, cross a drawbridge, unfurl flags, dance, embrace, drink coffee, and read gazettes at little tables. Elegantly dressed ladies wheel rubbish away in barrows. A fever of demolition has taken hold of men who tear down walls. Costumes mark the date 1790. The Marie Antoinette style is not yet out, but it is going, going, and soon will be gone.

This Jouy cotton was intended as a substitute for tapestry. A treaty of commerce was concluded between France and England a few years before the Revolution. The competition of English cottons and pottery had already put the French upon their mettle. It was complained that, while France bought largely these wares of England, England bought but little Sèvres, Bourg la Reine, Nevers, or Rouen porcelain and faïence, because they were too dear. A means of taking the wind out of the English sails was hit upon by French potters in the Revolution. It was to give the interest of actuality to vessels in coarse clays, which would be within the reach of persons of small means. They carried out their idea, and a great number of pictorial plates, dishes, salad-bowls, and barber's dishes frame the square of Jouy cotton, and help to illustrate episodes of the Revolution. They belong to the famous Champfleury collection.

Voltaire and Rousseau occupy the largest space in the Precursor's Hall. Both great men are in many subject-pictures. Fancy has no part in those of Voltaire, who often gave hospitality to artists. One of them did for him from life a picture of the Colas family, which is here. But imagination runs riot in most of the subject-pictures about Rousseau. There are cursory sketches of Voltaire in pen and ink worth close study. Obviously they were also done from life, and perhaps he was not aware when the artists' pencil was busy setting down his traits that he was being sketched. His visage is worn away, his mouth sunken from want of teeth, and the body attenuated and bent. A few lines mark the contour of jaw, strong cheek-bones, nose, forehead, and goggle eyes, which are still watchful, bright, and eager, and it may surprise many to hear, strangely and beautifully soft. Indeed, all the harshness lies around the mouth. In another sketch he is writing, and looks as though he knew that vitriol flowed from his pen. A portrait of him in pastels of singular charm was done when he was a young man. The limner caught and fixed a bright fugitive expression. Another in the same style, done by La Tour as a study for a portrait in oils, brings Voltaire at the age of forty-two vividly before us. He must have been then a man of rare fascination, and had the beauty of an interesting and highly intellectual physiognomy. The smile has not yet become the harsh rictus with which we are familiar, and shows amiability. Joseph Vernet's pencil enables us to form a lively idea of Voltaire's reception at the Academy a few days before his death, and that of Moreau the Younger, of the ovation given him at the Théâtre Français (now the Odéon) on March 16, 1778.

"Irène" has just been played, and the drop-curtain lifted. All the company are on the stage, the actors dressed as Kemble used to be in "Coriolanus," and the actresses in long-waisted stomachers and wide-hooped skirts, highly ornate in their trimmings. They advance with interminable garlands, to twine them round the pedestal on which Voltaire's bust stands, and by their pretty gestures, and their glances, try in vain to divert some attention to themselves from the lion of the evening. The whole house (and what a brilliant house it is!) gaze in a state of rapture on the stage-box in the second tier. An old man, in a furred dressing-gown and wig, leans over, and salutes

with hand and head. Madame Denis, his niece (la bonne et la belle), and the Villettes, whom he adopted, are behind him. The mortal illness which brought the message that his soul was required of him, came on the following day.

Of Madame Denis there is a delightful oil portrait. She was châtelaine of her uncle's house at Ferney, and dispensed hospitality with affable composure. Certain lines and dimples near her mouth are Voltairean; otherwise, she is unlike her uncle. She has not much of a nose, but what there is, is straight, and must have been pretty in youth. Her attentive and reading brown eyes do not peer; the neatly turned back hair is powdered, and a point-lace cap, not high or elaborate, is placed on it. A pearl necklace, applied on a ribbon, encircles a short, plump neck, and a posey is struck in a semi-low corsage. Madame Denis was a *maitresse femme*, and ruled her uncle — for his good.

One realizes well at this exhibition how the eighteenth century *felt* Rousseau, and how he opened French eyes to the perception of nature. Woods and forests, infested with wolves and robbers, were objects of horror to our remote forefathers. The dislike became hereditary. Then, the country was not a place to wear elegant clothes in, or high-heeled shoes. It was very well at a distance, seen through the eyes of Watteau and Boucher, who were by no means realists, for outside Holland and Hogarth's studio there were then no realistic artists. People were astonished to find from Rousseau that nature was so lovely. He called forth a different sort of admiration from that commanded by Voltaire, and it extended over a far wider sphere. Cheap woodcuts of him — the art lisplings of an epoch that was coming in — were issued in a constant flow. From the continuity and artlessness, we may infer the demand in the lower strata of the bourgeois class. Connoisseurs would have scorned such pictorial effusions. Nevertheless, this cult was an answering of deep to deep. Rousseau appealed to the heart and sensibilities of his time, and exalted natural duties. An affectionate response came back to him from all who could read his works. Women pitied and loved him, and to fall in with his ideas began (when they were *ladies*) to nurse their children. Good portraits of Rousseau are few, and there are many bad ones. But the subject-pictures establish that, as he got older and poorer, his reputation rose, and he was held in greater and more general

affection. It may be said of him that he was the first national idol who did not occupy the throne of France. Modern criticism has shown that he never had children to send to the Foundling Hospital.

Of Rousseau's industry as a copyist of music, the specimens exhibited are as easy to read as print. Here is a part of the manuscript score of his "Devin du Village." The autographs of Voltaire and Rousseau comprise specimens of their penmanship from their prime to old age. Voltaire's in early life was plain and well formed, with decided down strokes, and singularly bold terminal tails and turned-in d's. A change came over it from the day of Madame de Chatillon's death, when it got scratchy, and so remained. Rousseau's hand is fairly strong, flowing, refined, and that of a man who writes a great deal. His MSS. have few erasures or even interlineations. Obviously, the pen ran on at a good pace. Yet he complained of the extreme trouble it gave him to shape his thoughts, when engaged in authorship. Perhaps this was because he was more emotional than thoughtful, and so preferred copying music to literary work, when it became a labor.

There are two authentic busts and three portraits of Diderot at this exhibition. The most life-like is in pastels. It gives him a strong aquiline nose and a coarse, heavy under-face. In the oil-painting he has the visage of a well-fed and epicurean canon. To study these portraits aids one to understand Diderot's writings. He blazed up high and freely, but, like bituminous coal, gave out as much smoke as flame. The "go" which the other encyclopædists wanted, Diderot supplied; in trying to reform the world he took it as he found it, and died a pensioner of the empress Catherine. Her munificent patronage was granted with a delicacy of feeling that bound him to her, even after he had refused, though poor, to be her pensioner. She heard he wanted to sell his library — bought it, and begged of him to be her librarian, for a salary which she named. How refuse? Diderot accepted. His books are now at the Hermitage Palace. He must have had devoted lady friends, to judge from the knick-knacks they gave him. Among these objects we find a portfolio with velum leaves within, and green silk without. A miniature of himself of rare beauty, too, is painted on one of the leaves. *Sauvage pinxit.* A garland of flowers serves to frame the head; they are in the trim style

of the day, by Madame Vallayer Coster, the donor. The precursors of the Revolution owed much to the sympathy of women.

Cagliostro ranks as a precursor. He was certainly a dissolving ferment in French society just before the Revolution, and strikes one as a powerfully blatant impostor. Cagliostro was the Mirabeau of charlatanism. His portrait is like Mirabeau's.

Lafayette is handed down to us in an engraving by Paon, "war painter to his Highness the Prince of Condé," as he may have wished himself to be shown to posterity, and as the *bourgeoisie* of Paris expected to see him when he was "camp marshal to the king and commander of the National Guard." Lafayette, a finical, natty person, stands before a neighing war-horse (which is held by a negro manservant) in an American Volunteer uniform and the feathered hat of a French nobleman. His wide brim is thatched all round with ostrich feathers, the ends of which droop over the brim. The general points towards an army which marches in the direction of a bay filled with transport-vessels, but his eyes look in an opposite direction. The letterpress tells us that

L'Amérique était asservie
Ce héros vint briser ses fers
Son succès au delà des mers
Presageait ceux de la Patrie.

Near to Lafayette is a picture of the last *lit* (i.e., lecture or reading) of justice. (Carlyle, by-the-by, translates *lit de justice* "bed of justice," as he translated *serviettes* — i.e., portfolios of the judges and councillors of the Parliament of Paris — "towels.") Louis is perched up on a throne in a corner, on a lofty, and, to modern eyes, grotesque scaffolding covered with *fleur-de-lys* cloth. There is no access, save from behind, to his perch. One of his brothers sits on a step at the edge of the scaffolding. The position is an uneasy one, there being no baluster, and the top of the last step being, perhaps, seven feet from the ground. The Duc d'Orléans protests, with the judges, against the king's order to register what has been read in his name. They are drawing down thunderbolts upon themselves and on the monarchy with light hearts, not knowing what they do.

And so we come to Washington as a young colonel of the United States militia, and also as a soldier under Braddock in the service of King George, whose weakness he learned when serving him against

the French in Ohio. I deem it a piece of good luck to have had my former impressions of Washington corrected by this portrait. By the time he was raised to the dignity of Father of his Country, his countenance was spoiled by an ill-fitting set of false teeth (American dentistry not yet existing). We have him among the mute witnesses in a large, oval water-color miniature, done on rough paper, and in the French style of the time. Washington, under Braddock, took a good many French prisoners. It is possible that there was one among them who knew how to paint a good portrait. The American patriot in this miniature is a young man, and ought to be a man of strong impulses and passions, held well in hand. There is no constrained, set expression in the under part of the face, and there is manly beauty and dignity in the whole head. You get at once into sympathetic feeling with the colonel, who must be as courageous as he is thoughtful and judicious. The hazel eyes, accustomed to watch for ambushes of French and Indians in a wild country, have an eagle glance that scours the horizon. Washington was an eager as well as a judicious man. He shrank from no responsibility when once he saw his way to do a daring thing which it was well to venture upon. The hair is less carefully brushed than in most of Washington's portraits, and grows from the scalp, though young men wore wigs when he was sent to Fort Ohio. There is a slight dust of powder on it. George, the founder of the United States, followed the gentlemanly modes of his time at a distance. Possibly he might have evolved into George the First of the kingdom of America, if about the time he sat for this sketchy likeness he had not been jilted. We may assume that his lady-love was insensible to those qualities which make him to our eyes the greatest political man of his century and the idol of the Americans. Mrs. Martha Custis, when he married her, had gone through a sobering experience of life, and learned wisdom in that school. Her head was as solid as her husband's, and she was appreciative of the quiet happiness of her lot as the wife of a Virginian planter of mental and moral worth, and in the enjoyment of a fair opulence. We do not hear enough of Mrs. Washington. No vestige of her is to be found among the relics with which I deal.

Franklin, according to Greuze, is also widely different from the prosaic patriarch of the United States postage-stamps and from most of his other portraits. In him

and Washington there is a characteristic expression that I do not find in a single great Frenchman of their time. They were both weighted by a sense of their responsibilities, purposeful, patient, and self-reliant, and Washington was high hearted. All this told in their physiognomies. Madame Roland truly said that the tyranny of the monarchy for eleven centuries left no place for steadfastness in the French character. Wit and quick apprehension were the paramount qualities, and wit too often was degraded to ribaldry. She attributed the crimes of the Revolution to want of moral courage. The upper classes lacked backbone. Franklin, as he looked to Greuze, had an interesting and strong countenance. A thoughtful habit is shown in deep-set, brown eyes. His face explains better than his writings why he was so successful a negotiator, and made his way so far in a society which, if corrupt and light-headed, was quick to perceive and penetrate.

"Scenes from the War of Independence," in another square piece of Jouy cotton, are placed near a grisaille representing a marble bust of Washington as Father of his Country. The bust is supported by a spread eagle, and belonged to Lafayette. The scenes are fanciful, but give insight into French consciousness on the subject of America. It was then pictured as a tropical paradise, inhabited by planters, elegant ladies, and joyous negro slaves, all of whom Lafayette and his troops released from British tyranny.

How far away in the past seems a letter of the Marquis de Dreux Brézé, the grand master of the ceremonies, who drew down with flippant levity the first thunderbolt which fell upon the monarchy. This document relates to the ceremonial to be observed at the Assembly of Notables, held in the palace of Versailles in 1787 and in 1788. Discontent was fast rising in the provinces in those years. Side by side with Dreux Brézé's letter, a seditious placard hangs on the wall. It was stuck on a pillar of the wheat-market at Pamiers, on December 5, 1787, to stir up that burg to revolt against capitalists and high officials accused of being engaged in forestalling operations in cereals (*a pacte de famine*). Paris was in a similar mood, and a mob burned the guard-house of the Place Dauphine. Ladies' fans in that year were turned into arms against the court, and hinted at the revelations of Madame de la Motte which had come out in London. There is a fan decorated with a too-transparent allegory, making the

queen out to be the associate of a gang of knaves engaged in the diamond-necklace swindle. Truth absolves Cardinal de Rohan of complicity in robbing the jewellers Boemer and Bossange. How tongues must have dealt in *scan. mag.* when that fan was flirted! Pictorial squibs, more or less ribald, are to be found in the hall of the precursors of the Revolution. Some are clever, some far-fetched, some stupid, and all done on coarse paper. Voltaire and Rousseau are exalted, and the episcopacy, whose members are wealthy and corrupt, are lampooned, but with constraint, for fear of consequences. There is a wide difference between the turgid allusions of the lampoons of 1787 and the straight hits of Marat's *l'Ami du Peuple* of three years later, or the direct hammering of *le Père Duchêne*, whose editor had studied the vices of the aristocracy as a valet. In one of the "precursor" squibs, "La sottise humaine est citée au tribunal de Démocrite par l'ennemi du sang et l'ami du bon sens." Another is, "Une Allégorie de la Raison représentant la grande guerre contre les aréopotes [the clergy] ou les marchands de l'air qui sacrifient le Dieu de la Nature au Dieu de l'Ecole. Voltaire et Rousseau, grands Evangélistes de la Religion éternelle, qui, suivant Jésus lui-même, consiste dans l'amour de Dieu et des hommes, voyant l'Eglise bati sur la pointe d'une aiguille la poussent de leurs plumes et la font chanceler." Later on there is a consultation between a bishop and a notary; the bishop, in return for some millions that he wants to enjoy, offers a mortgage on an estate in another world. "C'est une garantie insuffisante," says the notary; "I must advise my clients not to lend the money."

Mrs. Partington keeping out the tide with a mop was hardly more unreasonable than the lady artists of Paris, who, in the hope of covering the public deficit, carried their trinkets and silver spoons to the altar of the country, or, in plain language, to the Bureau of the National Assembly. Les Dames Artistes are in elegant apparel. Some of them mount the bureau with their offerings. Deputies on the floor hasten to set armchairs on which the ladies may sit while the president harangues them; the galleries are packed with spectators, who applaud. The gifts are childish in their slenderness, and perhaps merely an occasion for the givers to win a little prominence. All seem to play a part in an elegant comedy. The Furies had not yet banished Thalia from the scene.

We mount the stairs, and find at the top Mirabeau on an "Altar of the Country." Altars of the country sprang up in the public places between 1789 and 1794, when the revolutionary tide began to ebb. Mirabeau appears as he was, a blusterer of genius and an arrant posturer. He was only ballasted by love of money. His clumsily shaped body was the incarnation of the tempest. When he was popular, his roughly blocked-out head was made to serve for decorating pottery statuettes, and busts of him were made in Sèvres biscuit, plaster, bronze, marble, Rouen delf, and terra-cotta. These objects are displayed on the Altar of the Country. The cast (there also) of his seamed face, taken after death, was regarded as a sacred object, but on the discovery of his "grand treason," was flung aside as recalling one whose memory deserved to rot. I know of nothing in pictorial art so bombastic as "The Death of Mirabeau," which is too elaborately engraved not to have been intended for rich *bourgeois*. I assume it was for them, because the aristocracy did not like bombast. There is a perfect Olympus of allegorical figures which are not trusted to explain themselves. This is what is said for them:—

"La France" (who wears a royal crown and a mantle studded with fleurs de lys) "en pleurs témoigne ses regrets, et semble faire des efforts pour arracher au tripot l'homme célèbre qu'on voit représenté sur le lit de mort" (a flag on the top of steps), "mais l'heure fatale est sonnée et la Parque obéit au Destin. Mirabeau indique en mourant les coupables auteurs des troubles qui agitent le royaume, et la vérité, soulevant un coin du voile laisse apercevoir une horde de factieux se disputant les débris du Trône qu'ils s'efforcent de renverser; mais la foudre éclate et vient frapper les perfides ennemis des lois et de la félicité publique." Death is behind weeping France; Fame wipes away a tear and prepares to blow her trumpet. Time crowned with stars points to a tablet which is as if about to fall from Mirabeau's hands. Thereon is written his declaration, made when he had taken a bribe from the court: "Je combattrai les factieux de quelque parti qu'ils soient, de quelque côté qu'ils se trouvent." Amoretti weep as this resonant phrase falls from the orator's mouth.

Mirabeau's was the first of a series of political funerals carried on through a period of a hundred years. This kind of apotheosis was unknown in France before his death. David, then struggling up, was

the initiator of the grand theatrical funeral for which the streets of Paris have so often served as a stage.

A triumphant Liberty, belonging to the Rheims museum, overshadows the Altar of the Country. The room next to the lobby is devoted to the royal victims offered thereupon — namely, Louis XVI. and his family. Of these royal personages there is a variety of portraits, autographs, and other relics. Nearly every one has seen busts of Marie Antoinette. A particular one at this exhibition betrays just a touch of silliness which I have not noticed in any other. Yet, what nobility in her mien! Her husband's bust is idealized; but one feels as if really in his presence when one stands before a portrait of him by Greuze, who makes him obese, homely, kindly, with pale-blue eyes (in the corner of which there is the ghost of a sly twinkle), and gives him a vast expanse of sun-burned, fleshy face. A brown print, in which he wears a red cap of liberty and a cockade excites pity — he is so resigned and good-natured. "Monsieur," his brother, wearing the order of the Holy Ghost, is of a cynical countenance. His sister, Madame Elizabeth, whose stiffly erect and slender neck is to pass under the axe of the guillotine, has the duck-bill retroussé nose of her grandmother, Marie Leczenska, and generally resembles her, but on a small pattern. She is upright in carriage, and of an ordinary intellect, but is about the most heroic character of the Revolution, and certainly the most simple in her submission to duty, and to the dictates of sisterly affection. The hair of this princess is dressed high. Madame Royale, a girl of nine, and the image of her mother (who treated her with severity), is in the family group. Later in life, her contour took an expression of masculine harshness, and her voice became a rough and deep bass. A toy-house, built in dark-grey cardboard, and having windows of wire net-work, stands nearer, and suggests prison gloom. The king and dauphin made it for the amusement of the latter when they were virtual prisoners at the Tuileries. The ladies beguiled the tedium of their captivity with needlework. Elizabeth was expert with her needle, and taught her niece, of whose handiwork there is a specimen in a bit of feather-stitch embroidery. Yon miniature of the guillotine, which stands beside a model of the Bastille, cut out of a stone of that State prison, is no toy, but a model, by Schmidt, submitted by Doctor Guillotin,

"physician in ordinary to the king," to Louis, who improved its mechanism by changing the shape of the blade.

Guillotin himself, as well as his machine, was a good deal pictured on cheap delf. A miniature of him has come down with the other flotsam and jetsam of the Revolution. It gives us the idea of a correct, judicious practitioner with the half-closed eye of one who is mentally thinking out some problem. He was always improving his surgical instruments in order to abridge pain by rapidity in operating, and thought to minimize it at capital executions. The principle of equality was to be demonstrated by the guillotine, since king, nobles, and *sans culottes* were to lose their heads by Dr. Guillotin's process. His small model of his head-lobbing machine is near his miniature, and "is quite equal to cutting off a man's finger" — a policeman says who works it to oblige visitors. Samson, the public executioner, we find, took snuff. His snuff-box, of plain brass, is on view also. Further on are gruesome relics, such, for instance, as a handkerchief steeped in Marie Antoinette's blood. Instruments of torture, which fell into disuse forever at the Revolution, are grouped round the guillotine, which perhaps was used as much as it was by the Revolutionists because it was a novelty. It killed in the twinkling of an eye. Finishing off the king and queen gave it prestige, and made it the rage as a gratis spectacle. An old evil is most dangerous in a new form.

Of poor little Louis XVII. there is a heart-rending portrait taken when he was under Simon's care; a blight has come over him, making his features pinched and peaky, and sinking his eyes, which have grown furtive, in their sockets. The lids are scorbutic. A frill, in too much need of the laundress, falls over his black jacket, on which his trousers are buttoned. But a short time ago he was painted sitting on a mossy bank beneath a wild-rose thicket in the Trianon Park, and Madame de Polignac, his governess, cutting roses to throw them into his uplifted hands. An artless fellow-painting shows the queen, elegantly dressed, with her children and her Italian greyhound, in her Trianon farmyard, watching a maid milk a cow, and surrounded by a cock, hens, geese, goslings, and milk-pails. In no memoirs have we read that the ill-starred queen was fond of dogs, but in these pictorial relics we see many testimonies that she was. A spaniel enters

charmingly into a family group, also in the Trianon Park, and is the only being in it that is really free from a simpering affectation of simplicity. Her Majesty, sitting on a knoll at the foot of a gnarled oak, holds with one hand her boy on her knee, and passes the other round the neck of the king, who reclines beside her. An infant—the child who was doomed to perish in the Temple—casts bread-crumbs to a flock of goslings, which may have been purposely separated from the parent goose and gander, which are not to be seen; and an elegant lady, with head on shoulder, looks on in ecstasies. The juvenile princess royal dances a measure, with toe far pointed out, for the amusement of the spaniel, which frisks about her. Rousseau, badly assimilated, underlies the composition. Artists, to be in fashion, Rousseau-ized the pictures ordered of them by august and illustrious patrons. Madame Vigée Le Brun was one of the few persons in relations with the court who was not bitten by the mania, and preferred *la science du chiffon* to sham rusticities. An engraving, fine as a vignette, of the fiction-founded-upon-fact character, and dedicated by permission to the queen, gives her seated on a rock facing the Trianon gate. She rests her arm languidly on the stump of a tree. A gentleman behind her—not the king—leans forward in a sentimental attitude. Courtiers are grouped round; a few of the ladies sit on the grass; gentlemen, fanning them, talk into their ears. The queen is *attendré* either by what is said of her, or by the performance of the strolling company of Savoyards and their dogs and monkeys on the gravel sweep at the gate. The realism of the strollers jars with the sentimentality of the court. Beneath the varnish of Rousseau-ism one truth is perceptible—namely, that flirtation was the grand pastime at the Trianon, where the king only came by special invitation.

The Princess de Lamballe, *née* Princess de Savoy Carignan, and great-aunt of Victor Emmanuel, in a degree belongs to the royal family, and is the most poetized martyr of the Revolution. Maria Theresa objected to her intimate companionship with the queen, because of her hypersensibility, which made her faint when, one day boating at Choisy with Marie Antoinette, a man fell out of their boat into the Seine and was drowned. The German empress (who be it remembered urged Marie Antoinette to be friendly to Madame du Barri when the latter was the sultana of Louis XV.) thought it disgrace-

ful to faint when a drowning man was to be rescued. Presence of mind would have been noble, whereas the over-mastery of head by nerves was contemptible. We must get rid of the idea of the Princess de Lamballe's beauty, fostered by the photographs of her sold in Paris print-shops. A mute witness in the form of a large, oval portrait, colored in chalks, establishes that she was plain, and had a complexion to match with sandy hair, and was of the Savoy Carignan, or house of Italy, type. Though her features are ordinary, she has not a vulgar face. In this portrait there is bitterness beneath her smile, and a spice of primness in her bearing. A stiffly garlanded hat is set on the side of her high-dressed, powdered hair. When she found herself supplanted by the Duchess de Polignac in the queen's favor, she wept till she thought the source of her tears dried up. Her grievance might have been fresh when those flowers were being woven into the wreath for her hat. The wiewd she had to dree was one of heart-bitterness, ending in gruesome tragedy. Married to the heir of the richest nobleman in France, she was a widow at the age of eighteen. Her husband, who was not much her senior, died of debauchery. All her affections were then vested in the queen, of whom she became, during several years, the confidante and daily companion. The poor princess, when the royal family were prisoners, came back from a place of safety abroad, to see how she could serve them. Her head was for the last time seen by her royal mistress, held up on a pike before a window in the Temple.

As a set-off against the Temple relics, comprising a model of that prison-like castle made in dark cardboard by the dauphin, there are other objects which at one time set blood boiling in France. They are the tools made by Latude, and the ladder, manufactured out of his bed-clothes, by means of which he escaped from the Bastille. A deep window-niche is given up to documents relating to the taking of that fortress prison, to padlocks of cells made by clumsy smiths who thought ponderousness a guarantee for security. Turgot's great-grandson lent the portrait of that economist and administrator, who foresaw that a grinding *fisc* would be as ruinous to the French monarchy as it was to the Roman Empire. What is so remarkable in Turgot as here portrayed is that he looks not the business man whom we conceive him, but a man of imagination. Is it possible, with-

out the imagination which enables one to put oneself in the place of others, to be an earnest and eager reformer?

Events came and went so fast between the opening of the States-General and the seizure of the king and queen in their palace, as to keep on the alert all who wanted to chronicle them with pen or pencil. They had to hit their birds on the wing. Camille Desmoulins wrote a legible and even hand before the Revolution. But in the hot haste in which he had later to jot down his impressions it appears to have got disjointed, snagged, scratchy. We are enabled to see what manner of countenance he had. Well, he was a *beau laid*, sallow, lantern-jawed, and wide-mouthed, but with a glorious pair of black eyes, though one of them slightly squinted. Camille was one of the three or four who, in 1789, thought of and hoped for a republic. His classical books which he used at school are scored with pen and ink, in passages relating to the grandeur of republican Rome. A deputy's order for the sitting of the Assembly on October 5, 1789, at Versailles, is signed by Dr. Guillotin. We see in other wreckage thrown up by the sea of oblivion how the Revolution struck those who watched its course. At the start, there was much aiming at effect and staginess. Trifles connected with points of etiquette were thought of prime importance by the court, which snubbed and teased the deputies of the people rather than oppressed them. A pattern mantle, which the grand chamberlain insisted on their adopting for their official costume, is in coarse, black serge, and resembles a pinafore worn behind instead of before. Quite a gallery of likenesses in black and white bring down to us the faces of the men who were emerging from obscurity into public life. "The Tennis Court Oath," depicted at the time, does not impress one with a high idea of the sincerity of those who took it. They attitudinize too much to be really in earnest. Did they mean it to divert from the palace the anger of the crowd that raged in the streets outside? Probably.

We obtain a glimpse of the social condition of France, as the monarchy was toppling, by scanning the sumptuary relics. Gentlemen dressed in richer stuffs and in as bright colors as ladies. The lay figures, clad in the coats and waistcoats of men of rank, have to our eye a fancy-ball character. One effect of the Revolution was to plunge the manhood of the civilized world into black. Muscadins

and Incroyables reacted against this in a spirit of levity, and Napoleon, as emperor, in the spirit of a snob. His imperial trappings are now absurd, and in his own time must have excited the derision of men like Talleyrand.

Louis XVI., so long as he was thought favorable to constitutional and fiscal reform, was simply adored by his subjects. Here he is on a medallion of biscuit porcelain — "the father of his people, the restorer of French liberties" (when did they ever exist?); "the protector of trades and handicrafts, the Whitesmith King, and the godfather of the American Republic." He is lauded for having set an example of respect for labor in having the dauphin taught the use of carpenter's tools and of a turning lathe. The poor boy's little plane and bench are among the wreckage collected in this exhibition. I note, as I read the time-stained laudations of Louis XVI., that his wife's name does not appear in them. But "Madame Veto" is always coupled with him from the moment loyalty to the king cools and the suspicion arises of his playing a double game. The railing and ribald spirit of the eighteenth century is then especially directed against the queen. A Carruthers Gould, of 1791, illustrates a popular song, having for its burden their alleged plan to escape abroad. The king's head is on a cock's body, the queen's on a hen's. The royal pair are Monsieur et Madame Coco. She thus advises him:—

Air — "Oui, Oui."

Coco prends ta lunette,
Ne vois tu pas, dis moi,
L'orage qui s'apprête,
Et qui grande sur toi.
Abandonnons Paris,
Et gagnons du Pays
Mettons notre ménage
A l'abri de l'orage
Dans un petit village
Ou dans quelque hameau.
Coco! Coco!

Sauvons nous plutôt,
Je vous serre les nippes;
Toi, gère le magot.
Des charges municipales
Laissons le tripot.
Quittons notre Palais,
Et tous nos grands laquais
Abandonnons encore,
L'écharpe tricolore,
Que si bien te décore,
Et ton petit manteau.
Coco! Coco!

Enthusiasm for the States-General is felt chiefly by the bourgeoisie in Paris.

Pictorial artists are quick to take advantage of this feeling. They work in the spirit which inspired the pedantic engraving of the death of Mirabeau. Two of their colored engravings depict two cars four tiers in height. Representatives of the nobility of Paris and of the Ile de France are seated on one of the vehicles, and the deputies of the commons on the other. The nobles, in their gala dresses, which they wore for the last time in 1789, are drawn by a team of lions. D'Orléans acts as a coachman. He and his fellow-aristocrats have feathered hats and gorgeous clothing. Here the lions are supposed to symbolize the warlike character of the aristocracy, who were so soon to run away from France, and to be called *émigrés* instead of poltroons. Bulls and lambs draw the deputies of the people. Hope stands on the footboard behind. Fame flies before the car, blowing her trumpet. Minerva, looking like a Parisian grisette at a fancy ball, is seated at a cloud, smiling at the deputies. The association of the bulls and lambs has now a funny effect, which it was far from producing a hundred years ago.

It is pretty certain that if the deputies and the allegory-and-rhetoric-loving bourgeoisie had not had behind them a volcanic populace, the court would have got the better of the National Assembly. There is much in this collection which speaks of the promptness of the plebs to act at critical turning-points. Their intervention saved the Revolution from failure. A rude art sprang up during the events of which Paris was the theatre between 1789 and 1795. Its object was to do what is now accomplished by the half-penny newspaper. Few plebeians then knew how to read. The favorite pictures of the events of the day were typical in their character. Each contained a group of human beings, working with furious ardor at some revolutionary or patriotic task. The figures were outlined, next embossed, and then colored. I never saw more speaking pictures. They are all inspired by the events they seek to represent, very impressionist, and though rude and crude have the spirit of an epic poem. Every figure has a distinct physiognomy. Gaiety is mingled with the popular *furia*. In no case is there a seeking after effect; but effect is never missed, because there is such a strong desire to picture things as the artist saw them. The actors in this historical imagery are nearly all *sans culottes* (or trousers-wearers as distinguished from wearers of shorts),

or fishwomen and other lower-stratum females. An etching touched up with colors, which I should think is a very truthful representation, gives the famous charge of Prince de Lambesc's cavalry at the gate of the Tuileries gardens. There is nothing heroic on either side. German (their faces show their nationality) dragoons slash scared and rather cowardly bourgeois, who have come for a Sunday outing. There are paterfamilias, his stout and somewhat vulgar-looking wife, their grown-up daughter, whom they have taken to the promenade, and many prosaic individuals in Sunday clothes. The elderly persons have the fat, loose-built figures given by good eating and sedentary habits. Most of them are panic-stricken. But an old lady furiously faces round towards a dragoon to give him a piece of her mind. He does not seem to understand her invective. We are shown in other artless, embossed prints how nuns took the decree releasing them from their vows and secularizing their convents; how Paris wrought for national defence committees, and how its plebeian women behaved in their march on Versailles. One John Wells followed them, noting their acts and deeds with a quick and graphic pencil. Who can he have been? The few sketches he made are so good that one is surprised at his having been swallowed up in oblivion. He and his fellow-limners give on the whole a favorable impression of the women who went out against Versailles to fetch the royal family as hostages back to Paris. As Madame Campan remarked, they are neatly dressed, but mannish and haggard from want. One word describes their mental and moral state—desperation. We know that they were driven forward to risk the gallows by the cries of their children for bread.

Wells and many other artists quite unknown to fame, though worthy of renown, give the triumphant return of the women and the Paris crowd and National Guards which followed them to Versailles. The episodes of the march back are very funny and very awful. Not a sign of respect is shown for the crown. Indeed, the whole thing looks like a mirthful saturnalia, though the forest of pikes, scythes, and reaping-hooks is enough to make the flesh creep. Those rural implements suggest an influx of country folks into Paris, the immediate suburbs of which were quite in the country.

Beaumarchais should be among the precursors, but is classed with the actors in events which took place after the Assem-

bly came to Paris. He comes down to us, according to Lepécie, as a wide-awake boy, and as an adult according to Greuze. "The child," in his case, is plainly "the father of the man." In an autograph letter to Bailly he protests against the slanders of which he is the butt. There is a Talleyrand at the age of twenty, in an abbe's robe and bands—baby-faced, fair, refined, intriguing, and saucy.

Skipping much precious matter, we glance at a letter of Louis XVI., dated August 10, 1792, and penned in the logographs' (read "reporters'") gallery at the Assembly. This is his last act of authority. The letter is addressed to a Captain Durier, whom the king orders to cease to defend the Tuileries. As to the handwriting, it is that of a placid, painstaking schoolboy. Though pictorial "interviewers," as we find from sketches taken of the royal prisoners, followed them into the box, and a decisive step on the road towards the guillotine was being taken, one may examine this State paper with a magnifying glass and find no trace of nervous tremor. Temple relics come after the letters. A night-shirt which was made for the king's prisoners has the government stamp of "Louis Rex." Louis Capet slept in this garment the night before his execution. The dauphin, when he went to the Temple, had on a pretty little silken suit of a quaint cut; the coat is green and white, the waistcoat pink and white, and the knee-breeches are lavender-grey with steel figured buttons. His stockings and shoes are elegant, though not particularly expensive. The stitching of the clothes betrays an inexperienced seamstress. The queen and her sister-in-law, it is stated in a letter of Clery, the king's faithful valet, made this suit, which was not greatly worn before the young prince had to change it for a plainer one given for winter use by the Commune of Paris. When he was under Simon the cobbler bonds were issued in the name of Louis XVII. by "the Catholic army, payable when monarchy is restored." They circulated in the west of France, where the assignats of the republic did not run. These debentures for the first time are exhumed. Historians who plead extenuating circumstances for the harsh usage the ill-starred dauphin met with should not forget the bonds of the Catholic army.

The activity of the guillotine in the Reign of Terror and in the Thermidor reaction comes home to one in looking over quite a gallery of black and white portraits of men of the Revolution. The word

decapité is written under the greater number. Savants are among the few exceptions. Defeated generals have no choice between flight and decapitation. The will of the beheaded king was taken from the Temple to the national archives, whence the organizers of the exhibition obtained a loan of it. There are tear stains on the yellow letter paper on which it is drawn up, and the handwriting is shaky where the discrowned testator asks pardon of his wife for any offence he may have given her, as he forgives her what pain she ever caused him. The speech of his counsel Desèze lies with the will. It was published by order of the Convention—a plucky act. Belonging to this set of papers is a decree of the Convention in the names of Liberty, Equality, and Justice (no Fraternity), decreeing the execution of Louis Capet. One is horror-struck in glancing over the surrounding objects. "Louis mounts the scaffold," "Louis is shown to the people," "Food for reflection, dedicated to the crowned heads of the world." This "food" is the holding up by a coarse, masculine hand, which grasps a pigtail, of the freshly decapitated head. An awful picture truly! How describe it without being a naturalist? The exsanguine face is the color of a calf's-head at the butcher's. Infinite suffering and resignation are still expressed, though life has fled, in the region of the eyes. In all that deals with civic, or republican, or revolutionary sentiment there is force. Whatever was done in Paris, so far as we can ascertain from the relics in this exhibition, shows that royalist art was feeble. The artists at the service of the monarchy ran into poor conceits. Puzzle pictures of an elegiac nature of king, queen, and royal children met the taste of their partisans. But, contrasting with these affectations, is an intercepted letter of Marie Antoinette to the Comte de Provence, enclosing him the signet ring of her husband. Grief was never expressed in more pathetically lovely and simple terms.

Robespierre and Marat are enigmatical characters. Their deeds were horrible; but the casts of their heads taken after death are of ineffable sweetness. In both the cerebral development is poor, particularly in the coronal region. The skulls, each of which goes up into a point, may have pressed there on the brains. Phrenological developments, or lack of development, taken with facial traits, betoken ill-balanced minds. Marat's face, in David's portrait of him, is in all but complexion that of a Red Indian. Robespierre's sis-

ter, on the other hand, is sweet, serene, pensive, and of a lovely purity of expression.

Charlotte Corday, according to Danloux, one of her portraitists, was a rather good-looking young woman, more the peasant than the lady. She had a hard, quick, wilful glance. Tallien was another ill-balanced creature. He had the profile of an Egyptian dog-god. Carnot, the one noble character of the Directory, looks sweet and shrewd. His watch, a plain "turnip," and bunch of seals, have little intrinsic value. Two gold medals granted him by the Academy of Dijon belong to the relics, lent by his son's widow. His spectacles have heavy steel rims, his inkstand is in plain bronze, and his snuff-box of the same metal has on the lid a gouache portrait of himself. Carnot's director's sword bears on one side a motto which he proposed as the rule of conduct of the Directory: "Unity to restore peace."

But his love of peace and his contentment with a slender income did not suit the men and women who rose to the top in Thermidor. To escape banishment to Cayenne, he had at the *coup d'état* of Fructidor to fly to Switzerland, and was obliged to remain a long time in exile. The principle of corruption which was at work originated greatly in the temptations to plunder which were held out to common people by the sweeping confiscations and the guillotinings of rich aristocrats, and especially by the army of Italy being invited to plunder by Bonaparte. Mechanics who were dishonest presidents of sections, were as if fixed in amber by the artists who did the embossed pictures for the vulgar. Those who got rich on plunder began to fear the return of the Bourbons, and went with a rush to Napoleon. Pleasure and financial speculation absorbed the newly enriched class. The streets were as a fancy ball. Prints of the period show women chanting, as amazons, war songs in the streets. "Bals masqués at Paphos," are now subjects on ladies' fans. Civilians wearing corkscrew curls, and having a mincing air, plot for monarchy. Theatrical costumes are invented for old men, who look like Druids. Churches are transformed into temples of sentiment. Josephine Beauharnais becomes a society queen, and intrigues with Barras for Louis XVIII. She writes good English, an accomplishment that later served her in wheedling English agents, when Bonaparte was hemmed in at Acre. She was a luxurious being. Her scent-bottles and pocket-handkerchiefs retained

her first husband's coronet until she became empress of the French. The gay world of the Directory flocked to her house in the Rue Chantreine. Lucien Bonaparte engaged the pictorial journals to puff his brother. He came out in their cartoons as "Bonaparte the Clemente," "Bonaparte pointing on a map of Germany at Rastadt," "Bonaparte, Pacifier of Europe," "Bonaparte contemplating the Pyramids," "Bonaparte braving the plague at Jaffa." Nobody thought of the other generals. Bonaparte is made to "question the Sphinx on his destiny." She says, "Make haste to touch again native soil." Though crushed on the Nile, he came back as if a victor. The Revolutionary Museum ends in a show of Imperial frippery worthy of Tussaud's, and in savage caricatures of Napoleon and Josephine by Gilray.

The caricaturist had no conception of the physical grace and refinement of Josephine. He heard of her as a middle-aged woman, the mother of two nearly grown-up children, and as being twice married, and assumed her to be a staringly dressed blowzy materfamilias who, though good-natured, is puffed up. In Marie Antoinette's dressing-room she is quite the handmaid who is heir to her mistress. In one of his caricatures, Gilray saw farther than most men of his day. Nelson, with a following of Nile crocodiles, Prussia, Russia, and Napoleon are busy carving at a plum-pudding which represents the globe. The other powers scarcely count. John Bull is willing to let the three Continental powers have a free hand if he be allowed right of passage in the Mediterranean, and Egypt as a road to India and to undiscovered lands in Africa.

EMILY CRAWFORD.

From Murray's Magazine.

EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

THE interest aroused by the debates on the Corn Laws in 1846 I distinctly remember, though only four years old. Every one who came to our house, No. 8 Queen Square, Westminster, talked of them, and party feeling ran so high that the discussions were fast and furious. My mother had a great admiration for Sir Robert Peel, and expressed it with such vehemence and eloquence, that Lord Lansdowne, an old friend of ours, said one day, "What a pity, Lucie, that you are not a man! I would make you member

for Calne — not a Protectionist could stand against you."

The first journey abroad that I can recollect was in August, 1847, when we went to join Mr. and Mrs. Austin at Rochefort in the Ardennes. Prince Pierre Buonaparte, an old acquaintance of my grandmother's, was in the same hotel, and when introduced to my mother he burst forth, "Mais, Lady Duff Gordon, vous êtes des notres, vous êtes une Buonaparte," and, taking her hand, led her before a looking-glass saying, "I am considered like the great emperor, but look at *your* face, madame, it is the image of him." In fact, Prince Pierre and my mother might have passed for brother and sister. This was curiously ratified in later days. Lord Lansdowne had a cast of Napoleon I., taken after death, and whenever my mother went to Bowood he covered it up, saying the likeness between a beautiful living woman and the cast of a dead face was too painful.

We spent some days at Dinant-sur-Meuse, a quaint, old-fashioned town, whence we drove in a country char-à-banc to the grottoes of Han. I have never forgotten that visit; it seemed as though we walked miles underground in narrow winding passages, which led into vast halls with stalactites hanging like great chandeliers from the roof. One cave was immense; the torches held by our guides only lit up the small angle where we stood, and one man ran forward and far away up some steep, winding path on the side of the cave, shouting as he ascended, till his voice grew quite faint and his torch was almost invisible. Now and then we went along the banks of the river which winds through these underground grottoes, and then we got into a boat and were rowed along on the dark waters until we saw a faint glimmer of light far ahead, and at last came out into the bright sunlight and heard the birds singing. It was rather gruesome, but very impressive, and when I recounted our visit to the cavern of Han to my small friends in London, they would not believe me, and said it was only one of my fairy-tales, but a dull one, because there was no queen in the story.

Thackeray was a constant visitor in Queen Square and a great favorite of mine, though he played me a trick on my fifth birthday which remained a standing joke between him and the "young revolutionist," as he afterwards used to call me, because I was born on the 24th of February. My birthdays were always celebrated by a dinner, when I was allowed

to dine down-stairs and to invite the guests. Few children could boast of such an array of friends; this one included Mrs. Norton, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Richard Doyle, C. J. Bayley, and Thackeray, who gave me an oyster, declaring it was like cabinet pudding. But I turned the tables on him, for I liked it so much that I insisted, as queen of the day, on having more. I still possess a sketch he made for the frontispiece of "Pendennis" while I was sitting on his knee. Thackeray often dropped in to dinner, generally announcing himself beforehand in some funny way.

A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be —

was one of his missives.

My sixth birthday (in the eventful year 1848) passed almost unnoticed, to my chagrin. My grandmother, Mrs. Austin, had arrived from Paris and was staying with us. She was greatly alarmed about her French friends, particularly the Guizots, and every hour brought worse news. My birthday was celebrated by barricades, bloodshed, the falling of a throne, and the flight of a king, instead of by a dinner with Tom Taylor as toastmaster; an office he filled for many consecutive years to every one's amusement and delight.

The French royal family arrived in England by driblets, and as soon as M. Guizot came to London with his two daughters, they dined in Queen Square. He often told me afterwards what a haven of rest our house seemed, and how my mother, *si belle et si aimable*, gave him a real *diner de famille*.

I had heard so much of the prime minister of France from my grandmother that I expected to see a magnificent man covered with wounds and blood, and to this day I remember my disappointment at the appearance of a small, neatly dressed gentleman, with rather cold manners; very much like other people.

The revolution in France gave an immediate impulse to the Chartist agitation in England, and several people we knew left London early in April owing to the wild reports which had been spread. My father's answer to all alarmists was, "the duke will see to everything;" while my mother smiled and said, "my men will look after me." She often went to the workshops, at Bow, of our old friend W. Bridges Adams, where she helped to start a library, and sometimes attended meet-

ings and discussed politics with the men, who adored her and always called her "*Our Lady*." I can see now the scene in our long dining-room on the evening of the ninth of April, 1848. Forty stalwart working-men sitting close round the table, eating cold beef and bread, while they cheered Tom Taylor's speeches and toasts to the echo. When my mother at last made a speech winding up by calling the men her "Gordon Volunteers," such a hip, hip, hurrah! resounded, that the Hawes, who lived opposite, were startled. My father had been sworn a special constable and was out patrolling the streets; he only returned after midnight and was greeted with real affection by "My lady's men."

The only visitor at Queen Square I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle; he was really better acquainted with my grandmother, Mrs. Austin, than with my parents, and came but seldom. One afternoon my mother had a discussion with him on German literature, and her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper, and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, "You're just a windbag, Lucie, you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears, and conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him, saying, "*My* papa always says men should be civil to women," for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother. But Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and turning to her said, "Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference." I do not remember seeing him again until about 1858, when we were living at Esher, and I spent a few weeks in London with my cousins Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reeve. We used to meet Mr. Carlyle in Rotten Row, and I rather dreaded having to ride with him. One day his felt wideawake blew off, and a laboring man picked it up and ran after us. Mr. Carlyle, instead of giving him sixpence, as I expected, merely said, "Thankye, my man; you can just say you've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle."

My father and mother often went to the Sunday breakfasts given by Mr. Rogers at his house in St. James's Place, and he always requested that his "baby-love," as he called me, should be brought later for dessert. A great treat it was, for the old poet kept a bunch of grapes in the side-board, which I ate, perched on a chair and two sofa cushions by his side. I wish I could recollect the talk that charmed me, young as I was, so much, that the highest praise I could think of for a grand Twelfth-night party at Baroness Lionel de Roths-

child's was, "it is *almost* as nice as Mr. Rogers's breakfasts." The conversation one morning turned on fame, and Mr. Rogers related how he was once dining at Pope's villa at Twickenham, with Byron and Moore, when the same subject was discussed. Singing was heard in the distance, and presently a boat full of people floated past. They were singing "*Love's Young Dream*." Byron put his hand on Moore's shoulder, saying, "There, *that* is fame."

The old poet told me to be sure and get up early, like a good little girl, to see the sun rise, and to look at the sunset before I went to bed, and then perhaps some day I should write poetry. "Prose you will certainly write well," he added, "it's in your blood," an expression which puzzled me extremely. Seeing me staring into vacancy, a trick I inherited from my mother, he patted me on the head and asked me what I was thinking about. "Which is the most beautiful, mamma or Aunt Carry," I answered. "Ah! baby-love, that would puzzle older heads than yours," said he, chuckling. Mrs. Norton was always "Aunt Carry" to me, although there was no relationship. She was a most intimate friend of my parents, and her glorious beauty and deep, rich voice had an extraordinary fascination for me, even as a baby.

My mother's gift for taming animals had been used on a small mouse which lived behind the wainscot in the drawing-room. He came out regularly every evening about dusk for a biscuit, which he nibbled from her hand, scrambling up into her lap before the fire. It was my great delight to watch him, and one evening, when sitting motionless on a footstool to see mousey, I saw my mother's large eyes suddenly dilate as she exclaimed, "My dear Eothen,* what are you back!" She forgot all about the pet mouse, which scurried away to its hole as she rose. I had seen nothing; but my mother declared that Kinglake had come into the back drawing-room, which was divided by an archway and heavy, red, looped-up curtains from the room we were in, and had walked across. The faithful black boy Hassan was summoned; he declared that the door-bell had not rung, and that no one could have entered the house without his knowledge, as he was laying the table for dinner down-stairs and that the door into the hall was open. My mother was not satisfied, and lit the candles for

* A. W. Kinglake.

us to go into the next room, where there was no one. The hour and minute was written down, and when Kinglake returned from his Eastern travels, my mother and he compared notes, but there was no adventure to account for his wraith thus unceremoniously disturbing the supper of the poor little mouse. "Ah, Eothen," we often said, "you spoiled a good ghost story by coming back with your full complement of arms and legs." It took several evenings of patient coaxing to persuade my mother's wee pet to come up on her lap again for his biscuit.

The summer of 1849 we spent at Weybridge, where the Austins had rented a cottage, or rather two cottages with communicating doors, from Sir John Easthope. August will always be a "red-letter" month to me, for my grandmother's devoted friend, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, came from Paris to pay her a visit, and adopted me as his "petite niece" from that time.

I well remember Mrs. Austin saying she now felt how old she was, as her grandchild had quite monopolized "dear St. Hilaire," who played at ball with little Janet in the garden instead of talking philosophy.

Another visitor at Weybridge who impressed me deeply was M. de Haxthausen. Not because he was, as my grandmother said, "one of the most remarkable and interesting men I ever met with, whose knowledge of Russia and the East is unequalled in extent and depth,"* but because he told me wild fairy-tales, and declared his life and fortune were intimately connected with a little silk bag he wore suspended round his neck by a gold chain. This contained the crown of the queen of the serpents, and he gave me a thrilling description of his fight in a burning eastern gully with the serpent queen. "She called her subjects to aid her with a shrill hissing, and the earth became alive with snakes. But I killed, and I killed, and then I ran away with my treasure, followed by a mass of gliding, wriggling creatures, for whoever possesses this crown becomes ruler of all the serpents." My mother with some difficulty persuaded M. de Haxthausen to show the crown, which was enclosed in a small gold box inside the silk bag. It looked like a miniature crown made of dark amber, and a doctor who happened to be present declared, after careful examination, that it was undoubtedly a bony excrescence from

a snake, and very probably off the head. M. de Haxthausen was evidently uneasy until his queer necklace was restored, and he said he had not taken the serpent's crown out of its golden box for over twenty years.

While staying with us in London my grandmother took me to see "The Historian," as every one called Mr. Grote, and I shall never forget how awestruck I was when the stately, courteous old gentleman, on being told "here is my little Janet," took my hand in both his, and bending down said, "I am indeed delighted at making the acquaintance of Mrs. Austin's granddaughter and of Lucie's daughter." Mrs. Grote (I always knew her as Grota) was not nearly so alarming, though I got into dreadful disgrace one day, when she showed me her portrait as a girl, and I refused to believe it had ever been intended for her.

Sometimes I went to see Mrs. Opie, whom I called "Rainbow Grandmother," and invented fairy-tales about, in which sunlight and rainbows played a great part. Years afterwards, whenever I remembered the charming, soft-mannered old lady, I had a dim notion of curious rays of light flashing about her room, and it was not until I read Miss Brightwell's "Memoir of Mrs. Opie" last year, that I found out that she had a love for prisms, and understood why I had associated her with rainbows.

Mr. Babbage took me one day to see his calculating machine, and was mightily amused at my emphatic approval. I never could do my sums, and asked him to give it to me. He also showed me a wonderful automaton figure, made, if I recollect right, of silver. He called it his wife, and I was rather afraid of the silent lady, as she moved her arms and head in a graceful but rather weird fashion. Mr. Babbage generally looked so sad, that I remember, when my grandmother was telling me the story of Pygmalion, I exclaimed, "Why, it is just like Mr. Babbage and his wife." My parents and he quite agreed on one subject — dislike of music — which my father always described as "a noise which prevents conversation."

The vision of a golden age of peace and goodwill which was to be the outcome of the Great Exhibition of 1851, was rudely dispelled by the news, in December, of the *coup d'état*. M. B. St. Hilaire, with many of his colleagues, were imprisoned in Mazas for signing an act proclaiming the fall of the president, and for some days we were in great anxiety for our friend, *then*

* Three Generations of Englishwomen, vol. i., p. 234.

nête homme de la France, as he was called. He had at first really believed in Louis Napoleon, and taken his protestations of fidelity to the republic *au sérieux*. My grandfather was deeply affected by the news from France, and I recollect finding Mr. Hallam at Weybridge one day when we rode over to hear whether any letters had come from Paris, and sitting awestruck and breathless listening to Mr. Austin's vehement denunciation of the prince president.

1852 began sadly enough. In January the West India mail steamer Amazon was burnt at sea, and on board was my parent's friend, Elliot Warburton, who stood by the captain to the last, and died with him. Years afterwards we received a portrait of my mother as a girl which Elliot Warburton had with him, and which he consigned to a woman whom he helped to get into a boat off the burning ship, with strict injunctions to send it to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon. She forgot the name, and it was not until the year of my mother's death (1869) that my father received the little picture by post with many excuses. Some one in the West Indies had recognized it and given the woman my father's name and address.

Soon after the disaster of the Amazon came that of the Birkenhead, which sent a thrill of horror, mingled with pride, through the whole nation. A regiment of young soldiers stood quietly at arms on the deck of the sinking ship while the women and children were being lowered into the boats. The latter were all saved, while the ship sank with her cargo of heroes. People talk of Greek and Roman heroism, but never was anything so magnificent as those men facing a horrible death in perfectly cold blood. Any one can be brave when excited, but to stand still and calmly go down in a sea swarming with sharks is one of the most sublime instances of devotion to duty ever witnessed.

On September 14th of the same year England lost the greatest of her sons. The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle, aged eighty-four. People seemed to think he would live forever, and the impression caused by the news of his death was profound and general. The marvellous simplicity of his character, his unswerving truthfulness and high sense of duty, his loyalty to the crown and devotion to his country, gave a sense of security to the nation which was made manifest at the time of the Chartist riots. My father's saying, "The duke will see to

everything," exactly represented the popular sense of trust in the great duke.

I saw his funeral from the balcony of the house of my cousin, Sir E. Antrabus, in Piccadilly, and the dead silence of the enormous crowd was extraordinarily impressive. Every regiment in the service was represented, and the slow tramp, tramp, of the troops, keeping time to the wail of Beethoven's funeral march, became almost oppressive in the perfect stillness.

My grandmother, who had a great admiration and liking for Mr. Gladstone, with whom she had been in correspondence about education, went to London to hear his speech on the budget on April 8th, 1853. She told me that some days after, Lord Brougham called on her and said he had never put his foot in the House since he had "ceased to be its master" (*i.e.*, become a peer), till that evening. "Gladstone's speech," added he, "was magnificent; so fine, that I sat down, on returning home at four in the morning, and wrote to express my admiration to Mr. Gladstone. I took it out to the post myself before going to bed." He said that Lord Monteagle was sitting behind him, and worried him so by leaning forward and speaking to him, that "I hushed him down."

The garden of our house at Esher sloped up to the palings of Claremont Park, whose magnificent beeches shaded the higher walk. On the lawn stood an enormous mulberry-tree which I was always climbing, and on one of whose boughs I was sitting when Lord Somers appeared one Saturday afternoon, bringing Mr. A. H. Layard with him, who was to become one of my best and truest friends. "Come down directly, Janet," cried Lord Somers, "here is the man who dug up those big beasts you saw in the museum, and his name is Mr. Bull." Mr. Layard accepted his nickname with a good grace, and for years all his youthful and many old admirers and friends, and he had many, never called him anything else.

In 1853, when public opinion was roused to fever-heat against Russia, he often came to Esher, and so did Lord Clanricarde. My mother occasionally went to stay at Lansdowne House to hear the debates, and nothing was talked of but the Eastern question. Loud were the lamentations about the weakness of Lord Aberdeen, and the bad temper of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Mowbray Morris, who was an old schoolfellow of my mother's (at Dr. Biker's at Hampstead), and came to us for

a Sunday holiday when he could leave the *Times* office, declared that Lord Aberdeen would not go to war, and that he had told Delane so. Lord Clanricarde feared he would drift into the very thing he wished to avoid, and maintained that the language held by Lord Aberdeen was calculated to encourage the czar to reject all attempts at a settlement. He was unfortunately right, and war was declared in March the following year.

My mother often went to Bowood, and used to tell a good story against our old friend, Mr. Nassau Senior. Once when she was there with the Seniors and a large party, Tommy Moore, who lived near and was a frequent visitor, was prevailed upon to sing. All prepared to listen to the charming performance, save Mr. Senior, who sat down at a small writing-table and began to write with a quill pen upon Lord Lansdowne's very ribbed paper. He was compiling a paper on statistics, or something of that sort. Moore began, but his singing was rendered impossible by the persistent scratch — scratch, and he turned round to see who caused the odious noise. Mr. Senior looked up, and said innocently, "Oh, you don't disturb me I assure you; pray go on, I rather like it." This caused an outburst of laughter absolutely puzzling to the unconscious statistician.

Apropos of noises, M. Vivier's public career in London was put an end to unwittingly by the late Lord Houghton. After endless trouble, Vivier had been persuaded to give some of his inimitable performances in London, for money. At the first one he was just launched, when Lord Houghton blew his nose (a war-trumpet, as friends will remember). This so unnerved Vivier that he could not go on, and he threw up all his engagements. "Ah," he would say, "les Anglais ont des nez terribles, c'est là vous fait l'effet du jugement dernier."

Vivier was first brought to Esher to spend an afternoon by Tom Taylor, and after a few hours he declared we were such delightful people that he would, with our permission, remain some days. He stayed nearly three weeks (my father lending him shirts), and made us all ill with laughing. One of his "farces" was to blow his nose and then imitate the sharp ringing of a bell. Then looking up innocently at the astonished faces round, he would apologetically say, "Ah, pardon, j'ai oublié de vous avertir, c'est une maladie héréditaire dans ma famille." Among other and manifold accomplishments he was a wonderful

ventriloquist. Without knowing a word of any language save his own, he imitated conversations between German students, Italian patriots, or English *hommes sérieux*, which were funnier than anything I ever heard. Then his stories! He soon discovered that "la petite Jeanne," as he called me, loved fairy-tales, and he would lie on the floor under the table and talk by the hour about frogs, serpents, birds, flowers, and fairies. The power Vivier had over animals was quite extraordinary. While at Esher he took a young starling out of the nest, and shutting himself up in his room for two hours, brought down the bird perfectly tame and obedient, jumping from one hand to the other, or on to his head, at the word of command. He gave "Dick" to me when he left, and I kept him as a pet for several years. On his return to Paris he took away a bantam cock of mine in an old hat-box some one had left behind at Esher. At Boulogne the custom-house officer naturally desired to know what the hat-box contained, and Vivier handed it to him, gravely asking, "Monsieur, a-t-il fait son testament?" The man nervously and angrily asked why, and he explained that he was carrying a most venomous snake to a friend. The official looked very cross, and curtly said, "Passez, monsieur."

Vivier did not bring his famous French horn to Esher, and I never heard him play it, but his singing (without much voice) was quite enchanting, and as Lord Lansdowne had given me, to my father's despair, a fine Erard grand piano, we had much music.

Mrs. Nassau Senior, "dear Jeanie," as she was to all who knew her, used sometimes to come to the Gordon Arms at Esher. She was like a ray of sunshine with her crinkly golden hair, her bright face, and her ringing laughter. Even my father admired her singing, "because one could make out what it was all about." Few people who met her in society, where she shone, had any idea of the amount of clear, practical good sense she possessed, united with such perfect sweetness and goodness. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and her old home, Donnington Priory, is described in her brother T. Hughes's well-known book, "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Mrs. Senior was the first woman appointed an inspector of the Local Government Board, and she wrote an admirable report on Female Pauper Schools. Her early death in March, 1877, aged forty-eight, was a deep grief to her many friends and to the poor

pauper children, who, as she declared in her report, wanted "more mothering."

On the 5th of March, 1855, our cousin Sir George C. Lewis succeeded Mr. Gladstone as chancellor of the exchequer, and named my father his private secretary. A pleasant change from being a senior clerk in the Treasury, and a place my father was well fitted for, as his manners were so courteous and kind. George used to say whenever he had to say *no* to anybody, he made Alexander do it, and the people went away quite pleased.

Louis Napoleon came back to London as emperor, in April, 1855, bringing the empress Eugénie, whom many had known and admired some years before as Mlle. de Montijo. Their reception was good, but not enthusiastic, and the emperor struck me as smaller and meaner looking than he had done when, as a poor pretender to the throne of France, he used to come to Queen Square. Every one spoke of the beauty and grace of the empress, but added that her manners and "air" could not be compared with those of our queen. Lord Lansdowne said that the former was evidently not quite at her ease, and at dinner showed her nervousness by crumbling all her bread. One *was* a queen, the other a very pretty woman trying to be one.

On the 18th of May I went with my father to see the queen give medals to the invalided officers and men from the Crimea. It was real queen's weather, and the most beautiful and touching sight I ever beheld. A platform had been raised on the Parade in front of the Horse Guards for her Majesty, who handed a medal to every man as he passed. Many had lost an arm, others were on crutches, and when Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had lost both feet, was wheeled past in a bath-chair and the queen came down the steps to give him the medal, something very like a sob echoed through the vast crowd. A few weeks later died the gallant and honorable Lord Raglan, lamented by all who had known him. Seldom has an Englishman attained to such a position among French soldiers. I remember M.M. Guizot, St. Hilaire, and others sending my grandmother, Mrs. Austin, many extracts from letters of French private soldiers for Lord Ellesmere, who wanted them for some speech or article he was preparing. All spoke of his courage and his coolness under fire; many of his gentleness and kindness; and the expression "*c'était un gentilhomme*" often occurred.

Late in June we heard with great

uneasiness of the failure of Messrs. Paul and Strahan, for we knew that Mrs. Gore had absolute confidence in one of the partners of the bank, and that all the money she had made was in it. Her daughter (who married Lord E. Thynne), brilliant, fascinating Cissy, who sang French songs better than any one, rode like a bird, and danced like a fairy, often came to Esher. She appeared once with two enormous deerhounds, who celebrated their arrival by making a raid into the kitchen. They knocked down the cook, and seized a saddle of mutton which was roasting before the fire, with which they tore down the village street followed by Cissy's groom, shouting, "Hi, I say, that's milady's mutton!" Mrs. Gore (who was very fat) and her daughter used to be described as "Plenty and no waste" (waist), for Cissy had a beautiful figure with a wonderfully small waist. Her fun and charm of voice and manner were quite irresistible.

When staying once with Mrs. Norton in London she took me one day to buy some plaster casts for a niece of hers to draw from; the man, after showing us many arms, hands, ears, etc., held up a very beautifully shaped nose. "There, ma'am, I can safely recommend *that*, it's the Hon. Mrs. Norton's nose, and hartists do buy a lot on 'em, it's very popular." Sitting in the brougham by Mrs. Norton, with full opportunity for admiring her wonderfully beautiful profile, I did not wonder that the cast of her delicate and perfect nose should be in request. She was always boundlessly kind to me, and I found her conversation more agreeable and more brilliant when she was alone with us, or quite *en petite comitè*, than when there were many people, when she sometimes posed and seemed to try to startle her hearers. No one could tell a story better, and then it gained so much by being told in that beautiful, rich, low-toned voice. I often hear Mrs. Norton's hair described as blue-black — quite a mistake. One of her great beauties was the harmony between her very dark brown hair, velvet brown eyes, and rich brunette complexion. Her sister, Lady Dufferin (afterwards Lady Gifford), also very handsome, was delightful company and full of *esprit*. One day my mother asked, "Well, Helen, when are you going to Highgate?" Modestly casting down her eyes she said, "As soon, my dear, as Pricey has cleared the garden of *all* the cock robins." (Her husband was rather jealous.) No one else would have said on hearing many shoes

being cleaned outside her cabin door on a rough passage across the Irish Channel, and in the intervals of sea-sickness, "Oh, my dear Carry, there *must* be centipedes on board!"

In 1857 government was beaten on a motion of Mr. Cobden's about the Chinese war, supported by Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir J. Graham. Parliament was dissolved, with the result that the country declared for Lord Palmerston and a war policy, and that Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Milner, Gibson, and Fox, lost their seats. It was very funny to hear Lord Palmerston talked of as "The Man of God," and "The Christian Premier," by the Low Church people, whose approbation he had gained by appointing several evangelical bishops (under the influence of Lord Shaftesbury). News of the conclusion of the war with Persia also came just in time to be made use of on the hustings. "Just old Pam's luck," one heard perpetually.

The extraordinary heat of the summer of that year was attributed to an approaching great comet, which, however, never appeared. Considerable alarm was excited by a report that the comet would collide with our world and smash it. One old lady in the village made her will in anticipation of the awful event, though who was to be left to inherit her cottage, fat pony, and two old spaniels did not seem quite clear. She had quite made up her mind that they would be safe.

From India news came fast, and bad it was. We heard of the fall of Delhi, and the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, one of our many great Indian soldiers, who died from wounds caused by the bursting of a shell, and dictated his own epitaph on his death-bed. "Here lies Sir H. J. Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." The world will say, "Ay, and did it, too." There was the awful massacre at Cawnpore, which made strong men weep with horror and fury. There was, too, the march of the gallant General Havelock on Lucknow, when Sir James Outram, who had been named chief commissioner of Oude, with full civil and military power, joined him with reinforcements, and, like the generous, splendid man he was, declared he would accompany him in his civil capacity only, placing himself as a volunteer at his disposal. Years afterwards, when Sir James came to Egypt shortly before his death, I had the honor and privilege of knowing him and seeing him nearly every day. With great

difficulty I made him talk about Lucknow, and how his fine face lit up and his glorious eagle eyes used to flash when he told of how Sir Colin came to the rescue! For Havelock had taken the city, saving the women and children from a fate worse than death, only to be besieged in his turn. Alas! soon after his name also was inscribed on the lengthening roll of gallant and able men who "did their duty" and laid down their lives for England.

My father came back from the queen's ball on the 11th of July, full of the beauty of a fair Italian, the Contessa Castiglione. She excited great curiosity, as she was supposed to occupy a high place in the affections of Napoleon III. A sort of tournament of beauty was held at Holland House, patriotic Englishmen declaring that there were many women handsomer than Mme. Castiglione in London society. At Lady Holland's "tea" strife ran high as to the relative merits of the beautiful Italian, of Lady Waterford, Lady Mary Craven, Miss Brandling, Lady Somers, Lady Duff Gordon, and others whom I have forgotten. But all joined in saying that her little boy was *quite* the most lovely creature that had ever been seen.

In the autumn our house at Esher was let to Mr. Charles Buxton for three months; and we went to Paris, chiefly in order that I might learn French. M. B. St. Hilaire had not forgotten "la petite Janet," and was terribly put out at my methodless way of learning a language.

He wanted to "ground me in grammar," and forbade novels, having a desire to make me *une femme sérieuse*. His exhortations were delivered in such beautiful French, that I declared he should be my grammar, and between M. St. Hilaire, who to this day writes to his "petite niece Janet" with the accumulated affection borne to three generations, and my other mentor, M. Victor Cousin, I soon learnt enough French to take the keenest delight in my frequent visits to the Sorbonne. Here the dear old philosopher (Cousin) would talk to me by the hour about his beautiful ladies of the seventeenth century, particularly Mme. de Longueville, until it seemed I knew them personally. He would never call me *Janette*, saying that was *un nom de paysanne*; I was "Jeanne," and I think he rather took my side against M. St. Hilaire as regarding novels and light literature, for I remember one day he gave me "La petite Fadette" to read "for style," and then, St. Hilaire coming in, he capped it with his own volume. "Du Vrai, Du Beau, et Du Bien."

He had been called to govern in a dark moment of Turkish history. The State had recently declared itself bankrupt, the finances were in a state of chaos; Russian agents were busy in every town and village stirring up the natives to rebellion by means of fair promises and clinking gold; Servia had declared war on Turkey, the army was disorganized and discontented, because unpaid. The sultan met all these difficulties with a cool judgment—a diplomacy that amazed Europe and displeased greatly the ruler on the bank of the Neva, who certainly did not desire to see Turkey recover from her position of European sick man. Great self-control, great patience, did Abdul Hamid show, and also great astuteness. He recognized the power that his chief minister, Midhat Pasha, held in hand, and he feigned for a period an entire submission to his will and to that of other influential ministers, while all the time carefully laying his own schemes and preparing to govern his country in accordance with his own ideas.

In April, 1877, Czar Alexander II. at last declared open war on Turkey in place of the secret one he had been carrying on for some time. His purpose, to quote his own words, was to give expression "to the intense anxiety felt by the whole Russian nation to effect an amelioration in the position of the Christians in the East." How the czar managed to be so well acquainted with the intensest feelings of his subjects, seeing the expression of popular opinion in Russia is gagged on press and platform, does not appear; but in any case, he considered himself obliged, in view of "the haughty obstinacy of Turkey," to draw the sword; and he ended his declaration by invoking the blessing of Heaven upon his army called out to fight in so holy a cause.

The Bulgarian massacres excited so intense a feeling against the Turks that Russia in this instance carried with her the sympathies of many who had been opposed to her ambitious schemes.

How valiantly the Ottomans fought, how gallantly they defended their country, is matter of history; and though the Turks were often beaten, so too were the Russians. Finally, in March, 1878, the famous Treaty of San Stefano was signed, a treaty so grasping on the part of Russia that the moment its provisions were known in Europe it was manifest from the excitement it created that the other powers would never permit it to be carried into

effect. In consequence the famous Berlin Congress was summoned.

The result of this Congress, as all the world knows, was the practical tearing up of the Treaty of San Stefano. Lord Beaconsfield returned to London emitting the famous phrase, "Peace with honor," the Russians went back to St. Petersburg to scheme further pretexts for interfering in the affairs of the Sublime Porte, and the Turkish representatives got home to Constantinople in time to assist at councils the end of which was revivification and reform.

For, the war over, Abdul Hamid showed his hand. He now felt that he was indeed firmly seated upon his throne, and his resolve was to restore prosperity and happiness to his distracted kingdom. But the first thing of all to do was to punish sternly the king-maker, the disturber of the internal peace. The constitution drawn up by Midhat Pasha, to which the sultan had been forced to give his consent, was revoked, Abdul Hamid holding that the people on whom it had been thrust had not yet reached that phase of political development in which alone constitutions of any kind are possible, and that, moreover, ready-made constitutions, constitutions that are not of genuine growth, are rarely of much value. Possibly other motives mingled in his policy, for it was not to be expected that he should rise at one bound above all the traditions of his throne. After all, government is a question of climate and ethnology; and no fair-minded thinker can doubt that in the present low state of general culture in Turkey, and its absolute inaptitude for self-government, direct rule of some sort is inevitable, if not essential for the time being to real progress; and it is matter of satisfaction if this rule be wisely exercised.

That Abdul Hamid was severely criticised for this step goes without saying. In Europe especially arose the cry that he was crushing the dawning freedom of his country, that he was pursuing a policy of reaction and obscurantism. It does not fall within the scope of this paper to discuss these general questions; suffice it to say, the sultan, believing that even well-meant innovations may be hurtful if premature, continued his course undeterred alike by adverse criticism or the candid council of friends unacquainted with Turkey—its internal state, its needs, its tastes. Undaunted, he pursued his path, showing great personal courage and bravery.

At the same time the dread of a counter-

revolution did not let him rest; and as time went on, and he found himself deceived in some of his dearest hopes, deceived above all in the persons in whom he had put trust, whom he had raised to eminence, he began more and more to retreat personally from public life, though never abandoning State affairs.

The Palace of Yildiz, a little outside Constantinople, grew to be his favorite residence; and he now rarely quits that spot. An eye-witness of Abdul Hamid's conduct at the end of the first month of his reign wrote as follows: "In all matters of public importance the personal views of the sultan Hamid have exercised a most decisive influence, and this influence is growing every day; but it is altogether of a different kind from that of his predecessors. It is not that capricious interference, the result of momentary whims and covert advice or influence, but it is a systematic effort on the sultan's part to master the affairs of State by seeking for information, and on the strength of this forming his judgment. . . . According to the etiquette of centuries, the sultan came as little into contact with his ministers socially as with the rest of the world. The present sultan has broken through the barriers of this isolation. He allows them to be seated in his presence and discusses affairs in council. He has already spoken earnestly of his strong wish to encourage trade and industry, to open agricultural schools, and to introduce model farms. In his choice of officers to attend about his person he has specially selected those who have received a European education and have become conversant not only with the languages, but with the leading ideas of the civilized countries of Europe."

His wishes in respect of internal reforms have all been carried into effect. The first thing to do was to put the finances straight, for these were in utter confusion. As has been well said, never since Necker seized the purse-strings of revolutionary France had an apparently more hopeless outlook to be faced by mortal financier. The official inquiry instituted at the request of the sultan revealed a state of corruption and dishonesty which had assumed proportions surpassing all that even an Oriental country can show in the matter of peculation and trickery. A more enlightened financial policy was at once inaugurated, to whose wisdom and merit the improved state of Turkish finances and the whole condition of the empire now bear witness. The next thing to do

was to put down brigandage, one of the greatest curses of the Turkish Empire, affording a lucrative if irregular method of gaining a livelihood to thousands, and exercising a rule of pressure and terrorism over all dutiful subjects. In this matter, too, Abdul Hamid showed that he had a resolute hand and decided views; and the good results achieved already make themselves manifest. The work of exterminating brigandage goes on merrily, to the decided advantage of Turkish finances and Turkish prosperity.

Nor are these the only marked improvements that have taken place since Abdul Hamid came into power. Under his personal initiative the school system has been much enlarged and perfected, and not only for males, but also for females, the schools for the latter especially being under the direct patronage of the sultan, who is truly interested in the welfare and progress of his female subjects. The progress made in women's education under his reign is little short of marvellous. Among other changes, primary education has been made obligatory, and each commune must possess a school where children are taught gratuitously, and where instruction does not consist merely in the reading of the Koran, as in former times, but where more useful and more modern attainments can be acquired. It is perhaps needless to say that in initiating this reform Abdul Hamid has had to encounter much active and latent opposition, and that the latter, especially in the country districts and those remote from the capital, often hinders the more rapid spread of his good work. It is exceedingly difficult to impose reforms upon the Turk, who, after all, it must never be forgotten, is an Asiatic and a Mussulman. The press, too, has been taken under the sultan's protection, and though one could scarcely look for press freedom in an Oriental land, yet by imperial command all the most important literary and scientific works of Europe are issued in translation from the government printing-office, a thing that was not tolerated under previous reigns. But one of Abdul Hamid's constant preoccupations is to raise the intellectual status of his subjects.

Nor do Abdul Hamid's reforms stop here. The army had also to be reorganized and better disciplined; and to this he devoted himself with the same energy that he had shown in other departments, the result being that the military system of the country is now far from despicable; indeed, is so good as to have won praise

from that great authority on all that is soldierly, the emperor William II. Further, the railroad system has been much extended, and new lines are being constructed in Asia.

In all these matters it must never be forgotten that Abdul Hamid himself is the active and reforming force, his ministers being merely the subordinate officers who carry out his behests and directions, often belonging themselves to the old Turkish retrograde faction. And this is the sultan's misfortune; while Abdul Hamid is thus sincerely enthusiastic for the welfare of his people, he is not seconded by his subordinates, who have neither his zeal nor his uprightness; so that in the interior the advance in culture and civilization is not yet so marked as in the districts nearer to the sultan's direct supervision. That he himself is a humane sovereign is beyond doubt; nor is he in any wise responsible for the atrocities that but too often occur in his domains, and disturb the dreams of Europe. Thus it is a fact that he has not signed more than one death warrant since his accession. Indeed, capital punishment has been practically abolished by him, for it is he in person who has to decide the fate of criminals.

It is beyond doubt that Turkey, whatever its shortcomings — and these no doubt are great — has also suffered much from misrepresentation. All that occurs there reaches the outside world in a distorted shape; the good is depreciated, the evil is exaggerated. Indeed, the common notion seems to be, "Can any good thing come out of Turkey?" Thus it is always assumed without question that a sultan gives himself up to luxurious and licentious living, and does not trouble himself with the affairs of the State. That the present sultan is a serious man, whose entire energy and ability are devoted to the affairs of government, the reforms he has instituted prove. That his private life resembles much more that of an English gentleman than the popular idea of an Oriental prince, is familiar to all who reside at Constantinople. Among other financial reforms, he has consistently discouraged the expenditure of the harem. He himself is practically a monogamist, and has no more legal wives than four, the number obligatory upon a sultan, and to none does he show special favor. That his harem is nevertheless largely populated arises from the customs of his land and of his dynasty. He personally would be glad enough to be rid of his three hun-

dred brevet spouses, who merely cost him money, and often are the causes of those palace revolutions too common in Oriental lands. But, as we all know, the force of custom is not so easily broken. Thus, on his birthday, and on twenty other days in the year, the sultan invariably receives from his adoptive mother the present of a beautiful slave, and this young lady has forthwith to be transferred to his establishment in the capacity of harem dame, with a household of her own, consisting of at least four eunuchs and six female servants, to say nothing of horses, carriages, and grooms.

Multiply the number of these establishments by three hundred, and it ceases to be astonishing that the expenditure on the sultan's Civil List should amount to four millions sterling a year. A large item in this sum represents the dowers which the sultan pays to his slaves when he marries them to favorite officials. About one hundred are married from the palace annually, and each of them is entitled to receive £10,000. Unfortunately, the bridegroom who takes a wife from the sultan's hands must at his earliest convenience make a present of a slave to keep the staff of the imperial seraglio up to its proper figure. The sultan, as those who know him affirm, loathes the whole system; but there are too many vested interests engaged in keeping the imperial harem supplied with wives, and if the sultan were to cashier his entire female establishment, he would certainly be deposed or murdered. Sir William White is said to have advised his Majesty to reduce his establishment by not filling up vacancies, but this is not easy, seeing that every cabinet minister and pasha of note looks to passing his daughter through the sultan's harem as a simple means of securing her a marriage portion, with the title of *valide*, which may be construed as princess.

That so huge a household must cost much is self-evident, and yet Abdul Hamid does his best to check reckless expenditure. Still it is estimated that over six thousand persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtché Palace when he is there. Perhaps this is another reason why he prefers the smaller Bildiz Kiosk. One who is well informed gives a graphic picture of the sultan's housekeeping. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or a hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely de-

mands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for that, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses, or to serve the sultan in some specified capacity; and the labor about the palace is so sub-divided that no one works very hard except the lord high chamberlain and treasurer of the household.

The chamberlain is mostly occupied in administering to the wants and caprices of the sultan, and is in almost constant attendance upon him; so the treasurer of the household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders. He has an organized force of buyers, who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each having his helpers, servants, and slaves.

One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and as to furnish fish for at least six thousand persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in all other large cities, he has to have about twenty men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy. About ten tons of fish a week are required.

There are nearly eighteen thousand pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The kitchens are detached from all the palaces and kiosks. It requires a large force of bakers to bake the bread and another to bring it to the palace, and another force of buyers who purchase the flour and fuel. The bringing of most of the wood and charcoal is done by camels, who carry it on their backs. The rest comes in caïques. The Turkish bread is baked in large loaves, and is light, moist, and sweet; delicious bread in every way, particularly that which is made of rye.

The food for the sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before

the sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the sultan in the same vessels in which it was cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich, golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the sultan eats. Each kettle represents a course, and is served with bread and a kind of pancake, which is held on a golden tray by another slave.

The sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table and rarely a knife or fork, — a spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

It requires just twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him. He usually sits on a divan near a window, which looks out over the Bosphorus, and takes his ease and comfort in a loose *pembasar* and *gegelik* with his sleeves turned up. After he has eaten all he wants, the sultan takes his coffee and his chibouk and lies back in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and quiet reverie, which he calls taking his *krif*. Woe be to any one who comes to disturb it!

The whole household is at liberty to take meals where it suits him or her best, and thus every one is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and the higher ones only get the pancakes.

Nearly one ton of rice per day is required for the inevitable *pillaffe*, six hundred pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat. Rice and mutton and bread form the greater part of the food for the majority of Turks, together with fish, sweetmeats, confectionery, nuts, and dried and fresh fruits.

That there is enormous waste and extravagance in the kitchens is obvious, and it is said that enough is thrown away daily to maintain a hundred families; but such waste is perhaps not confined to a Turkish royal household, and might also be found in kitchens nearer home. The surplus is gathered up by the beggars, in whom Constantinople abounds, and what still remains is eaten by the scavenger dogs.

All the water for the sultan's use, and the drinking water for all the household, is brought in barrels from two pretty streams at different places in the Bosphorus, towards the Black Sea.

Another one of the lord chamberlain's functions is to see that a horse is kept in

constant readiness, and also a carriage night and day, in case the padishah should want to change his residence, as he often does, at a moment's notice.

Yet with all this traditional machinery of expense around him, its master leads the simplest life. Abdul Hamid gets up early. His toilet does not detain him long; indeed it might detain him longer according to European codes. When dressed, he at once devotes himself to recite the prescribed prayers, after which he drinks a cup of black coffee, and instantly afterwards begins to smoke cigarettes, a pastime that he continues all day almost without intermission, for he is an ardent smoker. Breakfast ended, he arranges family affairs when these require his attention, as is almost always the case with so large a family and of such varied ages and needs. This done, he quits the harem and goes into the selamlit. Here he receives the reports concerning court affairs. Towards ten o'clock his court secretary and chief dignitaries appear, bearing the day's despatches and reports. These handed in, the sultan seats himself on a sofa with these documents on his right, on his left a pile of Turkish newspapers and extracts from the European press, translated into Turkish for his benefit by a translation bureau specially appointed to that end. His lunch, which follows the despatch of this business, is most simple — little meat, a fair amount of vegetables. The meal ended, he takes a walk in the park or rows in a little boat upon one of the lakes it encloses, always accompanied by a chamberlain or some high dignitary. After taking two hours' exercise in the air, he returns to his sitting-rooms, where he holds an open reception, or else presides over some committee meeting. An hour or two before sunset he once more goes out to walk. His dinner is as simple as his lunch. His favorite food is *pillaffe*, sweets, and a very little meat. He never touches spirituous liquors, in due obedience to the commands of the Prophet, but he drinks large quantities of sherbet and eats a great deal of ice-cream. Dinner and digestion over, he receives company in the selamlit, or he retires into the harem, where his daughters play and sing to him. He himself on these occasions will often seat himself at the piano, an instrument he plays fairly well. For painting — for the fine arts in general, he has no taste. His women, too, find him very cold; but he is devoted to his children, and also much attached to all the members of his family.

In appearance he is of medium height, rather short than tall, well-proportioned in his person, and carrying bravely the weight of his onerous duties, though there are also moments when an old and careworn look comes across his face, and when he almost personifies the apathy we so generally connect with the Turkish character. His beard, cut into a slight point, is black, so are his hair and eyes. The latter are tender in expression, but also penetrating, and he looks his visitors full in the face, with a scrutiny that seems to read their thoughts. What destroys the pleasant first impression made by these eyes is the constant look of uneasiness in them. The fact is, Abdul Hamid does not feel himself safe even in his own palace. He does not suspect any person in particular, but he is on his guard against every one. He knows too well that palace conspiracies are of frequent occurrence in the life of an Oriental sovereign, and he cannot forget the tragic events that led to his own elevation to the throne. Whether he need truly be thus timorous is a question.

Few padishahs have been so beloved by their subjects as he. Indeed, he is to them quite a new type of sultan, and they do not fail to appreciate the novelty. He is a man who does not pass his days in his harem, toying with his slaves. He is a man who takes a real interest in the welfare of his people, who, far from following the example of his predecessors, and leaving the reins of government in the hands of some clever courtiers, insists on seeing and judging all for himself, down to the minutest particulars. Indeed, it may be affirmed that he exaggerates this practice, with the result that a deplorable delay often occurs in the execution of public business, because the sultan lacks the material time to attend to everything at once.

Personally he is most benevolent and kind-hearted, and scarcely a month passes that he does not contribute some large sum out of his private purse to alleviate suffering among his subjects, irrespective of race or religion. Quite recently he made a spontaneous gift of two hundred and fifty thousand piastres in aid of the preparatory schools in the isle of Crete. On one occasion he converted the greater portion of his plate and jewellery into cash for the use of the state treasury; on another he cut down the number of his personal servants in order to devote the funds to the service of deserving charity. He spends with as little cost to his subjects as possible, and his Civil List, for

a Turkish sultan, is modest in the extreme.

His character may be summed up as having for its dominant note an extreme caution. Hence, perhaps, the source of his constant mistrust and frequent indecisions; and hence, perhaps, the reason why he discharges all business matters himself. It is well that to this extreme caution is added real intelligence, so that he is capable of coping with all the questions of home and foreign policy, the sociological problems concerning religion, education, and what not else that passes through his hands. Fortunate, too, that he is endowed with an unusual faculty for work. In manner he is exceedingly polite, especially in his treatment of European ladies. Indeed, he understands the rare art of making himself beloved by all with whom he comes in contact. His language, which is very carefully chosen, is somewhat slow and monotonous in tone, but he can rouse himself to great fire when any theme excites his enthusiasm or his feelings. In religious matters he is no fanatic; indeed, he rather leans to free thought. Still, he always demonstrates himself as enthusiastically Pan-Islamite; but this may be the result of well-calculated political astuteness. Hence he associates much with the Mussulman clergy, dervishes, and mollahs, and is lavish in gifts to them; as, indeed, his hand is always open to give. He likes to play the part of Mæceas, and bestow handsome presents on all his European visitors, especially if they be men distinguished in art or letters. European princesses and the wives of ambassadors can also tell tales of his generosity in this respect.

If we would sum up the nature of his government we might with truth designate him as a liberal sovereign, bearing in mind, of course, that liberty in the Occidental sense is unknown in Turkey. But Abdul Hamid has understood how to adapt his really fundamentally liberal ideas to the local, political, and ethnological conditions of his realm. While apparently a stern despot, he is really paternal and well-intentioned. Whatever be the sins of Turkey, her present sovereign, Abdul Hamid II., is a kind, benevolent ruler, whose chief aspiration is for the good and welfare of his subjects. The unrest, the discontent that certainly exists in parts of the huge, disjointed empire can as a rule be traced to emissaries from without, whose aim is to attack the interests of England, or to further the designs of "the divine figure from the north." Undoubt-

edly the last war helped to loosen yet further the bands that hold together the jumbled population, just as it helped to give the finishing touch to its already shattered finances. If Turkey can be saved from complete disruption—and those who should know best doubt if this seemingly inevitable evolutionary process can be arrested—it will be due in large measure to the enlightened government of her present sultan, under whose reign it has made rapid and vigorous strides in the path of recovery and reform. What she requires now above all, is that his life should be spared, and that she may enjoy the blessings of peace in order to recuperate her strength and her finances.

How precariously matters stand for the Ottoman Empire no one better appreciates than Abdul Hamid himself. Hence his nervous anxiety to be left a neutral in all European complications. As far as inner revolts are concerned he may rest easy; his throne is safe; and all the stories that reach the West about family conspiracies, and a desire to depose him and replace his brother Mourad, are pure inventions, not to mention the fact that Mourad is really weak of intellect, and that the other members of the family are all devoted to Abdul Hamid.

From The Spectator.

THE SPRING HABITS OF BRITISH QUADRUPEDS.

THE first really warm days of spring tempt the shyest, and even the night-feeding animals, to show themselves and revel in the sun. On such a morning last spring, a hedgehog appeared on the lawn within a few yards of the house. The white pigeons which were sunning themselves on the roof instantly flew down to see what he was, and after they had satisfied their curiosity, we sat down to watch him. The hedgehog was evidently determined to make the most of the first spring-like day, to get enough food to make up for his winter fast. He was so busy hunting for insects, that he let us approach within a few yards, and observe his method of finding them. Clearly he worked wholly by scent; for he moved his head slowly from side to side as he walked, and every now and then would stop and try a few inches of ground again, like a spaniel who thinks he can just trace the scent of a rabbit. Sometimes he thrust his sharp nose under a plantain-leaf, or downwards

to the roots of the grass, and captured a small worm. If the worm objected to come out of the hole, "piggy," with his head on one side, gently scratched away the grass with his right fore paw and extracted him. Apparently most of the insects were tiny slugs, which gave him less trouble. His gait was like that of an elderly and substantial toad, a slow, crawling walk. He stood higher from the ground than might be thought, and the hind legs showed plainly behind his body, as did his tail, which was fully half an inch long. At a distance, his rounded back and long head made him look like a bear, seen through the wrong end of a telescope. We came within two yards of him, but he took no notice till he got to leeward. Then he put up his head and snuffed suspiciously, peering at us with his little beady eyes. We made a slight movement. Instantly he dropped his head, and his spines bristled as he prepared to roll himself up. As we kept still, he relaxed, and began to crawl rapidly away, keeping very close to the ground.

In the afternoon there was a slight thunder-shower. This brought him out again. The east wind had blown down leaves from the ilex and ivy. These he turned over with his long, flexible nose, and found something edible under many. Though we got a pair of glasses and watched him closely, his food was so minute that we could not identify the insects. At last he walked up, moving his head from side to side like a pig routing in straw, and as there was no room to pass between the writer's foot and a large stone, he scrambled over his boot, after snuffing curiously at the leather. Then he looked at the other boot, and came back between his legs. Cramped by remaining still so long, the writer moved. Piggy stopped, and looked up sideways, in a suspicious manner. He had knocked the hair off the middle of his nose, which gave him rather a disreputable air; this, with his bright little eyes and prominent ears, made him look so droll, that it was impossible to help laughing at him. He resented this, and clambering over the border of great flints, marched resolutely into the bushes. It was probably hunger as much as the desire for warmth that brought the hedgehog out. Unlike Signor Succi, he does not break his fast gradually; and when once he has awakened from his winter sleep in a hedge-bottom or old rabbit-hole, and got rid of the great coat of leaves which encircles him like the crust of a dumpling, he eats day and night.

But the sudden renewal of light and warmth throws many of our wild animals into an ecstasy of pleasure. The writer has seen one of the otters at the Zoo lying on his back, rolling, bathing, in the sunlight, after a spell of east winds; not grinning, like the wicked otter in "The Water-Babies," but *smiling* sweetly, patting his stomach with his fore paws, and letting his cheeks be rubbed like a cat. The wild ones then leave the coast and work up the rivers, playing about the fords and feeding at night, and by day sunning themselves on the crowns of pollard willows or the warm dead flags in the osier-beds. About May the little otters are born, pretty, bright-eyed creatures, active as a seal in the water or a weasel on land. The warmth brings the chub and barbel, carp and tench, from the deep waters, and the hungry family need never want a meal.

Early in spring the dog-foxes travel great distances to find their mates, and on still evenings their cry may be heard plainly, three short, husky barks, like the cough of a dog with a bone in his throat. The vixen occasionally utters a plaintive howl, a weird, uncomfortable noise. The first cubs are dropped early in the middle of March, sometimes in some large earth that has been used for years, but frequently in a hole which the vixen has made for herself. Unlike the otters, foxes do not resent the presence of others of their species in their hunting-grounds. A pair of otters will monopolize miles of river; but if there is plenty of game and the covers are quiet, half-a-dozen vixens may take up their quarters in one square mile. The quantity of food which the cubs require is extraordinary; and if the fox were not the most cunning as well as one of the most active and enduring of animals, the old ones would find it hard to satisfy them. Fortunately for the mothers of large families — for they sometimes have as many as seven in a litter — the cubs are omnivorous feeders, and, except snakes or stoats, will eat almost anything. Fish, frogs, rats, small birds, field-mice, rabbits, and all kinds of game are their usual fare. The vixens prow round every fowl-house in the parish at least once a week. They will climb an ivy-covered tree and catch a wood-pigeon on her nest, or hide in a patch of rushes and catch the moor-hen as she swims from her island home to the bank. Meantime, the father of the family leads a comfortable bachelor life, spending the warm days curled up in a snug nest in the long, dry grass, with a good

thick tuft between him and the wind, or, if the day be very calm, he slips into the crown of a pollard, and sleeps there.

Rats make a total change of their domicile in spring. They desert the corn-stacks and outhouses for the field-banks, generally choosing some place near a pond or stream. Not that they imitate the water-rats, who may be seen in the dusk swimming resolutely for miles along the quiet waters of the canal to seek their mates. The male rats form bachelor colonies, while the does make separate burrows and nests for their young. These are often in most unlikely spots, far from houses or barns; for the papa rats are quite inclined to eat the little ones, and are quarrelsome and noisy. The does are devoted mothers, ready to defend their brood from stoat or weasel, and even dashing out to give battle to more formidable enemies. The writer was once crossing a fence with a small spaniel, when a shriek from the dog made him think she was caught in a gin. But a fierce tussle in the grass and brambles at the bottom of the ditch followed, and he saw that she had been attacked by a huge rat, which was hanging to her lip like a bulldog, and did not release her until killed by a stick.

Badgers, which hibernate completely in Sweden, only sleep for short intervals in our winter. But they, like the other creatures, will show themselves by day in the

first week of warmth and sun. A model family of badgers, which were carefully watched by a good observer, left their burrow first in the middle of March, and began to carry in dry fern. They always cleaned their feet on a bough before going into the burrow. The young were *seen* in June, but were probably born a month earlier. The number is from three to five. It is generally agreed by those who live where badgers are not uncommon, that if they meet a hedgehog, taking a spring walk, poor "piggy's" days are numbered. The badger cares no more for his spines than for the stings of the sleepy wasps whose nests he digs up at night, and eats him up alive, leaving nothing but his skin, turned neatly inside out, like a rabbit's on a coster's barrow.

But perhaps the happiest of all our animals in spring are the squirrels. This winter was so mild, that they had no need to use up their winter stores, and could get some sort of green food; for squirrels no more care to live on nuts than we should on beef. But usually they are as pleased with the return of spring as the larks themselves. They nibble the young shoots, strip the bark from the twigs as the sap runs up, and scamper from tree to tree as if life were almost too well worth living. Before long, if you watch the nest, tiny squirrels, perfect as their parents, but no larger than big mice, appear, and the family keeps together till autumn.

THE EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE — The quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund which has just been issued, although it does not record any extraordinary discovery, yet describes much interesting work that is in progress. Two cisterns have been found near the Damascus gate, the smaller of which would contain about three thousand skins of water. "It is entirely hewn in the rock and before it was made into a cistern was rock-cut Jewish tombs. In the rock ceiling is a square thirteen feet by thirteen feet, very nicely worked, with a kind of cornice round it exactly as in the tombs of the kings." By the excavations made on the eastern brow of Zion it has been found that there were in ancient times caves and dwellings excavated

in the rock, which in later times were converted into cisterns. Herr Schiek describes a church which has been discovered in the village of Silwan, which has been hewn in the rock, and which contains a Greek inscription in which the name of the prophet Isaiah is mentioned. Herr Schick thinks it probable that Isaiah's tomb may be under this chapel, and hopes by further digging to find an entrance to the cave which is under the rocky court, and is at present full of earth, and to discover rock-cut tombs. He thinks that the rock-cut chambers of the church were Jewish tombs before the Christian era, and that afterwards they were converted into chapels by the Christians.

Jewish Chronicle.

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CONTENTS.

I. THE HOLY LAND,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	259
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part XII.,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	271
III. CHARLES THE TWELFTH: A MEMOIR. By the King of Sweden and Norway. Conclu- sion,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	286
IV. NERO AND ST BENEDICT,	<i>Longman's Magazine,</i>	298
V. THE EMPTY COMPARTMENT,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	303
VI. NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE. Part III.,	<i>Spectator,</i>	307
VII. THE FIRST GENERAL ELECTION IN JAPAN,	<i>New Review,</i>	313
VIII. WASTED SOLAR HEAT,	<i>Good Words,</i>	318
IX. THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF COLORADO,	<i>Spectator,</i>	319
POETRY.			
WHISPERING WOODS,	258	NECKEREI UND REUE,	258
THE SPRINGS OF FONTANA,	258		
MISCELLANY,			320

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WHISPERING WOODS.

IN the woodland's green recesses,
In the cool and fragrant glooms,
Where the morning dews yet linger
On the woodbine's flaunting blooms
And the sunbeams and the shadows
Chase each other to and fro,
Summer breezes whisper, whisper
To my heart of long ago.

Where I sit I see the cottage
In whose porch so oft we met,
And the lattice where the roses
That she loved are blooming yet —
Doves are cooing in the treetops —
And a murmur like the sea
Rustles softly through the branches
As the breezes sing to me.

On the giant oaks and beeches
Summer's green has turned to gold,
And the bracken oft has faded
Since those summer days of old,
When the woodland glades were haunted
By the sunny, smiling face
Whose sweet features on my canvas
I essayed to fit and trace.

On the mossy sward the shadows
Dance as softly to and fro,
And the clover-scented breezes
Just as sweetly come and go;
As of old the whispering beeches
Have their spell upon me cast,
But their shade is haunted only
By the memory of the past.
Argosy. HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE SPRINGS OF FONTANA.

THE springs of Fontana well high on the
mountain,
Out of the rock of the granite they pour
Twenty or more;
Ripple and runnel and freshet and fountain
Well, happy tears, from the heart of the
mountain
Up at Fontana.

See, not a step can we take but a spring
Breaks from the roots of the blond-flower'd
chestnuts —
(Look, in the water their long golden breast-
knots
Flung in caress!) — from a tuft of the ling,
From a stone, anything,
Up at Fontana.

Twenty or more, and no one of the twenty
Gushes the same; here the waters abundant
Babble redundant,
Filling the vale with the bruit of their plenty;
Here a mere ripple, a trickle, a scanty
Dew on Fontana.

Surely one noonday the Prophet in heaven
Slept, and the wand of the desert fell —
Fell to the rock, and the rock was riven.
Lo, all around it eternally well
(A miracle!)
The springs of Fontana.

Waters of boon!
In drought or in deluge unaltered, your cur-
rent
Flows from the rock and is icy in June,
Flows when the icicle hangs on the torrent,
Flows when the river is dry and the noon
Parches Fontana.

Over the rocks!
Over the tree-root that tangles and blocks —
Robbing from all that resists you a sunny
Scent of the cistus and rock-hidden honey,
Yarrow, campanula, thyme, agrimony —
Flow from Fontana!

Flow, happy waters, and gather and rally,
Rush to the plain.
Flow to the heavenly fields of Limain,
Blue as a dream in the folds of the valley;
Feed them and fatten with blossom and grain,
Springs of Fontana!

River of springs,
Born many times in renewal unending,
Bright, irresistible, purest of things,
Blessing the rocks that oppose you, befriend-
ing
Pastures and cattle and men in your wending
Forth from Fontana.

Born (who knows how?) a mysterious foun-
tain
Out of the stone and the dust of the moun-
tain,
Bound to a country we know little of,
How shall I bless ye and praise ye enough,
Image of Love,
Springs of Fontana!
A. MARY F. ROBINSON.
(Madame James Darmesteter).

Athenæum.

NECKEREI UND REUE.

WIE lieb war sonst die Kleine!
Wie gern umschlang sie mich!
Sie ist noch voller Liebe —
Für sich — ach! nur für sich!

Wie keusch war sonst die Kleine!
Wie edel hielt sie sich!
Sie ist noch voller Keuschheit —
Für mich — ach! nur für mich!

Doch, keusche liebe Kleine,
Nur ich schätz' Deinen Werth.
Von dem, der Dich ganz kennet,
Bist Du, Kind, ganz verehrt.
Academy. FRANK T. LAWRENCE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE HOLY LAND.

To look out upon a corner of grey wall stretching along a rocky foundation, with one massive square tower in sight; to find yourself suddenly in a crowded and noisy space, among rude and springless carriages, groups of munching and scolding camels, self-occupied and serious donkeys coming and going on all sides, and the general area filled with an ever-changing, ever-multiplying crowd, in every kind of picturesque and strange dress; to enter through the momentary darkness of the gate, grateful in the midst of the dazzling sunshine, into the street, still thronged and noisy as the square outside, through which it is difficult to push your way, a little tired by your journey, a little anxious about the accommodation provided for you, a little or more than a little awed by the sense of what this place is, which at last, after so many thoughts of it and anticipations you have attained — and then to step out suddenly, without warning, and find yourself upon the terrace of your lodging, the house-top of all Eastern story and description, looking into the very heart of Jerusalem, is a sensation which can come but once in his life to the most indefatigable traveller. If it were not a hotel, but some hospice or religious house such as are still to be found, the effect would be a perfect one. And it is to be said for the Mediterranean (which by this time is a hotel no longer) that it is as little like an inn, in the modern sense of the word, as can be conceived. From the house-top we look down upon the pool of Hezekiah, lying a square mirror at our feet, surrounded by houses, and their reflections in its still surface — while beyond stands full before us, upon its platform, an octagon building with its dome, sharply relieved against a low, green hill which forms the background of the whole picture — while other domes, and the tall, straight, slim minarets, and glimpses of façades and doorways, fill up the many varying lines of the town before us. And is that indeed the Mount of Olives? We look at it with the water rising to our eyes in a sudden rush. Nothing else can it be. The other points have to be told us, —

that we identify with the strange, indescribable thrill of recognition which indicates a sacred spot that we have known all our lives almost before we knew ourselves. There it lies with its scattered trees, its soft greenness, spoiled, they say (and no doubt with truth), by the buildings, and especially by the foolish tall tower rising on the top. But of that we cannot think in the first thrill of emotion. All these walls and storied places may have come into being since that day. But there it is sure he must have walked, there mused and prayed and rested, under the sunshine, and when the stars came out over Jerusalem. I cannot think of any sensation more strangely touching, solemn, and real. The sight of the Mount of Olives is like the sudden sight of a never-doubted, always recognizable friend. We had never thought we should have lived to see it, yet there it stands, as we knew it would, as we have always known, held green and unchangeable in the safe keeping of nature, more secure than all that man's hands and skill can do. The stones can be cast down so that no one shall be found on another. But nothing can overthrow the gentle slopes, the little sacred hill.

The Holy Sepulchre is also in sight from this wonderful point of vision, and many other places of interest, yet none that touches the heart of the spectator with this sudden sense of recognition, of satisfaction, and tender awe. Among the buildings on the other side stands, rooted high among the mason-work, a solitary palm-tree which has no story or associations; yet it comes into the landscape with a curious individuality, as of a half-alien spectator gazing across the house-tops, with their endless little domes and level lines of grey-white. There is, perhaps, nothing more striking in all the after-views of Jerusalem than this first glimpse. The octagon building is the famous Mosque of Omar, occupying the centre of the platform, walled and strong, which once was filled by Solomon's Temple — the centre of religious life, the constant haunt of those pilgrims of the Old World who came from all quarters of the land to keep the feast at Jerusalem. It

brings a chill to the heart of the pilgrim of to-day to find that shadow of another worship and faith occupying such a place in the very heart of this wonderful scene.

And it is something of a downfall to go down afterwards into the very common, not to say vulgar, life of a hotel which has a *table d'hôte* with a number of very ordinary people round it, and where soon we are obliged to withdraw our thoughts to very commonplace matters — such as getting comfortable places and securing the eye of a hurried and anxious waiter, who has too much to do already. A convent, where we could feel ourselves guests, and where it would not be at all permissible to grumble loud or swear even *sotto voce* at the ministering monks, would be more fit. And as for our fellow-travelers, there are a great many of whom we ask ourselves in consternation, What can they possibly want here? We suppose, naturally, that some motive stronger than those which carry the crowd to Switzerland, or even to Italy, must move the minds of men who undertake the fatigues and expense and perils of sea and land involved in a journey to Palestine. But there is little trace of this in the everyday faces that surround the long table. Indeed the curious effect which reduces everything to commonplace, and makes the most unknown and strange life at once simple and natural as soon as we fall into the way of it, is in the strongest action here. There is nothing one does not become used to after a little, often a very little, time; and before we have been twenty-four hours in Jerusalem, the crowded street called of David, along which we gazed at the uninterrupted, ever-flowing stream of human life, at first with something like a reverential feeling mingled with our curiosity, has already become to us David Street, as if it had formed part of any country town we know.

It was the Holy Week when we arrived in Jerusalem, and the throngs which filled it were numerous. The population is said to be more than doubled at this period. There were Jews come to keep the feast, so sadly maimed in its ancient ceremonial, of the Passover. There were Christians of every kind and class, drawn by the

associations of the season, and a desire to be at that time in the place which witnessed the passion and resurrection of our Lord. Lastly, there was a great gathering of Mohammedans, collected for the yearly pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses, which some people say was invented in order to gather together enough of the dominant creed to hold in check the immense influx of Christians. To speak my poor mind, as a person non-political and of no account, I feel bound with all my heart to protest against the presence there, in the midst of scenes so sacred to Christendom, of the unspeakable Turk. There do not seem to be two opinions about the intolerable-ness of the government, the repression of all advance, the stolid, unintelligent tyranny and endless exactions of the ruling power. It is generally said, and perhaps — I cannot tell — with some truth, that the Turkish soldier is needed to prevent the Greek and Latin Christians from flying at each other's throats. This is just the sort of thing which the cynical bystander loves to say; and which having been fact perhaps at one time, lingers on for centuries on the strength of that fact, belying after-generations. I could certainly see no sign of this strife, and it ought to be well corroborated and proved before an idea so intolerable to modern ways of thinking should be believed.

Even in such a case, however, some other expedient might be found to remove this reproach, something different from the existing state of affairs, which makes us, a Christian people, uphold and sustain the Mohammedan, that he may occupy and desecrate the ancient temples of our own faith and treat with contumely our fellow-Christians. One can scarcely wonder at the fervor of the Crusader. I should be a Crusader, too, if I could, or if it would be of any practical utility. I have no desire to compromise my editor, or express anything in this magazine which goes against the tenets of Maga's political creed. I speak merely as a non-political person concerned for none of these things, yet certain of my own conviction that it is a shame and horror to leave the Holy Land in the custody of the unbeliever. The Turk may be a very fine gentleman,

as people say; he may be becoming an example of morality, the husband of one wife, etc.; but he has no right to be bolstered up by Christendom, at all events in the Holy Land. He ought to be made to withdraw from the sacred places which nations — with which at least he cannot hold up his head as on the side of good government and civilization — concur in considering holy. Let him be maintained, if it is necessary, in Constantinople, but let him begone from Jerusalem. This is the universal voice of those who go on pilgrimages. His presence is at once a threat and an insult in the city of David, the stronghold of Zion, the place of Christ's sacrifice and burial. Were he perfectly independent and powerful, we might be compelled to submit to it; but to prop up a feeble rule in order to secure its obnoxious presence in a place dear and sacred, is a contradiction and anomaly indeed.

To say to whom Jerusalem should be confided, if indeed Christendom, moved by this protest, should at once take steps to remove the scandal, is a more difficult matter. If the time ever comes when the Jews will be able to solve that question, and by reason of their wealth or any other influence ("I am an Israelite. I am of the religion of Rothschild," said a merchant in one of the great bazaars, with perfect discrimination of the Hebrew's present distinction) acquire Jerusalem, it has not yet arrived. The Jews are the people of least account in the Holy City. They are the humble and oppressed. To see them wandering about in families in their Passover holiday, inoffensive, clean, domestic, is an altogether new light upon this singular race. The Jews in Jerusalem are a fair-skinned, red-haired people. They have no noses to speak of; their dress, that of the men at least, is the most unbecoming that can be conceived. They wear a kind of flat cap of the pork-pie order, encircled with fur, from under which falls on either side of their face a long curl such as ladies wore in England during the forties. They wear a close dress of a light tint, often (in holiday times at least) of silk or satin, with the long coat or gaberdine over it to their heels. There

is an air of faded finery about these best dresses which contrasts badly with the stronger colors and manlier amplitude of the Moslem, or the Bedouin's bold, striped and solid garb. On the Friday of the Passover, at the Place of Wailing, they were present in a crowd, all of men and boys, performing their lamentations in a manner which was not impressive. I remember one man in white satin, which seemed to be of the cheap kind that ladies call *merveilleux*, while others wore feeble greens and blues of a similar fabric; and an old gentleman, fat and portly, swept past us to take his place among the worshippers in a gaberdine made of violet velvet. But these robes have nothing impressive in them, — indeed, no garment could do away with the effect of the flat fur cap, and the long corkscrew curl on either side of the faint, fair-complexioned face. These Jews evidently could not take upon themselves the governance, the regulations, the police of a large town. They may indeed be of the religion of Rothschild, but it is as pensioners and dependants. They have the stamp of social inferiority and weakness upon them. They have been used all their lives to hear themselves addressed as dogs of Jews. No one speaks well of them, or trusts, or likes them. I rebel always against such a general ill report; prejudice must have something to do with it. They are clean (at least in the Passover week) and have an amiable, gentle look, and go about with their wives (humble creatures of no account, with shawls over their head and very few satin gowns) and their children streaming after them, the boys all in side curls and little fur caps. But there is no faculty of government in this subdued people. It is not to them that any one need look.

I say boldly, theoretically, in the freedom of a person wholly irresponsible, yet conscious that his editor is no doubt of a diametrically opposite opinion, that Jerusalem would be most safe either in French or British hands. We who carry tolerance to a fault, or they to whom it is the rule of a sharp and distinctly defined possibility — only invaded at home by their panic at clericalism — would make it safe and

keep it so. Our curious partiality for the Greek Church, founded on I know not what, might make the balance lean a little to one side, as their national allegiance to the Latin might incline it to the other. But there certainly would be no struggle over the holy fire possible if either Frenchmen or Englishmen had the control, and the decorum of a government which was at least nominally Christian, would be something gained. I should not mind whether the sentinel on duty at the Tower of David was a Zouave or a man of the tooth Foot, so long as he was not a slovenly and alien Turk. Or perhaps the great American nation, the youngest born of Christian powers, might be intrusted with the care of this neutralized and separated State, as small as she is big, as ancient and full of memories as she is destitute of them,—a trust which no doubt would be received with enthusiasm and conscientiously carried out; in which case the present accomplished and experienced American consul would doubtless take an important part in the newly constituted State.

These be but dreams, however, and the great civilized and civilizing powers have as little to do with the city which bore the name of the City of the living God, while we and our ancestors were in the depths of primeval darkness, as the sword and coat of mail of Godfrey of Bouillon, which was shown to us by the Franciscan brothers, laid up in their chapel. There they lie, with nobody to bear them these many hundred years—a sign of possession taken, never abandoned in face of overthrow and destruction. And the hall of the knights, with its massive arches, is still to be seen in the very heart of the Moslem sacred places, and the cross is wrought into the ornamentation of their most beautiful temples. Let us hope that these are tokens of a better dominion yet to come.

On Good Friday the little community in the hotel were officially informed of the sights that were to be seen, and the arrangements made accordingly for their benefit by the enlightened manager. The chief of these sights was the procession of the Mohammedans on their somewhat artificial pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses—the place, as says another commentator, where it is very unlikely that Moses was buried—a distinctly rival attraction, got up for the purpose. Strange to say, on such an anniversary, in such a place, many of the visitors accepted this as the event of the day, and went to see it with

much admiration of its pictorial effect, but a most curious misconception, one would think, of their own reason for being there. It is easy to understand how the persons who did this should find themselves disappointed in Jerusalem. It seemed more in accordance with the spirit of a pilgrim to concentrate the thoughts upon a very different procession which took place in those steep streets nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and which we may follow in reverence, with a sense that the external surroundings—though perhaps there is scarcely any actual stone of all the stony way still standing as it did then—are very much like what they were when the long line came out from Pilate's house, streaming forth under the arch where a little while before the central figure of that procession was set forth in his thorny circlet, that all men might see the man who was thus crowned King of the Jews. It is a steep and rugged road as ever martyr followed, a long climb upward over the rough pavement, with here and there the excessive sunshine blazing down, alternated with deep bars of shadow from archways and beetling walls, like the sides of a ravine. Setting out upon that toilsome way, the pilgrim's first thought is that the crowds that fill it are sadly out of place, and that he would fain follow the footsteps of the Lord in quiet and solitude; but a second thought will show him that just such a crowd in their holiday clothes, and with every eye strained to see whatever new thing was occurring, must have poured out of every cross street, and lingered at every corner, and thrust itself in the way of the stern procession; the escort of Roman soldiers, unmoved and indifferent, sharply pressing the march; the bowed form tottering under the heavy cross; the troubled spectators straggling after. As we toil along the steep and stony street we can realize, if not the thoughts of that Divine Sufferer, at least of those who followed after, toiling to keep up with the march, seeing with despair the dreadful gate, the outline of the fated mound appearing beyond, and every step bringing nearer the downfall of all their hopes. Did despair overwhelm them as they struggled on, their eyes bent upon him in the midst, who they had hoped was to restore the kingdom to Israel? Did their hearts with a pang resign that hope, yet still hold despairing to the love they bore him, to the faith which had become part of their being? Was there some awful, tremulous expectation that still at the last moment the ten legions of angels might

appear and vindicate to all the world their master and their trust in him? One can almost feel the throb of anguish, the desperate sense that something must come to arrest this terrible fate, the growing unwilling conviction that nothing will arrest it, that he himself expects nothing, means nothing, but to endure and to die, while all around the staring crowd surges, putting themselves between him and those who love him, filling up the cumbered way.

To us who have not been trained to those aids to memory and devotion, the stations, so called, — the fallen column by the side of the street on which it is the tradition that the Divine Sufferer stumbled, the wall on which his shoulder made a dint, the lowly doorway by which Veronica stood to wipe his forehead with her handkerchief, — are, even could we accept them as real, rather interruptions than helps. And yet I cannot but follow with tender respect the movements of a man, in European dress, with uncovered head, who goes from point to point kneeling in the dust, absorbed, kissing the place where to him those footsteps are more apparent for being thus marked and regulated. In my heart I should like to kneel there too, to kiss the stone, if even perhaps by any possibility it could have been touched by those sacred feet; but shyness and shame of undue exposure of one's most sacred feelings, and the uneasy sense of something forced, almost feigned, in any such profession of belief, withholds the English pilgrim from such demonstrations. It is enough to follow, thinking of it all, feeling the presence of just such a crowd, and the gaze and the wondering, the despair and passion of disappointment, the misery of failure, the flutter perhaps of sickening and dying hope, among those broken-hearted stragglers, toiling after him, unable to pause, yet with scarcely courage enough to follow on to see the end of it all. For we remember that the disciples, in gloomy desperation, and the women in their anguish, knew no better, and that no one of them anticipated what to us is the certain sequel of the great story, as we have heard it from our cradles — a fact which made that *via dolorosa*, that path of sorrows, so much more terrible, as in reality the end of everything, the holiest life, the highest hope.

I cannot feel, as some people do, disconcerted or disgusted by the fables of pious tradition which have gathered about that steep, laborious street. Perhaps, indeed like enough, it is not the road, or at least it is not all the road, by which that

procession passed. I would rather believe that it was; and I do not wonder that adoring and simple-minded believers, touched to the heart by the sensation of finding themselves on the very spot of that central event of the world's history, should have half invented and wholly felt the different traditionary episodes of the procession. But when we reach the supposed conclusion of the dolorous way in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, my sense of reality fails. The great church, with its crowding shrines and blazing lights, comes upon the pilgrim, in the deep emotion and impression of an actual and realizable scene, like a sudden blank, a heavy curtain falling between him and everything that is sacred and solemn. What he wants is to feel himself upon that mount open to all bystanders — to come to something that will recall the awful climax, as the street of woe has recalled the procession towards it. What he finds is a succession of narrow and darkling shrines, each covered by its little chapel, and stifling with an eager crowd; each with a blaze and dazzle of lamps that show nothing but their own wavering and smoky multiplicity. It is impossible to feel anything but the strain of an attempt at feeling when one stands over the dark orifice in the pavement where the cross has been supposed to have been erected, or enters a little lower down into the suffocating chapel where a square altar-tomb represents the Holy Sepulchre. There are some genuine ancient tombs at another corner, hidden away in the darkness, which you are allowed to see underground by the light of a taper, and which, if this were proved to be the real site of the great tragedy, might afford a more lifelike impression. But the crowding together of all these points of interest, the supposition that Joseph's new grave was within a few paces of the place of crucifixion, is an idea which startles and disturbs the mind. There is nothing in the sacred narrative which gives it any warrant. The place was "nigh," we are told, but surely not within so limited a space that the steps of the crowd must have trodden all about it as they stood and gazed at the execution.

All these things confuse the pilgrim, and take away verisimilitude from the scene. All that I could do, I am obliged to say, was to fall back sympathetically upon the genuine devotion of the Russian pilgrims, who thronged the great building everywhere; peasants in fur cap, and caftan, and heavy boots, just as they had

trudged from the steppe and the wilds; homely little women, with shawls or kerchiefs covering their heads. Their intent faces, full of worship and awe, their undoubting, untroubled devotion, the rapture in some, the overwhelming emotion in others, the passion of entreaty in which some of them were pouring out their hearts, were half as impressive to behold as if the pilgrim of another sort had been as sure as they were of everything he saw. One follows these poor peasants with wondering admiration and sympathy; there are perhaps some lookers-on who pity their all-belief, but there are many others who will find in the faces of these simple brethren the best inspiration and comfort that this great shrine can give them. When I penetrated into the strait chapel of the holy tomb, on an occasion when the crowd was less than usual, there was one woman with a basket full of books, pictures, crosses, and other little sacred things, meant, one could not doubt, to fill a far-distant village with holy memorials, at once tokens of human love and symbols of the deepest mysteries, which she was placing to hallow them upon the stone of the sepulchre; while another on her knees was praying, unconscious of all about her, in an agony of supplication, with moving hands and rocking form. One could not understand the half-audible flood of broken words; but the eloquence of the hands, now held out in entreaty as if to a visible listener, now pressed upon the beating breast, now clasped in beseeching earnestness, could not be mistaken. What was her prayer? for the pardon of her own sins, or for some one dearer than herself, whose soul or whose life hung in the balance? He alone knew to whom, in fond human confidence of being nearer to him in that spot where he had lain in death, she was pouring out her heart. That God might grant to her the answer and the consolation, the granting of her petition, was the echo that rose from the soul of the lookers-on! We steal away in the gloom with only this, and no more individual sentiment in our heart. She has gone home by this time, retracing the weary steps of her pilgrimage to the far-distant banks of the Volga or the Neva, over leagues and leagues of unknown roads, footsore and exhausted with the long, long, terrible journey. Perhaps some time or other, in the ages to come, we shall hear whether she got the thing for which she prayed.

Never was a more wonderful mingling of strange elements than in this great temple of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greeks

have one portion of it, the Latins or Roman Catholics another, the Armenians a third, and there is also a division, I think, for the Copts. In the holiest sanctuaries of all, where, as all believe, the Lord was crucified and buried, there have been struggles, sometimes ending in bloodshed, between the conflicting Churches. People say that still, but for the Turkish soldiers about, such struggles would take place again. Needless to say, yet it is necessary to say it, since the vulgar mind loves to perpetuate such a report, that neither of the Churches or their authorities are responsible for these blazing-up of popular rivalry. It is the ignorant multitude that do the harm, which all the efforts of their leaders are ineffectual to restrain or undo. The special moment of danger when such unseemly strife has happened has been the moment of the supposed miracle of the holy fire, which takes place on the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter, according to the Greek calendar. On this day, in the afternoon, the Greek patriarch comes down with a solemn procession to the Holy Sepulchre, and entering into the little chapel with his attendant bishop alone, after a short interval of hushed expectation, puts forth, through a round aperture in the wall of the sepulchre, the miraculous fire which is supposed to spring from the tomb. Nothing could be more extraordinary than the aspect of the great area below, upon which we look down from the lofty gallery that surrounds the dome. It is crowded with men, many of them in white tunic and drawers, their upper dress put aside, and everything that would impede them in running. They push and crowd and jostle, not to say fight, with arms and legs and lithe bodies that twist as if there were no bones in them, darning themselves out and in of the many-colored, seething crowd, which is never still for a moment, to get to the spot nearest the opening. No gymnastic exercise that ever I saw exemplified the amazing variety and also grace of human movement like the evolutions of that mass, and of the white figures that twist and struggle through it. You will think, perhaps, that they are the hostile sect, and that this is the fight of warring religions of which you have heard so much. Not so. It is the struggle simply who shall first get the light; the white figures being runners intent on carrying it to all the villages about, envoys of the population which is not here. They link their arms together, and form a swaying, winding, snake-like line around the open-

ing. Sometimes a rush will be made, and the line will be broken; sometimes an intruder will push in; upon which all who are within reach pluck at him, tearing him, one would think, in pieces, whirling him here and there, tossing him out as on the waves of an angry sea, with immense demonstration, but so little apparent harm that he is back again in a moment to another point to make another trial. After one has got over one's alarm at those wildly plucking arms which turn one man after another about and about, and fling him here and there, the sight is beautiful as well as wonderful. They are all athletes after the supple Eastern fashion, with bodies that sway and twist and whirl like smoke or foam; and the crowd opens up and closes in, breaks, re-forms, goes through a thousand evolutions as lightly as any trained band, and with far more graceful, spontaneous changes,—every man in the midst of his struggle for a place, clinging to the taper or bundle of tapers with which he is armed, and which it is his object to light, preserve, and carry off in triumph to his village or his kindred.

"This," says the archimandrite, who has given us our places, who has been in England and America, and speaks English well, and loves to do so, to the great comfort of the British pilgrim—"this is a legacy left to us by the Crusaders. We would give it up if we dared; for to keep up this fiction—which we never pretend to be anything but a fiction—is a heavy burden upon our consciences. But what can we do? The people believe in it. They have more faith in this visible sign, as they think it, that God is with us, than in all our teachings. The disappointment to them, the disillusion, the breaking up of their dearest convictions, is more than we can venture to face. We dare not run the risk of thus disturbing the faith of the ignorant. The Latins have done it, but we cannot make up our minds to take the risk." Thus the Church hesitates, and is ashamed, yet has not the courage of her convictions; and the imposture—if that is not too hard a word—goes on.

And certainly nothing could be less like the mystery that surrounds an imposture than the manner in which the so-called miracle is performed. After the first glimmer of fire had been handed out on this occasion, there was a long pause—the original inside having plainly gone out, and a new kindling being necessary. What the struggling crowd thought on the matter is not to be divined, but no

precautions were taken to conceal the accident or cover it with any mysterious pretence; and the regretful reluctance with which the pseudo-miracle is kept up is as unconcealed as the eagerness of the crowd, in which, by the way, there is no semblance of devotion or awe. The hum and murmur of voices fill the great temple, rising up in a babel of confused sounds to the dome. Innumerable little individual struggles are taking place at every moment; sometimes a sort of chant is raised, the same indistinguishable words rising over and over again,—an attempt, apparently, to give some occupation to the crowd; but it sinks again, and the struggle goes on—who shall get nearest to the opening—who shall best reserve the means of winding or darting through the crowd to get first away. When the immediate excitement is over of this wild emulation, and the light is communicated all over the crowd, the effect is still more wonderful. Most of the men have sheafs of tapers tied together—a sort of fagot of wax and wick; and even from our lofty gallery the priest who keeps the door lets down on the end of a cord a dangling bundle, which he draws up again as soon as it is lighted, and in a moment the light has flown from hand to hand along the round. The flame blazes up below as if the area was on fire; it flies round the circle of the galleries, and reddens the great dome, an affair of a minute,—hot, smoky, stifling. The gallery is thronged with women in their abundant draperies and light veils, almost every one with a sheaf of tapers, which blaze wildly for a second, and then are deftly put out with a portion of that dangerous, waving drapery which seems as if it must catch fire every moment; and then sepulchre and dome and crowd are all lost in the smoke which fills the place, black and noisome with the smell of thousands of tapers extinguished. It seems enough that they should have been lighted. They are carried away to be kept for sacred moments, for hours of death or to accompany the last sacraments. When we all streamed out half stifled into the dazzling sunshine, I saw a pretty greeting. Two young mothers met at the head of the stairs which led down from the dome to the house-tops of the great Greek convent. One, I think, was a woman of Bethlehem, in their beautiful dress, with an infant in her arms. They paused, and gave each other a long, silent pressure of the hand; then kissed, as if congratulating each other on some great event. The Lord is risen!

This was written on the fair faces, smiling and happy, yet touched with a certain awe. The pretty group, in a soft halo of white veils, which subdued the blaze of the sunshine, each with her child in her arms, uplifted high in the pure air against the intense blue of the sky, made such a picture as one would not willingly forget.

It would be vain, even had I the necessary knowledge, to attempt here to discuss the question as to the authenticity of the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre — which depends much on whether it can be proved to have been without the second wall. But it may be mentioned that one of the best of the recent Palestine explorers, Major Conder, has pointed out how harmonious with all the indications of the Gospel story is another situation, a mound outside the Damascus gate, which is known to have been the usual place of execution, and which still retains the curious conformation which suggests at once the ancient name, "the place of a skull." This lonely and solemn mound, suddenly revealed as it were to the pilgrim, commanding the great sweep of the ancient road to Damascus, and straight in the way of "all ye who pass by," is exceedingly impressive, and seems to carry with it an instant conviction — as well as a wish that it might prove the real Mount of Calvary. And when we say that under the hill there lies, in the quiet wildness of nature, an ancient garden, waste but green, and in it, blocked up with soil and stones, the place of an ancient tomb, the spectator's heart swells with the surprise as of a discovery. The silence and space fulfil all the conditions which one desires to find in a place of such solemn associations.

The other principal centre in Jerusalem is the great enclosure within which, everybody is agreed, the Temple must have stood, and which is now dominated by what is called the Mosque of Omar. As this is generally spoken of, the stranger would suppose it to be one great and somewhat mysterious building occupying the whole. But this is far from being the case. Something of the original construction of the city may be traced even by the ignorant from this point. Jerusalem, like Rome and various other famous cities, is built upon a number of little hills divided by deep valleys. Thus the Mount of Zion on which the original city must have stood, and on which Solomon's great palace was built, must have been the first of a group of three distinct eminences, with the lower mount called Moriah lying to

the east of it, and beyond that the green slopes of the Mount of Olives. Solomon's city was built upon the north-eastern slopes of this first hill; while immediately before it, over the deep lines of the valley, rose the second mount separated by the ravines lying round it from Zion on one side and Olivet on the other. It is easy to imagine that the keen eye of the monarch-philosopher and poet saw at once the wonderful advantages of the site thus detached and isolated, and how he smoothed its uneven top into a broad and splendid platform, connected with the hill upon which his palace stood by a bridge thrown over the narrow valley upon huge and splendid arches, the remains of which have been discovered by recent explorations; but, except for this one royal approach, standing out detached and separated, strongly walled and defended — a holy city beside the secular town.

Upon this platform, it would seem, there must have been left one detached summit of rock, preserved when the rest was levelled. For what reason this rock was preserved — whether as the traditional mount on which Abraham had offered his sacrifice, whether because it was particularly adapted by nature to form the altar of burnt-offerings, or whether for any other reason — there is no record. It is nowhere mentioned in the Scriptures, either Old or New. But when the holy mount, lying thick with the carved stones and cyclopean blocks of the destroyed Temple, came after a long interval to be cleared and put to use again, this rocky point must have remained in silent strength of nature. And it has now, strangely enough, with that curious aim at a new effect in the midst of the old which seems a feature of the Mohammedan economy, become the central point of the whole. The nameless rock fills almost the entire area of the Mosque of Omar, which indeed has the appearance, with all its lovely ornamentation, of being the shrine and canopy of this dumb yet not unimpressive thing. It has a whole cluster of Mohammedan legends connected with it, — as the spot from which the Prophet, with the same imitation and exaggeration of the older Christian story, bettering the simple ascension by performing it upon a miraculous mule, is supposed to have ascended to heaven. Is this silent, immemorial stone the scene of Abraham's sacrifice? Was it here that young Isaac came wondering, looking round him for the victim, not knowing that it was himself, yet mild in the gentleness of his character, acqui-

escent, yielding meekly to the bonds which his father in silent anguish prepared him to be offered? The sacred writers, unlike their successors, take little care for the identification of such a locality. Yet there is every reason to believe that this may be the very spot; and it may also probably have been the altar of burnt-offerings upon which the sacrifices were made through all the ages after Solomon. It is curious and significant that the creed which has no altar, no commemorative rite, and nothing that can be called a public and common worship, should thus build its most sacred shrines over voiceless stones.

Round the Dome of the Rock — as it is properly called — the wide table-land of this wonderful enclosed platform spreads. There are various small buildings, all exquisite in workmanship, scattered about the area — the lightest, graceful archways, the most beautiful fountains and shrines, with a broad sweep of greensward and trees at one end, which is supposed to have been the court of the Gentiles; and at the other, the most considerable of all, the mosque called El Aksa, once a Christian church, and still bearing the cross in the evolutions of its carved work and mosaics. This is by many supposed to have been the actual site of the Temple. I sat down outside the doors of this beautiful place, while other sightseers went on to investigate other wonders. It was a morning of brilliant sunshine, the most serene and splendid summer day that July ever produced in England, but softer in its April freshness, and with a sky perhaps more radiantly blue than ever is seen in northern latitudes. Through a little avenue of very old cypress-trees appeared the gleaming whiteness of the scattered buildings, the wonderful blue lustre of the Damascus tiles upon the Dome of the Rock, the softness of the broad greensward beyond. On the left hand lay the terraced houses of Jerusalem, rising line upon line beyond the walls of this sacred area; on the right, with the valley of Jehoshaphat deep and narrow between, the slopes of Olivet. Sitting there all silent, not a sound to be heard, it came upon the mind with the thrill of a sensible reality that here our Lord must have been familiar, constantly coming and going; that he must have looked upon this self-same scene, probably from this very spot, pondering the great tragedy before him, and the wilful race which would not understand nor know what they were doing. Not a stone stands upon another of the

Temple which he was supposed to have blasphemed, — everything is changed except nature; but nature, steadfast and faithful, keeps her trust. It is as certain as his being that he must have looked upon the same green hill, upon the same city of habitation, and walked where we now walk, and saw what we see. Here there is no stone to kiss, no individual act of which to call up the memory, but only the certainty that here he must have been, — enough to bring the water in a flood to the pilgrim's eyes, and the blood to his heart.

There is another association here which also seemed to me exceedingly affecting. On the very lowest slope of the Mount of Olives, deep down and unseen beyond the enclosing wall of the Temple area, lies the garden which is so associated with the sacred story, — Gethsemane, the scene of the agony. Almost opposite to it, on the other side of the road which traverses the narrow valley, is what is now called the Golden Gate, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It would be the natural and nearest way by which to reach that sacred retirement. By this gate no doubt the betrayer and his stealthy band would follow the steps of the Lord to his favorite haunt, stealing down under the twilight skies to where the shade of the pale olives sheltered his prayers and mysterious anguish, and the troubled dozing of the disciples "sleeping for sorrow," confused by the strange, uncomprehended tide of events, which was drawing their feet towards something they knew not what. And by this path again, no doubt, they led their prisoner back, avoiding the peopled ways, hurrying him into the stronghold of his enemies. It is said that there exists a Moslem tradition that by this gate the Messiah is to ride into the holy place, taking back his kingdom; and consequently the precaution has been taken — a curiously ineffectual one, considering the greatness of the event — of building up the gate! There is something even in this superstition which is grateful to the imaginative mind. And the singularly touching juxtaposition of the Temple gate and the garden is still more memorable. Gethsemane itself, a site about which there is no manner of doubt, is now a garden of flowers, protected by trim palings — a modern garden, orderly and well cared for, which gives a certain shock to the mind, but rather for the first moment than permanently. For there is something in the little group of grey, gnarled, and aged olive-trees, the old

immemorial inhabitants, which calms the first disappointment. I do not know what age it is possible for an olive to attain, or whether there is the faintest chance that these tottering giants may have been saplings under the stars of that wonderful evening, but it is scarcely possible to doubt that they are of the very stock of the trees that sheltered the divine visitor. Could this place but be kept in the greenness of nature, as the grass and the abundant wild flowers lie under so many an olive-garden, there would be no spot in the world more sacred, in which the pilgrim could feel more certainly that he stood in the very steps of

those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were
nailed
For our advantage to the bitter cross.

It is to be believed that there is some widespread natural impulse in the simple mind to adorn and ornament every place which it holds holy, and that it requires a certain growth and culture of feeling, as well as of mind, before we can understand the far greater advantage of letting alone. But we silence ourselves with the thought that it was a garden then, as now, and that for all we know it might have been a flower-garden, carefully trimmed and kept by its humble owner, and that the scent of the flowers, and the orderly, tranquil growth, were soothing to him who came thither from the noise and contentions of the city, perhaps with his seamless cloak wrapped round him, to lie down upon the soft green mound, encircling the rugged trunks, and see the lights die out of the windows of Zion, and the stars light up through the dark branches with all the radiance of the East.

Something of the same feeling arose in the mind on the road to Bethany, where suddenly, as we made our way up the hill, our guide turned round and said, as who should state the most simple fact, "This is sometimes called the Hosanna road." The Hosanna road! There flashed at once upon us the excitement of that sudden popular movement, when the people went out to meet him, "meek, and riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass," and the children rent the air with innocent shouts, Hosanna to the son of David! and the disciples, with some sudden fond anticipation of triumph, threw down their garments in the path of the king who came in the name of the Lord. What radiant dreams must have been in the minds of these simple men of Galilee who were

coming to such fame and greatness, to sit upon twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel! How they must have wondered when, as the procession swept round the shoulder of the hill, and Jerusalem suddenly rose before them in all her glory and beauty, he who was their head — the centre of the procession — paused and wept over the doomed city to whom her last opportunity was about to be offered! How little they understood him, then or ever! — toiling to catch a meaning in words of which they would not believe the simple significance, impetuous Peter rebuking him for his gloomy fancies! These are the holy stations, unmarked, thank heaven! by any cross or symbol, where the pilgrims of to-day will most truly feel and recognize the footsteps of the Lord.

And how strange, after all the endless anticipations, consultations with experts as to all that was to be done and provided for, tremors about the long voyage and its possible dangers, about the climate, and the unusual, unaccustomed life, to grow familiar as a matter of everyday with the streets and names of Jerusalem, as if that wonder of the world had been Perugia or Mentone, or any other accessible and easy though foreign place! And still more strange to turn our backs soberly and silently upon the grey walls and the great tower of David, and to say to ourselves that it was over — that we had been at Jerusalem! That it should be to come was an overwhelming, scarcely credible thought; that it is over and done with is the strangest sobering reflection — a sort of symbol of life itself, which is no better than a pilgrimage, which begins with such fine hopes and fancies, which falls into such commonplace, which ends in most cases with such a dull sense of things omitted and undertakings failed. Yet I will not say that this was the case with Jerusalem. These scenes are never to be forgotten. The steep climb, overwhelming in emotion, and full of physical fatigue and effort, up the street of the passion; the evening falling over Gethsemane; the blaze of afternoon sunshine upon Jerusalem from Bethany and the Hosanna road; the still morning on the holy mount, the platform of the Temple; and outside the Damascus gate, all lonely in darker color, the hues of riven rock and brown soil, lying under a wide expanse of cloudy sky, the tragic hillock, like a skull, as was the place that was called Golgotha, — all these are pictures that will not depart — memories of a pilgrimage more lasting than the

crosslets in gold or silver, the scraps of olive-wood and dried flowers which one carries home, for no particular reason except that everybody does the same.

The only place near Jerusalem which has anything like an equal interest is Bethlehem — a white town spread upon a hillside overlooking a wider and more fertile valley than most of the deep hollows which separate the hills of Judea. An air of cheerfulness and brightness is about the place. The gay and brilliant young Eothen of half a century ago gives a playful description of his own delight in finding smiling faces and the laughter of girls upon his path in the little hilly city of the Nativity; and one cannot but remember his words when the women flock out to their doors — in greater numbers, surely, than in other places — as the carriage dashes up a narrow street where the panels almost graze the walls, and the pavement seems composed of boulders like the bed of a mountain stream. This is a trifle in the East, where in towns much more important than this which is little among the cities of Judah — thriving cities like Smyrna and Beyrout — you drive over thoroughfares like water-courses at the peril of your life. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are all Christian, which is cheering to begin with; and the feminine part of them are unusually distinguished by good looks, and wear a beautiful costume — embroidered jacket with long hanging sleeves, and skirts in various colors — exceedingly picturesque and striking. Their heads are adorned with silver chains and coins encircling the forehead and falling on each side of the face, over which the women who are married wear some sort of a stiff round cap over which is arranged a long veil of the fine unbleached linen which is peculiar to the East, embroidered with a heavy border in rich colors, of silk — red and purple and blue. This headdress gives a kind of mild majesty to their clear tints and well-cut features; and they sell their vegetables like princesses — not in disguise, but gracefully condescending to supply their fellow-creatures with the necessities of life.

The great Church of the Nativity is, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, divided between the different creeds of Christianity — but it is unnecessary that the pilgrim should trouble himself with these distinctions. There is, I believe, no real question about the authenticity of the situation, or that the rock-cut rooms under the churches are truly the remains

of the inn in which Joseph of Nazareth could find no place. It seems strange to the visitor that the little ancient house of public entertainment should be a succession of caves. But this is not at all surprising to those who are aware how much use is still made of these dwellings of nature, which are the most impervious to the sunshine, and save at least half the trouble of building. No doubt there were some chambers above for guests of superior pretensions; but there are still many cave-dwellings in Nazareth, from which came the strangers in that distant time; and there would be nothing unusual to the maiden-mother of Galilee in the little alcove, deep cut in the rock, where her mats would be spread, or even, perhaps, in the near neighborhood of the friendly animals used to that dim imprisonment. To roof over this alcove with an altar, and to turn the manger into a chapel, with hanging lamps that make the darkness visible, was inevitable, perhaps, and it does not distract the senses as at the Holy Sepulchre. The pilgrim can yet feel in the dim silence of the sacred place a sentiment not inappropriate, a suggestion of awe and infinite tenderness. The long chamber where the stalled creatures must have stood is at right angles from this little corner, a kind of entrance to the stable, with the rock-hewn manger opposite. A steep little stair, also cut in the rock, leads to the other chambers, and to the outlet above where the superior part of the little hostelry would be. St. Jerome, with or without his lion, lived and wrote in one of these excavated rooms, but that is not a memory which we willingly mingle with that of the child and the mother in the dim quiet below. Here he was born. The few who enter kneel before the low recess, perhaps kiss the stone, then rise like shadows and flit away. Was it here, too, that the Eastern sages came from their far, star-gazing plains, — great figures cloaked and turbaned, coming dazzled out of the upper air, astonished to see the lowly place in which the King of the Jews was born, with, perhaps, the rude shepherds stumbling after them confused, with their tale of the angels and the great song they had heard out of the midnight skies; and Mary languid, yet glad, with eyes accustomed to the gloom, gazed wonderingly upon all the wonderful visitors, whose eager looks must have searched the little nook before they could make out the whiteness of the infant, the light in the mother's face, who laid up all these things in her heart?

How strangely changed the pictures with which we are all so familiar would have been, had it been possible for the painters of Italy to know under what conditions rustic life was lived in Palestine! But unlike as it is to anything the northern imagination has dwelt upon, there is nothing discordant, nothing inharmonious. The carpets and quilts of primitive use would be laid there so simply for her bed. The warm dimness would soothe the eyes; the stirring of the cattle, innocent spectators, bring no disturbance; and all other sounds muffled in the safe quiet, underground. The stable and the manger have pointed many a moral in sermons and eloquent discourses as to the poverty and hardship that attended the divine birth, but there is no such complaint in the sacred story; and as the strangeness of the rock-hewn rooms dies away, an impression of naturalness, of simple truth to the circumstances of the place and time, grows upon the mind, and a tender awe in the heart.

Nothing inharmonious — no; except the Turkish soldier *en faction* with his musket, in the darkest corner, only discovered after the eyes have grown familiar to the gloom, and by the movement of the curved palm which he holds stealthily towards you, on the chance of a possible *bakshish*. The two ladies who had gone back alone to spend a silent moment in the little sacred place of the Nativity had been frightened by the sudden discovery of this unsuspected sentinel, and had yielded to the repeated imperative though dumb demand. He too is placed there, so says the pretence which prejudice and credulity keep up, to prevent the Latin and the Greek from deadly quarrel. I do not believe a word of it; his presence is simple insult, and no more.

The Greeks have the more splendid of the churches into which we make our way above; but the Latins have the monastery attached, and it is a kind Franciscan brother in his brown gown who brings us coffee in the long, airy, cool refectory, with its recessed window looking out over the beautiful valley; the green and fertile place where lay the fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned "among the alien corn," and where the shepherds lay beneath the stars, and saw the skies open, and the herald angels come forth. It is still green and prosperous, as if a special blessing rested upon the fields and pleasant slopes that surround the rock-chamber in which the Lord of Life was born; no stony ridges or scattered rocks about, such as those that

give the other hillsides and ravines the air of being covered with endless ruins. I heard a curious argument in Jerusalem produced in opposition to some one who answered the usual prejudice about the Jews by saying that for himself he could not forget that our Lord in the flesh was a Jew. "No, no!" cried the debater hotly, "he was no Jew. Consider how his race was mixed; there was Ruth, who was of Moab, and Rahab of Jericho, and who knows how many more." The argument was but a poor one. Yet the story of Ruth connects itself with this city of David and of David's son, who was his Lord, with poetic completeness. The image of the young wanderer, covered with the veil of premature widowhood, and with her loyal and loving heart, who came to the greatest glory that Hebrew women could aspire to, and became in her distant generation like Mary, the mother of the Lord — is always a beautiful and touching recollection. This, the one genealogy for the sake of which all the others were so carefully guarded, has many singular episodes, but none more attractive. And there, too, upon the mountain-side, the youngest son of Jesse, he who was ruddy and of a fair countenance, a beautiful shepherd lad, led his flock from hill to hill, and gathered the lambs in his arms, and defended the helpless creatures at the peril of life. How many happy similitudes, how many recollections! What a world of purest poetry and heroic romance is about this spot! The well of Bethlehem alone, the devoted band who forced their way over mountain and glen and through the ring of their enemies to bring their hero and king the draught of water for which he longed — and that hero, touched to the heart, pouring out the precious draught "before the Lord," as unworthy to touch with soiled human lips what had been so dearly purchased — what book of chivalry contains a more beautiful story? The village was "little among the thousands of Judah" in these days. But to what fame and glory over the whole world it has come!

So far as we have gone, no traveller need fear to visit these holiest places. But for the unwelcome interval of sea, which is not to be circumvented, but which the most timid nowadays encounter with so little hesitation, Jerusalem and Bethlehem can be reached in perfect ease and comfort without fear either of too fervent a sun or too difficult a way. There are many who grudge even the introduction of a carriage-road to the desecration of the wilds of Palestine, but this is a fantastic

scruple. When we push our way farther north to Galilee, a less easy method and a slower progress must content the pilgrim on his further way.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.
AN EMPTY TRIUMPH.

NOT until she had reached the door of Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square did it occur to Marcia that she would find herself in a somewhat awkward fix, if, contrary to her expectation, her sister-in-law should receive her. But her momentary anxiety on this point was relieved by the butler, who appeared in response to her ring and who at once said, "Not at home, m'm." while he gazed over her head into vacancy.

"Is Lady Brett out, or doesn't she receive?" inquired Marcia.

"Her ladyship is gone out driving, m'm."

Now Marcia knew this man, who had evidently recognized her, although he affected not to do so. "Benson," said she, holding between her finger and thumb the sovereign with which she had provided herself for his benefit, "I wish to see Master Willie. I suppose he isn't in the house now; but probably you can tell me at what time I should have the best chance of finding him if I came again."

Benson gazed pensively at the coin and remained silent; but when it had been transferred to his palm he lowered his voice and replied, "Well, m'm, to tell you the truth, Master Willie *is* in, and I'm sure I should be very pleased for him to see his mar, which he's always askin' me about you, m'm. But I'm sorry to say as I've had very positive orders not to admit you, m'm."

Marcia immediately stepped past him and entered the hall. "You can't turn me out now," she remarked. "It is no fault of yours that I have forced my way into the house, and of course it would be impossible for you to use physical force with a lady. Now, Benson, you can go and call Master Willie. I shall wait for him in the library, and as I shall not stay more than half an hour, Lady Brett need not

know that I have been here. For that matter, I have a perfect right to be here — as I should think you must be aware."

Benson shook his head, but smiled and only begged Mrs. Brett to bear in mind that she would get him into a serious trouble if she outstayed her time. So Marcia was shown into the library, a rather dismal apartment, containing several hundred books which nobody ever dreamt of removing from their shelves, and there, with a beating heart, awaited a meeting which she had not dared to expect so soon, and which, as she now felt for the first time, might prove more painful than joyful.

But she was not kept waiting long, nor were her half-formed fears realized. For presently there came a sound as of somebody running down-stairs at the top of his speed, then the door was flung open, and before she could draw a breath a great big boy, who had thrown his arms round her neck, was kissing her upon both cheeks. Well, it was a moment of pure, unalloyed happiness, a moment to be remembered afterwards with thankfulness and tears, one of those moments which only come here and there into anybody's life and which, at the best of times, are but transitory.

"Did you think I had forgotten you, Willie?" Marcia asked, when she had drawn her boy down upon a sofa beside her and was holding his hand in one of hers, the other being employed in wiping her eyes.

"I didn't know," answered Willie, and his voice was not quite as steady as it might have been, notwithstanding his age and the fine proportions of his person. "You never wrote to me, and Aunt Caroline said —"

"Oh, but I told you that you must never believe what they said about me!" interrupted Marcia reproachfully. "They don't care what they say; all they want is to make you believe that I am a heartless wretch. But, oh, my own dear Willie, you don't believe that, do you? You *can't* believe it!"

It was true enough that he could not believe it and therefore had not believed it, although his trust in her had been put to a more severe test than the trust of most of those whom we love will bear without snapping. He was able to give her the assurance that she asked for, and when he, on his side, made a complaint which she admitted that he was entitled to make, she answered, —

"Oh, I had a hundred reasons for not

writing. It wasn't that I didn't want to write; but I knew you wouldn't like my marrying again — of course you couldn't like it — and — and I thought —”

She paused because it was impossible to confess the truth, which was that she had thought she might begin a new life, in which he should have no part, and that it would be a great deal better for him if she could contrive to do so. “We won't talk of that,” she resumed, for indeed it was against her nature to talk of anything disagreeable. “Tell me about Eton. Are you happy there? Do you like it better than Farnborough? But of course you do; I always knew you would. And oh, Willie, what a dandy you are, and what a giant you are growing! You must be nearly as tall as I am. Stand up and let us measure.”

The boy humored her and answered her questions. He had plenty of news to give her; he knew from of old that she could enter into every thought and wish of his; it was delightful to him to hear her voice again, to look into her eyes and to find her so little changed. Yet he could not ask her for information which she could not volunteer, and so there was a certain restraint upon their intercourse of which Marcia became conscious after a while. At length she dropped his hand, sighed, and looked at her watch. “I shall have to go away presently,” she said in lugubrious accents.

“But why?” asked Willie eagerly. “Who can prevent your coming to see me if you want to come?”

“Oh, your uncle, of course,” Marcia answered; “this is his house, you know, and he can forbid me to enter it. In fact, he has forbidden me. He has chosen to quarrel with me, and I shouldn't have been admitted now if he or your aunt had been at home and if I hadn't given Benson a sovereign.”

“Then,” said Willie decisively, “I'll quarrel with him too. He can forbid me to enter his house if he likes — and welcome!”

But Marcia explained that that plan, attractive though it might appear at first sight, was not one which could be seriously entertained. “Your uncle is your guardian,” she said, “and — and — I think most likely you will be his heir. I should never forgive myself if you were to quarrel with him for my sake. Besides, I don't suppose that he would let you quarrel with him; he would say that you were too young to know your own mind. No; we must have patience and wait. Perhaps,

some day, when you are grown up — but I can't look forward so far as that.”

Willie declared that he also was unable to project himself in imagination through the mists which obscured the distant future. What he wanted was his mother's companionship in the present, and if that boon could only be obtained by defying his uncle, he saw no reason why his uncle should not be defied. “What can Uncle George do to us, supposing that we choose to disobey him?” was his pertinent query.

Marcia really could not say. She was inclined to believe that Sir George had all the power and majesty of the law to support him; yet she doubted whether he would risk the scandal of setting the law in motion. To send a couple of policemen with instructions to tear the son from his mother's arms would be too ridiculous, even if such a proceeding were legal. “Possibly he might not do anything very dreadful to us,” she answered at length; “but I am afraid it would be rather foolish of us to snap our fingers in his face. Perhaps you could sometimes come and see me without letting him know where you have been.”

Willie did not seem to fancy this suggestion very much. “I'd a good deal rather tell the truth about it,” he answered; “I don't funk Uncle George.”

What Marcia was thinking — only she did not like to say so — was that somebody beside Sir George would have to be reckoned with. For herself, she asked nothing better than that Willie should be restored to her, and she would consider such happiness purchased upon easy terms even though it should entail the sacrifice of his golden prospects; but she was by no means sure that Cecil would take that view. She did not realize that the boy perfectly understood her position and was far too proud to inflict himself upon her as a burden. Perhaps he guessed what was passing through her mind; for, as she made no reply, he went on: “I know I've got to live with Uncle George, and I've done what you told me and been respectful to him and all that; but I believe he'd cave in if I told him straight out that I meant to go and see you every now and then.”

Willie had taken his uncle's measure accurately enough; nothing was more probable than that Sir George would yield to firm opposition. But Marcia, who did not forget that Sir George was a married man, was of opinion that stratagem was safer than challenge.

"So long as I can see you," said she, "I don't much care how we manage it; only I think we should try to avoid provoking more quarrels. We might easily arrange to meet somewhere or other two or three times a week without being discovered."

"Yes, we could do that," Willie assented doubtfully; "but Aunt Caroline generally asks me where I have been, and I can't tell her a lie, you know."

Marcia's own conscience, like that of most women, did not forbid her an occasional *suppressio veri*; yet it was sensitive enough to shrink from a suggestion of casuistry to others. So she only said: "If the worst comes to the worst, you will have to confess that you have been with me; only I am sure that when you do, they will say that it mustn't happen again. All we can hope for is that they won't ask troublesome questions."

Now, as they were quite certain to ask questions, this was evidently a forlorn hope to trust to, and Willie did his best to point out what a much better chance of success would be secured by the display of a little courage. He ended by partially convincing his mother; but it took him some little time to arrive at that point, so that Marcia had been more than an hour in the library before she noticed how late it was.

"I must go!" she exclaimed; "I wouldn't for all the world let your uncle or your aunt find me here."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the door was opened and Sir George, who by ill-luck had returned straight home from the City, walked in. The situation was an awkward one; but there was no escaping from it, and Marcia did what is always the wisest thing to do in an awkward situation by holding her tongue. Sir George, being completely taken aback, simply ejaculated "Hullo!"—after which there was a prolonged pause.

Willie, mindful of his duty to his elders, allowed them what he considered a sufficient time in which to speak first; but, since neither of them profited by the opportunity accorded to them, he took matters into his own hands and said, in his clear, boyish voice: "Mother came here to see me, Uncle George. She thinks you will be angry about it; but there isn't any good in being angry, you know, because we can't get on without meeting sometimes. You needn't see her unless you like."

Sir George broke into a laugh. "Upon

my word, young gentleman," said he, "you have a pretty cool way of stating your intentions. Is that the sort of speech that you are in the habit of making to your tutor at Eton, I wonder? Well; now that you have said what you have to say, perhaps you will bid Mrs. Archdale good-bye and leave us. I also have to state my humble intentions; but your presence will not be required while I am doing so."

It was evident that the boy's self-assertion had not displeased him, and Willie cast an encouraging glance at his mother which was intended to mean "I told you so!" He went up to her and kissed her, saying, "We shall meet again soon, shan't we?" Then he obediently left the room.

Marcia had risen, and Sir George did not ask her to resume her seat—which was perhaps rather uncivil of him; but allowances must be made for a man who was in desperate fear lest his sense of what was just and right should be obscured by the emotions of a generous and compassionate nature. He therefore remained standing and, after clearing his voice and endeavoring to look as formidable as he was sure that he often looked in the City, began: "Mrs. Archdale, I am compelled to say that this is a most unwarrantable intrusion. May I inquire the meaning of it?"

"You have just been told the meaning of it," answered Marcia, who, now that she had been brought to bay, was not disinclined to show fight. "I need not say that it was very disagreeable to me to come to your house; but that seemed to be my only chance of seeing Willie. By the way, don't you think that it is rather absurd to address me as 'Mrs. Archdale'?"

"It may be; but I am unable to perceive the absurdity of calling you by your name. The extraordinary haste with which you assumed that name would have led me to suppose that you were proud of bearing it. However that may be, I can no longer consider you as belonging to our family, nor do I wish to claim the privileges of a relative."

"I certainly do not wish to force them upon you," returned Marcia; "but whether I have ceased to be your sister-in-law or not, you will admit that I have not ceased to be Willie's mother."

"Excuse me; you have to all intents and purposes ceased to occupy that position. I should perhaps be justified in saying that you have forfeited it morally; but I will not say so, I will merely remind you that you forfeited it legally when my

poor brother nominated me as the sole guardian of his child. Situated as I am, I can but use my own judgment in matters relating to your son's welfare, and, as you are aware, I do not think that his welfare would be promoted, were I to allow you to visit him."

The man's pomposity irritated Marcia even more than his insensibility. She longed to tell him what a perfect fool he looked, but curbed that natural inclination and only said: "Will you condescend to tell me why I am not a fit companion for my own son?"

Sir George waved his hand and shook his head. "I must decline," he answered, "to be drawn into a discussion which could be neither useful nor profitable. My decision, as I think I mentioned to you in my letter, is irrevocable. I am sorry that, in spite of what I wrote to you, you should have thought fit to force your way into my house; but we will say no more about that. I shall take measures to prevent any recurrence of the — er — indiscretion."

Now, if Marcia had had all her wits about her she would doubtless have attempted, by means of a little judicious flattery, to soften the heart of this self-satisfied old gentleman, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that she would have succeeded; but she was excited and nervous, and she could not help seeing that there was no great strength of purpose in him, and she remembered Willie's advice, which seemed to be grounded on principles of common sense; so she said boldly: "I don't care what measures you may take; I have submitted to a great deal, but I will not submit to be parted from Willie, nor will he submit to be parted from me. You can't lock either of us up, fortunately, and as we intend to meet, you may be sure that we shall find ways of meeting. Surely you must see that you will not be able to carry out your threat."

Sir George smiled, raised his eyebrows, and observed that he would at any rate do his best to carry it out.

He was so provoking, he looked so politely contemptuous, and he had so very little right to entertain feelings of contempt for anybody, that Marcia could not resist trying to make him lose his temper. She said, —

"It is a pity that you are so frightened of your wife. If you were left to yourself you would most likely be sensible enough to understand that no amount of calumny

would induce Willie to take up your quarrel with me; but you are under the thumb of Caroline, who has always envied and hated me, and who, I suppose, thinks that she has now hit upon a fine opportunity for paying off old scores. Well, if you live long enough, you will be able to judge what her scheme is worth."

Sir George rose as satisfactorily as could have been wished. Clouds gathered upon his brow, his cheeks grew red, and it was in a voice trembling with suppressed wrath that he answered, "You little know me, Mrs. Archdale, if you imagine that my actions are liable to be influenced either by feminine jealousies or by feminine impertinence. Your assertion that my wife is envious of you may or may not be true — I have never had the curiosity to make inquiries on that point — but, since plain language appears to please you, I need not scruple to say that my decision as regards Willie and yourself has been arrived at solely in consequence of the view which I personally take of your character and conduct. I think, and I always shall think, that you were guilty of poor Eustace's death; I think that, during his lifetime, you behaved with very little regard to decency, and that you disregarded decency altogether by contracting a second marriage before he was cold in his grave. It will be obvious to you that, holding such an opinion, I cannot conscientiously sanction any association between you and my ward. I have nothing more to add," concluded Sir George, moving towards the door as though he intended holding it open for his visitor.

Marcia might have made a dignified exit; but, although she had roused Sir George's temper, she had not contrived to keep her own. "You are very insulting and very cowardly!" she exclaimed. "No *man* would say such things, and I know quite well that you are merely making yourself Caroline's echo; still it is bad enough to pretend to believe what is false, and I hope I shall never be obliged to see you or speak to you again."

"Madam," answered Sir George, as he opened the door, "I may safely promise you that, with my consent, you never will."

It must be admitted that he had had the best of the encounter, although Marcia secured the empty triumph of the last word. "You and Caroline may do your worst," said she; "but you will never prevent Willie from caring for me and you will never make him care for you."

CHAPTER XXVL

MARCIA'S CHOICE.

SELF-ESTEEM is said to be the most vulnerable spot in any man's moral anatomy. This may be the case — women declare that it is the case, and they ought to know — but perhaps a humble student of human nature may be permitted to observe that, so far as his experience has gone, vanity is the especial failing of the under-bred. However that may be, Sir George Brett, whose pedigree would hardly have borne close examination, was unquestionably vain, and if his sister-in-law had desired to make an eternal enemy of him she could hardly have done better than to accuse him of being under petticoat government. As a matter of fact, he never forgot that insult and never forgave it. He had not thought too highly of Marcia before the interview described in the last chapter; after it, he was ready to believe her capable of any and every crime. And so it seemed to be his bounden duty to lose no time in taking those measures of which he had spoken to her.

"Caroline," he said to his wife, that same evening, in an authoritative tone of voice, "I shall be glad if you will go down to Blaydon to-morrow and take the boy with you. I dare say you will have heard that his mother made her way into the house this afternoon; Benson tells me that she pushed past him, although he did his best to turn her away from the door. Probably she will not attempt to do that a second time; but she was extremely insolent in her manner to me, asserting that she would contrive to meet her son with or without my permission, and as she undoubtedly has it in her power to cause us some annoyance, I think the wisest plan will be to place Willie out of her reach until he returns to Eton."

Lady Brett was disinclined to fly from the face of an enemy with whom she would have been very pleased to risk a personal encounter; but she recognized the difficulty of preventing two wilful people from having their way, and it was a consolation to her to reflect that Marcia could be checkmated with so little trouble. So she dutifully signified her readiness to do what was required of her, and on the following morning she and her nephew left London.

"My dear Willie," was her reply to certain remonstrances which the latter made so bold as to utter, "you know — or at any rate you ought to know — that we

must not question the orders of those whom Providence has set in authority over us. Your uncle wishes us to go down to the country. That is enough for me, and it should be enough for you. Some day, if you live long enough, it will be your turn to exercise authority; meanwhile you must do as I do and obey."

It was quite certain that he could do nothing else; and, as he was of a patient disposition, he might have resigned himself to wait until he should be master of his own actions, had he been able to write a few lines of explanation to his mother. Unfortunately, she had omitted to inform him of her address; and so it was that both he and she passed through a brief period of miserable suspense.

For a whole week Marcia haunted the neighborhood of Portman Square. She was there at all hours of the day, but never a glimpse did she obtain of what she was seeking for, and at length she wrote to Willie, begging him to name a time and place at which they might meet. "I dare say those wretches open his letters," she thought; "but I must take my chance of that."

In this she wronged Sir George, who saw the letter and recognized the handwriting, but forwarded it to Blaydon intact, and by return of post she received a reply from Willie which brought tears of joy into her eyes. The boy could not have written more reasonably and sensibly if he had been three times his age. He had spoken to his aunt, he said, and had told her that he would make no promise of unconditional obedience. He meant to take every opportunity of seeing his mother, and it would be for his guardians to prevent him from doing so if they could. For the present they evidently could do so. However, he had not been forbidden to write or receive letters, nor had he been scolded for his contumacy. "Aunt Caroline says I am deluded, but she can't blame me. I say she is another, and then she laughs. She really isn't such a bad old creature if you take her the right way."

Probably this is true of ninety-nine people out of a hundred, but it is only one person out of a hundred who knows how to take everybody in the right way, and if Willie was such an exceptional human being, Marcia certainly was not. This was what her husband told her when he returned from his visit to the north, and when she made confession to him of her proceedings.

"I don't wish to say anything rude,

Marcia," he remarked, after listening to her narrative, "but I really can't compliment you on your dexterity. By your own account, you have mortally offended a man of whom you had a favor to ask, and who, I should think, might have been conciliated without much difficulty. Oh, I know you began by asking the favor and you met with a refusal. Still one doesn't quite see how you have improved matters by putting the old gentleman in an infernal rage. It would have been so very much more to the purpose to stroke him down."

"You don't know how exasperating he was!" exclaimed Marcia. "But I am glad," she added, smiling, "that you are on my side, Cecil; I was afraid you would say that I ought not to have attempted to see Willie at all."

"Am I on your side?" asked Archdale, with a laugh. "I don't think I am, you know. I should certainly have recommended you to keep upon good terms with the boy's guardian; but more than that I should hardly have been prepared to advise. You see, if you were to put the old man's back up, it would be open to him to resign his guardianship — which would be awkward."

"I really shouldn't so very much care," Marcia declared. "Willie would risk losing a fortune, of course; but money isn't everything. Anyhow, we have made up our minds that we will not consent to be permanently parted, whatever George Brett may do or say."

Archdale made a slight grimace, but did not pursue the subject farther. He had no intention of undertaking the maintenance and education of his step-son if he could help it; still he knew enough of women to know that it is a piece of gratuitous folly to remonstrate with them when they have made up their minds or think that they have done so. He, therefore, began to talk about Wetherby, where it seemed that he had been well received, and he was glad to be able to announce that Lady Wetherby had sent her love to her old friend. He attached no slight importance to this message; for the truth was that he did not at all want his wife to be ignored during the coming season, and he had had certain misgivings which he was aware that Marcia had shared. Now Lady Wetherby was a tower of strength. Rich, highly placed, and eminently respectable, she was just one of those persons whose lead is sure to be followed in doubtful cases, and any one who was made welcome at her entertainments might

safely be regarded as above all suspicion. And Marcia, though she affected indifference, was secretly pleased to hear that Laura Wetherby was not going to drop her; so that the evening passed away pleasantly enough with anticipations of future social enjoyments and a judicious avoidance of topics upon which there was room for difference of opinion.

Archdale, however, was by no means obvious of a danger which seemed to him to call for prompt measures of precaution, and instead of betaking himself to his studio on the following morning, he drove straight to Brett's bank in the City, where he sent in his card with a request that he might be allowed to see Sir George for a few minutes. He was kept waiting some little time — Sir George made it a rule to keep people waiting, knowing how salutary the effect of such detention is upon the over-bold — but at length he was admitted into the presence of the great man, who was seated behind a massive writing-table, and who looked a good deal more awe-inspiring than the general run of cabinet ministers.

Sir George rose and bowed gravely, without extending his hand, while Archdale smiled, nodded, and took a chair, saying, "How are you, Sir George?"

He went on to explain the object of his visit. "I ought to apologize for intruding upon you; you are very busy, no doubt. But I will not trespass upon your indulgence long, and I really think that a good deal of time and trouble will be saved if you and I can come to an understanding about family affairs — as I am sure that we can. I need not tell you that I refer to my wife's unwillingness — it is a very natural unwillingness, as you will allow — to be cut off from her son. Now, what are — you going to do about it?"

"I have already told Mrs. Archdale," replied Sir George stiffly, "that so long as my nephew remains under my charge I shall not permit him to see her. I shall take care that he has no opportunity of doing so, and I confess that I fail to see how any further discussion can promote a clearer understanding of so simple a matter."

"Well," said Archdale, with perfect good humor, "I won't inquire your reasons for being so uncompromising; very likely if you gave them, they wouldn't be particularly complimentary either to my wife or to myself. Besides, I am really to a great extent with you. A division of authority, or even a division of influence, is, after all, a mistake, and for my own part I should

prefer, upon the whole, to have nothing more to do with the boy."

"That I can quite believe," observed Sir George dryly.

Archdale laughed. "Oh, well, everybody admits that step-children are a nuisance; I cannot imagine any man feeling otherwise than grateful to a relative who was anxious to adopt his step-son. But what I want to point out to you, Sir George, is that the matter isn't quite such a simple one as you call it. Marcia, of course, cannot be made to obey you, and I gather that the boy ——"

"He will have to obey me," interrupted Sir George.

"Possibly; but I don't see how you are going to enforce obedience. You can't, for instance, prevent his mother from writing to him; you can't prevent her making appointments with him and going down to Eton to keep them. That, you may be sure, is precisely what she intends to do, and I foresee an immense deal of annoyance and worry for all of us unless we can hit upon some means of deterring her from doing it. Now, my own impression is ——"

Sir George interrupted his visitor for the second time. "Excuse me," said he; "I do not care to resort to stratagem. My course is perfectly plain and straightforward. I have accepted the trust bequeathed to me by my late brother; I propose to treat Willie in all respects like a son of mine, and it is probable — though I do not mention this as being anything more than a probability — that he will eventually inherit all that I possess. Nevertheless, I will not have my decisions questioned or my orders disobeyed. You tell me that I cannot enforce obedience; my reply is that, in the event of my being disobeyed, I shall throw down the reins. I shall continue to act as my nephew's trustee; but I shall cease to be responsible for his education, I shall no longer give him a home, and he certainly will not receive one penny at my death."

This was just what Archdale had wanted Sir George to say. He nodded approvingly. "May I repeat that to my wife on your authority?" he asked.

"I will put it in writing, if you choose," replied Sir George, who began to perceive what his interlocutor was driving at, and whose respect for that gentleman was not increased by the discovery. "Please to understand, however, that what I have said to you is a mere statement of facts, not a threat. If you are desirous of bringing pressure to bear upon Mrs. Archdale,

and if you think that you see your way to doing it, so much the better; but that is your affair. Personally, I have nothing to say to the lady; she has put it quite out of the question that I should hold any further communication, direct or indirect, with her."

Archdale, having obtained what he wanted, went away without being at all abashed by the haughtiness of the banker. He saw no reason for being ashamed of himself; what he did see was that he would have to undertake all the trouble and expense of bringing up an insubordinate youth unless he could induce his wife to consent to a renunciation which appeared to be as expedient for her sake as for his own, and after dinner, that evening, he took occasion to tell her that he was afraid she must give up all idea of fighting her brother-in-law.

"I went into the City this morning, and had a talk with Sir George Brett," said he; "I thought the best way was to see him and find out how the land lay. Well, he is a very pig-headed old person. He took exactly the line that I had expected him to take — wouldn't have anything to say to us, wouldn't accept our acquaintance on any terms — and as soon as I suggested that, in spite of all his anathemas, you would probably contrive to see your son when you chose, he returned that if his orders were not respected he should throw up his guardianship."

"Let him!" answered Marcia intrepidly; "Willie won't perish for want of the privilege of being his ward, I suppose. Thank you for having gone to see him, Cecil; it was very kind of you to think of it."

"Oh, not at all; the experiment was worth trying, though I hadn't much confidence in its success. But unluckily it isn't only his guardianship that he threatened to withdraw. He told me in the plainest language that he intended at present to make the boy his heir, but that unless he could retain absolute control over him he wouldn't leave him a penny."

"Oh, he admits that he hasn't legal control over him, then?"

"We didn't touch upon that question. I should imagine that the law would give him as much authority as he chose to claim; but it would be very disagreeable for everybody to have the case dragged into court. At all events, the law cannot compel him to act as guardian against his will; still less can it dictate to him how he shall dispose of his fortune. So that he really has the whip-hand of us, you see."

"He would, if we were as fond of money as he is; but perhaps we aren't. Shall I tell you the whole truth, Cecil? I would gladly and thankfully take Willie away from those people to-morrow if I were not afraid of his being a burden upon you. That is the only thing that has made me hesitate."

Archdale raised his eyebrows, looked down at his boots, and was silent. Marcia, who understood men pretty well and liked them, upon the whole, much better than she liked women, was well acquainted with our cardinal defect. She was so deeply in love with her Cecil that she had cherished some hope of finding him less selfish than the rest of his sex; but now she saw that she must submit to a disappointment in that respect.

"I suppose he *would* be rather a burden on you," she hazarded timidly.

"Oh, not pecuniarily. Your income is sufficient for you and for him, and I have no right to protest against your using it for his support. But if you ask me whether I should enjoy having him in the house as a third person, I must tell you honestly that I shouldn't enjoy it at all. He hates me — very naturally, I dare say, but at any rate, he does hate me — and, although I hope I have self-command enough to steer clear of a breach of the peace, I think I can foresee that whenever he is at home I shall be driven away from home."

The menace was not ill-chosen. Marcia was prepared to sacrifice anything rather than her husband's love, and she was fully alive to the danger of forcing husbands to seek for amusement away from home. "I am sure Willie doesn't hate you, Cecil," she faltered; "why should he?"

Archdale shrugged his shoulders. "My dear child, it isn't in human nature to love one's step-father. I assure you I bear no malice against the boy; I have no doubt that I should feel just as he does if I were in his place. Only I don't think that one house will hold us both very comfortably, and I have a strong idea that if you take him away from a rich old uncle (who won't live forever, mind you), a day will come when you will regret it. My advice to you is to let Sir George have his way. Still I shall not complain if you see fit to disregard my advice."

"Do you mean that you wish me to abandon Willie altogether?" asked Marcia, with trembling lips and tears upon her eyelashes.

That was certainly what he did wish;

but he was reluctant to say so outright. "I think," said he, "that you will have to do one thing or the other. Sir George, I take it, is not quite such a fool as to allow surreptitious meetings, and apparently he doesn't mean to press his claims if you choose to oppose them. I have told you which horn of the dilemma I should choose if I were you; I would rather not say any more."

The dilemma was, in fact, what she had perceived it to be from the first; she must choose between her son and her husband; and, that being so, her choice was a foregone conclusion. She hesitated a long time, as was but natural; she tried to persuade herself that she was only yielding to a cruel necessity, because Willie's welfare made it a necessity, and in this effort she received such support from Cecil as might have been anticipated; yet it was with a very heavy heart that she sat down at last to write to her boy, and to announce to him the surrender which, she said, had been forced upon her by circumstances.

"I know you will be unhappy about it," she wrote, "but you will not be as unhappy as I am, and you will forget sooner than I shall. My only comfort is in thinking that the greatest service I can do you at present is to let you go. Some day you will see this, and some day, I hope and pray, you will come back to me."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT WETHERBY ONCE MORE.

MARCIA had not long to wait for a reply to her letter. She shed many tears over it when it came; that she would probably have done in any case; yet she would have been better pleased if its tone had been more reproachful and less resigned. Willie, poor little man! understood many things which boys of his age are not generally supposed to understand; but he did not possess quite sufficient insight into feminine character to know what his mother expected of him in this emergency, and naturally he did not guess that it would soothe her feelings to be upbraided. He simply acquiesced in her decision; apparently he did not think that anybody was to blame; he said no more about showing a bold front to his uncle, nor did he dispute her assertion that the rending asunder of their lives would cause more unhappiness to her than to him. If there was a certain unwonted formality about his composition, it did not, at any rate, breathe a word of complaint, and he

signed himself "*Ever* your loving son Willie" — the underlining of the word "*ever*" being a little significant touch which he had deemed it permissible to introduce.

In truth the boy could hardly have written otherwise. What is to be done when your ally concludes conditions of peace with the enemy behind your back? The Crimean War, as everybody knows, terminated after a fashion which was not entirely satisfactory to one of the allied powers; yet that power had to illuminate its streets and rub its hands and try to look as though all were for the best. Now, to compare small things with great, it was evident that Willie could not carry on this struggle single-handed. Had his mother been prepared to support him, he would have been ready and willing to fight; but since she did not see fit to do so, he could only bow his head and hold his tongue. Her motive for so abruptly deserting a position which she had seemed to take up with some show of firmness was no secret to him; he knew just as well as if she had told him so that she had been conquered by his step-father, not by his uncle; and, knowing that, it was not possible for him to reveal to her how grievous was his disappointment. His fidelity to her was not shaken; only he felt, as he had every right to feel, that she had been a little unfaithful to him.

But Marcia, whose affections, strong though they were, were of an absolutely indiscriminating order, seldom attempted to realize the mental attitude of those whom she loved. She judged them by their actions — that is to say, that she judged them by such actions of theirs as affected her personally — and when she had perused the reply over which Willie had spent two hours of anxious and tearful meditation, she said to herself that he had a cold heart. It may be also that her conscience was not altogether at ease with regard to him, and that for that reason pardon was more painful to her than rebuke.

The next morning's post brought her a letter from Caroline which did not serve to allay her soreness of spirit. Lady Brett stated that she wrote by her husband's request, and she discharged herself of the task imposed upon her with grave politeness, not unmingled with compassion. One would never arrive at anything like an accurate comprehension of one's fellow-creatures if one did not give some of them credit for a total lack of sympathetic feeling; so it is perhaps only

justice to Lady Brett to assume that she had no idea of how very galling her compassion must needs be to its subject.

"George," said she, "tells me that, after the way in which you have spoken to him, he cannot consent to hold either verbal or written intercourse with you again. I am truly sorry for this; but you will not expect me to say that I think him in the wrong, and you know how firm he is when once he has made up his mind. It would be useless for me — even if I could feel it right or wise — to dispute the decision to which he has come, and to which, as I understand, you have given your consent; yet I may say that I cannot but regret, for your sake, the necessity of such a decision. There is, indeed, much in the events of the last year which fills me with sadness when I look back upon them; but I never presume to judge others, and I doubt not that all will be overruled for good.

"George wishes me to say that, while he will not absolutely forbid correspondence between you and your son, he thinks that you should not write or receive letters very frequently. He suggests that I should let you hear once a month of Willie's health and progress with his studies, and this I will willingly do if you desire it. It is not, I hope, necessary for me to add that we shall spare no pains to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of our nephew, who is dear to us for his father's sake as well as his own."

Probably most mothers would have been irritated by promises of that description; but some, perhaps, reflecting that half a loaf is better than no bread, would have accepted Lady Brett's offer of a monthly report. Marcia unhesitatingly declined it. In a curt reply which she dashed off and posted upon the impulse of the moment, she declared that nothing was more revolting to her than humbug, that she preferred the open enmity of Sir George Brett to the canting hypocrisy of his wife, and that it would give her no satisfaction at all to hear about Willie through either of them. Her state of mind, in fact, was very much that of a spoiled child who, having been thwarted, takes refuge in the time-honored retort of "I don't care!"

Marcia was very anxious to persuade both herself and those who had wounded her that she didn't care. She had made her choice; she intended to abide by it, and she intended to be happy. Perhaps when they saw her name mentioned daily in the columns of the *Morning Post* and

discovered that London society was as ready as ever to open its arms to her they would understand that she could get on very well without them. But it so fell out that no such mortifying discovery was made by the offending persons; for the reporters of the *Morning Post* could not record Marcia's presence at entertainments to which she had not been invited, nor did society show itself as hospitably disposed towards Mrs. Archdale as it had once been towards Mrs. Brett. The general feeling was that her case was really a little bit too scandalous. During the previous season she had made herself talked about in connection with her present husband; she had been separated—doubtless on that account—from her late one, and of course there were plenty of people who knew for a fact that she had driven that unfortunate man to despair and suicide. Such things may be forgotten in a year or two; but it is pushing audacity rather far to reappear instantly in the character of a bride and to expect recognition. Consequently, not a few influential ladies found it convenient to ignore the circumstance that Mr. Archdale was no longer a bachelor, and addressed invitations to his club in which no mention was made of his wife. This was a cruel blow to Marcia; yet she could have borne it better if her husband had seen fit to decline the invitations. But he could not, or would not, see that it was incumbent upon him to do anything of the sort.

"What," he asked, "is the use of taking it for granted that our friends wish to snub us? The chances are that they have never heard of our marriage, and very likely they never will hear of it if I don't tell them. Besides, even supposing that they do intend to mark their sense of the impropriety of our conduct, we shall gain nothing by sulking. That sort of thing has to be lived down, and the best answer that one can possibly make to a slight is to take no notice of it."

Whatever this reasoning may have been worth, the process of acting upon it bore no immediate fruit. Mr. Archdale went out almost every night, but Mrs. Archdale continued to be neglected; and that this was not the result of mere inadvertence was made manifest to her when she encountered former acquaintances in the streets or in the Park; for as often as such encounters took place these former acquaintances failed to see her. She was unfortunate also in losing the moral support of Lady Wetherby, whose only daughter had been taken ill with scarlet fever,

and who was therefore unable to come up to London as usual.

The latter circumstance, however, was so far serviceable to Marcia that it eventually provided her with a decent excuse for escaping from what she was beginning to feel an intolerable situation. She was made miserable by her husband's evident capacity for enjoying himself apart from her; she was often tormented by jealousy; yet she could not but see the risk of forcing him to spend his evenings at home against his will. It was not unnatural that she should desire to turn her back upon a mode of life which was neither curable nor endurable, and one morning at breakfast she joyfully informed her husband that she was going down to Wetherby for a week or so.

"Laura has consented to let me help her in amusing poor little Evelyn, who is now convalescent," she said. "I had scarlet fever when I was a girl, so that I have no fear of infection, and I shall be only too thankful to get away from London."

At first Archdale would not hear of his wife's running such a risk; but it was a task of no great difficulty to persuade him that the risk was in reality a very slight one. He was still more or less in love; he was certainly as fond of Marcia as he could be of anybody, and he was probably sincere when he declared that he would feel wretchedly forlorn during her absence. Nevertheless, her determination to quit the scene of her fiasco was something of a relief to him; for he knew, although he did not choose to admit it, that one of those feminine coalitions had been formed against her which are irresistible while they last. On the following day, therefore, he took leave of her at King's Cross with so much cheerfulness and resignation that she was within an ace of changing her mind and abandoning her journey at the last moment.

But as soon as she was fairly off she was thankful that she had not yielded to so unwise an impulse. She did not want him to think her jealous and exacting; she believed in her heart that she had as yet no cause to be so, and she was in hopes that, although her lost prestige could not be regained in London, it might to some extent be restored to her when people should have had time to see that she was still upon terms of intimacy with Lady Wetherby. Moreover, she had a hankering after the honest and loyal sympathy of Laura, upon which the experience of former years led her to count in advance.

It so happened, however, that her friend was at that moment rather in a position to require sympathy than to offer it. For the first thing that Lady Wetherby said to her on her arrival was, "My dear Marcia, I am not at all sure that I ought to let you into the house. Evelyn is recovering very quickly, but of course she is just in the most infectious stage, and now poor Wetherby has caught the fever; so I shall be obliged to leave you to take care of yourself nearly all day, and you will have a dreadfully dull time of it independently of the danger."

"I don't mind the dulness and I don't believe in the danger," answered Marcia. "I am sorry about Lord Wetherby, though. Is he very bad?"

"No; the doctor says he is going on as well as possible; but I can't help being a little anxious. It is very good and kind of you to come to me at such a time."

If Marcia's motives for paying this visit had not, in the first instance, been of a purely unselfish order, she began at once to behave as though they had. During the next few days she made herself really useful by entertaining the convalescent child, and her efforts had at least the happy result of renewing a friendship which had been in some danger of coming to an end.

"I did think you rather heartless, Marcia," Lady Wetherby confessed, when she found time for a quarter of an hour's confidential talk with her former school-fellow. "Not on account of your having married again so soon, for that, after all, was only a breach of conventionality; but I couldn't understand your consenting to hand your boy over to his uncle and aunt."

"Did you imagine that I had any choice in the matter?" asked Marcia. "Eustace made Sir George Willie's guardian; my consent to the arrangement wasn't requested, and my refusal wouldn't have been listened to. Of course it has made me very miserable, and I did manage to see Willie once, and then Sir George declared that he would throw up his guardianship if such a thing occurred again. Perhaps you will say that I ought to have been only too glad to take him at his word. But that would have implied a great deal. It would have implied depriving Willie of a large fortune; for, as matters stand at present, his uncle means to leave him everything. And besides that, it would have implied unhappiness and discomfort for my boy as well as for my husband. He does not like Cecil and Cecil does not like him. They never

could have got on together. In fact, Cecil told me as much; he said that if Willie were to live with us he should go away as soon as the holidays began."

Lady Wetherby drew in her lips. "I must say that I think that was very selfish of Mr. Archdale," she remarked.

"Yes, perhaps; but all men are selfish. You see, Laura, it just came to this — that I had to please either myself or my husband. Do you think I was wrong in giving my husband the preference?"

Lady Wetherby was decidedly of opinion that Marcia had done wrong, and that her way of putting the case was rather ingenious than ingenuous; but it seemed a little cruel to say so. Moreover, she could not but believe that her friend's heart must be in the right place, by reason of the latter's kindness to Evelyn. So she was contented to reply, —

"One can't lay down general rules or judge for other people. I don't think that I myself could have acted as you have done; but I quite see that you were placed in a very difficult position."

Of that qualified approval Marcia had to make the best; and indeed she was very glad to obtain it, for she was now more than ever convinced of the desirability of retaining Laura's friendship. Laura, and nobody else whom she knew of, could cause doors which had been shut in her face to fly open once more; Laura, for all her quiet, unpretending manners, knew how to snub ill-natured and censorious persons. Finally, Laura alone could claim to know at first hand circumstances which had probably been exaggerated or misunderstood by others.

But a deplorable stroke of fate was to render all the friendly offices to which Marcia looked forward impossible of execution. Lord Wetherby's illness, which had been running its course quite favorably, became suddenly complicated by symptoms of an alarming nature; a great London doctor was telegraphed for; Malton was summoned home from Eton, and within two days everybody in the house knew that the sick man's sentence of death had been pronounced. During the week which followed, Lady Wetherby scarcely left her husband's bedside, and Marcia was occupied in taking charge of the two children, who were by way of not knowing — although, no doubt, they did know — the hopelessness of their father's condition. She naturally took the opportunity to make some inquiries about Willie of his schoolfellow; but Malton had not much to tell her. Brett, he explained, was

neither in his division nor in his tutor's house; he did see him every now and then, and believed that he was getting on all right. "Only I'm a dry-bob, you know, and he's a wet-bob. Somebody told me he could scull a bit; I don't know whether it is true or not."

Asked whether Willie appeared to be in good spirits, he answered, "Oh, yes, I suppose so," with a wondering sort of laugh, as though he thought the question a somewhat silly one.

Silly the question doubtless was, and still more silly was it of Marcia to feel aggrieved because her boy showed no outward sign of unhappiness. It was, however, necessary for her peace of mind that she should believe herself to be ill-used; so that perhaps Malton rendered her a service without intending to do so.

Poor Lord Wetherby sank gradually and died on the sixth day after the medical consultation. He had never achieved public distinction of any kind; but as he had been a good husband and a good father, he was more sincerely lamented than the general run of mankind have a right to expect that they will be. His widow and his children seemed to be inconsolable; and when people seem to be inconsolable, what better course can a wise and kind friend adopt than to leave them alone? This was the course which commended itself to Marcia, who was not urged to reconsider her decision.

"It is good of you to offer to stay with us, dear," said Lady Wetherby, who may have thought that her friend was not quite the person to sympathize with the loneliness of widowhood. "But I am sure you won't mind my telling you that we would rather be alone for the present. Later on, when I have had time to realize what has happened to me, we shall meet again, I hope. Just now I feel as if I couldn't speak to anybody except the children."

Nevertheless, the woman was so kind-hearted that in spite of her own troubles — or possibly in consequence of them — she was able to spare a thought for those of one who was almost a stranger to her. Her last words to her departing guest were, —

"Marcia, I can't help feeling distressed about poor Willie. It is sad enough for Malton and Evelyn to have lost their father; but they are not so badly off as he is, because as long as I live they will always have somebody whom they can depend upon when they are ill or unhappy. It isn't possible for any one to fill a mother's place; certainly uncles and

aunts cannot, however rich they may be. And I don't think either that anything can make up to a mother for the loss of her son — no! not even if she resigns him to please a husband whom she may imagine that she loves better."

"There is no imagination about it," returned Marcia quickly; for these words wounded her as only the truth can wound. "I do love Cecil better than Willie; if I didn't I never could have married him. I'm not like you; I can't control my affections; I can't say to myself, 'This is how I ought to feel and this is how I will feel.' Willie will learn to live without me, if he hasn't learnt already; but I can't live without Cecil, I can't even do anything to vex him. You may pity me as much as you choose for being what I am, but I don't see how you can fairly blame me; because it isn't in my power to be anything else."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARCIA THROWS UP THE SPONGE.

IN declaring that it was out of her power to be anything except what she was, Marcia was perhaps giving utterance to a mere truism. There seems nowadays to be a tolerably widespread belief that our respective natures cannot be changed nor even greatly modified, that we are all blessed or afflicted with certain hereditary proclivities which are not of our choosing, and that although for the protection of the community at large it is necessary to maintain gaols and convict prisons, very little blame can fairly be laid to the charge of their inmates, whose skulls and features, as anybody can see for himself, present nothing but slight variations of two distinctive types. The theory of irresponsibility would be an exceedingly comforting one — except, of course, for the hereditary gaol-birds — if only we were able to believe in it; but unfortunately it is apt to be contradicted by the irrepressible voice of conscience, which tells us that we can overcome our natural tendencies if we choose, and indeed that that may possibly be the chief object of our sojourn upon the surface of this planet. Thus, Marcia, who had plenty of time for musing over things and persons during her journey southwards, did not quite succeed in persuading herself that the renunciation which Lady Wetherby deprecated had been inevitable. She did, however, persuade herself that she had displayed very great self-abnegation, and that conviction served her purpose almost as well.

"At any rate," she reflected, "Cecil must see how much I have given up for his sake, and perhaps he may feel that he ought to give up a little for mine." By which she meant that she hoped he would give up frequenting houses to which she was not thought worthy of being invited.

In any case, it was useless to lament over accomplished facts. For good or for ill she had made her choice and must now abide by it; the main thing, after all, was to be happy, and happy she fully intended to be. Her great fear—a fear so terrible that she shrank from facing it—was that her husband might grow weary of her, and that his volatile temperament might lead him to seek for pleasure and amusement elsewhere than by the domestic fireside. That there were solid grounds for that apprehension she could not but be aware, nor was her instinct at fault when it warned her of the dangers which are likely to be incurred when one of two married persons forms the habit of going into society without the other. Was not she herself an example of the results which may be expected to arise out of such a system?

Therefore it struck her as a good omen when, on reaching her destination, she caught sight of Cecil upon the platform. She had not asked him to meet her; but she had let him know the hour at which her train was due, and of course he had been informed of the sad event which had brought her visit to an end.

"This is a bad job about poor old Wetherby, isn't it?" said he, as soon as they had greeted one another with as much tenderness as was possible in that public place. "What is Lady Wetherby going to do? I suppose there will be no change during the boy's minority, will there?"

"I really don't know," answered Marcia. "Laura said nothing to me about her plans; she has hardly had time to make any yet. I should think she will go on living at Wetherby for the present, anyhow."

"H'm!—and very likely she won't spend much of her time in London. Not that it would make any great difference if she did though; for, of course, she won't be entertaining yet awhile."

And as Marcia did not seem quite to see the relevance of this observation, he explained himself more fully while they were driving homewards. "It's a selfish view to take, I admit," said he laughingly; "but the truth is that poor Wetherby's death is rather a bad stroke of luck for us.

I had been counting upon her ladyship as a prop for you; because you see, my dear, you do stand a good deal in need of a prop just now."

"Why do you say that?" asked Marcia quickly. "Has anything disagreeable happened?"

"Oh, no; only there are indications that the atmosphere is rather highly charged with prejudice. You yourself noticed it before you went away, you know. However, as I told you then, it may be lived down, and I hope it will be."

His tone was not particularly hopeful, nor was Marcia reassured by this prompt introduction of a subject which occupied so large a share in her own thoughts. She said at once that she did not care a pin whether she was cut by a lot of tiresome people or not, that she wished to live for him and for him alone; to which declaration he responded after the only fashion that was open to him.

But it very soon appeared that, whatever Mr. Archdale's intentions with regard to his future mode of life might be, that of abandoning the society of persons who chose to turn their backs upon his wife was not included amongst them. He dined at home that night, but went out immediately afterwards, saying that he had to look in at two or three houses, and on the following morning casually mentioned that for another week to come there would be no need to take account of him in ordering dinner. "I didn't expect you back so soon," he said half apologetically, "and I expect most of these people who have asked me to dine thought you would be out of town."

Marcia did not believe that they had thought anything of the kind; but she contrived by dint of biting her lips to repress the complaints which she was sorely tempted to utter. Whether she would have been able to repress them long may be doubted; but fortunately the next few days brought her several invitations, so that she began to feel somewhat encouraged. Perhaps the ladies who were good enough thus to favor her had heard that she had been staying with Lady Wetherby, or perhaps Archdale, who was not inordinately proud, had boldly asked them to ask his wife. Either way, Marcia was satisfied, hoping that she had now introduced the thin edge of the wedge, and that she would soon be as much sought after as she had ever been.

That hope was not fulfilled. Her hostesses accorded her a very chilling recep-

tion; the former acquaintances whom she met at their houses contented themselves for the most part with bowing to her and passing on, while those who did speak to her assumed an air of patronage and commiseration which was rather worse than downright rudeness. Amongst these was that Mrs. Delamere who, it may be remembered, had once caused Eustace Brett to spend some unhappy moments at a dinner-party, and who, indeed, was usually actuated by an amiable wish to make her neighbors unhappy.

"I have been asking everybody what had become of you, Mrs. Archdale," she said; "but no one could tell me. I really began to think that you must be a myth."

"I have been staying down in the country with friends," answered Marcia; "I only returned home a few days ago."

"Oh, was that it? Well, I thought you couldn't be in London unless your tastes had undergone a complete change. As for Mr. Archdale, he has been very much *en evidence* of late — very much indeed."

Marcia knew perfectly well that the woman meant to be ill-natured and that the best way of disappointing her would be to ask no questions; but it is not easy to resist asking a question to which one is very desirous of obtaining an answer.

"In what way?" she inquired.

"Principally in that way," replied Mrs. Delamere, laughing and pointing with her fan to Archdale, who was waltzing with a pretty little fair-haired woman; for it was at a ball that this conversation took place.

"Cecil is a very good dancer, and, like all good dancers, he is fond of dancing," remarked Marcia calmly.

"Is he really? Then I wonder why he dances all night and every night with Mrs. Dynely, who can't dance a bit. I suppose she must possess some other attraction. She is certainly pretty, don't you think so?"

There was no denying the prettiness of the little fair-haired lady. Marcia asked who she was and received some more or less inaccurate information respecting her. But in truth it signified little enough whether she was good or bad, married or a widow; what nobody could help seeing was that Cecil was making himself very agreeable to her and that she was giving him every encouragement to do so. Having made that discovery, Marcia would doubtless have done well to rest satisfied, or dissatisfied with it and to change the subject; but jealousy is one of those distressing maladies which always crave a

further supply of their cause, and Mrs. Delamere was very glad to relate how Mr. Archdale and the frisky young matron with whom he was dancing had latterly become inseparable.

"Of course you know what he is, though," she concluded, with a laugh. "He is delightful, but quite incorrigible, and, as I have often told him, it is only his fickleness that is the saving of him. I never was more astonished in my life than when I heard that he had actually committed matrimony."

Marcia made one of the retorts to which such observations obviously laid the speaker open; but it was not particularly effective. Mrs. Delamere, having scored a point, was naturally anxious to score another before she ceased playing; so she went on, —

"By the way, I must congratulate you upon your son's good luck. Lady Brett was telling me the other day that they have adopted him — which, I presume, means that he will come into all his uncle's money. It must be rather a grief to you to be parted from him; still one can't refuse offers of that kind, and of course you will always be able to see as much of him as you wish."

"If Caroline spoke to you about the matter," answered Marcia, "she certainly told you that that is just what I shall not be able to do. I don't know whether you care to hear the truth or not; but the truth is that Sir George Brett is my son's sole guardian and that Sir George and I have quarrelled. Under the circumstances, your congratulations sound a little ironical to me, though I have no doubt that they are kindly meant."

She did not shake off Mrs. Delamere quite as easily as she could have done a twelvemonth earlier, because she was now, as she had been then, within reach of a score of persons who asked nothing better than to talk to her; still, by walking resolutely away, she managed to effect her escape, and soon afterwards she begged her husband to take her home pleading fatigue and a headache. It was allowable, she thought, to make the request, but it would be a sad mistake to let him know her reason for having made it. She therefore heroically abstained from saying a single word about Mrs. Dynely for quite two minutes after they had left the house, when temptation got the upper hand of her and forced her to remark, —

"You didn't seem to be very fortunate

in your partners to-night, Cecil. At least, every time that I saw you, you were struggling round the room with that flaxen-headed woman, who moved as if she had two wooden legs."

"Do you mean Mrs. Dynely?" asked Archdale. "Well, I suppose she isn't exactly what one would call a first-rate performer, but she talks better than she dances. All things considered, I don't complain of her as a partner. I have met her pretty often of late and we have hit it off rather well together."

"So I hear," observed Marcia dryly.

"You have no objection, I hope?"

"Oh, no; there wouldn't be much use in my objecting, would there? Only don't you think it is a little soon to — to begin that kind of thing?"

"My dear child," exclaimed Archdale in a vexed tone, "this is really too ridiculous. Some good-natured lady has been taking away my character, I suppose; but you might have known better than to believe her. I'm sure I don't care if I never set eyes on Mrs. Dynely again; still, one must talk to somebody when one goes to a party, and unfortunately I can't talk to you the whole time — though that is what I should prefer to do."

"I know I'm very silly, Cecil," said Marcia, whose tears had begun to flow, in spite of all her efforts to keep them back, "but you would forgive me if you knew what a horrid evening I have had. I was sure I should hate coming back to London, and it is a thousand times worse than I ever thought it would be! *Must* we go on living here?"

Archdale evaded returning any direct answer to this question, because he did not wish to make hasty promises which might be quoted against him at some future time. However, he said a great deal that was kind and pretty and comforting to his wife, who had partially recovered her spirits before she reached home.

Nevertheless, her longing to leave London increased as time went on; for the evening which has been described proved to be more or less typical of what she might now expect. It is true that not all the ladies whom she met were as ill-natured or as outspoken as Mrs. Delamere; but they all contrived to let her see that she did not possess the privilege of their esteem, and existence without popularity was almost as intolerable to her as continuous physical pain. Not by such social pleasures as were open to her under these sadly changed conditions could she

hope to obtain that happiness and oblivion of which she had dreamt. Moreover, there were other reasons which caused her to shrink from London as a place of residence. First and foremost, there was the misery of knowing that Willie would often be within reach of her, that she might even meet him face to face in the street; then, too, there was the question of expense. She and her husband had enough to live upon in comfort, but not in luxury, and she very soon discovered that with regard to money matters Cecil was as reckless and improvident as any school-boy. He was given to hospitality and lavish in the exercise of it; he did not seem to understand the need for fixing the limit to weekly expenditure, and he looked incredulous and annoyed when he was reminded that his wife's income was not inexhaustible, while his own was somewhat precarious.

"Oh, if one can't live as one's neighbors live, one may as well cut the whole concern," he said impatiently one morning.

Marcia seized her opportunity. "I wish you would!" she exclaimed. "Our money would go three or four times as far in Italy as it does here, and we could always run over to London for a few weeks when you wanted to see your friends, and you hate England in winter; you have often told me so."

Archdale laughed. "In other words, England has become hateful to you at all seasons of the year," he remarked.

Nevertheless, he was not unwilling to gratify this whim of Marcia's. It was quite true that he detested cold weather and grey skies. He likewise detested compulsory work, the necessity for economy, and the sight of a discontented face; so that he felt capable of doing a good-natured thing in order to spare himself such discomforts. Marcia's gratitude was as great as her joy when he suggested that they should repair to Venice in the autumn, with a view to making for themselves a permanent home there.

"You are too good to me, Cecil!" she cried. "If only I may live out of England, I won't grumble at having to come back for a time every now and then."

"Oh, for the matter of that, I might come without you," answered Archdale cheerfully and perhaps a trifle imprudently; "I don't think I'll give up my rooms and the studio, you know. I suppose I shall be obliged to be in London sometimes; but I wouldn't for the world drag you here against your will."

From The Nineteenth Century.
 CHARLES THE TWELFTH: A MEMOIR.
 BY THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE fame of Charles the Twelfth now stood at its meridian. Thousands upon thousands of people gathered round his headquarters solely to obtain a glimpse of him. He was accessible to every one; he listened to everybody's counsel; but he showed himself impervious to all false representations, obdurate to all blandishments. From one person only did Charles recoil. This was the lovely Aurora Königsmark, notorious for her *affaires d'amour*, who was despatched on behalf of Augustus to save the throne of her royal protector. Indeed, the conditions of peace offered at Alt-Raustadt, as well as events connected therewith, remind us in more than one respect of Travendal. The capital of the foe lay open to Charles's victorious regiments, but he did not let them enter. Perhaps he feared a *Capua* for his warriors. For himself he desired no gain of territory nor any material compensation except sustenance for his troops. It may be argued that he carried his unselfishness too far, but chivalrous his conduct must at all events be called. The conditions to which Augustus was called to subscribe were: the acknowledgment of Stanislaus, the recall of all auxiliary troops from the Russian army, a promise to grant perpetual liberty of religion to all Lutherans in Saxony, the release of the Sobieski princes and all Swedish deserters, among them pre-eminently the unhappy Patkull. On the other hand, Augustus was to retain the title of king whilst Charles pledged himself to protect his crown lands, and to assist him in obtaining favorable conditions of peace from the czar. It would have been happier for the vanquished if he had known how to appreciate Charles's reasonable demands, and by faithfully fulfilling his pledges understood his own advantage. But although Charles, upon the conclusion of peace, buried past injuries in oblivion, and showed him the sincerest friendship, Augustus only brooded upon revenge and treachery, and, it is even said, attempted to remove his confiding guest by assassination. Fortunately this plan, if entertained, was frustrated.

At this period of Charles's life we are compelled to refer to the regrettable trial and punishment of Patkull. And truly this must be considered a page in the history of Charles which cannot be read with satisfaction. We should most certainly,

however, not forget that the ideas of those times were different from our own, and, moreover, that the punished man was not only a traitor to his country, but one of the most dangerous and daring enemies of the land that bore him and of the authority to which he owed obedience. And yet, if any one is to be blamed, the conduct of Augustus is far more to be stigmatized than that of Charles; for, in order to ingratiate himself with his conqueror, the former caused Patkull to be arrested, although the actual envoy of the czar at the Saxon court, and although treated with the greatest distinction.

But let us turn from the scaffold to more pleasing scenes. Among them must in the first instance be reckoned the enormous enthusiasm with which Charles and his Carolingians were greeted by the Protestants in Saxony and Silesia, whom they came to protect. When the army, after more than a year's inactivity, broke up from its quarters in the first-named country, the regiments were followed for miles by the population, manifesting in the most demonstrative way their sorrow at the departure of our good-natured and staunch soldiers, in whom they had found experienced and willing hands to assist in their manifold rural pursuits. In Silesia, too, the inhabitants were jubilant and grateful, for through a resolute, and even threatening, attitude towards the court of Vienna, Charles had succeeded in gaining full freedom of religion for that province. And when during the progress the Swedes assembled for worship, and king, marshals, officers, and men humbly bent their knees to God, thousands upon thousands of voices, long silenced through tyranny, joined in prayer, and thousands upon thousands of unfettered hands were raised to heaven in praise of the noble Swedish king and his race. Infants joined in the prayer with their little hands clasped, women with men; and it may easily be conjectured, says a gifted historian, who the hero was towards whom the tearful gaze of the populace was directed in worship when army and people joined in the old psalms!

Moments like these remind us of the great Gustavus, the champion of the Protestant faith, and they must be reckoned as the most beautiful in the life of Charles.

The army with which the king at last took the field to attack his most dangerous enemy was about forty-four thousand strong, and the best equipped with which he had hitherto opened a campaign. Not only the officers but even the privates had

saved considerably, and the regiments possessed treasures of great value, some, we are told, amounting to as much as 10,000*l.* in current money. But in another respect this army had sustained irreparable losses. A portion of the old seasoned soldiers and many of the non-commissioned officers had obtained furlough, and were but ill replaced by young raw recruits. Amongst those in higher command, several of the most distinguished of the king's early friends, such as Arvid Horn, Magnus Stenbock, Nieroth, Liewen, and others, had returned home in order to assume the duties of councillor of state or other posts of importance. Thus the number of tried generals had diminished, whilst at the same time the ranks of the old chosen troops had been thinned. Of those in higher command, Field-Marshal Rhenköld alone remained, and his influence was the more felt because it was unopposed. Even Count Piper, who was in the king's confidence more than any other person, was supplanted. By the side of Rhenköld some younger favorites certainly arose — as, for instance, Major-Generals Lagercrona and Axel Sparre; but, however brave, these inexperienced men could not exercise any real influence over the direction of the war. Sometimes, too, it must be said, their influence was injurious.

The campaign which now commenced in the east was not distinguished by any rapidity of action. Towards the end of the year 1707, the king left Poland and Stanislaus; the former he left forever; the latter he never saw again, except as a refugee in a foreign land. General Crasow, with eight thousand men, mostly recruits, was left to guard the Polish king, and they soon became the only trustworthy support of his throne. Charles at length decided to turn against the czar with the main body, which consisted of not more than thirty-three or thirty-four thousand troops. General Adam Ludvig Lewenhaupt, who had defended Liefland and Courland with distinction during the preceding campaign, was to bring to the king from the north all his available troops, about ten thousand men. These joint forces were considered the smallest with which an invasion of Russia could be attempted. The czar, who was in Lithuania, took so few precautions that he was nearly made prisoner at Grödno, and only escaped by sacrificing his rear guard. Anger at this may have strengthened him in his purpose, that in future he would avoid an open battle, and, instead, merci-

lessly lay waste the land between himself and the Swedes during his retreat. Charles, who was accustomed to a different and more chivalrous mode of battle, could scarcely curb his impatience. Now, as ever, he set an example to his soldiers of courage and self-denial; but he, as well as the whole army, discovered day by day that they were waging war with a more dangerous foe. A new decisive moment was approaching in the history of Sweden. The army had late in the year taken possession of bad winter quarters in the vicinity of Minsk, their headquarters being at Radoscowicz, and in the spring of 1708 very hot weather set in, causing illness among the troops to a dangerous extent. To remain was impossible, and to retreat was not consistent with Charles's temper, or, as a matter of fact, with that of any one else. "Forward" was the watchword, but whither?

Three routes might be chosen. The northern, the goal of which was St. Petersburg, lay through Lewenhaupt's quarter, *via* Pleskow and Nowgorod, and here Charles could soon join hands with Lybecker's division, which could make an attack on the new city of the czar from the north.

The eastern route, the goal of which was Moscow, lay across immense bogs and the ravaged Podlesia, *via* Smolensk. This was the road chosen a century later by Napoleon.

The third, or southern route, the goal of which would also finally have been Moscow, Charles from the commencement had hardly thought of. His previous lines of march entitle us to treat this as almost certain, particularly as, at a meeting with Lewenhaupt in the spring, he had issued orders for the junction of the two armies. It was the Cossack hetman Mazzeppa, who held out brilliant promises of support from powerful, free, and warlike tribes, suggested a rich district as a seat of war tempting to hungry troops, and thus first directed the king's eyes in this direction.

Which course became the sword of Brennus that weighed down the scale of fate? The question is one not easily answered, but it may be emphatically asserted that all the fierce blame heaped upon Charles for his decision is not warranted.

Let us remember, in the first place, that at the time he had but a choice of evils. Wherever he turned he necessarily encountered danger.

Eight eventful years had passed since

the battle of Narva. The right moment to compel Russia to conclude an immediate peace had been lost, never to recur. St. Petersburg had been founded and provinces lost; the plans of the Russian autocrat had matured; his troops had become seasoned by six campaigns against armies whose bravery was greater than their numbers; and finally Charles found himself far from his original base of operations, whilst not a few in his army began to grow tired of the endless wars and privations. Many consider that the army ought to have been brought back to its original position in Liefland, and the campaign next directed against St. Petersburg, supported on the left wing by the Finnish Gulf. But the march to the coast was partly a long and risky one, in flank of, and near to, the enemy, and through tracts impoverished by the wars; and partly, the fortresses on which the army could lean were already in the enemy's hands or closely besieged. There are others again who complain that Charles did not take the direct route to Moscow. But these critics forget the enormous difficulties to be encountered, of having during the floods in the spring to wade through broad streams and traverse immense bogs with an army which, on such a long march through ravaged tracts, was obliged to carry with it all its requirements.

Few have approved of the march southwards in Ukraine. There was, however, some justification for this fatal step. Charles now began at last to be convinced of the impossibility of *singly* extorting the much-desired peace from a neighbor whose strength he could not crush. He needed allies, and Mazeppa's offer must therefore have been very welcome to him. Political reasons induced him to accept it. But from this moment there was also an end to the freedom of his strategical movements. *Necessity* pointed with an unerring hand to those steppes where his glory should fade. Not without hesitation did Charles follow its dictates, but the resolution once formed was carried out with a rapidity which would have been in better place during certain earlier phases of this campaign. Lewenhaupt was ordered to join the main force. He was close at hand, but it seemed that the order was not received in time, and this has been ascribed to Rhenköld's jealousy.

The king only waited three days, and then began his march southwards. He started thus without the reinforcements which were so much required, and this

was the source of great reverses. During the march to Mohilew and Ukraine victory at times shone upon the Swedish arms. The battle of Holofzin is memorable beyond others, both through the masterly arrangements and remarkable courage displayed, which, both combined, wrested the victory from the hands of a superior force, which had the advantage of position. The cavalry charge at Malatitza, too, was as honorable and successful as it was sanguinary. However, the enemy continued to plunder and retreat, whilst the Swedes by degrees began to tire and to starve. The hopes of falling in with Lewenhaupt and Mazeppa sustained their courage in the beginning. But, alas, they were doomed to disappointment. Lewenhaupt, whose march was hampered by the heavy stores he was bringing, was attacked by the superior forces of the czar, which were thrown between the Swedish armies, and though he saved his honor, he was compelled to sacrifice these valuable stores, so that when he actually did join the king he became rather a fresh anxiety than real help. Mazeppa's magnificent promises, too, proved the more empty the nearer the goal was approached. His rich and fertile provinces had been ravaged by the Russians, the greater part of his Cossacks hesitated at the decisive moment, and even the lavish promise of an alliance with the Tartars of the Crimea came to nothing. Closer and closer an unkind fate seemed to draw its chains of armor around Charles and his Swedes. An extremely severe winter cost thousands of lives, a spring accompanied by heavy inundations followed, whilst contagious diseases raged among the regiments, already thinned by the incessant wars.

Hesitation, discord, and intrigue prevailed within the general staff. Surrounded on all sides by bodies of the enemy pressing closer and closer, the army moved onward with growing difficulties. It was nearing Pultawa, and soon commenced its siege. Here the Russians had amassed large stores, of which Charles hoped to gain speedy possession, as the town was but badly fortified. But the garrison was, on the other hand, just as strong as the Swedish army, and was led by a brave commander. In addition, the czar had amassed all his available troops in the vicinity of the fortifications for one decisive battle. He considered the time had at last arrived for victory, and he had indeed reason to think so. Probably he would have been disappointed in his hopes once more had not Charles's personal

vigor at this unlucky moment been weakened by a shot in the foot which compelled him for the first time to leave the command of the battlefield in other hands. Field-Marshal Rhenköld led the army at Pultawa, when meeting the Russian attack on the 9th of July, 1709. His conduct, as well before as during the battle, bore traces of irresolution, and this was the cause of the defeat. There were wanting cohesion in the preparations and clearness in the plans. Lewenhaupt, who was to command the infantry, was left without clear orders, and later on without support, whilst a considerable portion of the cavalry did not act at the appointed points; some regiments are even said to have wandered entirely astray. The artillery was not brought into action at all, it is said, through want of ammunition. At the moment when our infantry, after a hard fight, had at length succeeded in storming the Russian camp, the czar began to attack with his trebly superior main force, supported by the garrison of Pultawa, and thus settled the fate of the day in spite of the great bravery on the Swedish side. Rhenköld lost his temper, cursed, gave orders and counter-orders, and at last rode in blind fury right into the enemy's lines, and was taken prisoner. Most of the remaining generals also lost their heads entirely. Lewenhaupt, accustomed to independent command, kept his men best in order, although he, perhaps, least of all knew the plans or had received clear instructions. The memory of Pultawa is a sad one, but it is not dishonorable to the Swedish arms; on the contrary, our troops behaved themselves on this day as true heroes, sacrificed in tragic and noble majesty. But they did not fight with their wonted confidence. Charles's guiding form was wanting. He himself, often very near being taken prisoner during the mad battle, into the heat of which he threw himself when fortune seemed to desert his arms, disdaining death, at last gathered together the remnants of his beaten army and commenced the retreat in the direction of the Dnieper. Wounds, exhaustion, and grief unhappily weakened his mental and bodily strength, so that he did not observe the dangers of this road of retreat, and he never even made arrangements for crossing that broad river. Therefore the capitulation at Perewolotchna, which surrendered into the hands of the Russians the most famous of the renowned armies of Sweden, was rather due to the king's illness and the despondency of every one than to defeat. This despair

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3659

even went so far that proved warriors only saw, when too late, how little the pursuing Russians were in a position to renew the battle. With a prudence for which all honor is due, the czar succeeded in hiding from the Swedish negotiators the true state of his army; those who saw it were arrested. Even Lewenhaupt himself lost all strength of action. He convened a council of war, and, instead of commanding, asked the troops for advice, and this increased the general despondency. Here, perhaps, the intrepid Rhenköld would have been in his right place; but, alas, he was absent, and the fate of the unhappy army was sealed. Charles only with difficulty escaped being taken prisoner. Reluctantly he left his headquarters before the capitulation. He managed, accompanied by a few officers and men of his body-guard, to reach the opposite shores of the Dnieper on some oak timber, and, after many adventures, to escape in the steppes.

It was as a refugee that the kingly hero, before whom the great of Europe had but recently bowed in fear or admiration, set foot on Turkish soil. What a striking example of the instability of human greatness and success! But there is a kind of greatness which shines more brightly in trial when all seems lost and others despair. This greatness Charles the Twelfth possessed, and it raised him above his contemporaries. His despatches home to the regency announcing the misfortune afford the most striking proof of his firmness of character. They revealed no trace of despair or fear. "The loss is great enough, but the enemy shall not gain the upper hand or the least advantage," he says; it is only "necessary that we do not lose courage, nor leave the work undone," he afterwards adds, as if foreseeing the feelings with which the news of his defeat would be received at home. His dangerous wound he characterizes, in his letter to his sister, Ulrica Eleanora, merely as "a little compliment paid to his foot."

No one who had lost the belief in his lucky star could have employed such language whilst wounded and almost a solitary fugitive in a foreign land; and no one whose will and strength were broken could, in that foreign land, have been capable of creating and maintaining a position and an influence such as those gained by Charles the Twelfth with the Turks. History hardly boasts a parallel. The dreaded Carolingian army was annihilated, but, nevertheless, Sweden continued for some time to exercise so great a political

influence, and to inspire such fear, that when, in 1709, General Crassow returned to Pomerania with his small force, it was sufficient to prevent for a while all operations against the German provinces of Sweden. Meanwhile the kings of Saxony and Denmark unhesitatingly broke their recently concluded treaties, thus showing how little they deserved the generosity of Charles; whilst, as for Augustus, it was very easy for him to overthrow Stanislaus, who was forsaken by the fickle Polish nobility. But when Denmark attempted a *revanche* for the landing at Humlebäck, they found that Sweden still possessed vitality, her people patriotism, and her lieutenants skill. Posterity will remember with gratitude the name of Magnus Stenbock. Wisely turning to account the soldiers on furlough and the organization of the standing army, this remarkable man created from these materials, within a very short time, an efficient body of troops, and since the memorable day at Helsingborg on the 28th of February, 1710, a foreign hostile soldier has never trodden the soil of Scania.

The lengthy sojourn of Charles the Twelfth in Turkey has generally been criticised adversely, and has by many been stigmatized as the outcome of a self-willed nature, or even as political madness. The absence of the absolute ruler from his country, beset with dangers, was certainly deplorable and dangerous; but are we not entitled to assume that a deeper political idea was at the bottom of his five years' stay? The true interests of Turkey coincided with those of Sweden as regards Russia, the growth of which constituted a common danger; but, unhappily, now, as at a later period, a misfortune attended our alliance with Turkey, one power drawing the sword, when the other, after a long, irregular, and unsupported war, was compelled to lay down its blunted weapon. Shortly before the commencement of the great northern war the sultan had concluded peace with Russia; and now, after having left Charles to fight the giant singly for nearly ten years, and when his powerful aid could no longer be reckoned upon, Turkey prepared once more for war, and really commenced it, though after a year of hesitation. Unfortunately the war was but tamely carried on. It had already ended in a new peace before Magnus Stenbock, whose army was intended to extend to Charles a helping hand through Poland, had landed on the shores of Germany. But once the czar was almost on the brink of destruction when near

the river Pruth, surrounded by the superior army of the Turks, and there seemed no other choice than imprisonment or death. Inscrutable are the workings of fate! His rescue was due to the astuteness of a *woman*, and that woman, so it is said, was the daughter of a *Swedish* soldier whom the czar had elevated to be his wife! Her jewels bribed a mercenary grand vizier, and the czar obtained a free passage. Charles arrived too late in the Turkish camp, from which religious scruples hitherto seem to have kept him, and it did not mend matters that the sultan exiled his treacherous general. What was done could not be undone. Nor was it the fault of Charles that the help held out by the Crimean Tartars for the second time failed through the influence of Russian gold. Time passed in fruitless negotiations, hope faded, the friendship of the sultan cooled in the same proportion as the personality of Charles awakened the highest admiration amongst the confessors of Islam, and at length the troublesome guest received unmistakable hints to leave the country. When he refused on account of the conditions promised him not having been fulfilled, an open quarrel was at last inevitable, and the consequence was the so-called Kalabalik in Bender.

It was with reluctance that the Janissaris and the Tartars attacked the Swedish king, and they spared his life in the fight. Although these considerations do not diminish the glory of this feat of arms, it explains how the king with a few officers and recruits could for a whole day defend himself in his frail house against fourteen thousand men and forty cannon. At last he was obliged to quit it through fire, upon which he was immediately surrounded in the courtyard by overwhelming numbers and taken prisoner. But, even when he was conveyed from his burning headquarters to Demotica, his personal influence was still so great that a palace revolution was on the point of breaking out in Constantinople in his favor; and the sultan, in order to calm public feeling, was forced to reprove and dismiss the khan of the Tartars. A new war was within an ace of being declared against Russia, and if Charles, at last overcoming his religious scruples, had then taken the command himself, the course of events might have been different. However, Russian influence and the concessions of Peter prevented a breach of the peace; but it was on the point of happening; and we may fairly ask, "By what means could Charles,

after this, hope to inflict upon his powerful enemy greater injuries than by means of the sultan? How could his own exhausted country be better protected than by an attack from Turkey?" We must acknowledge that this was no erroneous calculation, but the great and fatal miscalculation lay in Sweden itself. Charles forgot, or rather did not know, that the Carolingian Sweden was passing away, and that a new spirit hostile to himself had arisen in its place. This was the power which really conquered him, and shook the unity that constituted the strength of the country, and which might even then have called forth allies in Europe.

It cannot, however, be denied that the general situation in our corner of the globe after the year 1709 was far from favorable to Sweden. The power of France was broken after the unfortunate campaign anent the Spanish succession. What Prussia wanted was to be gained at the expense of Sweden. Even the ruler of England became, by being also elector of Hanover, a natural opponent to a country owning provinces round the mouth of the river Weser. As for Holland, where the czar had won personal influence by the promises of new commercial favors, that country could not be reckoned upon. Sweden stood, therefore, when even Turkey had deserted her, alone, dependent upon her own forces; and, in order to gather these once more, it was necessary for Charles to return.

We are, by the way, generally in the habit of looking upon this monarch as wholly a soldier. But this is a partial view of his personality. As soon as the din of battle ceased, whether in Liefland, Poland, Saxony, or Turkey, Charles, with an ardor which is simply astonishing, devoted himself to questions concerning the internal administration of Sweden, as well as displayed the most lively interest for native culture and art. For instance, one of the most remarkable acts ever penned by Charles, namely, the new statute of regulation for the Swedish chancellery, was worked out and signed in Turkey, and from his temporary chancellery there emanated also the ordinances relating to the embellishment of Stockholm, the continuation of the building of the royal palace, the support of *savants*, and many others. By the side of this unabated interest for the land which he, during his years of manhood, had never seen, we cannot, unfortunately, omit to notice, that ever since the defeat at Pul-

tawa he bestowed his confidence more and more upon foreigners. For instance, one Fabricius and a certain Müllern seem completely to have replaced Piper, who was a prisoner in Russia. This propensity continued even after the king's return to Sweden. At this period the gifted and astute, though unfortunate, Görtz was the most conspicuous amongst the king's foreign favorites, but several others were to be found in the army as well as in the chancellery, and they all contributed to widen the breach that was by degrees beginning to form between the king and his people.

The return of Charles from Turkey was at last determined upon in consequence of the journey of Stanislaus to him in order to communicate his voluntary abdication, the news of the capitulation of Stenbock at Tönningen, and, finally, through the unexpected intelligence of the convocation of the Estates without royal command, as well as the summons of Princess Ulrica Eleanora into the council of state.

Except in legends of olden times no parallel can be found to the ride which the king, with a few followers, then performed right across Europe. Avoiding the more busy roads and populated districts, chased by paid assassins, often without food or shelter, resting in the depths of forests during dark and chilly autumn nights, but never losing heart, never tiring, even when his most ardent followers sank down exhausted, he arrives, almost as if by a miracle, before the gates of Stralsund fortress at night on the 11th of November, 1714.

A thrill of delight shot through the land at the news of the unexpected arrival home of the king. Even the discontented took part in the rejoicings, whether from prudence or real enthusiasm. Hope once more returned, painting the future in the rosiest colors. Charles, too, came with faith and hope. But it soon became apparent that both sides were deceived. The country had suffered much through the wars and no less through internal discord. The greater part of Finland was lost after a brave defence; the two best and largest armies of the country were captive; no ally held forth a helping hand; the general cry was "Peace," and to it was joined the silent yet audible sigh, "Liberty." But the king had no ear for either of these wishes; where everything else was changed he alone remained inflexible. Now, as before, King Augustus was to be dethroned, St. Petersburg destroyed, the powers of the council of state

curtailed, and the aspirations after freedom that had arisen suppressed. But Charles did not succeed in this late struggle against the forces of the age. It wrought his ruin. The Sweden to which he returned was not the same which he had left. The men in whom he had put his faith in the happier days of the past were no longer true to him, whilst the people, although still idolizing his person, had ceased to approve of his form of government, and it was to maintain this that he was frequently compelled to use foreign tools. It has been assumed on good grounds that the reports of the distress in the land during the last years of Charles's reign were greatly exaggerated, but the fact of this complaint affords indisputable evidence of the ill-feeling which prevailed against the king's mode of government. Under such conditions absolutism became a great misfortune. Another power in the State by the side of the king might probably have brought about peace, and thereby many of the calamities that followed would undoubtedly have been averted.

Peace might, indeed, have been obtained very cheaply. Esthland and Ingermannland, together with St. Petersburg, had long since been taken, and had, of course, to be sacrificed; likewise Stettin, with the surrounding parts of Pomerania. Stralsund might be saved through peace, but could no longer be protected by arms, although the king personally directed its defence up to the end. Negotiations for a capitulation at last became necessary, and in a small brig, forced through huge masses of ice, Charles, who fourteen years before had left the coast of Sweden on board a powerful fleet to hurry from one victorious campaign to another, was conveyed home in danger of his life.*

The German emperor, who wished to negotiate peace, had summoned a general council of the realm at Brunswick. Charles was invited in the capacity of a German prince of the empire. He declined, partly because he was now occupied with an alliance with France, who had made great promises, although unable any longer to give substantial support, and partly because King Augustus was invited to the congress, as Charles would not then have his right to the throne brought forward. Thus this opportunity for peace was also

* By Captain Christophers, who for his intrepid conduct on this occasion was ennobled with the title of Ankarcrona (the "Anchor of the Crown"). The king landed near Trelleborg, in Scania, where a memorial marks the spot.

neglected. For the second time the dice of war was recklessly thrown into the scale, and the discontented party in the country was not thereby diminished. Just as Charles at the battle of Narva undervalued his foreign enemies, so he now failed to gauge their power at home. The reasons were now, as then, to be found in the obstinate and self-willed disposition which temper and education had developed in this despotic ruler, and the natural consequences were the more to be deplored, as they were exaggerated by the power, genius, and force of his character.

When peace was rejected, war ought to have been waged on the most threatened frontier, viz., that of Russia. But a new idea was taking shape in the restless mind of Charles. This idea was no less than the conquest of Norway and its union with the Swedish crown. The war for carrying into effect this idea was Charles's last, and for this task he called up all the remaining forces of the country, and they were not as weak as has been asserted.

At the bidding of his beloved king, fresh men willingly joined the colors, and his third great army was formed. The king himself took up his residence at Lund. To Stockholm he never came. Discontent, which had chosen that city for its capital, seems almost with an invisible hand to have warned him away from the metropolis. Maybe it was repulsive to his noble nature to punish, and that he would rather put off the day of reckoning till happier times, when the voice of clemency could be obeyed without danger. Alas! the better times anticipated never came, whilst the defence of the eastern frontier still continued to be neglected, to the great advantage of the plans of Russia.

At Lund the king again gave many fresh proofs of his interest in peaceful callings and scientific research. He worked diligently with his new minister of finance, Baron Görtz. He employed his time in improving the laws, and associated much with the illustrious *savants* Swedenborg, Polhehemm, Rydelius, and others, and his sojourn in the young university town must essentially have contributed to knit more firmly the tie between the educated classes of Scania and the Swedish crown.

The two campaigns against Norway bore the stamp of the same resolute bravery that distinguished all the exploits of the soldiers of Charles, but the successes were rather few. The climate, the nature of the country, the fierce inhabi-

tants, with their strongly marked sense of independence, as well as the rawness of the king's troops, rendered their task highly difficult, and victory was always dearly purchased, sometimes impossible. Once the Swedes advanced so far as to pitch their tents on the mountain Egeberg, commanding Christiania, whence they threw a few shells over the fjord into the old fort of Akershus. This was in the year 1716, but want of provisions soon compelled them to retreat, and no particular object was attained by the whole campaign.

During the last years of this war of 1718 a new plan was adopted, which would take longer to execute, but which would be more likely to attain the purpose. The line of advance was to be that along the Christiania fjord, the forts encountered were to be taken, the ammunition seized and collected for the further movements of the army, and, finally, a powerful fleet was to maintain an undisturbed connection with the province of Bohus. Thus Charles the Twelfth commenced a work which, a hundred years later, by the same road, but in a different manner, was destined to be completed, to the happiness of both nations, and to the dawning of a new future for the Scandinavian North. We may well own, when the annals of one hundred and fifty years lie before us, that this last idea of Charles the Twelfth bore the stamp of *greatness*. The idea could not be greater, but it might have been carried out more easily, had Charles yielded to the demands of peace from Russia. To face two powerful enemies is always a hazardous undertaking, and one which, as experience has proved, may fail and cause ruin to greater powers than the Sweden of 1718.

In the autumn of 1718 Görtz had at last, after lengthy negotiations at Aland, succeeded in obtaining peace with the czar, who was now greatly disposed for it, in order to secure his new possessions in tranquillity. He hastened with the news to the king's headquarters. But the shot at Fredrikshald upset all calculations. It has never been disclosed how far this subtle and astute minister would have been able to gain his master's assent for the proposals of which he was the bearer when arrested on the Norwegian frontier. But when we take into account the character of the king, and consider how seldom Görtz, even in internal and financial questions, carried his views when they did not fully agree with those of his master, we doubt whether Charles would have

assented to them. However, this vague hope of a much-desired peace, and compensation in new conquests for what was lost, has cast an aurora in the dark sky on the closing night of the life of the hero of the North, and increased the poetical charm of Charles's eventful career.

The events of the era of liberty that followed, with all its excesses, errors, and party divisions, its *blasé* thirst for pleasure, its craving for gold, could not fail at last to cause a strong reaction of feeling in favor of the Carolingian era. The chivalrous but not always prudent king, whose ideas of Sweden were always those of greatness, as well as his incorruptible and simple soldiers, who followed him faithfully through victory or defeat, stood forth after a few decades in an almost supernatural halo. And more than a century passed before the Swedish nation was convinced that the bullet which, in the trenches before the Gyldeulöve redoubt, on the eve of that fatal day, had slain its idolized hero, was simply one fired haphazard from the enemy's lines in the dark. Suspicion and calumny, these sinister followers which have stood by the bier of several of our great kings, again appeared and raised their voices, poisoning the last days of some of the most honorable of Sweden's sons, and became the only reward for some brave foreigners who had risked their life and blood under the Swedish banner, and against whose fidelity no valid proof has ever been adduced.

When we Swedes contemplate Charles the Twelfth at the head of his "blue boys," it is essentially his unconquerable and dashing bravery that arrests our attention. But too often we forget his real strategical talents. They were, however, so great, that a Frederick and a Napoleon the Great, not to mention other famous generals and military authorities, have not hesitated to uphold them as of the first magnitude; and having now followed our hero to the end of his illustrious career, some words about him as a soldier will not be out of place.

Charles the Twelfth had enjoyed a careful military education, and under the clever Stuart diligently studied the art of war and fortification. He was therefore by no means unprepared for assuming the leadership of the Swedish army, and he was fortunate enough to have around him lieutenants tried in warfare, partly under Swedish and partly under foreign standards.

The views of the age, but, even more so, the temper and disposition of the king,

made him above everything else a prominent general of cavalry. Quickness of perception, rapidity of movement, vigor of attack—these are the three distinct features in Charles's character as a soldier. The Swedish cavalry became renowned not less for its rapidity of action and its superb service in the field than for its irresistible attack and formidable swords. Even the most prominent Prussian military authorities openly acknowledge that the cavalry of Charles the Twelfth was the model of Ziethen's and Siedlitz's regiment of horse, which at a later date became so famous. It was the delight of the king to be considered the most assiduous in reconnoitring and the foremost in the charge, and whilst the divisions of the Swedish army were stationed in different parts of Poland it often happened that Charles, with a few squadrons of cavalry, or perhaps only followed by his life-guards, made a forced ride for the relief of a threatened point or in order to reinforce some general, and joined unexpectedly in the attack. The cavalry at this period was the most important arm of the service in the armies of Europe. In the Swedish army in 1701 its strength amounted to sixty per cent. of that of the infantry, and when departing from Saxony the army numbered forty-four thousand men, twenty-five thousand of whom were cavalry. If we further bear in mind that a large proportion of the infantry was stationed at certain fortified places, we may safely say that the strength of the infantry in the field was less than that of the cavalry. A portion of the latter, particularly the dragoons, however, often rendered, as is well known, good service on foot.

The infantry, whose gun was as yet so inferior that this branch of the service could not be reckoned of the same importance as in after times, likewise grew in influence, and, during the commencement of the eighteenth century, our Swedish infantry was considered among the best in Europe. Its wall-like front made it feared, whilst its tactics, a work of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, and tested during many a hard battle, won general approval. Charles the Twelfth was skilful in the use of this branch of the service. He inspired it with his faith in the inflexible attack by the bayonet, which so often resulted in almost incredible successes, and which has survived up to the present. A great portion of the infantry continued to be armed with pikes, although they were done away with in most other Euro-

pean armies, and with this long weapon Charles essayed and won an extraordinary superiority over the light Polish and Russian cavalry. He never ordered the infantry to fire until the enemy was close up, so that the effect might be more deadly.

In person he fought at the head of his infantry at the landing in Seeland, at the scaling of the ramparts around Narva, at the crossing of the river Düna, at Holofzin, and in many other less known but not less sanguinary engagements. Like Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Tenth, Charles the Twelfth thoroughly understood how and when the two arms might best cooperate and support each other with most effect. Among the cavalry, generally posted on the wings, were distributed small detachments of riflemen, who were by preference chosen from the rural regiments, which boasted the best shots. These severely harassed the enemy's cavalry, who, on seeing cavalry facing them, were unprepared for a well-aimed and effective musketry fire. Nor did Charles follow in any slavish manner the prevailing stereotyped order of battle; his martial genius scorned tactics which prevented him from taking instant and rapid advantage of the changing events of the day. We often find different forms of attack, for example at Narva, as well as the bold assaults at Klissow, Holofzin, and several other places. Similar independent tactics were employed by Stenbock at the battle of Gadebusch, and here the victory was won through the violence of the attack on the enemy's centre. The order of the infantry was generally six men deep, the order of the cavalry three lines deep. Charles did not entertain any special liking for artillery. However, this mistake, which he shared with most of the generals of that period, is explained by the fact that the guns of the day were very inferior and handled with difficulty, whilst their effect was small. In the army budgets of this period artillery does not figure at all, a proof of how little it was appreciated, and its function was as a rule restricted to bombarding the breastworks behind which the enemy's infantry sometimes sought protection. At Holofzin, the most skilfully prepared of Charles's battles, this service was employed more than usual, but the ammunition must have run short, if we are to believe contemporary reports; and for this reason the guns were left with the train and thus swelled the booty of the enemy. When the army broke up from Saxony in the year 1707, four light field-pieces were distributed to each regiment, but, as far as

I can discover, they were not made much use of. It is a pity that Cronstedt's clever improvement of material and mode of charging, which so essentially contributed to the victory at Gadebusch, were not made known to the king before the defeat at Pultawa and the loss of his whole army.

Swedish soldiers have never hesitated to follow a beloved and respected leader, but, like the French, they expect much of their officers, most of their generals. A personality more fitted than that of Charles the Twelfth to kindle the ardor of Swedish soldiers and to lead them to victory has never existed. Noble, just, severe towards himself, brave as a lion, he appeared to them almost like a supernatural being. At each victory won, the troops gained more confidence in him; with each danger in which he shared they became more hardened to work. Their enemies lost faith in their lucky star, and it was only when the bow was too tightly strung that the string finally snapped. The sensation of the Swedish soldiers after Pultawa was perhaps more one of surprise at having been beaten than of grief at their defeat.

We should travel too far if we were to mention the many daring exploits in which Charles himself was the foremost; neither is it needed. The memory of them is engraved on the heart of every Swedish soldier. None of us are able, without emotion, to picture him forcing his way alone through the gates of Cracow with his riding-whip, like a magic wand, or scaling the strong and uninjured walls of Lemberg at the head only of some hundred dragoons. Who has not read with wonder how on horseback he waded through or swam the swiftest rivers, sank into bogs and marshes, and how he ventured, almost alone, into the midst of the enemy's outposts, paying as little heed to a hailstorm of bullets as to the coldness of winter or to the heat of summer? Who has not admired such proofs of his contempt for death as that displayed to his men when, at the siege of Thorn, he refused to let the soldiers throw up ramparts for protection around his bombarded headquarters, because others could not enjoy a similar advantage; or when he rushed out of the burning house at Bender into the courtyard amongst the Janitscharis, seeking at least to die a soldier's death; or when, in Stralsund, he heard a shell burst close by the table where he was giving out his orders without even

turning round? Who must not honor the general that always shared the hardships of his soldiers, and who, in order that the lowest in the army might not suffer more than himself, carefully avoided headquarters in larger towns where he could enjoy the better rest and greater comfort, which he had fairly earned? And finally, who, with any knowledge of the Swedish character, can be surprised at the affection and veneration, bordering on idolatry, which were entertained for him by that army?

He was the last viking of the North, and he stands enveloped in the same halo as the heroes of the sagas. To tales of the heroic deeds of both the sons of Sweden listen with delight and pride to this very day.

But, although Charles the Twelfth was the object of so much affection from his soldiers, he did not possess the rare gift of at all times keeping his commanders together in harmony. The unhappy discord between Rhenköld, Piper, and Lewenhaupt has been already told, and several other examples might be cited. Arvid Horn, the most intimate friend of his youth, forsook his master and became leader of the opposition party at home; Stenbock, although faithful, pined away in the castle at Copenhagen, suspected by the king; Adam Ludwig Lewenhaupt shared the same fate as a prisoner in Russia; and when Rhenköld at last returned therefrom, he was but the shadow of his former self. The incessant wars sapped the energies and exhausted the ardor of Charles's best and most trusted men. In the end he stood alone in the midst of youthful soldiers, with only a few grey-headed officers and guards near him. He had not, during the progress of his campaigns, succeeded in moulding new great generals, capable of taking up the task left by those that succumbed under it. His power lay in his personality and faded with it. His life was like the light of a brilliant meteor, illuminating the heavens, dazzling the eyes, but followed by the heaviest darkness.

When, on that fatal day of December, the news of the king's death became known in the army, all ties of discipline and brotherhood-in-arms were immediately torn asunder. Men united for no worthier end than an ignominious retreat, the division of the war treasury between the commanders, parliamentary intrigue, and desertion. A sad reverse to Helsingfors and Anjala! Sad to confess, Charles

the Twelfth was not only gone, but he was *forgotten*. How different is the spectacle presented by the Swedish army after the battle of Lützen, when its regiments, also with greatly thinned ranks, guarded the remains of a hero king! How is this contrast to be explained? In this way undoubtedly. The spirit of Gustavus Adolphus survived after his death amongst his splendid successors and faithful pupils. This was *his* greatest merit and honor, and the sixteen years that elapsed from the time of his glorious death to the peace of Westphalia bear witness of the fact to a grateful posterity.

Charles the Twelfth gained friends; he had admirers, and even worshippers; but he was not capable of creating either political or military disciples, and his history must therefore lack the final chapter of disciples. Not without justice has Geijer pronounced these significant words over his grave: "It was a *closed* life." And we might add, "It was also the close of an eventful era in the history of our country." Its political and military golden age was now at an end; Sweden had ceased to be a great power. Very characteristic of the descent of Sweden from its political position, and the commencement of a new era, are the following words by a contemporaneous but obscure poet, Cederhjelm:—

King Charles just we buried, King Frederick
now we crown,
The dial of the Swedish clock has moved from
noon to one.

But the darkest shadows of this picture should not be the last which arrest our attention. Brighter sides are to be found, and the more the purely *human* personality of our hero comes into the foreground the more the shadows fade.

Of the Swedish people it must be said that they have generally borne adversity steadfastly, and that in misfortune they have exhibited greater qualities than in prosperity. However, no Swede has ever met adversity with more stoicism than Charles the Twelfth; none ever remained so calm in prosperity and so undazzled by the temptations of success and glory. These qualities, although sometimes carried too far and to fatal lengths, must nevertheless be *admired*. They rested pre-eminently on a religious foundation. An earnest fear of God, a warm and ardent faith, as well as pure morals, were the fruits of a mother's care; they were well sustained and developed in manhood through an assiduous study of the Word

of God. The righteousness of his character scarcely ever failed to show itself. Even if we, from our modern point of view, should have wished for a softer temper on occasions, one cannot call Charles hard, far less cruel. Charges of cruelty have not been wanting, but generally they have emanated from by no means disinterested quarters, and they are still unproved. It is a fact that he had forbidden the employment of torture, even when the highest law officers of the realm advised it, and from this we may conclude that Charles was, in certain respects, more humane than his contemporaries. In contrast to many of the most eminent men of his age, he evinced the clearest unselfishness. Here, too, is a story which shows that Charles the Twelfth was not wanting in humor. Amongst those who prayed for exemption from one of the many conscriptions were the gardeners in the park at the royal castle of Carlberg, and the governor seems especially to have endorsed their petition, under the impression that it would be granted at once, they being the king's servants. But in answer Charles's secretary writes: "His Majesty sarcastically remarked that 'it is better for the gardeners to prevent any *Russian* gardeners from coming over to attend to their gardens, which, from want of soldiers, might occur.'"

Charles the Twelfth has been called a misogynist, but this is unjust. He was far from entertaining such unnatural feelings. In the correspondence with his younger sister, Ulrica Eleonora, still extant, he shows on every page a true brotherly affection, which does not even desert him when "*Mon cœur*," as he called her, listened to his enemies, and with her name and rank strengthened the opposition party against her brother and lawful king. The ladies of the court are often mentioned in his letters with familiar or pet names, and he frequently sent them his greetings. Moreover, we have stories of his visits to Polish mansions, which depict in touching language the bearing of the thoughtful, simple, and almost bashful young king.

The news of the death of his eldest and most beloved sister, Hedvig Sofia, Duchess of Holstein, reached the Swedish camp a few days before the battle of Poltava; but, as the king was at that time wounded, no one dared to communicate the sad intelligence, so as not to excite him, and he first knew of it after the crossing of the Dnieper. What all the great

misfortunes following one upon the other had not succeeded in effecting this tiding of sorrow did; Charles shed bitter tears, and did not speak to any one for a whole day. He therefore owned a deep love for his kin, and he could entertain affection even for women. But sensual desire seems to have been an utterly strange feeling to this singular warrior-prince. The seductive beauty of Aurora Königsmark made an altogether opposite impression upon him to that anticipated and intended.

To manly friendship his mind was very susceptible. Perhaps the most touching example of this is shown in his relation with the so-called "Little Prince," Max Emanuel of Würtemberg, a warm admirer and faithful companion during adventurous fights and expeditions of many years. For his courtiers, body-guard, and servants he entertained sincere attachment and undisguised sympathy, although at times concealed by a somewhat severe exterior. Even towards his enemies he willingly showed forbearance, of which his placable conduct towards the opposition after his return from Turkey is proof. But if any one had ever incurred his deep displeasure through deceitful or dishonorable conduct he was difficult to soften, and his strong sense of right and wrong insisted upon a punishment which he regarded as proportionate to the crime. For this reason he refused the many petitions for the pardon of Patkull.

His mode of expression was brief and to the point, his orders plain, except at Pultawa, when the fever from the wound had reduced the strength and obscured the clearness of thought.

When his sword was sheathed, reading constituted his most favorite occupation. Besides religious works he delighted most in our ancient viking sagas and the classics, and during his lengthy stay in Turkey he became very fond of chess, a game in which he is said to have acquired extraordinary skill.

Much of what we know of the character of Charles the Twelfth entitles us to assume that, if he had succeeded in gaining for the country a happy peace, according to his own mind, he would in a more peaceful sphere have shone as brilliantly as in the storm of battle, and, if he had not been entrusted at such an early age with the dangerous sceptre of absolutism, and if he had not been carried away so far from home by the mighty tide of events, that his rule would have been as beneficial to the people, whose weal and woe Providence had entrusted to him, as through

glorious feats of arms and terrible calamities it proved to be the reverse.

Finally, let us glance at the external appearance of this remarkable man, the personification, as it were, of Swedish chivalry and nobility, as it is preserved in the statue reared to his memory in the heart of his birthplace, by the banks of the stream which roars round the foot of his sarcophagus.

The face bore the cast distinguishing the family of the house of Pfalz-Zweibrücken. No one who looks at the fiery, deep-blue eyes, the high forehead—the home of daring thoughts—the slightly aquiline nose, the marked, almost obstinate lines around the beardless mouth, could for a single moment doubt but that his was no ordinary personality. In direct opposition to a custom prevalent in an age from which he differed so widely in other respects, Charles never wore a wig from the time that he came of age. In that memorable moment when, outside Carlshamn, he stepped on board to set out on his long campaigns, he threw it overboard, and since then the auburn, but soon somewhat thinned, locks were free to wave above the high-born head. He was not above six feet in height, but he was well made and slight, whilst his body, which dissipation had not weakened, enjoyed unbroken health, and was able to sustain the most incredible privations and hardships. His diet was a simple one; he rested on straw after the exertions of the day. During his campaigns he only allowed himself a few hours' sleep a day, and he was often found at work again by his table at two o'clock in the morning. His dress was Swedish in cut and color. All of us are familiar with his blue coat, the turned-down collar, and the great smooth brass buttons, the buff waistcoat and black cravat, the rough felt hat and the high, heavy riding-boots with their huge steel spurs. Outward signs of his position and rank he never wore. No medal for valor or any order adorned his breast, but within was concealed the most precious gem, the pulsating, brave heart of a soldier, and in his hand gleamed the sword of which the Swedish order of the sword must be regarded as a precious symbol.

Such is the portrait of Charles the Twelfth. What renders it so captivating in Swedish eyes? What has made him so dear to memory throughout the whole land, in spite of all the misfortunes which attended his reign, in spite of the errors of which it is impossible to acquit him?

This is the reason: because, with his faults as well as his merits, Charles the Twelfth stands forth as a true son of his mother Svea. A mother willingly shuts her eyes to the errors of a son and keeps his failures a secret, but she testifies rejoicingly to his good and great qualities, delights in his successes, and is proud of his fame and glory.

The era of Charles the Twelfth is no more. A younger generation dwells in the land which saw these heroes born. It sometimes happens that succeeding generations depreciate what the preceding one hold great and dear. It is useless to deny that the drift of time changes many characteristic traits in a people; but as long as Sweden is free, as long as her sons do not forfeit the freeborn inheritance of their fathers, as long as nobility and manly courage, faith and virtue still reign in old Manhem, so long all that concerns "King Charles, the young hero" of our ballad, will be held dear and sacred by his countrymen.

On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles stood surrounded by some of the highest in the land in the cathedral of Riddarholmen, in the Carolingian vault, by the side of the open sarcophagus of his renowned namesake. A conscientious examination corroborated on this occasion how groundless were all the suspicions that our hero fell by the hand of an assassin. Let us thank God for the certainty that his life, so full of great deeds, had a better and, for him, more worthy ending.

I, too, was fortunate enough to be permitted to glance at the remains of this remarkable man, before whom Europe once trembled, and above whose blanched temples innumerable trophies float high up in the dome, so eloquent in their silence. The moment is as memorable as it was solemn, and the features of Charles the Twelfth are deeply impressed on my mind. Leave was given me to break off a leaf of the laurel wreath which shadowed his forehead and to cut off a lock of his hair, in remembrance of the day. To these treasures I can add two more symbolic of Charles, namely, one of the trusty swords with which he so often fought his way to victory, and his Bible, from the pages of which he derived those precepts that impart strength in all vicissitudes, and which are so beautifully expressed in the famous old war-cry of the Carolingians. "With God's help!"

OSCAR FREDRIK.

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NERO AND ST. BENEDICT.

AT first sight it might well seem that nothing could be more fantastic and arbitrary than the juxtaposition of two such names as those of Nero and St. Benedict; and, indeed, they serve as types of character and civilization which are opposed to each other by the most absolute antithesis. Yet there is one spot in Italy — a place which is of overwhelming interest on many different grounds — which brings before us in sharp and immediate contrast the memories of the Christian saint and of the Pagan emperor. That spot is Su-
biaco.

The name of Nero has passed into a by-word upon the lips of mankind. He stands forth to early Christians, on the page of the Book of Revelation, as the wild beast from the sea, couched upon the Seven Hills, and wallowing in the blood of the saints, whose name in Hebrew characters gives us six hundred and sixty-six — the mystic number of the Antichrist. He stands forth on the page of history as the man in whose person the imposthume of Cæsarism came to its head. His records are among the *pièces justificatives* of the progressive triumph of the Gospel over the deeds of darkness and the passions of dishonor, which found in him their most cynical and shameless representative. We see in him "the dregs of Epicurus;" the product of Paganism in its vilest decadence; the outcome of an age which St. Paul portrayed in such lurid colors on the first page of the Epistle to Romans. He gave to mankind the spectacle of a "deified *gamin*," utterly worthless and utterly corrupt, yet endowed with all the riches and splendor of the world, and enthroned upon the dizziest pinnacle of its adoration. He was the crowned helot who, for the warning of all time, showed to what abysses of degradation a human soul can sink in the attempt to live without a conscience; in insolent defiance of every precept of the natural and moral law, having no hope, and without God in the world.

St. Benedict, on the other hand, marks a culminating point in that crisis of the Church's existence when, having converted the Roman Empire, she herself began to incur the peril of corruption; and when, in the rushing waves of the sea of barbarians which poured over Europe from the frozen tundrs of Scythia and the dark forests of Germany, it seemed but too certain that all religion and all civilization would be hopelessly swept away.

He stands forth as the noblest type of that "disciplined life," of that Christian cœnobitism, which was one of the chief of God's appointed instruments to strengthen the great wings of pureness and kindness by which the Church sustained herself in a purer air than that of the world around her. His life gave the lie to the infamous surmise of Nero that no living man was, or could be, pure. He manifested "the irresistible might of weakness which shook the world." He showed that nothing is so powerful, nothing so fruitful, nothing so ennobling as self-sacrifice. In that famous interview in which the heroic Totila, who had disguised himself in vain, was overawed by his reproofs and prophecies, St. Benedict typified that coming victory in which the rudest of barbarians, confronted only by defenceless holiness, were yet compelled to bow down before the banner of a moral idea and the supremacy of a spiritual force. In an epoch of infernal splendor and voluptuousness the last of the Cæsars used his awful autocracy to show human nature at its vilest, and to precipitate the ultimate ruin of the institutions of the Old World. In an epoch of heresy, disaster, and impending destruction, an innocent and helpless boy fled from temptation to the wild cave which was to become the cradle of Western monasticism. That cave was "the nest of the eagle and the dove from which issued, with the rule and institution of St. Benedict, the flower of Christian civilization, the permanent victory of the soul over the flesh, the intellectual enfranchisement of Europe, and all that charm and grandeur which the spirit of sacrifice, regulated by faith, adds to knowledge, labor, and virtue."* Nero, in the orgies of despotism and luxury, in the mingling of all the blood and mud of natural viciousness, during a career in which, as on Solomon's mount of corruption, "lust was hard by hate," degraded humanity, plunged himself into horrible retribution, and shook down the bases of empire. St. Benedict, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings and fastings, in cold and nakedness, upheld the tottering pillar of faith and civilization, and breathed fresh hopes into a dawning world.

The memories of the Christian saint and the Pagan sybarite are (as I have said) commingled at Subiaco.

The cradle of the river Arno — of which the lovely cascades delight the traveller at Tivoli — is to be found some fifty miles

west of Rome, among mountains through which it has hollowed a deep and rocky gorge which formed the borderland between the Sabines and the Æquians. The torrent dashes through these walls of rock, between hills clothed with verdure, until, after many a fall, it reaches Subiaco. The name is a corruption of *Sublaqueum*, and is derived from the fact that Nero, with that love of the picturesque which was the most innocent side of his extravagant æstheticism, had here dammed up the rushing stream so as to form three delicious lakes, beside which, and on both sides of the river, he built two villas, connected by a bridge like that which now spans the gorge, and from which the traveller gazes down upon the river foaming two hundred and forty feet below. The charm of the spot lay for Nero in its loveliness and seclusion:—

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus umbriferum; hic tecum consu-
merer ævo.

In what is ridiculously called "the golden quinquennium" of Nero's reign, he was not yet so steeled to shamelessness as to be indifferent to the censures which fell on him amid the glare and publicity of Rome. He was glad, as Horace had been, to retire from the feverous autumn and burning summer to a scene secluded as the Capræ of Tiberius, where, unobserved by any but the kindred spirits which he gathered round him, he could glut himself in all shamelessness and folly. To fish with golden hooks, attached to lines of purple; to bathe with impudent irreverence in the *fons cœruleus* (from which the Marcian aqueduct of Claudius conveyed the *agua virgo* to Rome), in order, as he said, that the Roman people might have the privilege of drinking water which had tinged his imperial limbs; to fill his gardens with strange animals and birds—these were comparatively harmless vagaries. But here, also, he surrounded himself with those dissolute and greedy parasites, buffoons, and eunuchs, which degraded the palace of the Cæsars with Eastern infamies; and in the enchanting gardens of this mountain villa, amid torchlight which only served to intensify the shadows of the dense foliage, were enacted in privacy some of his earlier extravagancies of vice. They were the beginning of the orgies wherewith, under the impulse of Tigellinus, he afterwards shocked and disgusted whatever was left of the moral sense in that corrupted capital of the world, which was full, not only

* Montalembert, *Monks of the West*, ii. 12.

of pearls, and scarlet, and thyme-wood, and ivory, and marble, and silk, and cinnamon, but also of slaves and souls of men.* Year after year the imperial *cortège* might have been seen streaming, to the number of a thousand, from the gates of Rome. The chariot in which the emperor lolled was inlaid with ivory and silver, and the sumpter-mules, which carried the inexhaustible resources of his luxury, were shod with gold. The muleteers were dressed in liveries of the finest Canusian wool, dyed scarlet. The swarthy cohort of Mazacan outriders shone in bracelets and trappings of gold. Many of the slaves had no other duty than to carry the lyres and other musical instruments, which were required for theatrical entertainments, and all the more delicate and beautiful of them had their faces covered with masks or smeared with cosmetics, lest the sun should spoil the beauty of their complexions. But, while here, as everywhere, Nero was disgracing the nature and name of man, the vengeance of Heaven did but slumber. Omens of evil were not wanting, and once, in A.D. 61, while he feasted at this Sublacensian villa, a storm reverberated among the hills, and the table at which he was feasting — according to one account, the golden goblet which he held in his hand — was struck by the electric flame, terrifying his guilty soul, and scarcely sparing his forfeit life.

Of all this grandeur and guilt there is now hardly a vestige. In the year 1430, perhaps in consequence of earthquakes, the artificial lakes of Nero — of which the tradition still remains in the name *bagni di Nerone*, given to some *débris* on the right side of the river — were swept away by the bursting of the dykes. There are some shapeless ruins, probably the remains of a Nymphæum, overlooking the lovely expanse of water, but nothing else remains of Nero's magnificent structures except the bases of his bridge, his fragments of marble mosaics, broken columns of porphyry and *giallo antico*, the fine torso of an athlete, and a few other broken statues and bas-reliefs preserved in the cloisters of Sta. Scolastica, or thence removed to the Vatican at Rome.

The thousands of pilgrims who, in age after age, have visited Subiaco have been attracted thither not by the ruins of Nero's villa, or even by the beauty of the scene, but solely by the memories of St. Benedict, and by the desire to visit the Sagro Speco of which Petrarch said that "those

who have seen it believe that they have seen the gates of Paradise." Four centuries after Nero had expiated his crimes by shameful suicide, the same Via Valeria and Via Sublacensis which had witnessed the gorgeous parade of his voluptuousness, saw a solitary boy, who, at the age of fourteen, had fled to escape temptation from the allurements of Rome. He was of noble birth; on the mother's side the last scion of the old Sabine lords of Nursia, and on the father's of the ancient house of the Anicii. None but his old nurse had followed his flight, and when multitudes began to flock round him, from the fame of a miracle which he was believed to have wrought, he left her also, and plunged into these remote fastnesses, which had long been abandoned to silence. He passed the huts of the Sublacensian peasants, and climbed the savage solitudes of the mountain, until he came to a mass of overhanging rock, beneath the shadow of which was a sunless cave overgrown with wild thickets. It had once, perhaps, been an oracle of the god Faunus. None knew of his whereabouts except a single monk, Romanus, who had met him and given him a hair shirt and coat of skins. Unable to reach his cavern among the precipitous cliffs and tangled growth of underwood, Romanus daily let down to him a basket which contained such fragments of bread as remained over from his own scant fare. Here the solitary boy lived for three whole years in vigil, fast, and prayer. Yet even so, and perhaps all the more from the morbid concentration of thought upon his own perils in a frame weakened by emaciation, he was so far from being exempt from temptation that his thoughts often and involuntarily reverted to a maiden whom he had seen and loved in Rome. To cure himself of these backward glances at the world, he adopted an heroic remedy. Beside his cave was a bed of thorns, and, stripping himself of his robe of skin, he rolled his naked body in the thorns, and so by extremity of anguish cured himself forever from the impulses which horrified his tender conscience. To this day, beside the holy cave, the traveller will be shown in the monastery garden the scene of this event. And on the wall, which enclosed the garden, the boy's penance is represented in a fading fresco, with the words: —

Flammata mens divinitus
Extinxit ignes ignibus.

Now, however, the thorn-bed is a bed of thornless roses. It 1223, St. Francis of

* Rev. xviii. 12-13.

Assisi visited this holy ground, watered it with his tears, and planted two roses there. They have completely triumphed over the thorns. The dust of their flowers is supposed to produce marvellous cures for the faithful, and a sort of little serpent, visible on some of the leaves, is pointed out as a miraculous trace of the event.

We need not dwell on the story of St. Benedict, or attempt to disentangle its legendary from its historic elements. Suffice it to say that when Romanus was sent by his abbot on a mission in 498, the hiding-place of Benedict was intimated to a priest who visited him with food; and, as his retreat became known to the neighboring peasantry, his fame spread, and the monks of Vicovaro (Horace's *Varia*), in spite of his earnest warnings and remonstrances, insisted on making him their abbot. They were, however, soon wearied by his austerities and endeavored to poison him. Leaving them in order to live once more alone in his cavern, he was sought out by so many disciples that he was led to found twelve monasteries, each inhabited by twelve monks. Here, too, he received two noble boys, aged twelve and seven — Maurus and Placidus — sent by their fathers, who were Roman senators, to be trained under his influence. His fame and sanctity awakened the fanatical hatred of a wicked priest in the neighborhood named Fulgentius, who assailed him — first by the poison of calumny, and then by actual poison. Benedict was aware of his peril, and at his command a raven carried far from human habitation the poisoned loaf which Fulgentius had brought. In memory of this incident tame ravens have always been kept at the monastery, and two of the glossy, beautiful creatures came up to me for food when I went out of the Holy Cave. When Fulgentius tried not only to kill but also to corrupt his monks, St. Benedict left the cave and the mountain in which he had now lived for thirty-five years. He was guided by Divine Providence to the fine isolated hill of Monte Cassino, and there, on the boundaries of Samnium and Campania, in the midst of a population still addicted to the dying superstitions of Paganism, and amid the ruins of an ancient temple of Apollo, he built the glorious monastery of Monte Cassino — the arch-monastery of that great Benedictine order which has rendered so many services to literature and to civilization. Here he lived for fourteen years longer, wisely intermingling prayer and labor, subduing

Savage hearts alike and barren moors.

Here, from a window of his cell, seeing the world beneath him all bathed in glorious sunshine, "inspexit et *despexit*," he gazed down upon the glories of earth and was untempted by them. Here, in 542, he had the famous interview which made so deep an impression upon Totila, the Ostrogoth. Here he was joined by his twin-sister, Scolastica, who built a monastery for women. Here, forty days after he had seen the vision of his sister's soul received into heaven as a dove, he himself died, standing with extended arms, and murmuring a prayer to heaven; and at Monte Cassino, as at Subiaco, "from his heart" (as Pope Urban II. said), "as from a fountain of Paradise," flowed all that was true and noble and sincere in the monasticism of the West.

But besides being a scene of unusual beauty, and besides being so closely connected with such historic and religious memories, Subiaco is well worthy of a visit. In our journey thither, we pass by Mandela and *Varia*, and the "gelidus Digentia rivus," which recall at every turn the verses of Horace, and which remind us we are not far from his Sabine farm. The town nestles amid abundant foliage, dominated by its lofty mediæval castle, and adorned with the stately monasteries of St. Francis on the bank of the river and Sta. Scolastica and the Sagro Speco on the mountain. And the Holy Cave was not only the cradle of Western monasticism; it is connected also with the beginnings of Gothic architecture in Italy; of Italian printing; and of Italian art.

As regards architecture, the second of the three monasteries of Sta. Scolastica dates from 1052, and, with the upper of the three churches built over the cave in 1075, furnishes the earliest specimens of the pointed arch in Italy. Here, too, appeared the first book which was printed in Italy. The German printers, Schweinheim and Pannartz, established themselves here in 1468, and the first book which they printed was the grammar of Donatus, succeeded by editions of works of Lactantius, Cicero, and Augustine, of which copies are preserved in the library of the monastery. No less remarkable is the fact that among the many deeply interesting frescoes which cover every wall in the churches of Speco, there is a Madonna — hardly, if at all, inferior in beauty to the far-famed Madonna of Cimabue in the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence — which was painted in 1219, and therefore fifty years before that of Cima-

bue. At the side of the Madonna's throne are two angels, and over that on the left hand is the inscription, "Magister Conxolus pinxit." Unfortunately nothing is known of this painter Conciolo, who had begun thus early to emancipate Italian art from the traditions of Byzantinism, and of whom no other specimens have been preserved except this and the frescoes near it. He was perhaps a Greek, but must remain for us the shadow of a name. Neither Vasari, nor Lomazzo, nor Lanzi, nor Passavant, nor Rio, nor Kugler, nor Blanc, nor Mantz, so much as mention his name!

The Sagro Speco also contains the works of another unknown painter — Brother Odo. Among other frescoes of this monk, here alone preserved, is an intensely interesting portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, bearing in his hands a scroll with the words, "Pax huic domui." At his feet kneels the small figure of a monk, representing Brother Odo himself. Underneath are the words, "Vera effigies S. Francisci Assisi a quodam Monacho depicta cum Sanctus hoc sacellum veneratione prosequeretur, MCCXXIII." Here, then, we have another early thirteenth-century picture, precious as the only known contemporary likeness of the sweet and humble saint whose name floats like a perfume over that stormy epoch. He is painted before his canonization, even before the days of the *stigmata*; and as we look at this rude fresco we see in the face a natural grace and sweetness which is wholly wanting to the unnatural and almost revolting pictures of his emaciation in the later and purely imaginary works of Spanish and Italian art.

Subiaco is also a place of deep interest from its general connection with mediæval history, from the great ecclesiastics whom it bred, and from the struggle of the Orsini and Colonna families with which it was entangled, and of which a trace still remains in the tower built above the oratories of the cave. It was erected by the Colonnas in order that they might watch from this commanding height the raids of the formidable rivals. The cave also boasts of the number of its illustrious visitors, among whom were twenty saints, fourteen popes, one emperor (Otho III.), one empress (the celebrated Agnes), one king, two queens, and innumerable cardinals, bishops, and other learned and famous persons. Of the popes who came on pilgrimage to it, the most remarkable were Innocent III. in 1203, and Gregory IX. in 1227. The latter, as an inscription

tells us, "macerated his sacred limbs" there in ascetic humility for two months. Both are represented in contemporary frescoes. Innocent III. is a man with a strikingly powerful and handsome face; he wears but one crown on his tiara, and holds in his hand the bull which he issued in favor of the monks. Gregory IX., who had been an abbot of Sta. Scolastica, holds in his hand an open book, in which was written, "Vere locus iste sanctus est in quo stamus."

The churches of the Speco abound in points of interest, but I must here stop, for I remember Voltaire's

Mais malheur à l'auteur qui veut toujours instruire;

Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.

I should like, however, to mention two things more. One is the burial-place of the monks, whose countless skulls and bleaching bones are visible through a grating in a *posso profundissimo* at our feet. Over it is a fresco representing the triumph of Death, whose white horse — painted at full gallop as a symbol of the shortness of life — tramples corpses of every age and rank under his feet. On the scythe of Death, explaining the details of the allegory, are the words, "Mors malis formidabilis; bonis desiderabilis; nemini evitabilis." On the other wall is painted the well-known mediæval story of the three young knights, to whom an aged hermit explains the warning conveyed by the three corpses, on which they have suddenly come amid their gay hunting; a picture which will remind us of the more famous one by Orcagna in the Campo Santo of Pisa.

Lastly, in the garden of marvellous roses there is the fresco which represents St. Benedict's self-subdual, and the lines: —

Quos tinxit sancto Benedictus sanguine vepres,
Francisci gignunt insitione rosas.

Here, too, we find one of the indications that the saint made his hermitage in an oracular cavern of ancient idolatries. It is a small cippus of marble on a little rocky platform of several steps which once served as the pedestal of an image of Semo Sancus Sylvanus, the Sabine deity, whose statue on the island of the Tiber, Justin Martyr, by a curious blunder, identified with a supposed statue to Simon Magus. The cippus was found in the grove near the monastery of the Speco, and was erected (as we are informed by the ancient votive inscription) by a freedman, Attius Dionysius, when, in accord-

ance with a vision, he had obtained his liberty.

The excursion from Rome to Subiaco is easy and delightful. I recommend it to all travellers. Of the spell exercised by the Holy Cave there is no stronger proof than the testimony of Renan, that even if a sceptic enters it he can hardly fail to leave it as a believer. We may heartily echo the benediction inscribed over the portal: "Sit pax intranti, sit gratia digna precanti."

F. W. FARRAR.

From Murray's Magazine.
THE EMPTY COMPARTMENT.

I AM not a racing man, and therefore, looking at others through myself after the manner of my kind, I did not imagine that I should be delayed on my journey homeward by the fact that the day of my return was the great day at F—— races.

A fortnight of my summer holiday had been devoted to fly-fishing on certain well-preserved streams in north Wales. I had fished from the bank, I had waded through mountain torrents, and every evening had come back tired and happy, and laden with silver-brown treasures, jewelled with specks of amber and vermilion.

And now the nets were up at sea, and I was waiting, waiting for the great salmon that were surely hurrying towards me, fighting their way against peat-brown, swirling water, climbing the salmon-ladders, jumping the granite boulders, towards the flies that lay in ambush for them in my old well-worn fly-book.

For days I had pictured their coming, had stood by a pool through which they must pass, had studied the fly, gaudy but not too gaudy, with a glint of peacock amidst its pheasant's coloring, and one touch of crimson in the silk which bound it, which no salmon of any curiosity could resist; for days I had hazarded a guess at the weight of my first take, beginning modestly at seven pounds or so, and growing bolder as the days passed until ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds seemed possible.

And just then, just when I had heard of fish six miles below me, when weather was perfect, and long patience about to be rewarded, a telegram summoned me home, and blackness settled upon everything.

The landlord sympathized with me at the little Angler's Inn, where I was staying, but when I told him the serious na-

ture of my telegram, he did not like to refer to the pleasures that awaited me if I remained, but only pointed out the dangers on my path if I left: "Those dreadful F—— races!"

A frivolous excuse to my mind from a man who had not dared to urge the coming salmon as a reason for remaining. No, I was the junior partner of my bachelor uncle who had money (this last assertion refers to the uncle, and not to the junior partner); he summoned, and I must go.

One train only would get me to London that night; by starting at once I could run to an important Junction, a couple of hours away, change there, and be in town by eight or nine o'clock.

Now this Junction was on the direct line to F—— races.

I reached the station a trifle late, for it had been quick work to take my rods to pieces, and get my flies that were on the casts tenderly into my book. However, I was in time, and found a rather noisy set of half-a-dozen men on the platform whom I took to be bookmakers, why I cannot say, as I do not know any signs to distinguish a bookmaker when I see him, and I may be mistaken.

I gathered that one train had passed through too full for them to get seats, and I heard one say to the station-master: "Look here, I gave you a good tip, and it's hard lines if you don't put a carriage on for self and friends if the next's as full as the last."

"The next" was full, if about six above the usual number in each compartment constitutes repletion, and the station-master's gratitude led to the running out of an old carriage from a shed, into one compartment of which jumped "self and friends."

Profiting by their importunity, but not anxious for their company, I got into the next compartment, and was glad to find myself alone. I settled my rods in the rack above my head, disturbing dust and cobwebs as I did so, pulled a newspaper from one pocket and a travelling cap from another, and read myself to sleep. We had had a long sitting in the smoking-room the night before, over the momentous question of the salmon, and I slept soon and heavily.

How long I slept I cannot say, but I awoke in the roar and rattle of a tunnel — awoke in thick darkness to hear the slow panting of the engine and feel the labored strain which told me we were going uphill; also to a more disagreeable consciousness, namely, that I was not alone,

that there were other persons in the compartment, and that therefore I must have passed a station.

What a fool I must have looked, sleeping heavily in broad daylight, so heavily that two persons at least had passed me in getting in without disturbing my boorish slumbers. Two at least—for they were talking and I listened for a moment to their conversation, wishing to gather who my companions might be, before daylight showed them to me.

They were very near me, it seemed, on the opposite seat by the door, and the first words I heard were these, spoken in a gentle, girlish voice, but with a sad firmness in it,—

“I cannot, Harry!”

The answer startled me, it was so roughly given, and the voice was a man's.

“You mean you won't, Kate, and there's an end of it.”

Then the girl whispered something that I did not catch, but I could hear the man half push her from him as he exclaimed,—

“I am a ruined man without it, and you won't lift a finger to save me.”

This would never do; they evidently fancied me still asleep, and would be talking over all sorts of private affairs, so I coughed, moved uneasily, rustled my newspaper, and, as the first distant gleam showed that the train was nearing daylight, planted myself firmly in my corner prepared for apology or defence, and when we rushed out of the darkness—found myself absolutely alone.

This was absurd; I had been asleep indeed, but yet, as I looked around, and turned to the window to see trees and fields gliding past, I knew I was wide awake now, and began to dislike the situation. For I still heard the two talking, though not so clearly, and could only conclude that they were in the compartment occupied by the racing set, that these last had got out at the station we had evidently passed while I slept, and that their places were filled by the two whose voices reached me with such unnatural distinctness. And yet how improbable that the men who were so evidently going to the races had got out before the Junction. Horror! I thought, the blood rushing to my face at the bare idea, I cannot have slept past the Junction too! No, my watch showed that I had not been forty minutes in the train.

I pulled myself together and looked round.

The carriage in which I sat was old and dirty, as I have said; opposite to me, just

where, with my eyes shut, I could swear that a man and a girl sat talking, the dingy brown cloth was somewhat stained, and there was a long, jagged slit, apparently cut with a knife, out of which the stuffing of the cushion hung miserably.

This slit would account for the distinctness of the voices I heard, I argued with a sophistry I would have scorned in another. No, it would not account for it, urged common sense; but it *must*, or my eyes were playing me false.

Just as I decided this, half-heartedly, a loud guffaw from the racing men assured me that they at least were still in the other compartment.

Then where were my two companions? Talking in whispers, pleading, disputing, with four or five rough, noisy men side by side with them, their voices coming to me through the horrible, jagged cut in the faded cloth opposite. Or—or where? Here with me, not to be seen, though I rubbed my eyes, and looked out of the window, and forced myself to look back at the spot where the voices sounded, just above the horrible slit in the cloth. For it was horrible. I confessed this to myself at last, and drew my feet up on the seat of the carriage, and felt the cold dampness of fear creep down my face, as I heard a girl's voice, hoarse and eager, as it seemed to me, striving for calmness against growing terror.

“Listen, Harry,” she said. “This money is not mine. You do not understand, so I must tell you, though it is my father's secret. He has owed this sum for ten years, and for ten years has worked and saved and starved for it. Little by little he has gathered it all; and I have watched him growing older, and paler, and seen the stoop in his shoulders, and the dimness in his eyes, until, Harry, my heart has nearly broken for pity. But a week ago the last pound was put in the bank, and he was free.”

“A week ago,” the man's voice muttered harshly; “and why not pay it a week ago, and have saved tempting me?”

The last words were said so low that I scarcely heard them, and the girl took no notice of them, and hardly even answered his question.

“It was for my brother's sake, dear, the brother you never knew, who is dead, and who, but for his father, would be disgraced as well. He was weak, poor fellow, in body and mind. He was a clerk, and betted, and lost, Harry;” and the poor little voice grew so pitiful here, that I could fancy I saw pleading eyes raised to

the other's face, "and he took money, £200, from his master, and——"

"Two hundred pounds!" the shout with which these words were uttered made me tremble. "Never mind the story, Kate; tell it me another time; it's common enough, God knows! Where is the money?"

There was a shrinking movement on the girl's part. I could hear her breathe quickly, and push the man's hands away, while I sat crouching there like a coward, hearing all and afraid to help, afraid to put out my hand across the carriage for fear of what it might touch.

"No, Harry—no," she panted; "you shall not have it. My father—— Oh, Harry, let me tell you. My father went to Frank's master and pleaded for him; he swore that if he would forgive the boy he himself would pay the money back, and at last it was agreed. Frank went to Australia, and died there a year after, and my father worked on, faithful to his promise. Half-way through the time he took £100 to Frank's master. My father thought he was surprised to see the money. A friend said he could not claim it now my brother was dead. Any way, he told my father he would forgive him the other half; but father would not hear of that. He said for his dead boy's honor he would pay all; and this morning, Harry, he told me to go and get the money from the bank, and to-morrow he will pay it over himself, and be free and happy again. Now, Harry, you understand."

The man's tone was changed when he spoke again.

"Of course, dear, I understand," he said more gently, and I could hear him draw her towards him; "and now you must listen to me. You know you are mine, Kate; you have promised to marry me, and you ought to trust me a little."

"I do, Harry," she whispered, "only you promised to give up betting."

"You talk like a woman, Kate, and a woman with no experience. I tell you most men bet; it all depends how you do it. Now here I am doing nothing rash, I am behind the scenes. I have the trainer's word for it, and John of Gaunt is as sure to win as the bookmakers think he is safe to lose, and that is saying a good deal. With a paltry £5 in my pocket I am safe to make £50, and with £100—think, Kate, we could marry to-morrow!"

"I would rather wait than marry so, dear," the gentle voice answered.

"But by George, Kate, I would not,"

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3660

—the briefly repressed fury burst out again; "and I tell you again the money will save me. Lend it me, child, just for to-night; I'll bring it you doubled to-morrow, Kate. I swear! Doubled! you don't know how I'll multiply it. And hark you, girl—for I see your meek eyes set themselves, and your lips, that can tremble sometimes, press together—you had better know the truth; your brother's story will be mine without this money; I owe more than that weak boy dared venture. I love you, Kate, and I'll marry you if you are true to me; but, by heaven, if you think to put a dead brother before a living husband, I'll be more like killing than marrying."

I heard his teeth grind together as he spoke, and there was an awful silence. The girl must have drawn back from him, for, when she spoke again, her voice sounded further away, and there was a kind of sob in her throat which broke and choked her words.

"I must give you up, Harry; I can never be your wife now. When you are calmer you would despise me, as I should despise myself for lending what was not my own. The money is in a dead hand, I dare not touch it."

A harsh laugh burst from the man close to me, and my hands, which were locked together, were wet and cold; I tried to tear them apart; I tried to bite my lip and force the blood into my face, but though I knew how I was cowering, I had no control over the horrible demon of fear which had me in its grasp.

"What do you mean, child?" the man who laughed asked in a hollow voice, "what makes you talk of dead hands? Come near me, Kate, I will not give you up so lightly; see, we will talk of other things; don't look so frightened, come and kiss me, Kate; you are a brave girl, we'll forget that cursed money."

I heard her creep back to her old place, heard her crying as women cry after a tension of mind and heart has been removed, heard him kiss her and ask her forgiveness; and then, just as the cold fear that held me seemed about to relax its hold, I felt—no, I felt nothing, but I heard, close to me now in the silence, a movement of a trembling, fumbling hand—a hand that sought something, something secret, something that it would grasp unseen.

The two were not speaking now, or only in murmurs so low that the moving hand which fumbled near me seemed to claim my ear more than their words.

My head throbbed with the tension of listening; all the blood in me seemed to be beating there, leaving my heart stone cold. Suddenly the groping hand passed swiftly close to my face; I felt the waft of the parted air against my wet temples, and then I heard a cry; ah, such a cry of surprise breaking into terror, of terror over-mastering love, as the girl's voice shrieked, —

"No, no, not that, not that; oh, father, help, help — help!"

Help? Against what? What had the girl's eyes seen, what dread had forced that bitter, broken cry from the poor lips? At last I leaned forward, I cried too, "Help, help!" At least I think I did, but if any sound came from my dry throat I knew not; before me I knew the man bent over something, something that moved a little, that moaned, that sighed softly. And after the sigh, the bending form lifted itself and muttered, and searched; I heard the hands tearing at something; then I heard a quick exclamation, a rustle of crisp paper, and then the door at my side was open; I felt the rain on my face, for a heavy shower was passing over us.

The blessed rain! the comforting, commonplace wetness reassured me; I felt my terror passing, and even reached a hand, half-heartedly shut the door, with a dazed feeling that I had had a bad dream.

But some object was dragged against it, was forced through it keeping it open, until I heard a dull thud outside, and then for the last time a harsh voice, now in the doorway, muttered: —

"What devil drives me? There's the Junction, I must leap!"

The train slackened speed, the swinging door fell into its place slowly, as though released from the pressure of a restraining hand, and I looked up and saw a porter run forward as we steamed into the station.

I caught at his arm as he came to the carriage; it was a relief to hold to humanity once more. I saw him look in my face curiously.

"Are you ill, sir?" he asked; "your carriage door was open, were you getting out?"

I could not answer him.

"You hurt your hand, sir, I suppose; it is not safe to open the door too soon."

"My hand! No, I have not hurt it — why?"

I managed to get the words out at last.

The porter looked at me again queerly. "Well, you were staring at it when I

came up as if you thought it would be covered with blood or something like."

"I did — I did!" then realizing what I was saying I broke off. "No — no, it is not hurt, but I am not well; I will stay here an hour or so; I cannot go on just yet."

The porter seemed surprised, but helped me out, and then got out my things. As he did so he exclaimed at the state of the carriage, —

"Who has been pulling this stuffing out here? Were you alone, sir? This looks queer — somebody's been cutting the cushion. I must speak to the station-master."

But the station-master was already there. He had noted the delay, and made his way to the carriage, glancing at me rather strangely, and then looking into the compartment I had left.

"Who put this carriage on?" he called out.

The guard came up.

"It was put on at B —, sir. The train was full, and all the stock had been sent on for the races; it was the only one they had, I understood."

"That is so, sir," said one of the racing men, putting his head out of the window, "and dirty enough it is too; but here we are, and here we mean to stay, and we'll be glad to be moving towards F —, if convenient."

I thought the station-master looked inquiringly from me to the man who spoke, and back again to me. His face was pale, and he seemed about to speak, but looking at his watch, only signalled with his hands to the guard, and then stood apparently in much perplexity as the train slowly left the station. Then he glanced at me.

"You look cold, sir," he said; "come and have a cup of coffee in my room. I suppose you will go on by the next train?"

I followed him, convinced that he would ask me about that open door in the old railway carriage. I was not sorry to sift the matter a little, for I felt bolder now, surrounded by the every-day details of the small country station. Its dreary refreshment room, its deserted bookstall, its one porter — his day enlivened only by the event of the passing trains — all this was ordinary, well known, and anything but supernatural. When the porter brought me the stereotyped bun, flat, limp, and currantless, scarcely recovered from obvious compression in the box that conveyed it to the station, I felt almost reas-

sured. I had been asleep, I knew, what more satisfactory than to suppose I had been dreaming? But the station-master, having made some coffee, and handed me a steaming cup, would not let me rest.

"Would you mind telling me, sir," he asked, in the whisper I so well remembered my small brother adopting in the dead of night when we were boys, and which always made me feel "creepy," "how that door came open?"

"That's just what I don't know," I said, in the would-be reassuring tone I always used to that small brother, and with the old result, namely, of blending our fears together, and doubling their intensity.

"I was asleep — I mean I had been asleep, and perhaps I kicked it."

"Ah!" breathed the station-master.

"Why?" I ventured to ask, after a silence.

"Only that four years ago, on the first day of F — races, that same carriage ran into our station with its door open, as it did to-day, and inside was a woman in a dead faint; she came to herself in an hour, and talked of a murder."

"But that carriage, how do you know?"

"This is how I know, sir," and the man got up and shut the door, which opened on to the platform, and pulled his chair near mine when he came back. "Some seven or eight years ago I was master here, and waiting for the train passing through to the races as it might be to-day, and as she came in I saw a door open, and going forward found the compartment in disorder, a knife on the floor, blood on it and on the seat and carpet, and a slit in the stuffing of the cushion at the back just at the height — well, at the height you saw it sir, if it's as I think. We sent men back along the line, and soon found a girl's body stabbed and thrown on the metals."

"Thrown on the line?"

"Yes, so they said. It was all found out quickly enough when her old father came to identify her; he said she'd been robbed too, for she had £100 in notes on her when she was murdered."

"And the man, — he did not escape?"

"No, the police guessed what he had been up to, and traced him to the races, where they made out he had lost every note he stole. He had been betting largely on one horse —"

"John of Gaunt," I cried eagerly, but with some of the recent terror on me again.

"Yes, that was it, sir; you've heard the story before?"

I shook my head and he went on, —

"Well, they followed him pretty well all over the country, public feeling was so hard against him that every one knew he could not hide long, and at last they came upon him half starved in a barn; he faced them and shot himself, and escaped hanging."

I did not speak, I was going over my recent experience in the train.

"The queer part of it, sir, is this," said the station-master, "after the coroner's jury had been here and seen the carriage — left untouched for them you'll understand — we never used it; somehow the men did not like it, and one market-day they sent it back to the station you came from, sir, and for years it was not used. Then four years ago, as I said, they hooked it on for the races, every bit of rolling stock being wanted, and then it came in here with its door swinging, and a swooning woman inside, who told a strange story when it could be got out of her. The men liked it less after that, and sent it back again, and now that fool down the line drags it out on race day of all days in the year, and puts you in it, sir, and in my idea it ought to be broken into fire-wood."

We talked until my train came in, and I told him all I heard on that awful journey.

"Poor soul," he said; "I seem to know that girl."

"By-the-by," I asked, as I packed my things into a carriage in the train that was to take me on, carefully choosing a compartment full of smokers, "What was her name? do you remember?"

He curved his hand round his mouth, and leaned towards me, —

"Kate Lee," he said.

I do not often tell this story. Sometimes I have told it, and seen an incredulous smile cross the polite faces of my hearers. I cannot account for its incidents, or explain its improbability; but for me it has had one marked result, I never enter an empty railway carriage.

From The Spectator.

NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE.

IV.

MOUNT CARMEL.

It was with a somewhat uncomfortable feeling that we made our first plunge into the unknown in the classic region of Carmel. So far, we had been travelling along

well-trodden ways by known methods of conveyance, and sleeping under more or less solid roofs; but here, at Haifa, we were to commence a life of wandering and dwelling in tents, with little prospect of finding civilization nearer than Damascus. To emphasize our separation from the rest of mankind, we must begin by being in a manner marooned at Haifa — being dropped from our good European steamer, full of commonplace tourists *en route* for Beyrout, at the dead of night into a clumsy native boat, manned by decidedly unskilful oarsmen — and feel a certain pride at the sight of the retinue which is waiting on the pier with paper lanterns to light us on our way to the camp. It is upon record that Mr. Boswell, when he was summoned to dinner at Fort George by tuck of drum, felt a momentary pride in imagining himself to be a soldier; we are tempted to flatter ourselves that there must really be something adventurous about our enterprise, with all these unusual surroundings. It is a pleasant illusion which we conscientiously endeavor to keep up, even when the surroundings have become terribly matter-of-fact, and we find our table constantly supplied with the veriest cockney delicacies.

The waking in strange lands is here an auspicious one. The morning is fine, and the bay of Haifa lies before us, an unbroken sheet of tranquil blue, set off by the reddish color of the sands beyond. The historic city of Acre is just visible through the morning haze on the further shore, and over the low hills behind it we can catch at rare intervals a glimpse of the snow-capped summit of that shyest of mountains, Hermon, — with which we are destined in time to become much better acquainted. Behind us rise the northern slopes of Mount Carmel — not very interesting in appearance from this side — on which, just above the promontory which closes our view to the westward, stands out the great monastery, a disappointing building, with none of the venerable attributes which should distinguish the mother of all the Carmelite establishments in the world. It is, in point of fact, not seventy years old; and even its predecessor, which was destroyed by the Turks some years before the present building was erected, only dated from the seventeenth century. The order, of course, is of much greater antiquity; but its fortunes have fluctuated, and many successive monasteries have been built and destroyed since its first institution. All that I can say of the present building is

that it gives to the otherwise bare hillside that sign of the presence of something living which always adds interest to a landscape; and, as the guide-books say, the traveller who visits it will be rewarded with a fine view; there is no gainsaying that.

There is, of course, in this neighborhood no connection with any part of the history which gives the greatest interest to the Holy Land; and even in the Old Testament there is little of interest in connection with Mount Carmel, except the one great scene of Elijah's contest with the prophets of Baal. But it appears, nevertheless, from the earliest times to have been endued with a peculiar sanctity, of which it has lost nothing to this day in the eyes of Christian, Jew, or Moslem. Perhaps this may account for the remarkable gathering of all varieties of sects which is found in the neighborhood of the Carmel range. The Mahommedans, who are considerably outnumbered by the Christians and Jews, are not so well represented; yet there is at Acre a Persian prophet of great eminence, who has announced himself to be the Bab, or Gate of Salvation, through whom the Deity must be approached, and is regarded with the profoundest reverence by the Mussulmans, especially those of his own country. Indeed, a story is told of a Persian nobleman who offered to give up all his possessions to this prophet on condition of being allowed to serve him even in the humblest capacity, — an advantageous offer which the holy man accepted. In the town of Haifa itself, the Melchites predominate, a curious sect who appear to hover upon the frontiers of the Greek and Roman beliefs without distinctly belonging to either. The Latins, indeed, have the benefit of their avowed adherence; but their practices must be much more satisfactory to the Greeks. They are, in fact, proselytes from the Greek Church, who stipulated as the price of their conversion that they should be allowed to retain their former customs upon three unimportant points: the marriage of the clergy, the administration of the communion in both kinds to the congregation, and the celebration of the service in the vernacular. These trifling concessions having been granted, they accepted the supremacy of the pope and the Latin date of Easter without further difficulty.

Moslem or Christian, Greek or Latin, have done little in all the years they have had for the improvement, material and moral, of the town or neighborhood. But

in the last twenty years the Christian population has been increased by the arrival of a new contingent of a very different character. In our camp we are some distance from the narrow, crooked streets of the Arab town, but a few steps will bring us into a broad, level road, bordered by double lines of trees and substantial, well-built houses, the very model of the *chaussée* of some little German summer resort. We are in the colony of the German Society of the Temple, which perhaps we may consider the most extraordinary of all the sects assembled here. It is the rule of this singular people not to enter deeply into matters of doctrine, or, at any rate, to leave a great latitude for individual opinion, but simply to carry out in their lives the principles laid down in the Gospels, — a strange idea, indeed, but rather a sensible one when one comes to think of it. They have, indeed, some beliefs of their own, as that the second advent is at hand, and that it will take place in Palestine, so that they have come here to be on the spot. There are other colonies at Jaffa and Jerusalem, as well as in Germany, America, and Russia; I believe Haifa was selected for the first settlement merely from reasons of convenience. The greater number of the colonists are from Würtemberg and the adjacent parts of south Germany, though a considerable proportion — including Herr Schumacher, the *Vorsteher* of the Haifa community — are German-Americans. Of their views we had no means of judging; their acts speak for themselves. It is to them that all the progress that has been made in this part of the country is due, the peaceful and successful cultivation of the land and the new immunity from brigandage, as also the fact that we could drive through the town from the pier in what we by courtesy could term a carriage, over something remotely resembling a road, and generally all the recent improvements. The peasantry are said to be greatly impressed with this new kind of Christians, whose honesty and benevolence can really be relied on; the traveller will be equally struck with their invariable friendliness and hospitality to strangers.

Our own pilgrimage to Mount Carmel was chiefly to see the scenes in which Laurence Oliphant spent the last years of his life. The man who can claim any connection of kindred or friendship with him is very welcome on Mount Carmel. The Germans have a loving recollection of him, and the Druses in the villages of the hills entertain an almost superstitious

reverence for his memory and that of Sitti Alice, his wife. Few, indeed, of the inhabitants whom we meet, but have stories to tell of his practical love of his neighbor and his chivalrous devotion to the cause of all whom he found to be oppressed. The case of the Roumanian Jews, who were sent out here by the Jewish Colonizing Society of their country, and who, finding no preparations made to receive them, were left upon the streets of Haifa, homeless, penniless, and starving, till Laurence Oliphant took them up, maintaining the whole number at his own expense till satisfactory arrangements could be made for the establishment of the colony, is one of the best-known cases. But his chief work lay among the Druses, with whom he lived for half the year at the little village of Daliyeh, high up on Mount Carmel. Our road to Galilee was to pass over the hills by Daliyeh, a recognized station of our pilgrimage, and for this we accordingly started from Haifa, under the guidance of Laurence's friend and successor, Mr. Haskett Smith.

The first part of our journey was performed in a rough kind of conveyance, a sort of covered *char-à-bancs*, driven by an honest German who proudly asserts that he has driven the Herr and Frau Oliphant fifty times at least. The road lies across the long, level plain which stretches from Carmel as far as Jaffa. It is smooth and good till after we have passed the pretty Friedhof, where the mortal remains of Alice Oliphant are laid, but after that degenerates into a rough track, with cultivated fields on one side of it and on the other the singular natural barrier of rock which shuts off the seacoast from the plain for many miles. A couple of hours' drive brings us to the ruins of the great crusading fortress of Athlit, which we approach through a passage cut out of the rock barrier. Here, in a pleasant, green meadow near a little pond fringed with English-looking willows, our luncheon tent is pitched, and here, too, the son of the Druse sheikh is waiting for us with a small following, — a fine, martial-looking fellow, whose appearance is somewhat impaired by an old European great-coat, which he persists in wearing over his picturesque, national dress, and of which, ugly and inappropriate as it is, he is inordinately proud. The ruins of Athlit lie out of the way of most travellers, and are not so often visited as they should be. It is difficult to imagine anything more impressive than the great, grim ruin rising out of the sea on this exposed point, the waves dash-

ing up within a few feet of the mouldering pillars of the ruined banqueting-hall, and the dirty, miserable Arab village forcing its way into all available nooks and crannies, like some foul parasite feeding on the decay of the noble building. The outer wall of the north tower is still standing, an imposing pile, in spite of wind and weather and vandal Turks, who regard ruins generally as quarries for building materials; but the most striking of all is the great hall by the sea, where the Templars met together for the last time before leaving Palestine, when every other stronghold had been taken by the Saracens, and the ships were waiting in the little bay outside to carry away even this last remnant of the Christian garrisons.

The rest of the way lay up Mount Carmel itself, along a winding path, skirting the picturesque Arab village of Ainhout and ascending through a pleasant country abounding in flowers and small trees, till we come in sight of the long, low white house built by Laurence Oliphant for a summer residence, and still inhabited by a little group of his friends. The Druse village lies close by. I have little space to speak of this strange nation of the Druses, of whom every traveller has written something, but few have been able to get any certain information. Neither the family of nations to which they belong nor the country from which they come can be decided with anything like certainty. The purity of the Arabic spoken by them has made some suppose them to be emigrants from the south of Arabia, while others regard them as an Aryan race from eastern Asia, a theory borne out by their fair complexions, blue eyes, and generally un-Semitic appearance. Others, again, see in them the survivors of a very ancient population inhabiting the same districts in which they are found to-day, from Aleppo to Mount Carmel. Their religion, again, is a thing entirely apart from either Christian, Jewish, or Moslem beliefs, though some traditions of the other faiths appear to have crept into it. It is ostensibly taken with their name from one Duruzi, a Mahomedan heretic of the eleventh century, who, however, appears rather to have aimed at founding a political party than a religious sect; perhaps his teaching was merely embroidered on to an older religion. The holiest mysteries of their beliefs are not even known to all Druses, but only to the initiated among them; it is possible, however, that, as with

other great mysteries, there is not very much to reveal. One of their most singular ideas is that there are many Druses in England — who are unaware of the fact themselves — and also in China, with which country they would appear to have some mysterious connection. That they should even be aware of its existence is sufficiently astonishing.

The Druses have been a great nation in their day; indeed, the few Druse communities scattered about Galilee are the descendants of the conquerors of a former day who subdued the whole country from Aleppo to Carmel under their great leader, Fakr-ed-Din. But their days of prosperity are past; they are still sufficiently formidable in the Hauran — a district south-east of Damascus, sometimes known as the Druse Mountain — and in the Lebanon, where they share the advantages of that privileged province with their deadly enemies, the Maronites. But the Druse of Galilee is a sojourner in a strange land, disliked by both Christians and Mahomedans, and plundered by the government which he is not strong enough to resist. When Laurence Oliphant came to Mount Carmel, he found the unhappy Druses in despair, overburdened with apparently hopeless arrears of taxes, and he set himself to work to retrieve their position, so far with considerable success. Certainly, the community have a decent appearance of prosperity, and the house we were introduced to when we were received by the sheikh had a very well-to-do appearance indeed. We were taken across a courtyard into a large, bare, vaulted room, with queer openings, like windows, giving access to other rooms in the same building, through which occasionally heads of men, or other animals, were pushed in to see what was going on. We were to have seen an exhibition of native dancing, and were regaled for some time with cinnamon tea while the preliminaries were arranged. But we never were allowed to see more than a somewhat uninteresting dance of men. Nothing would persuade the women to dance unless the men were quite out of reach — though nothing can be more decorous than the Druse women's dance. One little blue-eyed girl was half persuaded, half bullied into beginning some steps at last, but she had hardly commenced before shyness got the better of her, and she covered her face with her hands and darted back into the shelter of the crowd.

v.

GALILEE.

It was from the little Latin *hospice* built in commemoration of Elijah's contest with the prophets of Baal on one of the peaks of Carmel, that we caught our first sight of Galilee. Coming suddenly upon the landscape as we do, there is something very striking in the aspect of the great plain of Esdraelon below us. There is an air of peace and prosperity about the broad, level expanse, chequered with the various colors of the different crops, with the little river Kishon winding its way through the midst of it. Yet it has been known as a battlefield for more than three thousand years, and all its memories are of blood. It was from that queer round hill of Tabor over against us, that Barak and his host dashed down upon the army of Sisera as they labored through the partly inundated plain, which made their dreaded chariots a mere encumbrance; here, many centuries later, was the scene of one of the last combats of Christian and Moslem; and here, too, after a lapse of five hundred years more, the Mahomedans had to encounter a very different enemy in the rough French heroes, who questioned each other on the march (as one of their number relates), "Qu'est-ce-que c'est que la Terre Sainte? Pourquoi ce nom-là?" The steep slope down which we have to make our way to the plain is probably the scene of the desperate flight of the priests of Baal, pursued by the mob of Israelites in all the ardor of a very new conversion, burning to expiate their backslidings by the slaughter of somebody else. The country where the new Gospel of peace and love has left its traditions lies among the hills beyond. The glimpse of white on the two-peaked hill to the east of Mount Tabor is the end of the village of Nain, and another white building to the west is said to be above Nazareth; it seems discouragingly far off.

The road across the plain is not an interesting one, except for the as yet novel incident of fording the Kishon; but when we get among the small hills about Nazareth, the scenery becomes less monotonous. We are rather late on the road, having started late, and are constantly coming upon groups of picturesquely attired country people returning from their work in the fields to one of the many villages we pass on the way. Nazareth itself is reached just before nightfall. Turning the corner of one of the hills, we come suddenly upon it, a rather ghostly-looking

mass of white buildings staring out in the waning light from their background of dark trees. Lights are beginning to flash out at various points along the hillside, and at one place a broad glare marks the scene of a wedding-feast, which is carried on to a late hour with much shouting and discharging of guns, the usual sign of rejoicing in these parts. It is quite dark by the time we arrive at our camp, and there is nothing to be seen for that night but the stores of a few merchants of native metal ornaments, who make their way to our tents; while our dragoman, who is a Nazarene by birth, gives audience to flocks of cousins outside. In the morning we make the little round of visits to the various spots connected with the sacred story. They are not very striking; the sanctity of the house of the Virgin and the scene of the Annunciation, in the crypt of the Latin church, is somewhat spoilt for us by the appendage of the Loretto legend; but the kind of cave-dwellings shown to us might possibly have been what they pretend to be. In another Latin church we are shown a great block of stone supposed to have served as a table for our Lord and his disciples, which is perhaps also within the bounds of possibility. I am not learned enough to say more than that I was by no means inclined to believe it. The so-called "carpenter's shop," where a late tradition says that our Lord and St. Joseph worked, we did not feel equal to visiting; there was a kind of atmosphere of *banal* relic-worship about all these sights that only a very strong faith could stand. It is more interesting to know that on the rocky eminence above the quaint little Maronite church, probably stood the synagogue of the Gospel days, and the place from which the exasperated Jews would have thrown our Lord down. I have always had a fancy that that famous scene must have been the occasion on which St. Luke first saw him; the story is evidently told by an eye-witness, and the details are so minutely described, that they must have been very deeply impressed upon the mind of the evangelist. Another place of real interest is the Virgin's Fountain, a spring of great antiquity, to which the women of Nazareth still come to fill their pitchers. They make a very pretty group there, with their bright-colored dresses, but hardly a peaceful one, for bickerings are constantly going on between the Christian and Moslem women, — as, indeed, seems generally to be the case where the former are preponderant. When the Mahomedans are in the ma-

jority, their contempt for the Christians produces a certain tolerance.

The next day's journey, to Tiberias, lay in great part over a flat, cultivated plain, with few incidents beyond the village of Kebr-Kenna — which may perhaps be Cana of Galilee — and the meeting of some wonderful long strings of camels, bringing probably the grain and other produce of the Hauran down to the sea at Haifa. It is sad to think how the vested interests of the poor camels and camel-owners may soon be affected when the railway from Haifa to Damascus through the Hauran comes to be constructed. However, as the negotiations with the government about the railway have only been going on now for some seven years, there is little to fear for the present century at least. In the afternoon, it is proposed to vary the route by ascending the curious two-peaked hill called the Horns of Hattin, where the Sermon on the Mount is believed to have been delivered. It is a pleasant-looking green hill, but really very stony, the stones being concealed by the long, rank grass which grows all over it, and thus made more dangerous. The summit is covered with grass, too, and a few wild flowers, but only of the commonest kinds, nothing to compare with the hollyhocks of Carmel, or the cyclamen of the plain of Sharon. The depression between the two peaks is very slight, and they are themselves flat-topped; so that it is conceivable that a considerable crowd might have accompanied our Lord to the very top — it is not very high — and sat round him to hear the discourse. Or a greater number could have found place rather lower down, and have been addressed from the rock at the corner of the southern and higher platform. From the only piece of internal evidence, I should incline to the former theory, which would make the preacher face towards the city of Safed, the extraordinarily prominent position of which, on a higher hill to the north, is supposed to have suggested to him the illustration, "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." The view from the summit is most beautiful. At our feet lies the Lake of Tiberias, like a sheet of dark-blue glass, without a ripple to stir its surface, backed by bare, desolate hills, with no sign of life of any kind upon them. In the foreground we have a lower hill, or rather plateau, terminating in a grand ravine, the Wady Hammam, or Valley of Pigeons, the gates of which are two towering masses of rock seeming almost to meet at the top. At the northern end of

the lake we catch a glimpse of a low, white house, which we afterwards find to be the first step towards a new German colony. Further north, a deep gorge runs up towards Safed, and the holy city itself shines out on the dark hillside with an extraordinary lustre; and, still further to the north-east, the view is closed in by the wild desert mountains of Naphtali.

The descent upon Tiberias is as beautiful as everything must be that is connected with that lovely lake. Our camp is pitched on its shores some hundreds of yards south of Tiberias itself. Of this little town, the only collection of houses which we ever saw on the lake — though I believe there is a village at Medjdel, the ancient Magdala, — I can say little, for I was never inside it; but, especially as seen from the water, it appeared to be one of the most beautiful places we had yet come across. Perhaps it was the illusion of the lake which made us think so, for some camping neighbors who visited the interior did not seem to be extraordinarily delighted. It is very dirty, I believe, and is inhabited chiefly by Jews; indeed, it is, like Safed, one of their holy cities. Other sects generally speak of it as the residence of the king of the fleas, who should certainly be a great potentate in Palestine. We did not seek audience of his majesty, having already made acquaintance with too many of his subjects, but leaving Tiberias, took boat for the upper end of the lake. There is a kind of glamor about all the surroundings here. I have so far kept up a stolid belief in appearances, and had no doubts that I really saw Jerusalem, or Bethlehem, or whatever the spot might be; but it seems much harder to realize the fact that we are actually rowing across the Sea of Galilee, and it requires all the discomfort of a cramped position in a not very roomy boat to prove to us that we are not dreaming. Our rowers are doing their utmost, for the dreaded west wind is said to be coming, and against it we can make little way. But, for the present, nothing can be more delightful than the tranquil progress over the calm, solitary sea. Far away, towards the part where the Jordan flows into the lake, we can catch sight of one white sail, probably a fishing-boat; but there is no sign of any living creature on sea or land as we make for the northern shore by the ruins of Tell Houm. It is strange to think that in the days of the history which gives life and interest to all these scenes, this northern coast was a centre of bustling life and

commerce with the four cities of Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and that other unknown one whose ruins are to be found at Tell Houm or Khan Minyeh — whichever is not the site of Capernaum — looking down upon waters covered with fishing and pleasure boats.

I have never yet seen anything so awful as the desolation of Tell Houm. Here, whether it was Capernaum or not, stood a great city, with evidently a magnificent synagogue. There are yet lying on the ground, half-distinguishable amidst the long grass, broken columns, and great capitals and pediments, and carved stonework, as they have lain for ages undisturbed, unless by the careless footstep of some passing Arab. A rude hut has been erected near the shore, partly with great stones from the ruins, to form a temporary shelter for some wandering herdsman or his flock; but, except for this, for miles around there is not so much as a fisherman's cottage or a peasant's barn, — only the prostrate bones of the dead city mouldering away in the midst of that hideous solitude.

The west wind has come at last, and the progress of the boat when we left Tell Houm becomes so very slow, that we resolve to land, and walk the rest of the way. Our path over a green and flowery hillside brings us shortly to another very strange sight, at the spot where the town of Bethsaida is supposed to have stood. The only remains visible, to us at least, are those of a great aqueduct coming down from the hills; a number of stately arches are still standing, and water is still running plentifully in the channel, but it has burst the limits in which it was enclosed, and, forcing its way through many a cleft, leaps down in a perfectly lawless manner to the deserted plain, and runs down to the lake in countless little independent rivulets. On an island in the midst of all these little streams, is a small Bedouin encampment, from which a few wild, stalwart fellows come forward to carry the ladies of the party over the water for an infinitesimal gratuity. There is something in the mean, black tents of these wanderers which seems to give a yet more desolate appearance to the spot; yet here, too, may have been a flourishing city. Higher up on the hills overlooking the lake, a few scattered ruins are supposed to mark the site of Chorazin; the whole of the prosperous community that filled these coasts is utterly gone, brushed away off the face of the earth, so that it is difficult to tell even where they once lived.

There is something more terrible in the solitude here than in the sandy wastes around the Dead Sea; there, one may feel that some awful visitation has come upon the country, and its effects are still more or less visible; but here, looking over the smiling landscape, with the pleasant, grassy hills, and the sun shining on the lake, it is appalling to think that such utter destruction has come upon all these great centres of life and activity, — and that it makes no difference. The grass is as green now, the sea and sky as blue, as in the days of their prosperity; their history is simply a closed page, turned over and done with; they are gone, and the place thereof knoweth them no more.

A singular contrast is presented when we turn the corner of the next headland, and come upon a neat little white house, with a well-ordered garden and a pleasant little trellised porch, under which a table is being spread for us. It is the property of the pioneer of the German colony which is to be founded here, a hospitable, friendly Badener, from the shores of the Lake of Constance. His delight at the arrival of strangers who can speak his language more or less, and who have come from his brethren of the Temple at Haifa, is great, and he insists on making gratuitous additions to our store, of native and European delicacies, wine of Safed, and liqueur from far-away Interlaken. The arrangements for the German settlement are progressing slowly, it appears; but some difficulty may be expected in a land where, though foreigners are permitted by law to buy land from the natives, the natives are not allowed to sell it to them. The establishment of the colony, however, is a certainty, and may have great consequences to the country round, where a little energy and enterprise may completely change the face of affairs, and bring back prosperity to the shores of the lake. We take a cordial leave of our host, and a short walk along a beautiful path cut in the rock just above the water brings us to our camping-ground by the Fountain of the Fig-tree, in a corner of the plain of Gennesareth.

From The New Review.

THE FIRST GENERAL ELECTION IN JAPAN.

THE first of July will be a day forever memorable in the annals of Japan. Representative government will, for the first

time, be essayed by an Oriental nation; the first general election will take place, and on November 1st the Parliament will open. In 1881 the emperor of Japan promised the Japanese people that at the end of eight years he would promulgate a Constitution. He did so on February 1st, 1889, and it takes effect in 1890. Under its provisions elections are to be held for certain members of the House of Nobles and all the members of the House of Representatives. The emperor, in constituting the House of Nobles, has taken the precaution to reserve to himself the selection of a certain proportion of its members, but the lower House will be altogether composed of representatives of the tax-paying population. Naturally, at the commencement of her career as a self-governing power, Japan offers an unusually interesting field to the student of history. The fact which at once attracts attention is the energetic manner in which the Japanese have entered upon political life. The people are thoroughly in earnest, and think of nothing but their new duties and responsibilities. Meetings are held in the various provinces almost nightly. The Exhibition at Tokio and the spring manœuvres of the army and navy at Osaka did not suffice to distract the attention of the subjects of the Mikado from politics. Indeed, very lately Count Yamagata, in his address to the local governors and prefects assembled in Tokio, told them that they should strive to recall public attention from political topics and political associations to objects directly connected with material prosperity.

Japan is now beset by a host of parties professing principles and representing interests of various kinds, personal, local, social, and what not. Hobbies and fads are preached with increasing vigor. Altogether there are a score or more of political parties. The most trivial differences of opinion or local interests suffice now to separate men who will probably be found in the same camp by-and-by. Of these different parties, it is safe to say, all but three or four will die in travail. The small sections and divisions will consolidate around these, and the four parties which will virtually constitute the Japanese Parliament will be the Conservatives (Hoshu-to), the Conservative Radicals (Daido Danketsu), the Moderates (Kaishin-to), and the Radicals (Jiyu-to).

But before proceeding to narrate the origin and objects of these political divisions, it may be interesting to describe the manner in which the election is to be con-

ducted. It will be on the plan generally known as the Australian system. The qualifications for electors are that they must be Japanese subjects, and have attained the full age of twenty-five years before the day of voting; also, that they must have fixed their permanent residence in the city or prefecture, and actually have resided there for not less than one year previous to the date of drawing up the electoral list. The qualification is high; an elector must have property in land, or an income accruing from other sources, so large as to involve the payment of direct national taxes to the extent of fifteen yen (about £3) yearly. It is plain, therefore, that the suffrage will be enjoyed by a limited number only. Great precautions are taken to ensure order at the polls. In the first place, admission to the voting booth will only be permitted to holders of entrance tickets. On these, which are to be distributed at least five days before the time of voting, the name of the elector and his number on the list will be inscribed, and the tickets must be handed to the doorkeeper at the moment of admission. Further, it is provided that, should the place be inconveniently crowded, the electors may be required to accept tickets regulating the order in which they are to vote. Then comes the operation of voting. About this there is no secrecy. Each elector, after having gained admittance to the booth, gives his name to the presiding official, the head man of the district, with whom are associated not less than two and not more than five witnesses, nominated by the head man three days previously. The head man, having compared the name with the electoral list, hands a voting paper to the elector, who is required to inscribe thereon the name of the person he votes for, together with his own name and residence, and to affix his stamp. The voting paper is then placed in the ballot-box, a receptacle having two lids, each fitted with a different key, one key being in the custody of the head man, the other in that of the witness. The polling being over, the ballot-box is shut, and on the next day is forwarded, in charge of one or more witnesses, to the district office of the place of voting. There it is opened by the chairman of election, with whom is associated a committee of not less than three or more than seven persons chosen from among the witnesses assembled from the different voting places. The chairmen, like the superintending officers at the various voting booths, are local officials — men who

owe their position to the votes of the people themselves under the regular system of local government. Not until the names of the persons returned are communicated by the chairman to the governor or prefect do the officials of the central government begin to have any connection with the election.

The leading political party, the most influential, the best organized, and perhaps the strongest in intellectual capacity, is the Kaishin-to, or Moderate. It was formed in 1882. In the previous year Tokio swarmed with deputations which had repaired thither to memorialize the authorities for an early fulfilment of the solemn promise made by the emperor in 1868, and repeated in 1874 and 1875. The result of this agitation was the issue, on November 12th, of an imperial rescript proclaiming the establishment of a National Assembly in 1890. On the same day, Count Okuma, minister of finance, resigned his portfolio. He had offended his colleagues by presenting a memorial to the first minister of state advocating the convention of a Parliament in 1883. His resignation was followed by that of many other officials of the government. These men, with a number of followers, organized a party which they called Rikken Kaishin-to, or Constitutional Progressionists. Count Okuma was chosen leader, and the principles of the party were declared to be as follows: The maintenance of the dignity and prosperity of the imperial house; the reform of domestic administration and the assertion of national rights; the discontinuance of the policy of centralization and official interference, and the establishment of local self-government; the extension of the franchise in proportion to social progress; the restriction of political relations and the cultivation of commercial intercourse with foreign countries as much as possible; and the establishment of the currency on a hard-money basis. These political principles attracted numerous adherents, and the party grew in power. But a period of political inanition intervened, and the number of followers dwindled. Organization, however, was maintained, and although Count Okuma withdrew from the leadership and the party, this step was regarded as a mere formality, and he continues to be looked upon as its standard-bearer. Last year the Kaishin-to made a vigorous campaign, but it met with a severe defeat on the question of treaty revision. Its vitality, however, was shown by the rapid and surprising manner in which it has again

gone to work and reorganized its ranks, and with such success as to excite the admiration even of political opponents. Notwithstanding its loss of prestige from its defeat on the treaty revision, the general impression is that the party will be largely represented in the coming Parliament, and that it is destined to play, for some time, an important part in Japanese politics.

In 1888 there was great popular discontent against the government. The Radical party was apparently without vitality, as its leader, Count Itagaki, had retired, like Achilles, in dudgeon to his tent. At this juncture, Count Goto, a friend of the Radical chief, and a man who was somewhat of an Ishmael in politics, began a vigorous political campaign. His motto was "Daido-sho-i" (United on great questions, differing on small). The political shibboleth was happily conceived and attractive. Count Goto posed as the champion of the masses against the monopoly of class government. The Radicals flocked to him, and people generally crowded under his banner. Never did a party grow so rapidly in power. Contingents from the various political camps gave in their adhesion to the new organization. The Daido Danketsu became at once a large political faction. Their English equivalent is Conservative Radicals. But this body was an ill-assorted one, without homogeneity. Its ranks were filled with politicians of different views and objects. Surprising as was the growth of the Daido Danketsu, its decline was equally rapid and surprising. It had in its own party the elements of disintegration, and when its chief, after the promulgation of the Constitution, entered the very government against which he had so sonorously declaimed, decay became inevitable. The heterogeneous body fell to pieces.

The Radical party in Japan may be said to consist of the Jiyu-to (Radical) and the Aikoku-koto (Patriotic party). The first-named organization is divided into two distinct factions, but these, it is expected, will ultimately unite, and then join the Aikoku-koto, under the banner of Count Itagaki, as the three bodies are remnants of the old Jiyu-to, or Radical party, and practically have the same political objects in view. Hence their union is looked upon as being a mere matter of time. While the formal organization of the Jiyu-to did not occur until 1881, its origin dates back to 1874. In that year agitation for the immediate establishment of a representative Parliament was rife,

and a numerously signed memorial was presented to the government. To quiet the popular mind, the emperor, in a rescript issued in May, renewed his promise that a constitutional form of government should be adopted.

Previous to the publication of the rescript, Count Itagaki had organized a political association, known as the Risshi-Sha, or party of men with a purpose. Subsequently, towards the end of the year, the scope of the organization was enlarged, resulting in the formation of a new party under the name of the Aikoku-Sha, or Patriotic party. Personal liberty and popular rights were its watchwords. This body formed the nucleus of the now powerful Jiyu-to. But the new party, for various reasons, languished, and finally sank into oblivion, when, in 1879, Count Itagaki again revived it. The vigorous politician entered on a campaign in favor of popular representation, and his views rapidly won the approval of the people. So actively was the agitation continued, and so influential did the political organization become, that in 1881 an imperial rescript granted constitutional government in 1890. It was then decided to form a party on a definite basis, and the Jiyu-to, or Radical party, came into formal existence. Its leading principles were: First, the extension of liberty and the assertion of political rights, the promotion of the good of the greatest number, and the inauguration of social reforms; secondly, the establishment of a constitutional form of government; and thirdly, the union of all fellow thinkers all over Japan. As the popular excitement began to be allayed, and men's attention became distracted from politics, the Jiyu-to began to decline, and its dissolution eventually followed in 1884. Although nominally without organization, the members of the party managed to preserve a certain individuality, and on occasions, when great and important questions presented themselves, their influence was felt. After the entry of Count Goto, the Daido Danketsu chief, into the Cabinet, an attempt was made to revive the old party. At the end of last year Count Itagaki emerged from the political retirement in which he had been living, and resumed activity. His political influence, however, was not strong enough to reunite all his old followers, who were split up into factions on account of personal differences and rivalries. In the end the group called the Hiseisha-ha formed a separate organization, assuming the old title of Jiyu-to, but this body was soon divided

into two sections. Count Itagaki had meanwhile organized the association of the Aikoku-koto, or Patriotic party, but the fusion of these three political divisions into one is regarded as inevitable.

While there is a party called the Hoshu-Chinsei-ha, or Independent Conservative, which aims at representing the Conservative sentiment in Japanese politics, it is in reality a small body, possessing very little influence, and it cannot fairly be said to be an exponent of the Conservative opinion of the nation. But there is a powerful association called by the public Kokusai Hoshu-to, which, although not organized on strictly party lines, will prove a most important factor. The English equivalent of the name is New Conservatives, or National Eclectic Conservatives; or to be better and briefer, Nationalists. This movement has been fostered and encouraged by Suguvia Jukio, formerly a responsible official in the Educational Department, and while no special platform has been set up, and no pledges given, its followers are greatly increasing in numbers. Its stronghold is Tokio, but the views of the association have been widely accepted in the provinces, and its power is daily becoming greater. The Hoshu-to owed their origin to the reaction against the sweeping introduction of Western institutions, both social and political. They believe in preserving the national individuality amidst the new civilization, and they assert that this principle has been too little respected by the eager reformers, whose zeal to introduce Occidental institutions and customs caused them to lose sight of the evils of self-effacement. The leaders of this party are not bigoted in their dislike of everything foreign. In fact most of them have been educated in the modern school, and are as well versed as any of their countrymen in the learning of the Occident. To preserve and develop everything essentially national in the life of Japan is their chief object. Hence their name of Nationalists. In 1887, when the pro-Western tendency was at its height, this nationalistic movement first began to manifest itself, and from that period its growth has been steady and continuous.

When the Japanese Parliament assembles it will probably be found that the numerous parties, factions, sections, and sub-divisions will constitute three large groups, namely: the Jiyu-to, or Radicals; the Kaishin-to, or Moderates; and the Hoshu-to, or Conservatives; and the impression of those best versed in Japanese

politics is that, for some time at any rate, the Conservatives and Moderates will be the preponderating power, and will exercise most influence.

Until very recently no official programme was put forth by any of the parties, but the Kaishin-to, or Moderates, recognizing the necessity for some such course, appointed a committee to draw one up. The Radicals followed the example, and thus these two associations have now well-defined aims. The programme of the Moderates comprises sixteen subjects, and is as follows:—

1. Improvement of financial administration.
2. Curtailment of public expenses.
3. Reduction of the Land-tax.
4. Cabinet by party.
5. Treaty revision.
6. Reform of the military service.
7. Reform of the navy.
8. Reform of the educational system.
9. Reform of the local government system.
10. Extension of the franchise and of electoral districts.
11. Amendment of the manner of executing the laws.
12. Freedom of speech and public meeting.
13. Abrogation of the Peace Preservation Regulations.
14. Reform of the laws of taxation.
15. Establishment of the right of impeachment.
16. Encouragement of private enterprise to the exclusion of official interference.

The Radical programme embraces no less than thirty-two subjects. The two platforms have many planks that are identical, and thus the Jiyu-to and Kaishin-to have several common political purposes. The Radicals in their zeal, however, go far beyond the Moderates. Indeed, it seems as if the Jiyu-to would have to moderate its eagerness, for the authorities have already pronounced the last eight items of its programme illegal, and they must be struck from the list. Here is the Radical platform:—

1. Establishment of a really responsible Cabinet.
2. Creation of an administrative court, with authority to inflict penalties on officials by whose errors the public interests have suffered.
3. Conclusion of treaties on equal terms with foreign States.
4. Introduction of the system of trial by jury.
5. Reform of the educational system and extension of education.
6. Abolition of the retired list for officials.
7. Diminution of public expenditure, and a large reduction in the number of officials.

8. Assessment of all direct taxes on a basis of profit.

9. Reduction of the Land-tax.

10. Revision of the Income-tax on an ascending scale.

11. Reform of the Public Property Regulations and greater strictness in the administration.

12. Eligibility of election for all who pay the direct national taxes.

13. The franchise to be conferred upon all who pay direct national taxes to the amount of 5 yen (about £1) or upwards.

14. Lowering of the age for electors and elected to twenty-five years.

15. Revision of electoral districts.

16. Abolition of all official protection of domestic industries and commerce.

17. Cities and prefectures to be placed on a firmer administrative basis, and reform of the system of local assemblies.

18. Reform of the system of registration.

19. Application of a portion of the public property to purposes of local autonomy.

20. Extension of the freedom of speech and public meeting.

21. Reform of the system of paying Land-tax.

22. Imposition of a tax on the revenues of the nobility.

23. Reform of the Bank-tax system.

24. Abolition of the Peace Preservation Regulations.

25. Amendment of the regulations relating to the nobility.

26. Repeal of the system of creating new nobles.

27. Reform of the military system, and shortening of the period of active service in the standing army.

28. Institution of the Parliamentary right of impeachment.

29. Public election of governors, prefects, and head men of districts.

30. Abolition of the law of entail in respect of nobles' property.

31. Abolition of the police bureau, and of the carrying of swords by policemen.

32. The posts of Privy Councillor and Court Councillor to be made honorary.

Three great questions will confront the Imperial Parliament when it assembles. Foremost is the revision of treaties. Seventeen different powers now have extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan, and her right to make a special treaty with any foreign power, by which she can secure privileges for herself in consideration of specially delegated concessions, is practically denied her under cover of the "favored nation" clause. The next question is that of taxation. At present the levy is high, and in some places oppressive, especially on land. The third question is that of social reform, especially as to the judiciary. Too much, however,

must not be expected of Japan immediately. But her new departure, and her experiment in constitutional government, will be attentively regarded by European nations, and especially by England.

H. M. MOORE.

From Good Words.
WASTED SOLAR HEAT.

THE amount of heat squandered by the sun is truly prodigious. Our earth intercepts only an extremely small portion of the total radiation of sunbeams. It would be easy to show that the sun distributes sufficient light and heat to maintain two thousand million planets in the same comfortable condition as that in which our earth is placed. The greater part is entirely lost, or, at least, lost in so far as any of the planets are concerned. Our fellow-worlds Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mercury, and Mars, do, no doubt, intercept a little of the heat that would otherwise escape from our system, but the total amount that all the planets together are permitted to utilize is utterly inappreciable when compared with that which streams away into space, and seems gone from us forever. Looked at in its proper aspect, the quantity of heat radiated from the sun is one of the most astounding facts in nature. Let us consider by a few illustrations the wealth of radiation which our great central fire pours forth. And here we shall make use of some of the facts collected together in Professor Young's valuable book on the sun.

When an engineer is designing the boilers to supply a steam engine he has to arrange the extent of his furnaces, so that they shall correspond with the work which the engine has to do. Each square foot of boiler exposed to the flame is capable of generating so much steam, and may thus be regarded as an equivalent to so much horse-power. To apply this conception for the sake of illustration, let us take an area of but a single square foot on the sun's surface, and suppose that all the heat which passes through it on its way to outer space was collected and applied to the generation of steam in a boiler, the evaporation in that boiler would be so copious that a mighty engine of ten thousand horse-power might be maintained in continuous action. Indeed a great Atlantic liner would be driven at full speed at a heat expenditure not larger than this. It would be easy to show that

if the heat from an area on the sun of only an acre or two in extent could be all applied to a system of boilers, it would generate as much steam as would suffice to sustain in full work every steam engine in the world.

We may exhibit the quantity of heat radiated from the sun in another way. Let us suppose that it was to be entirely applied to the melting of ice, and that this ice was disposed in a shell or layer enveloping the whole sun. Even if the ice had a thickness of forty-eight and a half feet the daily radiation would be sufficient to reduce it all into water. Statements like this give us some conception of the profuse expenditure with which the sun sheds forth its stores of heat; they also raise a desire to study the method by which such monstrous extravagance can be committed without the inevitable exhaustion becoming speedily apparent. In the first place it should be noticed that the enormous size of the sun is a very important element in the inquiry. A large body cools much more slowly than a small one. The loss of heat by radiation takes place chiefly, if not wholly, from the surface of the heated body, and the heat from those parts of the body which are not on the surface can only be expended after it has travelled by conduction from the interior to the surface. Such at least would be the case if the body were a solid one; if, however, it were either wholly or partly in a liquid or gaseous condition, as the sun appears to be, then the mode by which the heat would pass from the interior to the surface must be correspondingly modified. There would, doubtless, be currents in the solar materials just as there are currents which distribute the water that has been heated at the bottom of a kettle throughout the bulk of the liquid. This does not contradict the statement that I made as to the necessity for the arrival of the heat from the interior at the surface before it could be dispersed by radiation. The mode of conveyance of the heat will be different in a fluid body from what it is in a solid body, but the general principle remains unaltered.

The extraordinary profusion in which the heat is poured forth from every square foot of the sun's surface, may perhaps be illustrated as follows: Suppose there are two concert-halls, built from designs alike in every respect but with this important difference, that one of the buildings has every dimension double that corresponding in the other. The area, for instance, in one hall is twice as long and twice as

wide as in the other. There will be twice as many rows of seats in it, and each row will contain twice as many chairs. Accordingly there will be four times as many people accommodated in the large hall as in the small one. The buildings being on the same design the number of exit doors will be of course the same in both halls. Each door of the large hall will, in conformity with our supposition, be double as wide as the corresponding door in the small one. Let us now suppose that these halls were filled to their utmost capacity, and that in each of them a panic broke out among the audience from an alarm of fire, or from some similar cause. Would the facilities of escape be equal from the two buildings, and if not, which would have the advantage? Considering that the two buildings have been erected from the same designs, it might at first appear that the opportunities for a rapid emptying of the buildings should be equal in both; but this is not the case. No doubt the larger building has double the width of door exit possessed by the small one, but, on the other hand, four times as many people have to push through these doors, and consequently the crowding at the exits of the large room would be double as great as at those of the small one. In a precisely similar way it would appear that if one of the buildings had ten times the linear dimensions of the other, it would have ten times as many rows, and each row would have ten times as many seats, so that the whole audience contained in the large hall would be a hundredfold that contained in the small one. The width of door exit would, however, be only ten times as great, and consequently the crushing and crowding, and the difficulty of exit, would be ten times as perilous in the large building as it was in the small one.

This illustration will show us the contrast between the escape of heat from a large body as compared with the escape of heat from a small one. For the purpose of our argument, the sun's diameter may be represented as one hundred times that of the earth. The surface of the sun will exceed the surface of the earth in the proportion of ten thousand to one, and the volumes of the two bodies will be in the proportion of one million to one. If the two bodies possessed originally the same temperature, and were composed of the same materials, the sun would possess a million times as much heat as the earth. If this heat is to be lost it must be by passing out through the surfaces of the bodies. The sun's surface is no doubt

ten thousand times that of the earth; but, on the other hand, there is a million times as much heat to pass through the sun's surface as through the earth's surface, before the two bodies can sink to the same temperatures. Hence it follows that one hundred times as much heat must emerge through every square foot on the sun's surface as through every square foot on the earth.

SIR R. S. BELL.

From The Spectator.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF COLORADO.

AMONG the ancient races of the American continent, there are perhaps none whose remains have excited greater interest than those of the strange people who at some remote period of antiquity inhabited the mountain ranges between Mexico and Colorado. Here, in the deep recesses of the mountains, lived a race to whom the use of metal was unknown, who made themselves strongholds in the sides of gorges so steep and difficult of access that they can be reached only by the aid of ropes and ladders. These cliff-dwellings consist of caverns in the rock, faced externally with massive walls, and bear a general resemblance to the houses of wild tribes in Syria. They are found in such vast numbers, and extend over so great a space of country, that the total disappearance of their owners has always been a subject of wonder. In the deserted rooms are found the implements of a people ignorant of the use of metal, their simple household goods, remains of their food, and even articles of their dress. The people themselves have vanished. A few months ago, the world was startled by the news that somewhere among the mountains of Chihuahua, in Mexico, had been found at last the slender remnant of a race whose works rank high among the wonders of a continent. The men are described by their discoverer, Schwatka, as belonging still, to all intents and purposes, to the Stone Age; and it is possible that from them may be gleaned some knowledge of the manners and customs of the lost Cliff-Dwellers. Since then, explorations have been continued among the mountains some few hundred miles north of the scene of Schwatka's discovery, and in March a party of searchers returned to Durango, having collected much interesting information, and bringing with them many relics of this singular people. The

explorers relate that they found the sides of one cañon, which was the principal scene of their investigations, honeycombed for a hundred miles with cliff-dwellings. It appears that natural hollows in the rock have been supplemented by massive walls of stone; and if the accounts are to be relied on, some of the habitations thus formed are spacious enough to hold several hundred men. One dwelling is described in which the rooms now existing are said to number more than a hundred, while remains of its upper stories indicate an even greater amount. A building, supposed from its construction to have been meant for public assemblies, contains, among others, a chamber forty feet long. The floors are strewn with sand, on which remain the evidence of frequent fires. The timbers of this house, as in many other instances, are still in place, and must have cost the builders no small toil, with their rude appliances, before the wood was shaped and smoothed for use. Some buildings are said to show traces of a siege. Others appear to have been purposely dismantled.

It is clear that the Cliff-Dwellers were not a warlike race. The only martial relics yet discovered consist of armor made of aspen bark, and a few slender arrow-heads of flint. The many implements which have been found point to the peaceable pursuits of husbandry. Nearly every house contains its granary and rude hand-mill, and in addition to the masonry of the dwellings, many reservoirs of stone are to be seen, evidently intended for irrigation. One of these, some fifty yards across, has water in it still. Most of the implements are of bone, from which the Cliff-Dwellers contrived to make knives, boring-tools, needles, and even saws. Their axes are of stone,—in some cases of granite, with a deep groove near the blunt end round which to fix the handle. The handles in many instances remain.

The leaves of the yucca appear to have been to this simple race much what the bamboo is to the rude nations of the East. From its fibres they plaited baskets, often with colored patterns; they wove mats, ropes, and string. With looms, of which parts in perfect preservation still remain, they wove into cloth wool and hair and yucca-fibre. Their pottery, like their implements, is already widely known, for many searchers have visited the more easily accessible of the dwellings; but the recent expedition has brought home a great number and many varieties of cups and jars of clay. The most striking kind is decorated with conventional designs, in black upon a white ground. The dryness of the district, and particularly of the rocky chambers where these remains were discovered, is the reason given for their remarkable preservation. Of the inhabitants themselves we learn but little. We may examine their houses, their dress, food, implements, and weapons, but of the men themselves there are but scanty traces. The few skulls which have been found prove to us, from their shape, that they belonged to a people among whom prevailed the practice of flattening the backs of their children's heads by tying them down upon boards. These boards are still to be seen, and are said to show plain marks of the cords with which the skulls of these unfortunate victims of fashion were forced into the correct shape. Of traces of pictorial art we hear nothing. No musical instruments have been found, unless it be something doubtfully alluded to as "an instrument like a flute." Such is the account of the most recent discoveries in the cliff-dwellings of Colorado. The world-wide interest now felt in archæology will not allow the question to pause here; and if these accounts are genuine, as we see no reason to doubt, we shall soon hear more of exploration and discovery in the footprints of a vanished race.

THE NORTH SEA CANAL.—A movement has been set on foot to so alter this most important waterway that ocean vessels shall be able to enter and leave Amsterdam without being detained by locks or bridges. The Dutch Institution of Civil Engineers has passed resolutions in favor of this scheme, and appointed a committee to study and work out its details. This canal, the largest ship canal in Europe, being fifteen miles in length,

was completed in 1876, at a total cost of nearly £3,000,000. It is available at all times and tides for the largest ocean-going vessels, but the bridge, and especially the locks at the eastern extremity, the two sets of which shut out the Zuyder Zee, are, no doubt, a great hindrance to navigation. Experts, however, are not agreed as to whether a level ship canal is possible.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. OFFICIAL POLYTHEISM IN CHINA,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	323
II. EIGHT DAYS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	334
III. A JOURNEY TO THE CAPITAL OF TIBET,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	347
IV. ARTHUR HELPS,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	357
V. AN IDYL OF CLODS,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	364
VI. AN ENGLISH MONASTERY,	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	373
VII. NAPOLEON DESCRIBED BY HIS VALET,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	377
VIII. A CHAT ABOUT JERSEY,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	380
IX. PATERFAMILIAS AMERICANUS,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	382

POETRY.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT,	322	TO ANNETTE,	322
MISCELLANY,			384

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A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

SING, oh sing, for the night is dark, and the
dawning tarries long,
And the woe of the land of shadowing wings
is stilled by the sound of song.
There is never a light on the land to-night,
there is never a star in the sky,
Only the glance of the lightning's lance and
the white waves leaping high.

"Where winter's royal robe of snows
And knightly corselet gleam,
Lie hid the fragrance of the rose,
The music of the stream,

"Waiting until the days shall bring,
From out the golden south,
The fairy prince to find the spring,
And kiss her on the mouth.

"He comes, although he tarries long;
And then, my heart, ah then
The stream shall sing the hills among,
The rose shall bloom again."

Sing, oh sing, for the words are sweet and the
night is full of fear,
The nameless terror that flies abroad in the
darkness draws anear;
The pale sea cries to the murky skies, and
the sword of a song alone
Can sever the spell that the powers of hell
o'er the tortured earth have thrown.

"By her fairy lover kissed,
She from happy dreams shall waken,
When the shining silver mist
Winds of dawn to gold have shaken.

"When she wakes across the hills
Swift shall dart the happy swallow,
And the golden daffodils
Dance in every misty hollow.

"When the glory of her eyes
Meets his eyes that shine above her,
Music clear and glad shall rise
Sweet from lawn and leafy cover.

"Far through an enchanted land,
Where the winds with song are laden,
They shall wander, hand in hand,
Happy youth and happy maiden.

"Westward, ever westward drawn,
Birds and blossoms with them bringing,
They shall follow with the dawn
Till they hear the sea's wild singing."

Soft sighs the breeze, and stars in the east
grow pale,
Shines far on the seas a boat with a silver sail,
Silver buds on the trees and a silver song in
the vale.

"Away, away, by creek and bay,
Their fairy bark they steer,
One long delight, by day and night,
Through all the golden year.

The sea-birds swing on tireless wing,
The waves, with rhythmic beat,
Forevermore along the shore
Their world-old song repeat.
And, borne on winds afar,
The silver echoes fill
The vault of heaven from star to star,
The earth from hill to hill."

Sing, oh sing, for the night is past, the sun
shines over the sea,
And the heart of the world is a song of love
and hope for the days to be;
The terror that flies through the midnight
skies and the powers of the dark are
gone;
Till the music fills the echoing hills, heart of
my heart sing on!
Longman's Magazine. D. J. ROBERTSON.

TO ANNETTE.

O'ER what wild abyss of trackless starry
spaces,
Far beyond the farthest orbs of night,
Where the soul of man in visions wandering
Finds no home, no resting-place, no haven,
Whither, darling, hast thou taken flight?

Oh, our own one! oh, our loved one! oh, our
lost one!
One poor moment from this bitter "Now,"
Hand to hand, and heart to heart we held
thee;
One brief moment more, and hands and
hearts are empty;
Where art thou?

From the darkness, from the silence, the re-
moteness,
Of the life of earth and sense and sight,
Lo! we call upon thee through the fast-closed
portals, —
Call upon thee with old words of longing!
Child of Light!

Hear us! though the veil be thick with shad-
owy blackness;
Though to span the awful gulf the wings of
Thought should taint:
Heaven and Hell, and Life and Death, are
all too weak to sunder
Soul from soul when Love would bridge the
distance, —
Hear, sweet saint!

Mothers, sisters, brothers, friends, we call
thee!
Earthward once more turn thy footsteps on
the starry stair;
Whisper peace in midnight dreams and day-
light visions,
Tell us that though Life be fleeting, Love is
deathless,
Here, or there!

BRYAN CHARLES WALLER.
Januav, 1890. Temple Bar.

From The Nineteenth Century.
OFFICIAL POLYTHEISM IN CHINA.

THE *Pekin Gazette*, which was established in the year 911 of the Christian era, has been regularly published since 1351 A.D., and is at the present time edited by a committee of six members of the Academy of Han Lin. Not only is it by far the oldest newspaper in the world, but it also is infinitely more instructive and interesting than all other existing official gazettes taken together. To the student of Oriental statecraft in particular, the yellow volumes in which these gazettes, translated into English, are bound up and issued annually, should be of remarkable value. For here, in the formal record of all the important ordinances, ceremonies, proceedings, judgments, opinions, and transactions of the Chinese government, we can see partially unfolded the working constitution of the greatest native Asiatic empire and the oldest empire in the world; we can follow the movement of the administrative wheels and obtain a glimpse of the system upon which the machinery is constructed. It becomes thus possible to form some trustworthy conception of the principles that underlie this vast organization — unquestioned authority; lofty ostentation of public morality; the affectation of profound reverence for churches, rituals, and all things pertaining to divinity; deep respect for tradition and ancestral usage coupled with steady encouragement of classic learning; entire religious toleration conjoined with the peremptory assertion of civil supremacy; provincial home rule controlled, at least in form, by a vigilant and despotic central executive; in short, the continuous experience of many ages applied to the management by a foreign dynasty of miscellaneous tribes and races and an immense mixed population. We are shown, of course, only the external aspect of things; we probably see no more than an astute and carefully calculating government thinks expedient to disclose. And we may assume that nowhere are the *arcana imperii* more strictly withheld, so that the reality may be safely guessed to be very different from the outward published aspect of

affairs. Nevertheless, in this ample chronicle of current events and transactions, in the notifications and orders, in their style and their substance, we can recognize a Leviathan government in full play and power, dealing in a masterful and apparently successful fashion with at least one problem that has long troubled the world, and still occasionally perplexes even European statesmen.

In Europe the relations of a State to religion have been usually determined only after much conflict over the issues involved; the balance of power has taken many centuries to adjust. In western Asia the position was fixed by Islam — that is, by intolerant uniformity; in India political anarchy and a wondrous confusion in things divine were prevailing when the English came in to solve the question by cutting off all connection with spiritualities. Whereas in China the civil power still holds a third and very different course; it not only tolerates all religions equally, but has placed them all under its own direct jurisdiction; the emperor is supreme pontiff as well as supreme governor. Here we may see verified the saying of Hobbes, that the religion of the Gentiles is a part of their polity, and nowhere have his principles found stronger illustration than in the practice of the Chinese government. "Temporal and spiritual," said he, "are but two words brought into the world to make men see double, and to mistake their lawful sovereign;" an error that would be very speedily corrected by the Board of Worship at Peking, which steadily upholds the subordination, as by God's law, of the ghostly powers to the visible sovereignty. This political philosophy combines naturally with a profound contempt for the popular superstitions, disguised under an imposing display of external respect for all forms of religion; and thus we may arrive at some conception of the attitude of the Chinese government towards belief and worship, as it seems to be reflected in the *Pekin Gazette*.

The *Gazette* deals indifferently with science and theology, with public instruction and superstitious usages, with the latest European inventions and the most

primitive forms of worship. Rules for competitive examinations and the conferment of educational degrees alternate with regulations for sacrifice and orders for the deification of local worthies; high civil and military officers are promoted and decorated in life or after death indifferently; the establishment of free schools, the launching of steamships, irrigation works, post roads, legal decisions, the appointment of imperial concubines, appear in company with orders touching the propitiation of ghosts, the worship of spirits, the canonization of notables, and the promotion of efficacious divinities. We find decrees awarding incense sticks to river gods, tablets and titles to wonder-working shrines; prescribing the ritual for dead heroes, for deified abstractions, and for the deities who preside over State departments, natural forces, or human duties—over war, wind, or patriotism. The frequent references to ancestor worship and the offerings to the dead show the universality of these aboriginal customs; the decrees regulating the incarnation of the Buddhist lamas recognize officially the great mystery of the transmigration of souls. From the commixture of human with divine duties and actions, works and ways, reflected by these miscellaneous notifications, we may plainly discern the working of a government which draws no fine metaphysical distinctions in treating the superintendence and authoritative direction of all beliefs and worships, the humblest as well as the highest, as an important department of imperial administration. Nor need we go back to a classical dictionary, or collect from all parts of the outlying world the grotesque fancies and practices of savage tribes, for evidence and examples of the connection between primitive and posterior forms of natural religion. We have here the chief stages and steps in religious evolution officially recorded and authenticated; we see the civil power dispassionately patronizing the whole series of beliefs and institutions, on the sole condition of retaining supreme authority over all of them.

In selecting, from this point of view, a few out of many notifications in the *Ga-*

settes of the last seven or eight years, we may begin with a report that illustrates the widespread notion, which lies at the root of all ghost worship, that the spirits of those who after death are left without the proper obsequies must be laid at rest by propitiation. This belief may be supposed to be as old as the time when men first began to bury, burn, or otherwise dispose of their dead kinsfolk or companions; and in China, where the wandering ghosts and hungry demons are innumerable, it is probably one of the original ideas out of which has been developed the paramount importance attached to the rights of sepulture. The present example is furnished by an incident of the French war against China in 1884.

The military high commissioner at Canton writes that in the recent campaign on the Tonquin frontier a terrible pestilence broke out among the troops, who were obliged to live in holes dug in the ground in order to avoid the large shells that burst over them. From ten to twenty thousand men died and were "laid in flocks like sheep" in great pits.

The memorialist would venture to remark that the soldiers in question, who were doing their duty in the ranks of battle and went forth on distant service with their lances on their shoulders, were the victims of a malignant poison, and died one after another, phantom fires playing over their lonely graves in a distant land into which their bones were thrown. The officers and men returning from Tonquin as they passed through Kuangsi, were unanimous in asserting that the cries of the ghosts of their dead men could be heard in the still watches of a cloudy night. Although their case may differ from that of soldiers killed in battle, they nevertheless gave their lives for their country, and are therefore certain of a place in his Majesty's compassionate heart.

In these circumstances it is proposed to require the regimental commanding officers to send up a list of all those who perished in this way, so that they may share in the marks of compassionate distinction already accorded to the soldiers who were killed in action. It is added that their omission has caused a feeling of disappointment in the army generally;

and the object of the report is to obtain equal honors for those who died on service with those who were killed in action; but the reason stated is the necessity of appeasing unhonored ghosts. A subsequent *Gazette* announces that the commander-in-chief in Hunan has allotted the rent of lands towards defraying the cost of periodical rites performed to the memory of men who fought and died under his command. He himself has never allowed the anniversary to pass without sacrificing to the spirits of his departed companions-in-arms.

In this context may perhaps be placed, as relating to military hygiene, a decree exhibiting the imperial concern for the health as well as for the spirits of the Chinese army. The decree reviews and commends a report of measures taken to chastise certain rebels in Hainan, confers upon the general, as a special decoration, a white jade thumb-ring and a dagger hilted with jade, and concludes thus:—

In view of the pestilential character of the country, as described by the Governor-General, in which operations are being carried on, her Majesty the Empress has been pleased to order that ten boxes of the pills known as *p'ing an tan*, or the pill of peace and tranquillity, which have been prepared for Imperial use, be bestowed on the officers and men of the force. These pills will be distributed by General Feng Tzutai, who will proclaim the Imperial will to the army under his command.

But since ten pill-boxes would scarcely go far against epidemic sickness among troops serving in unhealthy districts, it may be conjectured that her Majesty relied principally upon the honorific or possibly miraculous effects to be anticipated from this benevolent issue of medicine from her private dispensary.

If demon worship develops out of the fear of malignant ghosts, the following extract carries us a little further along the connecting line of superstitious usages. A memorial from the governor of Formosa describes an outburst of pestilence in the island, where the savage tribes, who suffered severely from the disease, "endeavored, according to their ordinary custom, to avert it by putting people to

death." The victims were Chinese; their heads were exposed in front of the houses of the murderers; and these outrages became so frequent in parts of the island as to be suppressed only after a petty war. Here we have one of the earliest forms of sacrifice and expiation representing the belief, which seems to be indigenous among all primitive societies, that some virulent plague, like the small-pox in India, is the literal embodiment of the wrath of an offended demon, who goes about like a wild beast seeking what he may devour, and whose hunger must be satiated by victims. In a later stage of the same belief we have the formal human sacrifice, when the victim is offered up according to settled ritual or custom. But the simple random killing of the first comer seems in the beginning to be sufficient; for in certain parts of India a mysterious and apparently aimless murder may be occasionally explained as the fulfilment of a secret vow to one of the fiercer divinities. From the expiatory assassinations of the Formosa savages, and from the universal Chinese practice of leaving out food to appease a ghost's hunger, up to the annual offerings and libations made by the Chinese emperors, to the sacrificial feasting and commemorative sharing of food, one may venture to trace in long succession the genealogy and gradual refinement of a natural religious idea.

That the plain unvarnished worship of ghosts, demons, and animals may be traced upward to the higher forms of anthropomorphic religion, is a well-known and well-evidenced theory, supported by the survival in the later stages of some incongruous habit or function obviously belonging to the earlier conceptions. A curious article in the *Gazette* seems to indicate that in China, as elsewhere, a man may be duly divinized according to advanced spiritual notions, while he retains an attribute or symbolic name that probably points backward to some anterior adoration of him under an animal form.

The governor-general at Foochow reports receipt of a petition with regard to a temple erected to the honor of one Kô Chang Kêng, canonized as the "White

Divine One," whose Taoist synonym is the White Jade Toad.

This individual was born in the Sung dynasty, and was skilled in literature and the art of medicine. In 1881 he was found responsive to prayer, and on application to his Majesty he was invested by imperial decree with the title of Divine Aider. Last year a long drought prevailed in the province, but after gatherings for prayer had taken place at his temple a bountiful rain was vouchsafed. The petitioners crave from his Majesty the bestowal of a votive tablet upon this saint, together with an additional title and the enrolment of his name on the list of worthies to whose manes sacrifice is offered.

The prayer is granted by decree; and thus, if any conjecture may be hazarded upon the indications afforded by such passages in the *Gazette*, the White Jade Toad of Taoism mounts higher in the order of divinities, becoming identified with a saint, assuming new titles and attributes that tend to disguise a humble or merely symbolic origin, and gradually dissolving connection with an obscure and somewhat ill-favored animal. The toad is understood to have originally earned divine honors by his reputed power of living for centuries, and by certain miraculous qualities which he thereby acquires. The Frog god of China is known to be the symbolical impersonation, by an easy association of ideas, of rain. It is clear that divine animals often become entangled in many accidental and arbitrary ways with legendary men; and since the fancies and queer incidents out of which fables shoot up among primitive folk are endless, any single explanation of animal worship must be utterly inadequate. One can only say that it is characteristic of the primitive races of man to feel an instinctive affinity with the creatures around them; their strong belief in the interchangeability of shape and habits between man and other animals may almost be thought to come from a kind of reminiscence of a common origin and cousinhood. Their minds accept no sheer division between monkeys and men, or between the manners of a bear and of some rude hunter clothed in a bearskin. Any accident or apparition would convert these floating impressions into the realization of the presence of a familiar spirit in some animal; while the very common belief that the souls of living as well as dead persons transfer themselves frequently into animal bodies may account for many of the complex worships and some of the mythical descents. But in China the

various shapes and significations of popular religion appear to be singularly complicated and interfused. The intelligent Chinese layman is understood to define his ordinary attitude towards the religions of his country by explaining that, not being a priest, he belongs personally to none of them, and consults impartially any saint or god, shrine or temple, whose response may be expected to remedy his grievance or fulfil his desire. Nor do the divine persons or emblems remain attached to a single liturgy; they are occasionally found crossing over into another rite, taking the higher or lower attributes and metamorphoses that are implied by the particular cult or conception; and representing different religious constituencies accordingly.

It is obvious, however, that at a period when the productive forces of natural religion are in full vigor, a government which tolerates and even encourages a fantastic polytheism — undertaking only to regulate its practical operation, to run the spiritual electricity along manageable wires — must maintain strict watch over the manufacture and circulation of marvels, and upon pretenders to supernatural energy. The *Gazette* furnishes frequent examples of very vigorous dealing with unauthorized religious movements, such as are apt to breed tumults and sedition in all times and countries, particularly where the deities take an active part in all human enterprise. A bureaucracy which identifies the supernatural element so closely with administration must be prepared to find supernaturalism meddling with politics, and cannot afford to overlook the efflorescence of disorderly enthusiasm. According to Hobbes, the "feare of power invisible, feigned by the mind or imagined from tales publiquely allowed, is Religion; not allowed, Superstition." And "he that presumes to break the Law upon his own or another's dream or pretended Vision, or upon other fancy of the power of Invisible Spirits than is permitted by the Commonwealth, leaveth the Law of Nature, which is a certain offence, and followeth the imagery of his own or another private man's brain." These somewhat cynical maxims of the Leviathan have apparently been adopted as guiding principles by the philosophic rulers at Peking, where short and summary ways are taken against the disturbers, upon any such pretext, of public order.

A memorial from the Governor of Kweichow reports the capture in that province of the chief of a seditious gang, and his execution.

He was by trade a carpenter, who picked up in a ruined temple a mutilated book of incantations, and set up as a healer of diseases by the recitation of charms. He placed in his room a bowl of pure water, before which he engaged in worship, morning and evening, and further took to himself twelve disciples, who used to join him in daily worship. Having imbued these disciples with a number of theories and told them false stories which they took to be true, he ordered them each to take to themselves twelve other disciples, that these might again augment their numbers and raise a large following. Eventually it was decided to organize a rising, but before the movement could be well matured it came to the notice of the authorities,

who executed the unfortunate carpenter on the spot, leaving it doubtful whether the story of the intended rising was not invented as an excuse for getting rid of an enthusiast.

But in 1887 a religious impostor succeeded in stirring up an actual outbreak, which was put down by troops after a fight in which the leader of the insurgents was taken and immediately decapitated. From the subsequent examination of some prisoners before the judicial commissioners it appeared

that Chao the Ogre, as he styled himself, had persuaded his followers that he was gifted with supernatural powers and was in affinity with the spirit of a certain mountain. He told them that he could make fighting men and horses out of paper, and that he possessed a charm which, if eaten, would enable the partaker to do without food.

The inquiry closed with the decapitation of the witnesses as soon as their statements had been recorded; and although the imperial decree commends highly the promptitude of the local authorities, yet to those versed in the methods of Oriental officialism this remarkable alacrity in taking off heads suggests an uneasy suspicion that some tangible grievance or maladministration lay at the bottom of the commotion.

The Governor-General of Chihli reports that, in obedience to imperial edict, he has succeeded in capturing certain members of a heterodox sect, who have been in the habit of worshipping an imaginary being, and unsettling the public mind by other superstitious observances. The ringleaders of the sect, when examined, stated that their society was divided into four branches, named after the four cardinal points, and met together four times a year for worship. Nothing beyond this could be established against the sect. . . . The two ringleaders have been sentenced, according to the law on the subject, to be sent

to Urumtsi as slaves to the soldiery; the rest to punishments less severe.

In this condition of the public mind, when the unbounded credulity of a vast population has to be humored and yet to be controlled, a prudent government will look closely to the promulgation of the laws against contraband wonder-working. The *Gazette* publishes a memorial from a member of the Court of Censors, referring to the laws enacted by the present imperial dynasty in severe prohibition of supernatural stories intended to delude the masses, and interdicting "the fabrication of heterodox and strange wonders by a vicious priesthood for the bewilderment of simple folk." His Majesty's attention is then drawn to a great assemblage of men and women that is held at a certain temple, where it is given out that the genii gather together, and where women sit at night in the corners of the building in order to see fairies. All this, the memorialist declares, is clean against faith and morals; and he asks "how, in the centre of enlightenment and civilization, can such doings be tolerated?" Upon this a decree issues, condemning and prohibiting them.

The fabrication of legends by the Buddhist and Taoist priesthood for the beguilement of the multitude, as well as the admission of women into the temple for the purpose of burning incense, are alike prohibited by law.

Returning to the orthodox views and practices, we may observe that the general aim and tendency of the *Gazette* notices is toward enlisting the divine influences on the side of public utility and public morals. If plagues and earthquakes occur, they are part of Heaven's design, to be interpreted by reference to human sins and shortcomings. The censor of the Fakien circuit, reporting on the casualties caused by a recent earthquake, shapes his conclusions upon the system of a *savant* of the Han dynasty, who, in explaining the operations of the five elements, traced all physical calamities to the actions of men. The censor adopts this theory as reasonable and probable, seeing that ever since the Taeping rebellion frequent calamities have visited the empire, and that, in spite of the constant imperial exhortations, few of his Majesty's servants honestly do their duty. Of late years there has been so much especial laxity in the province recently afflicted, that the reporter cannot avoid suggesting this remissness of the executive as a probable cause of the disaster. One might have supposed that of all sublunary ills an earthquake would be

most difficult to bring home to the account of a government, unless it should be taken to indicate defective grasp of the situation and a certain degree of ministerial vacillation. Yet the Chinese *Gazette* finds in this incident an excellent occasion for reading the people a moral lesson against disaffection; so that between the caprice of the gods and the iniquities of men in this and previous existences, the share of responsibility for national misfortunes to be eventually accepted by the temporal ruler may be considerably reduced.

What, then, is the system upon which this immense structure of supreme authority in all departments has been built up and is maintained? In the Chinese government the temporal and spiritual powers, instead of leaning toward different centres, meet and support each other like an arch, of which the emperor's civil and sacred prerogative is the keystone. The emperor is himself the son of Heaven; he performs the highest sacrifices as pontiff for the nation; and the official hierarchy includes the chief Buddhist and Taoist ecclesiastics, graduated according to spiritual rank and attributes. The head of the Taoist priesthood is the Heavenly Master, in whose person the spirit of one of the earliest Tao mystics has its official residence. According to M. de Groot,* this high priest from time to time revises the list of urban and municipal deities, striking out those whom he thinks fit to remove, and usually filling up the vacancies by the promotion of mandarins recently deceased. But these changes are all submitted for precedent sanction to the Board of Worship.

Tous les ans le pape communique au ministre la liste des mutations qu'il se propose de faire dans le personnel divin; et ce n'est qu'après avoir été nanti de la confirmation ministérielle de ses décisions qu'il porte celles-ci à la connaissance des autorités provinciales.

These urban gods are, it should be explained, neither more nor less than divinized men; they represent the post-mortem promotion of distinguished officials to the rank of tutelary deities; they are clothed in official dress, and are all in a manner subordinate to the spiritual lord mayor at Peking. They are consulted by the local judges, who pass the night in their temple for meditation over a peculiarly difficult case; and their importance as functionaries is in no wise diminished

* Etude concernant la religion populaire des Chinois (Annales du Musée Guimet, 1886).

by death, since each municipal deity is the agent or *chargé d'affaires* within his municipality for the God of Hell, to whom all misdeeds are by him regularly reported. It is also his duty to arrest and despatch guilty souls to their appointed place of punishment below. A similar organization presides over the village community, where one of the more venerated elders is first revered as an ancestor, and imperceptibly takes rank on the spiritual Board of Guardians. And just as these powerful local divinities virtually hold office at the State's pleasure, so also the Lamaist representatives of Buddhism depend for recognition of their successive embodiments upon the imperial mandate or *congé d'élire*.

We can now understand how this unexampled position of the imperial government enables it to exercise such formal and deliberate control, through the Board of Censors, over disorderly spiritualism and all undesirable manifestations of superstitious reverence for the dead. A decree, passed upon a protest by the censors against certain sacrificial honors that had been unduly paid to a deceased magistrate, points out that these honors necessarily imply official recognition of public merit, and directs that no application for them be transmitted until the claims of the dead man shall have been carefully verified. And another decree publishes a long report in which the Board of Ceremonies make their recommendations as to the limitations to be placed upon the canonization of deceased officials. They find, after consulting the dynastic institutions, that the erection of special temples in honor of defunct worthies is the peculiar prerogative of the throne, and that the privilege of doing worship to provincial officers within their own (late) jurisdiction was extended to the provinces by a recent order in council, having formerly (as it seems) been confined to the metropolia. Various suggestions follow regarding the class and kind of distinction to be conferred in ordinary cases, with special rules as to persons killed in battle or in resisting seditious revolts; so that one almost begins to doubt whether, after all, the Chinese system of posthumous honors differs greatly, except in outward form and treatment, from the pantheons, mausolea, epitaphs, and memorial statuary so common in Europe. But in the Western world these things have now become purely commemorative; nor

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death;

whereas in China the images, the tablets, the annual offerings of flowers, the *Gazette* notifications, are actually intended, according to their popular meaning, for the gratification of illustrious spirits, and to conciliate them by compliments. And since worship and wonder-working react upon and stimulate each other, the promotion of a notable spirit to be a demigod, and thence to the full rank of a divinity in charge of some great human interest, is found to be a simple matter of notoriety, popular credit, and court favor.

The meritorious official appears, indeed, in the *Gazette* nearly as often after death as before, with little change of duty or even of character; since the fact of titles and decorations being still showered upon him indicates that even by putting off this mortal body one does not always become perfectly incorruptible. The special commissioner for the survey of the Yellow River writes that "the deceased high officers who have been canonized as saints of the river have appeared in different shapes on the water's surface at times of imminent danger from its rise." While one particular breach was under repair, a deceased worthy, named Pai Ma Chiang, was constantly present; and at a critical moment, when the embankment was giving way, he calmed down the flood by a most timely apparition, whereby he has justly merited an additional title, "in recognition of his services to mankind." Another memorial claims honorary titles for a spirit who guarded the fields from a swarm of locusts; while a famous virgin, who served in the army like Joan of Arc, and died in great honor, is reported for decoration on the ground of having twice (since her death) saved a fort that was besieged by rebels. There is also a decree conferring honors on the original discoverers of a salt spring, who had for centuries become the tutelary deities of the locality, and who are now officially recognized. And we have numerous edicts prescribing ritual, and insisting on the decorous and exact performance of the periodical sacrifices.

En Chine, donc, un dieu est l'âme d'un mort, qui au lieu de ne recevoir les hommages que des descendants du défunt, reçoit des honneurs et des offrandes de la nation entière ou d'une partie considérable de la nation, avec la sanction du grand prêtre de l'empire.*

We have here, in short, a strong corroboration of the theory promulgated long ago by Euhemerus, which was also posi-

tively affirmed by the Christian apologists who stood face to face with heathendom — that the gods of polytheism were deified men. The sources of superstitious phantasy are innumerable, fortuitous, and in the highest degree variable; nevertheless the Euhemeristic hypothesis does seem to gain ground with the extension of accurate inquiry; in India it is largely supported by direct observation, while in China it not only rests upon ample evidence, but is officially attested. We find there the earliest and latest stages of deification joined in a connected series; we have at the bottom a universal worship of ghosts, partly ancestral and commemorative, and in part propitiatory; while at the top we have the full-blown adoration of ancient men who now preside, as lofty deities, over the operations of nature or the interests of society. No one contests the authentic descent, either of the ghost or of the god, from the common stock of humanity. The biographies of the God of War and the Goddess of the Seas, two deities of the first rank in the Chinese Pantheon, are said to be on record in the public archives; there appears to be no more doubt as to their human antecedents than as to the identity of the mandarin who died last year with the urban deity in whom his spirit now resides. The deities generally are no less historical personages than the saints of a European calendar, than St. Denis, St. Dunstan, or St. Thomas of Canterbury; and their earthly origin seems in no way to affect their popular reputation. But since in China the right of canonization and the conferment of all celestial honors are retained by the State in its own hands, neither sanctity nor even supernaturalism appears to acquire for its possessors any political independence. And the foregoing extracts from the *Gazette*, which might easily be multiplied, show the vigilant solicitude with which the imperial government upholds its prerogative of supremacy and strict superintendence over polytheism in all its branches.

Against this vagrant and inorganic natural religion the Buddhist Church stands out in strong relief as an organized sacerdotalism, with a fixed canon of scriptures, monastic orders, an imposing ceremonial, and a grand tradition. Yet over this Church the State exercises a superintendence that is in its outward aspect no less strict and imperious. It is well known that Tibet, the chief seat and sanctuary of northern Buddhism, is a province governed by the Buddhist lamas in political

* De Groot, ii. 657.

subordination to the Chinese Empire; and the reality of the home rule vested in these priests has been proved by the recent war which they began and waged against British India quite independently of the Peking Foreign Office. Every succession to the chief offices in this hierarchy is in form the simple transmigration of a soul; nevertheless it is treated as an appointment requiring confirmation by the Chinese sovereign. The Dalai Lama, or head of the Church, who is co-regent of Tibet, is chosen, as is commonly known, upon each vacancy by the process of discovering the mortal body in whom the spirit of his immediate predecessor, when evicted by death from his former tenement, has taken up its abode. Two or three very young children are produced, whose birth has been accompanied by marvellous sights and sounds, and in whom have been observed signs of preternatural wisdom and an air of strange, unearthly dignity. The records of prodigies and miraculous indications are compared and duly verified by the imperial commissioners; the divine intention is also ascertained by casting lots; and finally a report is submitted not unlike the "Relatio" of miracles drawn up by the Roman theologians when a papal bull is to issue for the canonization of a saint.

Then comes, in the *Gazette*, the order for installation.

Memorial from the Imperial Resident at Lassa announces that a day has been fixed for the enthronement of the incarnation, and that the High Treasurer has respectfully solicited that the re-embodiment of the thirteenth generation of the Dalai Lama, having now attained the age of four years, and being possessed of extraordinary spirituality and intelligence, the spirits have now been reverently appealed to, and Buddha has been solemnly invoked by genuine and earnest divination. The result has shown that the only superlatively auspicious date is the 31st of July; and on this day it is proposed to go forth to meet the re-embodiment and bring him to Mount Potala for enthronement.

A decree follows, sanctioning the enthronement and the presentation of the usual gifts; whereupon the resident reports that the imperial gifts have been placed under a yellow canopy in a certain temple, "where they will be received by the re-embodiment kneeling on his knees, and prostrating himself with his face to the palace in thanks for the Heavenly bounty." In the mean time another decree finally disposes of the case of a re-embodiment that had *not* been officially

authorized, for there had been some trouble about the reappearance in a certain person, with a very long name,* of the spirit of the Nomën Han, or prince of the religious law (a high Buddhist dignitary), who, in a previous reign, had committed offences so serious that the privilege of successive births into the world had been withdrawn from him forever, and who "perfected his repose"—*i. e.*, departed this life—about 1844.

We have now received a memorial from the Military Governor of Ili, stating that the Tibetan Lamas with the chiefs of the tribes (who are willing to provide 1,000 horse for the public service) begged that we would allow Awang to become a Lama. We grant him permission to join the priesthood and return to Tibet, there to study the sacred writings; but the request that he shall be recognized as the embodiment of the Nomën Han is refused.

Ili is that province in the far north-west of Mongolia which the Russians for some time occupied, but afterwards restored to China, and this semi-condonation of the spirit's iniquities in a preceding existence is evidently given upon political considerations. The case affords some measure of the vast territorial range of these pretensions to spiritual autocracy, and of their use in strengthening the imperial influence among the distant border tribes. Not the faintest hesitation on the point of authority can be traced in these decrees; the temporal sovereign deals absolutely with the ghostly chiefs; the embodiments are treated formally as sacred mysteries and practically as conventional fictions that are useful under due control; while the publication of all these proceedings in the *Gazette* keeps this aspect of the relations between Church and State well before the people, by whom it is probably appreciated and obediently accepted.

There can be little doubt that this system of bringing both the living and the dead, men, ghosts, and gods, equally within the imperial prerogative must help to confirm and perpetuate that fusion and intermixture of human and divine affairs, that indistinctness of the dividing line between the two spheres of existence, to which reference has already been made. A recent English writer has ingeniously twisted certain Scriptural expressions and metaphors into a chain of evidence to support an hypothesis of natural law in the spiritual world which would square very well, in many respects, with the pop-

* Awang Chiamobalch'uch'engchiata'o. This seems to be the man mentioned by the Abbé Huc, in his work on Tibet, as a wily intriguer.

ular Chinese notion of the subjection of spirits to human statute. For the Chinese also believe that the law of visible nature extends to the world of spirits; and if the imperial ordinances do not actually run in the realms below, they have at any rate to be obeyed by all who desire to revisit the upper regions. And one obvious consequence of being incessantly under such a dispensation, in such an environment, is that many of the Chinese myths and fables bear an administrative character, and are founded on the fancy, serious or sarcastic, of a Plutonic bureaucracy and a well-organized official system in Hades. A few years ago Mr. H. Giles brought out, under the title of "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio," a translation of the most popular story-book in China. It opens with a tale headed "Examination for the Post of Guardian Angel," relating how a graduate having been mysteriously summoned before a board of examining deities, apparently presided over by the God of War, was appointed guardian angel in Hunan. As this was equivalent to promotion into the next world, because the qualification for angelship is death, he pleaded hard for a respite, and was allowed to put off joining his post for nine years; whereupon he awoke as out of a trance, tarried nine years longer in life, and passed away quietly at the appointed time. There is also an odd tale of a man whose degree was gained for him by a ghost; and another of certain *literati* who were sent for by Yen Lo, the ruler of Hades, to compose an inscription for a tower that he had erected there, and who showed no alacrity in obeying this euphemistic summons to depart hence. From another story it appears that although devils are ordinarily commissioned by the Chinese Pluto to convey messages from below, yet since they are unable, like fish out of water, to endure beyond a short time the light and air of the earth's surface, the authorities of hell and purgatory are often obliged to press the souls of living men into temporary employ. It is also necessary to disembody a soul whenever some one is wanted to do an errand from earth to Hades, because the devils do not take orders from an earthly official; and while a diabolic messenger can only communicate with mortals by assuming some phenomenal human form, so the soul cannot make its journey to the shades below except by leaving its body behind in a cataleptic condition, awaiting return. We have thus a constant interchange of states through the facility of disembodyment and

the incessant re-appearance of spirits and wandering ghosts in various shapes and rôles, making personal identity uncertain, mingling apparitions and *revenants* with the palpable human crowd, and familiarizing the mind with the sense of frequent passage to and fro, as if the gates of life and death stood always open.

Mr. T'aiing Ping, "who took the highest degree in the year 1661," had the misfortune to lose his soul, which escaped one day like smoke from a chimney, and was unable to find its way back to its mortal tenement. The lost spirit found a Buddhist priest sitting by the roadside, who recommended him, as a scholar, to apply to Confucius and the God of Literature, by whom the case seems to have been specially laid before Buddha himself, who at last gave him a guide to show him where his body still lay. The story is noticed here because it introduces the representatives of three religions as consulted in the matter, although the last and highest place is allotted to Sakya Muni, the Buddha. But perhaps none of these fables bears more instructively upon the point for which they are now quoted than the anecdote (in a note) of the Emperor T'ai Tung, whose soul visited the infernal regions and promised to send Yen Lo (Pluto) a melon.

When his Majesty recovered from the trance into which he had been plunged, he gave orders that his promise was to be fulfilled. Just then a man named Lin Chu'an observed a priest with a hairpin belonging to his wife, and, misconstruing the manner in which possession of it had been obtained, abused his wife so severely that she committed suicide. Lin Chu'an himself then determined to follow her example, and to convey the melon to Yen Lo, for which act he was subsequently deified.

Nor is this the only instance of deification for personal service to an emperor. It is related elsewhere that an emperor of the Ming dynasty, to whom shaving was most painful, was one day attended upon by a person who shaved him with such miraculous ease that a large reward was at once offered to the operator, who then revealed himself as an ancient sage canonized, and demanded admission to the higher order of State divinities. His claims to official apotheosis as the God of Letters were admitted, and the foregoing legend explains why he is also the patron saint of Chinese barbers.

Two distinct yet closely allied conceptions may be traced in these stories, which are mentioned here because they may be taken to represent the rudimentary forms

of imaginative belief that expand later into the grand processes of deification registered in the *Gazette*. The first is the idea that a person who falls into a swoon or deep sleep has been possibly placed on some incorporeal duty, or is visiting that extra-mundane region which can only be reached by putting off this mortal vesture of humanity. It is the notion of the adventures of a soul in dreamland being real. The second conception carries us from the domain of sleep to that of death, his twin-brother and co-regent; for in one sense death is to a race no more than sleep is to the individual; there are incessant interruptions of consciousness as the generations pass, but the body corporate survives and is strengthened, while the ideas, feelings, and habits are transmitted unbroken. According to this latter conception, messages may be sent to Hades by men who shall have been specially despatched there by death, or who shall have departed this life on some particular duty in that quarter. We all know that these are two very ancient, almost ubiquitous, ideas, which have ramified widely into various modes and expressions of primitive superstition, and have had a long development in the history of religions.* The notion that the soul leaves the body during a trance or lethargy lies, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, at the root of conceptions of a second life after death; a soul may go and return, until to the body it finally returns no more, but it nevertheless exists and can be communicated with in an invisible region beyond. To that region, whenever a message is to be sent, the second idea of liberating some unlucky soul from its body, naturally follows among those with whom human life is of no more account than spilt water. It is upon authentic record that human beings were formerly slain in China at the obsequies of great persons, though the practice, which was evidently the survival of earlier tribal customs, softened down into the milder form of voluntary self-sacrifice, usually by self-inhumation with the deceased. It then entered the symbolic and fictitious stage, when the custom of interring with a corpse images of wood or of straw became universal; until it now seems to have dwindled down into the burning of paper dolls at a funeral. And thus, from the bloody immolation of victims at the funeral of a savage warrior, up to the

tranquil self-sacrifice of the Chinaman, who agrees in remorseful expiation to accommodate his sovereign by delivering a present in Hades, one may trace the upward modification in form and sentiment of this antique custom, which, in the present writer's opinion, indicates one of the principal and earliest motives of human sacrifice. In a ruder society poor Lin Chu'an would have been violently despatched to the infernal gods; while under the civilized Chinese *regime* it is at least assumed decorously that he happened to be going that way on his own affairs, and might do the emperor's bidding without personal inconvenience. Among savages the "other self" is occupied during a swoon in some congenial manner — usually brutal or absurd; among the Chinese it is passing an examination, discharging municipal functions, or engaged in some other business that accords with the day-dreams of a highly educated and much governed people.

It is easy to perceive how all this vivid realization of two existences with similar environment and occupations may fall in with and support the cardinal political theory of the subordination, for all administrative purposes, of things spiritual to the temporal authority. For if the two states of being so much resemble each other, if intercourse between the two worlds is not much rarer than between two strange countries, and if the spirits who haunt the visible world are merely disembodied men whose previous history is perfectly well known, and who are open, now as formerly, to official manipulation — this leaves little room for pretension on sacerdotal or supernatural grounds to independence of the sovereign power. Hades itself can be treated like Tibet, as an outlying province of the empire under a mysterious kind of hieratic home rule; and, within the emperor's terrestrial dominions at any rate, any tendency of spiritual persons, disembodied or divinized, to insubordination or local disaffection would be inconsistent with their accepted position under his government. As politicians who can command success do not always trouble themselves to deserve it, so a potentate who bestows distinctions upon divinities need not be at the pains of securing their approbation or mitigating their anger by any such self-humiliation as has been practised by priest-ridden kings. A simple tribal chief may prostrate himself before the god of his family or his mountain; but a mighty emperor, though he shows all decent rev-

* "From this ignorance of how to distinguish Dreams and other strong fancies from Vision and Sense, did arise the greatest part of the Religion of the Gentiles in times past" (Hobbes's *Leviathan*).

erence to established images and worships, has in fact more dignified ways of dealing with a great multitude of deities, among whom it is obviously necessary to uphold the authoritative principle that order is Heaven's first law. Here, again, it may be said, we may follow a primitive idea through the process of gradual refinement; beginning with the grotesque supplications of a savage to wandering ghosts or capricious spirits, and rising gradually to the high regulative ceremonial of the Chinese government. We see the gods improve steadily in form and function; the rites are organized and subjected to proper control; in short, we see religion, politics, and society keeping step and marching abreast as they submit to discipline and go through their evolutions. The cardinal fact of the religious system, the line that strings together all these formal changes, is the apotheosis of man; "the great idol of the pagans is deified humanity."

The religious polity of the Chinese is thus a powerful pagan realization of Hobbesism; and though it seems to have been carried further in China than among the empires of antiquity, we may conjecture that the principle has prevailed more or less in all governments that have had to deal with religion in its inorganic state — with natural religion, as it grows up out of the free exuberance of man's fears and fancies. In western Europe, where we have been for centuries accustomed to treat religion metaphysically, it may be surprising to find that even towards polytheism a government should be able to assume so dictatorial and cynical an attitude. But we have to remember, in the first place, that polytheism has in fact never been treated seriously by statesmen or philosophers, except possibly by the English in India; and secondly, that this practical way of handling it is warranted and partly explained by a right appreciation of the ideas which, from the day of classic paganism, underlie the popular worship.

Piety, says Euthyphro, in his dialogue with Socrates, "is an art which gods and men have of doing business with each other." * And so in the *Pekin Gazette* we find the ritual and worships of polytheism treated as the art of dealing with the unintelligible influences and incalculable forces by which the ignorant multitude finds itself to be surrounded. So long as these forces are believed to be more or less under the influence of the beings who

rise to distinction in the domain of ghosts and spirits, this art consists mainly of propitiation, by prayers, gifts, and honors; and when wider experience and more accurate observation of consequences prove this method to be at least uncertain, religion tends naturally to withdraw within the sphere of metaphysics and morality. For morality, being a generalized experience of the right way of living, may in this sense be regarded as a wise and far-seeing appreciation of the conditions of the struggle for existence; the moralist utilizes the blind forces reasonably instead of battling against them; they are made conducive to human welfare, like a river that is drawn off to turn a water-mill. In the same manner the Chinese government, conscious of its inability to dam up or disregard the floods of superstition which saturate the Chinese people, endeavors to treat this kind of religion as a natural phenomenon like the rains or the shifting rivers, and makes the best of it by taking the matter under executive control in order to direct the inundations into fixed channels.

There has of late been much speculation, in books and lectures, regarding the origin and evolution of natural religion; and the outlying corners of the earth have been ransacked for any myth, legend, custom, or fanciful delusion that may be supposed to throw light upon the connection between the earlier and later superstitions. If it were possible for any one to make a comparative study, within the countries themselves, of the popular religions now existing in India and China respectively, the results would be probably far more instructive to the scientific inquirer than collections of dubious folklore or the idiotic stories told by Digger Indians and Esquimaux. Here in eastern Asia we may see two societies of first-class magnitude, resting upon high antiquity and continuous traditions, in one of which natural religion has for centuries been under the moulding hands of a powerful priestly caste, by whom polytheism is fostered and humored as the embroidered veil of certain profound inner truths and doctrines that lie behind it. In the other country the State, not the priesthood, has assumed the supreme direction of divine things, and the deep, metaphysical background is necessarily wanting. In both countries the polytheism seems to have this common characteristic, that it has come down to the present day from time immemorial without essential change; that it has grown up and still flourishes freely

* Dialogues of Plato (Jowett's translation).

and naturally, as it was in the *Juventus Mundi*. The primordial ideas as to the nature of the gods, and their ways with men, survive side by side with the loftiest liturgies, with philosophy, with rationalism; the simplest rites are practised more or less by all classes, indiscriminately and good-humoredly; it is like a religious fair open to all who cater for the amusement, the astonishment, or the credulity of the crowd. To the Chinese man of letters or the Hindu transcendentalist, as formerly to the cultivated Roman of the empire, the inconsistency and multiplicity of beliefs and worships present no administrative or intellectual difficulty. One explanation is found in the confluence of races and deities under a single great territorial dominion; for trade and conquest, military or commercial expeditions, the opening out of new communications, the annexing of new provinces, all tend to cross, complicate, and multiply the myths and forms of worship, so long as the world practises free trade in religious things. We all know how the importation of strange gods and foreign rites produced the confused polytheism of the Roman Empire; where, however, it fell so far below the rising intellectual level of civil society that it was easily swept away by Christianity. Then came a reverse process, when religion attained its highest elevation and civil society relapsed into barbarism. From the period when Christianity and Islam made a partition of the provinces of the dismembered Roman Empire, these two great militant and missionary faiths have for centuries been treating all other worships in a manner unknown, it may be said, to the præ-Christian world; stamping out obscure rites and indigenous deities; extirpating them utterly by fire and sword. Remembering that the destruction of paganism and the tremendous conflicts of rival religions are facts of capital importance in the history of the nations from Ireland to the Indus, we may well regard with attentive curiosity the spiritual condition of a country like China, in which no such events seem ever to have happened on any great scale before the Taeping rebellion of our own era. And now that England has added to her Indian sovereignty a great Indo-Chinese kingdom, peopled by Buddhists, it may be worth her while, for reasons which concern our administrators, to consider whether the modern State policy of leaving a religion to shift for itself is universally applicable or particularly appropriate.

A. C. LYALL.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is a tale of the Indian Mutiny. The eight days are those extending from the 8th to the 15th, both inclusive, of the month of May in the year 1857, the year in which that "devil's wind," as the people of the land themselves most appropriately term it, arose, and blew with most destructive violence.

That year had dawned gloriously on British India. Its January sun looked down on a splendid dominion, apparently most securely established. By the conquest of the Punjab, the East India Company had extended its sway to the furthest western limits of the great peninsula. It was now supreme and rival-less throughout the length and breadth of India. The splendid proconsulship of the Marquis of Dalhousie had just come to a close. It had been made illustrious by the triumphs of peace and war. Great victories had been won, new kingdoms conquered, great public works undertaken, great administrative measures introduced. The new governor-general, Lord Canning, had begun his reign under the happiest auspices.

Then a little cloud appeared in the bright sky. The 19th Regiment of Native Infantry, quartered in Bengal, not very far from Calcutta, mutinied. The rifle was now being introduced into the native army, and with it came a new cartridge. The weapon was still a muzzle-loader, the top of the cartridge had still to be bitten off as before, and the rumor had got abroad that the new cartridge was lubricated with a composition containing the fat of cows and pigs. How could the sepoy put his lips to that? No explanations or assurances sufficed to pacify him or satisfy him. No; it was a deliberate plot against his religion and caste. He refused to use the new weapon. The regiment had to be disbanded. This was in the last week of February. In the last week of March took place a similar refusal on the part of another regiment lying in the immediate vicinity of Calcutta, and then came the first shedding of blood, English and native. The spirit of mutiny displayed itself next a thousand miles away — showing how quick was the intercommunication among the men — at the great military station of Umballa. Incendiarism

was soon rife there; the torch, the weapon of discontent, in active play.

Then in the last week of April the men of the 3rd Regiment of Regular Cavalry, quartered at Abdoolapore, another very large military station situated sixty miles to the eastward of Umballa, but on the other side of the Jumna, had refused to go through their carbine drill, refused to touch the cartridges actually in use. Men looked grave at this. Here was no new weapon, no new cartridge. The cloud was indeed widening and throwing a darker shadow. The government had done its best to allay the fear, real or pretended, so fearful to itself. It had issued manifesto after manifesto; there was nothing objectionable now in the lubricating material of the new cartridges. The sepoy refused to believe it. This was mortifying; but let the sepoy then have the cartridge plain, and dip it in wax and oil himself; whereupon the sepoy said the paper was tainted. Then the government had the paper analyzed—a thoroughly English idea; and then the sepoy laughed—the analysis had been made by a servant of the government, by a Christian, an Englishman. What was to be done? The shadow was growing broader and darker. Mahomedan was joining with Hindoo. The cavalry regiments were composed chiefly of Mahomedans, as the infantry regiments were of Hindoos. If the Hindoo sepoy and the Mahomedan trooper put their hands behind their backs and refused to use their weapons, what had become of the Bengal army?

The result of the trial of the mutineers—as they were called on the one side, heroes on the other—is now being awaited with great anxiety. It is to be promulgated at Abdoolapore to-morrow.

Khizrabad, the principal scene of the events we have to deal with in our eight days' tale, lies forty miles from Abdoolapore. We have now to describe the main features of this ancient and famous city. They had a great influence on the course of the events we have to chronicle. To do so at once will save any break in the run of the narrative. Let the reader bear them in mind.

The circumvolution of Khizrabad presents a five-sided figure, of which one, the eastern, side extends along the bank of the river Jumna; the two sides running back inland from the ends of this eastern face from the north face and the south face, and the two walls adjoining the ends of these north and south faces make up the western face. About a mile from this

western face lies a rocky ridge, which runs almost parallel to it. Beyond the ridge stands the English cantonment, the dwelling-place of the latest conquering race, so different from the dwelling-place of any conquering race that has preceded it. The red sandstone battlements of the enclosed city were very lofty, as some of those whose adventures I have to follow were to find to their cost; the ditch below was very deep, and its sides very steep, as they were also to discover by uncomfortable personal proof.

These high walls, with their Pathan parapets, and honeycomb machicolations, and lofty gateways, and massive bastions, presented a very lordly and picturesque outline. On the wall running along the Jumna bank rested an interior palace-fortress, with still loftier battlements, and a still deeper ditch, whose sides were faced with stone, and yet more magnificent gateways. Within it rose the far-famed palace chambers of the Nuwābs of Khizrabad, a once wealthy and powerful race, ruling over a wide dominion, a fame of whose pomp and magnificence had once resounded through all the world. Opposite the palace-fortress, and forming the centre of the city, rose a great mosque, whose lofty, slender minarets were visible from many a league around. In each of the five faces of the town was a gateway known by the name of some city or country towards which the road passing through it led—as the Agra Gate, the Jumoo Gate, the Ajmere Gate; and also by some complimentary epithet, as the Splendid Gate, the Magnificent Gate, the Gate Beautiful. The gateways of the palace-fortress were very fine specimens of their class, a class in which the large-handed style of architecture of the Mahomedans has found such fitting display. They had one peculiar feature. Along their summit, above the lofty demi-vaults, between the lofty, flanking towers, extended a row of marble cupolas resting on slender sandstone columns. In the soft, early morning light, when everything else was dim and indistinct, these white cupolas stood out like little heaps of snow. They caught the eye high up in the air. They looked like a row of pearls. They lent a sudden aerial grace to the massive structure below.

In a line with the chief of these gateways lay the main street of the town, named Star Street, in order to give expression to the sense of its excessive brightness, of its sparkling beauty. In it were to be found congregated the shops

of the superior classes of tradesmen, whom the ancient splendor of the court of Khizrabad had brought into the city in such numbers — the diamond merchants, and the shawl merchants, and the dealers in cloth of gold; and the shops of the higher classes of handicraftsmen — the goldsmiths and the silversmiths and the workers in enamel, and the miniature-painters who have preserved to us the faces of the celebrated men and women of the East — of Akbar, of Roshunârâ Begum, of Shah Jehan, and of Sheikh Sâdi of Shiraz; here were to be seen the gay, tinsel-covered skull-caps of muslin or bright silk for the men, the gold-embroidered spangle-covered petticoats and trousers for the women; here were shops full of brightly-colored paper kites; shops full of bright, soft muslins, and the chintzes on which the same patterns have been imprinted for thousands of years; here were to be seen the gleaming braziers' shops.

The streets did not spread evenly on either side of this main one. The southern half of the city was the more densely populated; it was closely covered with streets and squares and alleys right up to the walls. But in the northern half were more open spaces — encamping grounds, caravanserais, detached mansions; gardens, royal and private; public buildings, with large enclosures, such as the Royal Filkhana, or "elephant-house;" and the Royal Topkhana, or "gun-house," *i.e.*, arsenal. This division of the city had an important bearing on the events we have to chronicle. In India we English people do not usually dwell within the walled cities of the land. The mode of life of the natives is too different from ours to allow of it. We live *by* Agra, or Lahore — not *in* them. We occupy that conquered land in open villas — a curious fact. But when we first obtained possession of Delhi, and of contiguous Khizrabad with it, these cities stood on the extreme boundary of our new dominions. Beyond lay foreign territory. Around was a lawless region, for the sceptre of the Nuwâbs of Khizrabad had long since lost its power, and become a symbol, not of law and order, but of lawlessness and disorder. In the vicinity were predatory states; along the banks of the Jumna lay lawless tribes — lawless always, as even at this present day, under our own strong rule; and the great western desert afforded facilities for the movements of organized bands of robbers. Thus, then, on our first occupation of Khizrabad, the usual arrangement of placing the military lines,

or cantonment, and the civil lines, which together make up the Indian "station," by the side of the native town, had been departed from. The cantonment had been so placed; but it had been thought more advisable, since the open spaces in the north side of the town afforded the means of doing so, to place our court houses, and record office and treasury, and the other usual public offices and buildings, within the safe enclosure of the city walls. And so the civil employés, especially those of the subordinate rank, built their houses here too. There, too, rose up the public hospital, and the post-office, and the government college, and the church. Many of the old buildings, public and private, had come into our hands and could be put to new uses. The judge's court was in one of them; the magistrate's office in another. The old Royal Topkhana, or arsenal, was kept to its original use, and became our magazine. This led to the dwelling within the city walls of the military men, the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, connected with this establishment. Then the members of the commercial classes, such few of them as there were, naturally took up their abode within the city walls too. Here the English general dealer and the English chemist had their shops. Here stood the Khizrabad Bank. So came about in this ancient Mahomedan city the unusual circumstance of a large English community dwelling within its walls. Its north end had become a well-filled English quarter.

Like all great cities, all great capitals, Khizrabad had its fair and foul, its black and white, its heights and depths in sharpest contrast. To it had flowed all that was worst in the State, as well as all that was best. If the stream of national life rose here in highest, brightest fountains, it also lay here in lowest, blackest pools. If the city had its bright gay squares and brilliant boulevards, it also had its foul back slums and noisome alleys. Its Alsatia was as renowned as its Star Street. That evil renown had grown to a great height in the later years of the Khizrabad sovereignty; during the period of its decay, when the virtues which had established the royal house of Khizrabad had left it; when indolence and folly and vice had taken the place of energy and wisdom; when the profligacy of the court had become flagrant and flagitious — then, more than ever, had the worst elements in the State flowed into its metropolis. Then to it, more than ever, came the vicious and the violent, the lewd and the lawless.

Then to it flocked the unworthy, and not the worthy. Then to it ran the pander and the pimp, the cheat and the sharper, the cut-throat and the strangler, the poisoner and the thief, the thug, the thimble-rigger, the dacoit. And that foul cesspool was still malodorous, high, and full. When we had deprived the Nuwábs of Khizrabad of their political power, we had still left them their nominal sovereignty. We had secured them an income which was smaller, of course, than the royal revenues of their earlier ancestors, but which was much larger than the income any of their more immediate predecessors had been able to command. They were still kings within the limit of their palace-fortress. And so there still continued to be in Khizrabad a licentious court; dissolute and extravagant young princes; spendthrift and profligate young nobles. She was still the gay metropolis, the city of pleasure. And if no longer as domineering or secure as before, her Alsatia, her Sheitanpara, or "Devil's Quarter," was still as full as ever. There was no lack of the devil's children in it, as will be shown in a day or two when it pours forth its ruffianry.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIDESMAIDS.

OUR story begins, then, on Friday, the 8th of May, in the year of our Lord 1857, with the firing of the gun placed by the side of the Flagstaff Tower on the ridge. This piece proclaims with loud voice three times a day the present dominion of the English. The chant of the muezzin floats forth from the aerial height of one of the soaring minarets of the Great Mosque, proud monument of the Mahomedan dominion, which may be said to subsist even now, for a descendant of the Great Moguls still sits on the throne of his ancestors; the king of Delhi is still king of Delhi. And the bellowing of shells and the tinkling of gongs come forth from the temples of the Hindoos, who still hold independent sway over a great portion of the land in which they, not very long before, very nearly re-established their ancient supremacy in the person of the Mahrattas, who then held the king of Delhi in thrall, as the English do now.

Sweet the sound of English church-bells; strange the moaning of the Hindoo conch-shell; mellow the vibration of the disk of metal sonorous of the great Burmese gong; but of all such sounds the finest is the voice of the high-placed

muezzin loudly proclaiming the greatness of God: "Allah-ho-Akber!"—"Allah-ho-Akber!"

The firing of the gun is the signal for awakening and movement, though the sun will not appear for a long time yet. Early rising is the rule in India, especially at this season of the year. Now do the English people hurry forth to take the morning air, to make the most of the cool, fresh morning hours. Some ride, some drive—every one possesses a horse or a vehicle of some kind. This is the active time of the day. Every one is now out of doors, for business, exercise, or pleasure. The doctors visit their hospitals, the engineers their roads or bridges. The little white-faced children are sent out with their bearers and ayahs.

One of the favorite places of resort in Khizrabad in the morning-time at this season of the year was the Ghiláni Bâgh, the large public garden which lay within the city walls, and between the city proper and the English quarter. Here, before the sun had risen, was to be found a cool, delicious freshness; and afterwards broad spaces of cool, dark shade. Here were to be found what most the heart longed for in this burning month of May—coolness, greenery, shade. And so of a morning you were sure to see here most of the prominent English people of the place. Now Mr. Melvil, the commissioner, the highest civil functionary, the local representative of the English government, drives his four-in-hand through it, or rides through it on one of his splendid Arab horses. Or old grey-haired Brigadier Moss, the highest military functionary, the brigadier in command of the station, will drive slowly through it in his big barouche, with old Mrs. Moss by his side. Fat, plethoric old Colonel Barnes, who commands the 69th Regiment of Native Infantry, one of the three regiments quartered in Khizrabad, will linger long in it, and enjoy its cool air to the last, even up to eight o'clock. Little wiry Major Coote, who is just now in temporary command of the 79th N.I., another regiment here, makes it the terminus of his walk—he is one of the very few who walk. And here on most days of the week, this not being the season for parades, are to be seen the bright, handsome face, and neat, well-cut little figure of Colonel Grey, C.B., a very rising officer, who commands the 3rd N.I., the Grenadiers, our remaining regiment. Old Dr. Campbell, the civil surgeon, widely known as Jock Campbell, who has been here for twenty-five years, passes

through on his way to his jail or his dispensary. Major Fane, the commissary of ordnance—*i.e.*, the officer in charge of the arsenal—is to be seen here every morning, for he has charge of the Gardens. In India men have charge of many things—play many parts. And here quite as regularly—for he lives in the Bank House, and that adjoins the Gardens—is to be seen Mr. Hilton, the manager of the Khizrabad Bank, with his military look and bearing; he was once in the army. And here, almost as regularly, is to be seen the Reverend Mr. Wynn, the military chaplain; he is sure to attract your attention, there is about his look and bearing so distinctive an air of birth and breeding, of refinement; there is on his handsome, finely featured, intellectual face so lofty and elevated a look, so ethereal and spiritual a look, as if there were already upon it a touch of that heaven towards which he pointed and led the way.

The favorite spot in the garden was that where the water-course, which ran through it and gave it its fertility, enabling it to present even in the hot weather the rare and delightful phenomenon of broad stretches of green grass, and which, taken off from the Jumna, at the point where it issues from the Himalayas, sixty miles higher up, rejoins it here below the city walls—the favorite spot was that where this watercourse made a graceful sweep through the "little wood" of a magnificent ancient banian-tree. The curve was very graceful; there was here a beautiful intermingling of various-shaped, and various-colored foliage; the sight of the water very pleasant. The glare-weary eyes rested on the grass slopes of the water-course, as a tired sleeper on a bed of down. Here were coolness, greenery, shade.

This morning the place is additionally beautified by the presence of a group of pretty English girls. Before talking of them, however, it is necessary to say a few words more concerning the spot itself. When that old tree was young, and stood a single solitary stem, a great forest extended around it. Then came cleared spaces, and the habitations of men. The years went by, and it grew and flourished, and extended itself, and the single stem became the centre of many. Then the walls of a great city rose up around it, but the tree was left untouched, protected by its sacred character, by its usefulness and beauty. And in the city, as in the forest, there was often around the banian a great hacking and hewing, not of trees,

but of men; and it is about to witness such a hacking again in a day or two. Then once more it had the companionship of its kind, and other trees grew up by its side and around it, for it came to form a part of the park and garden which the Nuwâb Abd-ul-Rahman Ghilâni, a Persian adventurer who had risen to be vizier, had placed around the palatial mansion he had erected for himself. Cultured Mahomedan noblemen quoted Hafiz and Sâdi in the shade in which the Hindoos had performed their idolatrous rites and the tired aboriginal hunter had laid him down to rest. The years rolled on so. Then came a change. The Christian took the place of the Mahomedan. Governors and lieutenant-governors took the place of viziers and nizams; Malcolms and Munros of Saadut Alis and Bahadur Khans; the East India Company of the Great Mogul. The tree had cast its narrow shadow over the rude aboriginal hunter, and its broader shade over the sturdy Hindoo ploughman and pretty slips of Hindoo womankind; and then its still broader shade over the polished Persian and the stout Afghan, and beauties from Cashmere; and now in its amplest shade, no more to be expanded, sit these fair daughters of the distant isle from which have come the latest conquerors of the land, these pretty, laughing English girls. It is with the fortunes of these girls, during the coming eight days, that we have chiefly to deal. But before speaking of them one other peculiarity of the spot has to be noted. At a certain hour every day the shadow of the topmost pinnacle of one of the minarets of the mosque just reached to it and passed over it, thus tracing out the passage of time with a ghostly finger.

It was quite a large group of girls. There were all kinds of pretty eyes—blue, brown, and grey; every kind of pretty mouth, and nose, and cheek, and chin. Every face was fair and had on it a sweet expression. On no one face was the expression disagreeable, bold, or shrewish, or peevish, or silly, but on all bright and sweet and kindly. On all was a frank, open, honest look, the clear bright look of good sound health; on all, the bloom of youth, the first sweet touch of womanhood. There was on them all the brightness of happiness and content. They all had happy homes; fond, proud parents, of whom they too were fond and proud. They were freed from the social jealousies which so much embitter life in England. They formed part of the highest social class in the land; they belonged

to the ruling race. (It is wonderful how much satisfaction that last can confer.) Their homes were not overshadowed by any pecuniary cares. They enjoyed all the advantages of wealth. They shared in a large and liberal mode of living. They had all the material adjuncts of happiness. They lived in large and well-furnished houses, had crowds of servants to wait on them. They had pretty dresses; carriages to drive in; horses to ride; books, music, a large circle of friends. They had plenty of amusement; they were made much of. The pathway of life lay before them very bright and shining.

The girl with the golden hair and the sweet blue eyes, the delicate aquiline nose and the lovely mouth, is Beatrice Fane; her beautiful countenance is an index to her beautiful character—mild, gentle, saintlike. She is a very daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair. She is standing at one end of the garden-seat, and her close-fitting riding-habit displays the beautiful outlines of her tall, slender figure to perfection.

Against the other end of the seat leans a young girl, one whose feet have only just reached the borderland where girlhood and womanhood meet. She is the very rosebud of that rosebud garden of girls. She has laughing blue eyes and a laughing red mouth. Her pretty cheeks are red, and her nose a little turned up. You would hardly take her to be Beatrice Fane's sister, but she is. This is Lilian Fane—sweet, merry, laughing Lilian Fane!

There are two girls seated on the bench. The one seated next the arm of it by which Beatrice Fane stands is Agnes Hilton. The doves and pigeons that circle round the heads of so many heroines of romance would not have served her for cognizance, but rather the falcon, strong of wing, fearless of eye. Her straight-looking, clear grey eyes express an absolute fearlessness. She has a beautifully formed, short, straight nose. Her upper lip is very short, and her mouth, if very firm-set, is outlined in beautiful curves. She has rather a page-boy look. Her figure is light, graceful, strong; she looks splendid, where she loves best to be, on horseback. She is also in a riding-habit. Mark how uprightly she sits.

On the other side of the pathway running along the bank of the watercourse stands Agnes Hilton's elder sister, Maud, also in a riding-habit. Her figure is more full than that of the others, broader shoulders, larger waist. The face also is of a

broader type. The low, wide, upright forehead, the straight nose running down in a line with it, the full but exquisitely chiselled lips are of the Grecian type. But it is not of the features that you think as you gaze intently, as perforce you must, on Maud Hilton's face, but of the expression. How impassive!—no, how calm and still!—no, how full of restraint and self-command! A passionate nature with a passionate self-control—that is your surmise, your reading, what is borne in upon you. Life to her cannot be level and flat, but all depths and heights. She will feel her joys and sorrows keenly; but she will not show the former, and will let the latter tear at her heart unseen. Her feelings of every kind will be intensified by this inward repression. The air of command on the firm, upright brow, the proud set of the lips, the intense look in the beautiful brown eyes, of which at first you note only the velvety softness, are full of strength—strength of intellect, strength of passion, strength of will. Something is said; she speaks—on the lips and in the eyes is a mixture of playfulness and tenderness and pathos; she ceases to speak, and the face becomes firm and hard again.

The other girl on the bench is May Wynn. She has not the great beauty of feature of some of the other girls there—Beatrice Fane, for instance—but to many her face would have seemed the most attractive; it combined in itself so many of the excellences of expression of the others—intelligence, kindness, gentleness, sweetness, steadfastness. She is not the oldest there, but she has the most womanly look; she has had that look almost from a child; her nature is intensely womanly. Every one of these girls has that excellent thing in woman, a soft voice; each one a good bearing and good manners; but May Wynn's voice is the sweetest, her bearing the most graceful, her manner the most winning. As the frequent laugh goes round you observe that they all enjoy the advantage of very good teeth also.

Such is the group of girls—a large one for the India of those days. They are all very young; Maud Hilton, the oldest, is only twenty; Beatrice Fane is nineteen; Lilian Fane sixteen; Agnes Hilton is eighteen; and May Wynn is eighteen, too.

This is a favorite place of resort, but the girls have met here this morning not accidentally, but by appointment. They are met in council; they are met to dis-

cuss a very important matter. Beatrice Fane is about to be married, and the other girls are to be her bridesmaids, and they have come together to settle what their dresses are to be — the marriage is now very near.

"I was thinking," says Beatrice, "that your dresses might be of cream-colored muslin trimmed with *écru* lace — deep, you know. Leghorn hats, or a coiffure of cream-colored plush, trimmed with *écru* lace of a deep shade."

They discuss this.

"Or what do you think of Korah silk dresses, trimmed with yellow velvet ribbon, and the same hats?"

"No; tulle bonnets, with yellow and white marguerites," calls out Lilian excitedly from the other end of the bench, on the arm of which she has now perched herself, and is dangling her legs to and fro.

They discuss that.

"Or what do you think of white French gauze trimmed with lace and white watered silk, with tulle veils fastened with pink feathers?"

"Too elaborate," says Agnes Hilton, who has a short and decisive mode of speech.

"And would they not be very expensive?" cries May Wynn, the housekeeper; she keeps house for her father, the Reverend Mr. Wynn already mentioned, whose income, or pay, as they call it in India, is not by any means so large as that of Major Fane or Mr. Hilton the fathers of the other girls.

"The bride alone should have a veil; it is the distinctive portion of her dress," says Maud Hilton.

Then Beatrice makes other proposals, and there is more discussion. Finally, as so often happens, the dress first proposed is the one finally fixed on, subject, of course, to the approval of the mothers, Mrs. Fane and Mrs. Hilton. May Wynn has no mother.

Japanese sentinels at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace; Japanese judges in the law courts; Japanese young gentlemen settling the differences between Scotch or Irish landlords and their tenants, and fixing the rent-rolls of the Duke of Argyll or the Marquis of Clanricarde — all this might seem strange to us. But English soldiers keeping guard in the palaces of Akbar and Shahjehan; young English officers making a "settlement" of vast estates; English "residents" guiding and controlling monarchs, rajahs and maharajahs and nizams — all this does not

seem strange to us. It is very curious to see how quietly the young English lad will settle down to his work, the work of ruling India, as if there was nothing extraordinary in it, nothing extraordinary in his little finger being thicker than the waists of nobles and princes, of rajahs and nuwâbs. So the fact of a group of English girls discussing details of dress in the heart of a great Mahomedan city, and in the shadow of the sacred fig-tree of the Hindoos, would not have seemed strange to any of the English residents of Khizrabad. The Mahomedans, perhaps, had their own thoughts on the matter.

"In July — you have not fixed the exact date yet?" says one.

"No; not yet," says Beatrice, the rose-bloom deepening on her cheeks of snow. "But as William wants us to be married as soon after the rains have set in as possible, it will probably be very early in July. Father and mother wanted us to wait until December. They said I had been with them for so short a time. But William would not hear of it."

"I do not know whether I should like a long engagement or a short one best," says Lilian, as she dangles her little feet to and fro. "It would be very nice to be engaged, to receive all the congratulations and presents, and to choose your trousseau, and to receive so much attention. But it must be very nice to be married too — to have your own house and servants —"

"And to order dinner," says Maud Hilton, with a smile.

"Yes."

"A long engagement," says May Wynn, "would enable the persons to know each other better; prevent a hasty and foolish marriage, than which nothing could be more terrible."

"Oh, I should not like a long engagement if it led to the marriage being broken off," says Lilian Fane, at which they all laugh, being very ready to laugh.

"I do not understand an engagement being broken off — on the part of the woman, at all events," says Maud Hilton, in her deep, quiet voice. "She should not enter into it if she does not love the man; and if she loves him, nothing can alter that, it must be once for all."

"People marry more than once — love more than once," says Agnes Hilton.

"I do not understand how they can," says Maud; "and that marrying again is to me incomprehensible — horrible. I do not think either man or woman ought to

marry again; their union ought to be to all eternity."

"Poor Miss Lyster's case shows how dangerous long engagements are," says Lilian. "You see she lost both her lovers, and was never married at all, and is now an old maid."

"Her first lover was killed in the Caubul war?"

"Yes."

"And her second in the Punjab campaign?"

"Yes."

"How terrible!" says gentle May Wynn.

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

quotes Maud Hilton from a favorite poem of hers.

"The second was the saddest case," says Beatrice Fane. "Miss Lyster kept putting off her marriage because she would not leave her invalid mother, and then he went on that campaign and was killed."

"It would have been better if she had married him, and she could have nursed her mother just as well afterwards," says Lilian.

"Has any one seen the mother, Mrs. Lyster?"

"Oh, no. No one now in the station has ever seen her. She keeps entirely indoors, and when people call only Miss Lyster receives them. Even Dr. Campbell has never seen her. They say she will not let an English doctor come into the house — not to see *her*."

"Then she cannot be very ill."

"Or treats herself."

"Some people get into the way of never leaving the house."

"But she will not see any one in the house — no English people."

"She may have taken a vow."

"Or be paralyzed, or bedridden."

"It is curious in how many families there is a mysterious mother whom no one ever sees," says Maud Hilton.

"We had an awful night last night," says Lilian Fane to May Wynn, sitting below her. "The second punkah coolie kept falling asleep." At this season of the year you are obliged to have the punkah in motion over your head during most of the hours you are out of bed, and during all the hours you are in bed, and it is pulled by relays of coolies. "Just as one got to sleep one's self this man fell

asleep, and then the mosquitoes began to devour one, and one awoke all hot and wet — drenched. It was terrible."

"They say the ice in the pits is failing, and that it will not last out for more than another month," says May Wynn. "We had not our full quantity yesterday."

"Nor had we. The butter was quite liquid, and the water tepid."

"No more iced water!" cries Lilian. "That will be awful — terrible!" She was fond of the use of those two words. She was to learn in a day or two that there are things more awful than tepid water, more terrible than the stopping of a punkah.

"Oh, here is father!"

From where she is sitting, or rather perched, she has command of the gardens. In fact, that is one reason why she has placed herself there. Her pretty eyes are roving eyes, and she likes them to have plenty of room to rove in. The others can only see to the end of the curve of the stream, or along the length of one of the pillared aisles of shade of the banyan-tree.

CHAPTER II.

AN INDIAN MORNING.

THE boom of the morning gun on its way to the valley of the Jumna passes over the extensive grounds of the stately mansion known as Melvil Hall. Melvil Hall had been built in the first years of our occupancy of the land, in the days when we took a proud, imperial view of our position in India, and not a shamefaced, apologetic, and deprecatory one, as we seem to do now; when a certain pomp and stateliness of living was deemed befitting in the representatives of the ruling power. Melvil Hall stood at the edge of the broken ground which forms the margin of the valley of the Jumna, and which some fifty miles lower down expands into a wide reticulation of ravines, and constitutes the most striking feature in the surrounding landscape. In the laying out of the grounds skilful use had been made of these hollows; one had been turned into a green and shady dell, another into a pretty winding lake, the sides of another cut down into terraces; they afforded the delights, so rare in the flat, alluvial plains of northern India, of looking on a slope, of walking down a declivity. The mansion itself stood at the top of a sharp slope, and the declivity had been got rid of by building up a row of separate lower rooms, the flat roof to which formed a fine broad terrace along one side of the house.

At one end of the magnificent verandah which runs along the whole length of its western side, a small table is set out with the *chota kharra*, or little breakfast, the early morning meal. Mark the costly, dainty appointments: the heavy, handsome, old-fashioned silver tea-service; the china, light and transparent as an egg-shell; the linen, so beautifully fine and white. And white as driven snow are the flowing garments of the long-bearded old khansaman who is standing by the side of the table; he is a tall, well-built, handsome man, with a peculiarly mild and benevolent cast of countenance; his name is Rahman Khan. His snowy white beard and hair indicate extreme old age; he has served the Melvil family for forty-five years, and began that service in this very house shortly after it had been built by the present occupant's grandfather.

The sound of the morning gun has hardly died away as Mr. Melvil walks down the verandah towards the breakfast-table. He has a short but well-built figure; he walks with a peculiarly quick, firm step; he was the best runner and jumper of his day, the day also of Tom Brown, who has made due record of this fact in his "School Days," at Rugby. He has a full, upright forehead, keen, sharp eyes, a firm-set mouth. There is a certain neat elegance in his dress. In his bearing you may read a quiet pride.

Mr. Melvil is the commissioner of Khizrabad. The reader may perhaps remember that at that time Sir John Lawrence was the chief commissioner of our then last acquired kingdom of the Punjab, and that at this present time a chief commissioner rules over our now last acquired kingdom of Burmah. "The district" is the territorial unit of our rule in India; it is ruled over by a magistrate and collector, or by a deputy commissioner; a group of districts constitutes a division, which is ruled over by a commissioner; the united divisions make up the province, or presidency, ruled over by a governor, or lieutenant-governor, or chief commissioner. The post of commissioner is, therefore, a high one — was one of more than usual importance at Khizrabad, because the incumbent of it was a political agent as well, by virtue of being in charge of the nuwab of Khizrabad and his affairs. It is a characteristic feature of our rule in India that those high and important administrative posts of collector and commissioner are not held to involve any political, but only administrative functions. The collector is a prefect, not a pro-consul.

An Indian district is held to be as much out of the region of foreign politics as an English county. There is a separate political department which deals with the "Native States," and such like political matters. Mr. Melvil looks very young for so high a post. In those days men did attain much earlier to these high offices, were thus the better trained and fitted for the highest. But Mr. Melvil's promotion was rapid, even for those days, and was due partly to strong family interest, but mainly to his merits, which were eminently bureaucratic.

The meal despatched with characteristic rapidity, Mr. Melvil, before riding forth to do the outdoor work which precedes his important and laborious indoor duties, proceeds to make his usual morning inspection of his own establishment. The out-offices, situated as far as possible from the house, form a large and populous square. Here are the fowl-house, and the sheep-house, and the goat-house, and the cow-house, and the tealery, and the quailery, and the columbarie, and the extensive godowns, and all the other adjuncts of a large Anglo-Indian establishment of the olden time. Here are the fine stables, with their long rows of stalls, all well filled, for Mr. Melvil is very fond of horses, drives his four-in-hand, is a patron of the turf; his colors are well-known on every racecourse from Calcutta to Peshawur. And now Mr. Melvil is sweeping along the mall, his sower or mounted orderly behind him; and now riding fast — he always does ride fast — over the road which passes along the top of the ridge, and close by the Flagstaff Tower which crowns its highest point.

Very striking at this early morning hour are the two views which the ridge separates, and of which it gives command. On one side, against the fast-brightening East, rise up the long red battlements, with their massive bastions and lofty gateways, the terraced roofs, the marble palace chambers, the lofty, slender minarets of the noble city of Khizrabad. On the other side there stretches away to the westward an undulating, wooded tract of country, which many love to look down on because it looks like an English scene, whose variety of tint is most striking at this season of the year, when the mimosas are putting on their tender robes of green which yield such refreshment to the eye.

But Mr. Melvil does not stop to gaze. He does not care much for landscapes. Looking to the right, over the fair woodland, made him think only of the report he

had to write with regard to the settlement of certain villages lying in that direction ; looking to the left, the marble domes and cupolas of the palace, standing out against the amber sky, aroused in him no other thought than that of the remonstrance he meant to address to the nuwáb on the subject of his continued payment of large sums of money to his youngest begum, the Sikunder Begum, a beautiful young woman known also by many a complimentary title, such as the Delight of the Harem, the Adornment of the Palace, the Light of the Universe. At the thought of that annoying young princess, Mr. Melvil touches his horse sharply with his heels. In an outlying suburb bordering on the Ajmere Road he is met by Mr. Sandys, the collector, and proceeds to examine with him the route of a proposed new drain. They go poking about in back slums and alleys in a way that is very astonishing to the native official who accompanies them. Why all this personal toil ? Why this self-infliction ? In the East it is the dignity of ease, the delight of sloth — not the dignity of labor, the delight of work. Officials of their exalted rank in an Eastern State would consider such employment derogatory and degrading.

As, pursuing his way, Mr. Melvil rides through the main street of the suburb, observe how deferentially the people make way for him and salute him ; how they dismount from their horses or descend from their vehicles ; how the shopkeepers stand up to salaam to him. That if he should come here three days hence there would be none so poor to do him reverence ; that he would be mocked at, jeered at, buffeted, slain ; that that dirty butcher now bowing so deep would be ready to cut him down ; the changed expression of those faces ; the changed employment of those hands — that was certainly the very last thing that would have seemed possible to Mr. Melvil now. Entering the city he rides on to the palace-fortress. This has only two gateways on its city side (and only one other, that opening on to the river) : the Bolund Durwaza, or Lofty Gateway, and the Moobarik Durwaza, or Blessed Gateway. At both of these are guards of sepoy, sepoy of the Honorable East India Company. Entering by the Lofty Gateway, Mr. Melvil passes on to the other, by the side of which are the quarters of the English officer in charge of the palace. With him Mr. Melvil proceeds to inspect certain repairs that are in hand in connection with some of the

palace chambers. These chambers are situate very high up, and in order to carry out the work ladders of very great length have had to be provided. In the next few days these ladders are to be employed for a less peaceful purpose, and are to play a prominent part in the memorable history of the outbreak at Khizrabad.

Passing out again at the Moobarik Durwaza, Mr. Melvil enters the broad road that leads down from the main street of the city to the River Gate, also called the Allahabad Gate, which opens on to the bank of the Jumna. This street is thronged with people, presents the aspect of a moving fair, for at this hour the greater portion of the Hindu population of the town is going down to the river to bathe. A similar throng has moved down to the river and back again every morning for many a century back, ever since the city was built, for this is one of the settled features in the Hindoo mode of life. What the morning ride or drive, the meeting at the coffee shop of the mess, or in the public gardens, and the morning bath and family prayers are to the English people, this walk down to the river, and the refreshing plunge in its waters, the casting of flowers on the sacred wave, the recitation of sacred verses and the performance of other acts of devotion, the social converse on the bank, are to the wealthier portion of the Hindoo population of the town. The crowd is made up of households ; whole families go down to the river together, just as they do to the seashore in the summer in England.

Here is the sleek and portly father — sleek and portly, because the crowd is composed chiefly of the opulent and well-fed classes, of tradesmen, of the grain merchants and the cloth merchants and the sweetmeat-makers, of the sellers of brass-ware, the goldsmiths and the silversmiths and the money-lenders — who move along with fat, big plump thighs, rotund stomach, and full fleshy chest, all plainly given to view, for he has nothing on but his skull-cap and his loin-cloth ; and the good mother, portly likewise, with her fair, or at all events light-colored, face unveiled, walking on pattens, the buttons of which she clasps between the big toe and the next one — her feet of course are bare ; and the young maidens of the house, who draw their sheets or linen veils coquettishly round their faces, though not so closely but that you may catch a sight of their coal-black eyes and the big nose-rings of which they are so proud ; and the children, sometimes clad

in garments exactly like those of their fathers and mothers, which makes them look like dwarfs or miniature men and women — sometimes not clad at all, boy or girl, or clad only in the symbol of dress, a piece of string round the waist, but all laden with gold or silver ornaments, heavy wristlets and anklets, a foolish custom that leads to many murders. Family group joins family group, and all move on with friendly chat and laughter.

Outside River Gate, the crowd disperses itself along the bank of the stream. There are here none of those high, pointed-roofed pagodas, none of those ghats, or bathing-places, with their long flights of steps, and pretty, flanking towers, which form so beautiful a feature of most of the towns on the banks of the Ganges and Jumna; there is no room for them; the river runs too closely under the wall of the town. But temporary grass sheds have been put up on the sands for the convenience of the bathers. On wooden platforms placed by the side of the stream, or a little way in it, sit, cross-legged, the priests, who receive the offerings and help the bathers in their devotions. Such of the men bathers as need it squat down on the sand before the barbers, and have their heads shaved, and their finger-nails and toe-nails pared. Many a page might be written as to the effect which the want of mechanical appliances has had in producing the social and religious customs of the East; how if you have but one vessel to drink out of, and that of brass, the letting any one else put his lips to it will be the strongest mark of friendship and brotherhood; how if you eat with the fingers you will be excessively careful as to their purity and as to who dips his hand into the same dish with you; and how the command and use of knife and fork and crockery and glass will have more effect in destroying the extreme rigidities of caste than any amount of writing; how in lands where vermin multiply very fast, so that the plague of lice and flies came to rank with the plague of the rivers of blood and the slaying of the first-born, the razor was the only means of personal cleanliness available; how the shaving of the head became a religious ceremonial, carried into Western lands in the tonsure of the priest; how enormous social and religious changes will be produced by the command of soap fitted for personal use, and of tooth-combs.

But most of the men have come down only for the lesser purification of the bath. Men and women and children wade into

the water together. The bathing is carried on with the utmost regard to decency, as understood. The naked little boys and girls splash about and enjoy themselves hugely. The women take quiet dips with their garments on — the bathing serves to wash them too. Here is a Brahmin up to his waist in the water, uttering the sacred words, handling the sacred thread dependent from his shoulder, joining the outside edges of his two hands and taking up the sacred water in the hollow so formed and pouring it out as an oblation to the great luminary towards whom his face is turned. Yonder leap the well-fed flames of a funeral pyre. The men who have finished bathing are putting fresh caste marks on to forehead and chest and arm. The men and the women of different families get together, each with each, and gossip and chat and laugh. And then they saunter home again, refreshed and purified both in body and in soul.

But when Mr. Melvil passes out of River Gate he does not go down towards the bathing-place, but continues along the road until he comes to the head of the bridge of boats which carries it across the Jumna. Here he is met by Major Fane, and some other officials, civil and military. They have assembled together in committee to consider some question connected with the bridge.

The tide of traffic across the bridge is just now at its fullest; at this season of the year it is at these early morning hours that it runs strongest over every road. The string of carts now coming creaking across the bridge, which sinks and rises as they pass, left the last encamping ground at two o'clock this morning. The country folk are crowding into the town with their country produce. The woodcutters and the grass-cutters are returning from the distant wastes and forests, bearing on their heads their bundles of fuel and fodder, wood and grass. Drove of donkeys come across laden with watermelons and muskmelons, grown on the sandbanks of the river. "Hoonh! hoonh! — Hoonh! hoonh!" and the fast-trotting bearers, with dusty, bare legs, come raring across, bearing on their shoulders a palanquin, from the open door of which an English lady puts out her head to gaze up at the soaring battlements surmounted by the lovely marble chambers of the famous palace of Khizrabad. She has journeyed for hundreds of miles, travelling always at night so as to avoid the heat of the day, over lonely savannahs and

through desolate jungles, as over the highly cultivated, village-crowded plains; and will so journey for hundreds of miles more, having no other companionship than that of the constantly changing relays of bearers, without any thought of fear. Happy she to be travelling this week and not next!

The rude, springless vehicles of the land pass this way and that in constant stream. Here is the picturesque rath, with its pagoda-like roof and gay-colored curtains and painted sides, drawn by a pair of splendid bullocks with high humps and huge, hanging dewlaps; the little open byhlee, with its pair of little active bullocks; the ekka, with a pony between its uncouth, splayed bamboo shafts. The number of men and women and children who can manage to squat themselves on the one square seat of one of these vehicles fills the stiff-limbed Englishman with astonishment; it looks to him like an acrobatic feat. The winding of a bugle, and a dāk gharry, or stage-carriage, comes jolting across, having in it a young English lad, whose rosy cheeks proclaim that he has just left his native land — well for him that he is crossing the bridge today and not a couple of days hence. Flocks of goats and herds of cattle; bands of bare-footed and bare-legged pedestrians; bands of fakirs with matted locks, and bodies covered with dust and ashes, and as nearly naked as they can be; bands of pilgrims bearing on their shoulders long bamboos, from the ends of which depend little baskets in which are packed the blown-glass flasks containing the holy water drawn from some very sacred spot on some very sacred river; strings of camels tied nose and tail; men riding on horses or ponies, or sitting sideways on bullocks; a rajah or nuwāb with his motley following; the stream is very full.

Here come three travellers on horseback, accompanied by several baggage ponies and many attendants on foot. We are concerned with these. Mahomedans and Hindoos button their long coats, otherwise of similar shape, on opposite sides of the breast — so far are race and religious distinctions carried — and by this alone you can tell that of the two men riding ahead, and whose countenances announce that they are natives of these provinces, the stout, burly man is a Mahomedan, the thin, spare man a Hindoo; while the features and the peculiar-shaped turban of the third horseman, who has fallen a little behind the others, proclaim him to be a Mahratta. Turning the corner

of the toll-house which stands at the head of the bridge, these horsemen come suddenly face to face with the Englishmen gathered together there, Melvil, Fane, and two more. The unexpected rencontre seems to disturb and trouble them. The Hindoo's right hand goes up with a sudden automatic action, palm downwards, as if he were about to make a military salute; but he suddenly turns the palm upwards and changes the stiff salute into an ordinary salaam. The Mussulman makes an easy, courteous salutation; the Mahratta a very off-hand one. As they pass by the Englishmen look after them.

"The thin fellow nearest us looked like a sepoy," says one.

"He seemed to be about to make us a military salute. I wonder why he didn't," says another.

"What a capital horse the stout man is on!" says Mr. Melvil, and then they resume their committee talk. They do not know who the travellers are, but the travellers seem to know them.

"That man of small stature who is mounted on the big grey horse is Milmil (Melvil) Sahib, the commissioner," says the burly Mahomedan.

"The evil-liver has a sharp look," says the keen-faced, slight-framed Mahratta.

"He has a good steed under him," continues the Mahomedan, as great a lover of horses, and with as good an eye for one, as Mr. Melvil himself. "A very good horse. And the long man in whose eye there was a glass is Major Fyne (Fane), who has charge of the arsenal here."

"I thought I remembered his face," says the remaining horseman, an Oudh Brahmin; "I have seen him often. It is a matter of four years that we were stationed at Allahabad, and he was then in charge of the magazine there."

"*Ghumundi!*" he adds. This is one of those meaningful, expressive words, common in all languages, for which it is impossible to find an exact equivalent in another. It expresses one who indulges in pride to excess, one madly proud.

Mr. Melvil has returned home, and is seated at his office table. The post has come in while he has been away, and the table is heaped with papers. He proceeds to dispose of them with amazing celerity. Mr. Melvil is a man of facts and not of fancies. He is a practical man, which is somehow held to be opposed to a man of ideas, though all practical work is the outcome of ideas. He belonged to the class which works systems, not to that which invents them; administrators rather than

statesmen. He is a man of details, not of general principles. Fully acquainted with the routine of his work, loving it, of quick perception, self-confident, decided, laborious, punctual, he had all the qualities which make a great administrator, lead to success under a bureaucracy. He had the defects as well as the perfections of such a character. Feelings did not interfere with his work. He had no ideas of his own to clash with those of the men above him. He would carry out one policy as soon as another. He regarded the people of the land only from a police and fiscal, from an enumeration, sanitation, taxation, vaccination, point of view. In connection with his work, in the carrying out of measures, he thought only of today, not of yesterday or of to-morrow; not of the past or the future, but only of the present; had no care for reasons or for consequences, they were the concern of those who ordered the measures. He was, it may be said, a representative man of his service. The great merits of that great service, the Indian Civil Service, are well enough known. But the helplessness of its officers in connection with the now impending insurrection or mutiny; the quick downfall of their power before it; its coming on them as a complete surprise, and their inability to account for it, showed a great defect somewhere. They were too much routine workers — more administrators than statesmen.

Rapid despatch is an excellent thing; but it has its drawbacks. These had displayed themselves in Mr. Melvil's work. He had first made his name in the settlement department. The settlement of a district means the measurement of all the fields in it; their grouping together; the fixing their rental for a term of years; the apportionment of it between the State, the landlord, and the tenant. Mr. Melvil had to carry out this important measure in a large and important district. The work was done quickly, and was perfect in every detail; every form and statement was duly filled up; the government obtained an increased rental, and Mr. Melvil his promotion. Those two great objects were obtained. But the *jumma* (rental) had been fixed too high, and the administration of that wide tract of land became a burden and a reproach. A rack-rented peasantry were driven into crime. The magistrates and collectors were hampered in the performance of both the great duties from which they took their name; it was irksome to punish men for crimes due to the action of the State in wring

an unjust cess from them. The tenants groaned under the payment of the rent, the landlords under its collection, which kept them in constant fear of loss of their position, their landlordship. And in the coming time of trouble both landlord and tenant, not unnaturally, displayed no extreme desire for the continuance of the system under which they had suffered.

Two of the pieces of work Mr. Melvil has to dispose of this morning concern this narrative. Among the signs and portents of the time was the sudden and mysterious transmission, a little while before, of the unleavened cakes known as chupatees, and which form the daily food of the people, across the width of the land. They had been passed from village to village, no one — no Englishman, at least — knowing by whose order or why. Mr. Melvil has been directed to make enquiries into the matter, and is now submitting his report. He is a dead hand at a report. This is an admirable one. The passage of the chupatees is distinctly and continuously traced. You can tell the very hour at which they reached or left any village. The only defect in it is that it affords no solution of the mystery. Mr. Melvil saw no meaning in this strange occurrence, and so pronounced it meaningless.

The other matter was this: the East India Company was at this time at war with a great Mahomedan potentate, the shah of Persia. A placard had been found affixed to the walls of the great mosque at Khizrabad, which purported to be a manifesto from the shah addressed to "all the Faithful in India." The infidels had brought troops to the soil of a power of Islam. They desired "to destroy the religions of Islam in Persia in like manner as the religion of the Mussulmans of India." It was incumbent on the Faithful to rise against them everywhere. Let them unite all differences, and "remember that they had but one Koran and one Kibleh, and extend the hand of brotherhood, remembering the words of the Prophet, 'Verily all true believers are brothers.'" Let them all take part in the Jihad, or Holy War. Let the Faithful in Hindostan unite with him (the shah) "against this tribe of wanderers from the path of righteousness," and "have no friendship with a tribe of whom the Prophet saith: 'Verily they do not love you, and neither do you love them.'" Let all the Faithful in Hindostan consider it incumbent upon them to follow the precept, "Slay, in the name of God, those who wish to slay you," and "and the young, the small and

the great, the wise and the ignorant, the ryot and the sepoy, all without exception arise in the defence of the orthodox faith of the Prophet, and having girt up the waist of valor adorn their persons with arms and weapons." "And for the purpose of settling the quarrel, it is necessary that not only a small number of true believers should stand forth in the defence of the faith, but that the whole should answer our call." "And the victory should be with them, to make manifest the decree of God, 'Verily the Almighty will weigh the wicked in different scales from the pure.'" Mr. Melvil disposes of this by calling it "the work of some crazy fanatic."

From The Contemporary Review.

A JOURNEY TO THE CAPITAL OF TIBET.

THE recent visit of the Chinese resident in Tibet to Calcutta and his official reception by our viceroy have indeed brought to a close our petty war with the mystic land of the lamas; but this recognition of China's rights over Tibet will have given the Celestial a hold upon the latter country he never had before. Chinese influence in Tibet has ever been for evil; and our unscrupulous policy in treating directly with the emperor of China concerning a kingdom to which he had no shadow of claim, can have only strengthened that baneful influence. Neither shall we find the country rendered one whit more accessible to exploration and commerce. Nevertheless, to the sentimental and adventurous it may be matter for congratulation that at least one huge region of the world will still remain an unknown and forbidden land. A halo of fascination has long been wreathed round the very name of Tibet. "You may not enter there" has been the seductive influence. Men of every nation have been allured magnetically to that one goal. One by one they have manfully assailed the ice-bound, mountain-girt land of mystery. Every physical obstacle which its unique inaccessibility of situation involved has, indeed, been readily overcome. Each adventurer in turn has even stepped upon "Tom Tiddler's ground;" but each one has been inevitably ordered back again by Tom Tiddler's subjects, and, however unwillingly, has had to obey and re-cross the frontier.

However, there has been one exception to the general rule. He, this exception,

has not only succeeded in scaling in the depth of winter the formidable passes through which alone Tibet can be entered; but he has outwitted the vigilant frontier-guards, visited all manner of uncanny places, and finally set foot in the far-famed capital, the sacred city of Lhásá. In averring that one traveller has at length succeeded in the enterprise, I do not allude to the feats performed by the Indian Survey spies. On several occasions, indeed, these men have managed to reach Lhásá; but they are semi-Tibetans themselves, and have been, moreover, destitute of the recording capabilities of fully educated Europeans. True, our successful traveller was not an Englishman, but a Bengali; nevertheless, he proved himself in learning, in powers of observation and assimilation, as well as in ability to narrate his experiences, quite the equal of any modern British explorer. His achievement, in its results, was therefore equivalent for all practical purposes to the success of any of the European travellers who have been attempting the same feat without avail.

The strangest part of the affair, however, is this—the utter ignorance of the general, as well as of the scientific, public that the adventure had ever been made and satisfactorily accomplished. Ransack the "Proceedings" of the Royal and other Geographical Societies, where every scintilla of news concerning Tibet is always carefully recorded; yet not one line appears respecting the important results of this mission, and the name of Babu Sarat Chandra Dás, the clever explorer we are referring to, is not even mentioned. The writer of the present paper, in an article published a few months ago, was the first to refer publicly to this exploit. The truth was, knowledge of the affair was confined to a certain number of officials in India; and the valuable information obtained locked up in a "Secret Report."

Two or three years ago, just after the babu had made his report, I (who for some time had been studying the Tibetan language) happened to be put in possession of the full facts of this remarkable journey. Few written notes were made at the time, but so vividly did the recital impress me that the incidents of the adventure and line of route still remain in nearly every detail in my memory. Another opportunity of refreshing my remembrance having fortunately occurred, I think it may be well to put into shape these important travels at once.

DARJILING TO TASHI-LHUMPO.

THE most convenient hill station from which the confines of the forbidden land may be approached is Darjiling. This modern health resort is perched on a spur of the Himalayas, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is no longer accredited to Sikkim; but lies some eight miles south of the new southern border line of that little State. Nevertheless, in and around Darjiling have settled hundreds of families of Sikkim-Tibetans, of Wallung Bhutias from Nipal, and other kindred tribes, as well as of pure Tibetans from the heart of the snowy land itself. At Ghum, not four miles distant, any Englishman may see the customs of Tibet in full swing — the women with their ruddy cheeks blackened; the hand prayer-wheel revolving in the right hand of garrulous comrades whose prayers and chatter can be conveniently carried on simultaneously; and an old Mongol lama beating his *damaru* or skull-drum and reading a Do sutra over the sick as naturally as in the real country beyond.

Babu Sarat Chandra Dás has long resided at Darjiling. He has built for himself a neat house on a crag overhanging a wooded gorge, which echoes at night-time with the music of many waters that tumble along in the bottom three thousand feet below. Naturally enough the owner has named his dwelling "Lháśá Villa," and has fitted it up in facsimile of the better-class residences in Tibet. And it was from this little retreat that the worthy Bengali set forth one December evening on the adventure which, for many a month, had occupied his heart. At 9 P.M. he bade farewell to a highly placed government official, who was stationed at Darjiling — a kind friend who had encouraged him in the expedition, and had obtained government funds for its prosecution. At ten o'clock he was joined in the Darjiling Mall — then dark and lonely and wind-stricken — by one who was to be his companion on the risky journey. This was Ugyen Gyá-ts'o, from the Bhutia village overhanging Lebong spur. He was then, as now, a stout, smiling-faced Sikkim lama, a staunch friend to British authority, even if it were destined to penetrate the sacred land itself. However, we will not go so far as to say that Ugyen's fidelity has anything to do with the £150 per annum which he receives from our government as nominal sub-inspector of schools. Ugyen likes English ways, and, in spite

of lamaistic vows, has taken to himself as pretty a wife as you could wish to see.*

The nearest route to the mighty peaks which sentinel the Tibetan frontier would have been due north, from Darjiling to Pema Yangtse Monastery in Independent Sikkim, and so through the latter country by way of the La-chhen valley, whence, over the Kongra Lamo Pass, access could be readily obtained into Tibet. As all the passes were then beginning to become blocked with the fresh-falling snow, it would have been well to have chosen this, the easiest of them, or at least the low Tipta Pass from Wallung Valley in Nipal. But the journey required the greatest secrecy. The babu, though disguised as a Tibetan, could not have ventured to traverse Sikkim by the regular mountain paths, as he was well known to many of the traders to Darjiling, and any recognition would have led to word being passed from village to village over the frontier, when all ingress would have been stopped by the Tibetan soldiery stationed within a day's march of the Sikkim Passes.

Chandra Dás and Ugyen took, therefore, a more arduous but less used route. Soon reaching the Rang-nyit valley, separating our territory from Sikkim, before morning they were beyond Gok and well on their way to the rocky ranges and deep valleys radiating out from Mount Kabru. Their intention was to surmount the three deep passes dividing these valleys from Nipal, and, gaining the latter country by the last pass just south of Kangchhen-junga, so to thread their way up the Nipalese river-courses to the dangerous Kang-la-chhen Pass. We shall not dwell on this portion of the journey. Secrecy was kept, and when well in Nipal, they even ventured to put up at two or three of the villages. Eastern Nipal is chiefly inhabited by people of the weird Limbu race, some of whom are often to be seen at the Sunday-morning bazaar in Darjiling. Thus they had little to fear. Coolies with baggage had been sent on ahead of the travellers, who had been represented as traders who would follow. In a Wallung-Tibetan village, two men who knew Tibet well were presently engaged, and, after much suffering and a hazardous journey along a hog-backed ridge of ice with deep crevasses on either hand, the *lap-tse*, or

* Since the expedition narrated in the present paper, Ugyen has distinguished himself by accomplishing, together with his wife, an independent journey to Lháśá and back. As a Tibetan, however, his access to the country would be comparatively easy. An account of this journey has been issued in a government report.

head of the pass, was reached. The portly Ugyen, it seems, the evening previous had spent their few hours' halt in a cave cut in the snow, roaring with an outrageous stomach-ache. As reward for his anguish he had consequently got himself carried up the steep snow-drift to the top of the pass on the back of one of the newly chartered Wallung-pa. Wily Ugyen! All the party having shouted in chorus the usual invocations to the mountain deities who guard the pass, a descent from this point, which is seventeen thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, was attempted. Such a height, in the middle of December, was not to be easily borne. The worthy babu seems to have suffered intensely in his lungs, and to have contracted internal mischief which, later in his journey, nearly terminated fatally.

But enthusiasm was lightening all hearts now. They were actually over the frontier, and descending, descending into Tibet. But what a descent it was! A sheer steep of solidified snow sloping rapidly to depths unknown below. Guiding themselves with poles, they seated themselves on the slippery incline and then slid at amazing speed, whither, they hardly could guess. There was a hair-breadth escape from a yawning chasm; but before nightfall level ground, of a kind, was reached, free from snow.

Here dangers of another kind set in. A few miles to the east from this spot was known to be an out-post of Tibetan soldiery. The name of the guard-station is Tashi-rakpa. During the Tibetan war with Nipal a lofty wall of mud and stone was built near this place in an unbroken line for many miles. In parts it has now been cut through, and the gap in the wall through which the only road in this difficult country lies has been made at Tashi-rakpa. The travellers had to pass through the gap, and a guard was stationed close at hand. Happily it was very dark and very near midnight when the travellers reached the dangerous spot. A line of great Buddhist *chhortens* (cenotaphs to saints) had been set up there, and passing behind these monumental piles an easy evasion of any challenge seems to have been achieved.

Sleeping amidst some ruined walls, but not daring to light a fire, a little rest was now allowed. Next day was begun a long and dreary journey along the bank of the Arun River, first east and then north-east. This track is described as stretching for many, many miles in unbroken desolation. A few hamlets occur; but the denizens

seem plunged in the deepest poverty. There is little or no cultivation attempted in this district; in striking contrast to the state of things still further east, in the main valley of the Penam Nyang River, and in the numerous branch valleys down which the many tributary streams enter that larger stream.

At length the boundary of the province of Tsang was reached, and once within this province the apprehensions of Chandra Dás seem to have been all put aside. This province is in some respects independent of control from Lhasá; the temporal as well as the spiritual government of its internal affairs under the local authority of the Panchhen Rimpochhee Lama of Tashi-Lhümpo. In the last century, when Turner made his journey to the capital of this province, the "Teeshoo Lama," as this most blundersome traveller styles him, was apparently supreme in his own domains. Now, though under much control, the panchhen has the power of issuing passports to traders, and prior to his departure from Darjiling the babu seems to have found means to procure, through an old friend high in office at Tashi-Lhümpo, a *lamyig*, or permit, to enter and travel in the province. Proceeding now without fear, he dismissed the coolies, hired ponies, and struck an easy route leading over one pass in a lateral range, due north to Tashi-Lhümpo.

Three weeks after leaving Darjiling, Chandra Dás and Ugyen, with the Wallung-pa Purchhung, arrived at this famous and extensive monastic establishment. It is placed at the southern base of a steep and sheltering hill, and the numerous buildings composing the monastery are encircled by a massive wall. A few hundred yards to the east of the eastern gate flows the Penam Nyang Chhu, here one hundred and twenty feet broad, on its way to join the waters of the great Yeru Tsang-po, four miles further to the north. About three-quarters of a mile to the north-east of the monastery has been built the town of Shigatse, the lay capital of Tsang. It is situated on shelving ground, nearer to both the Nyang and the Yeru rivers; and a broad *maidan* or grassy plain, where the market is held and ecclesiastical pageants take place, separates the lay town from its more puissant and religious sister. Shigatse has a castle, many streets and shops, military barracks and twelve thousand inhabitants; nevertheless it is deemed but an appurtenance of the saintly Tashi-Lhümpo, hard by.

RESIDENCE AT TASHI-LHUMPO.

OUR friend, the babu, entered the great monastery by the western gate. Having previously attired himself in lama costume, he walked slowly and deliberately along the lane from within the gate, not lifting, apparently, his eyes from the ground, after the orthodox manner of a learned and meditative monk. Dwelling-houses of several stories, and official buildings lined this lane, which was one of several radiating from the central courtyard of the establishment. Presently he was ascosted by an old acquaintance, who was also the servant of a high Tibetan functionary who had urged and furthered the babu's visit to Tibet. The man informed Chandra Dás that his patron the high functionary, who was prime minister and chief ecclesiastical adviser to the panchhen lama, happened at present to be away from the monastery, but had left directions for the greatest care being taken of the travellers. Chandra Dás was soon installed in a residence, dreary, comfortable, and infested with what he touchingly styles as "demon bugs." It was not the minister's abode, who, though a saintly Khempo and head of a strict Tantrik college within the monastery walls, seems in spite of ascetic vows to have generally comported himself in earthly affairs with a rigid regard to personal comfort.

Here the two intruders from India lay quiet a while. The babu, who was known to his monastic friends as Pandib-Lha (that is, Sir Pandit), read Tibetan volumes with assiduity; while the less studious Ugyen, being no Hindu himself, amused his leisure in the market-place on the adjoining plain, and in the temporal town beyond. All the sights he saw in Shigatse and all the gossip he heard in the market he faithfully reported to the recluse.

After the lapse of a day or two Ugyen's news became more exciting. It seemed that a few days previous to the travellers' arrival, notable events had fallen out in Shigatse. The junior ampan, one of the two representatives of the emperor of China who permanently reside at Lhasá, had been engaged on his triennial tour of inspection of the military stations in the province of Tsang. The ambassador was by law allowed to levy on the town and village folk of the districts traversed an official charge for supposed expenses of 3½ *do-ts'e* (five hundred rupees) per diem. But the grasping Chinaman had arbitrarily issued and carried into execution a de-

mand for a daily payment from the oppressed populace of half as much again beyond his allowance. Such a course naturally roused the ire of the populace; which at length reached to openly expressed indignation. When the fat and greedy Chinaman arrived in state in Shigatse, a mob formed and went so far as to fling stones at his most puissant highness. The ampan was only slightly hurt; but he contemplated the most exacting vengeance. And now that our travellers were in the place, the ferment was higher than ever. A commission of privy councillors from Lhasá was sitting under the nominal presidency of the panchhen lama, and a cruel decision was soon to be promulgated.

In the mean time the minister returned to Tashi-Lhümpo, and made much of Pandib-Lha, who was removed from his first quarters and installed in an apartment off the minister's library. Our babu is a learned Sanskrit scholar, and this great lama was also an enthusiast in that language, and viewed the man from Hindostan almost as one of the pandits who, in olden times, brought learning from India into Tibet. But the minister seems to have been a student desirous of a sphere of research wider than that which mere Sanskrit lore could open. He had been presented by our government, by the agency of private native messengers, with several scientific works. Ganot's "Physics" became an inestimable treasure, and his great ambition was to learn English in order to have the illustrations in that book explained in detail. The babu did his best to describe the cuts he understood himself; and moreover made certain valuable presents, including a repeater watch, to the knowledge-thirsting Tibetan. However, Chandra Dás's health had been undermined by recent hardships, and fever began to prostrate his frame. At the same time he himself was ardently pursuing his own studies, reading and copying scarce Tibetan works. For a change of air and scene, it was now proposed by the minister, that he should visit some of the more important places higher up the Nyang valley, lying in a south-eastern direction from Tashi-Lhümpo.

Starting on pony-back with Ugyen, he made a pleasant excursion up the low, sloping lands along the right-hand shore of the river. Several villages were passed with their neighboring monasteries a short distance off in the uplands. The most pleasing feature in these broad downs abutting on the river bank was the fertility

of the soil, which was in every available spot most carefully cultivated; irrigation channels, cut from the numerous streamlets entering the Nyang on either side, furnished a plentiful water supply wherever needed. Barley, rape, millet, wheat, peas, beans, and Chinese buckwheat (*Fagopyrum emarginatum*), form the staple products of this soil.

The first place of much account in this direction is known as Dong-tse, some twenty-five miles south-east of Shigatse. It is famed for its collegiate monastery which, on a lofty hill, completely dominates the town. Another prominent edifice is the P'o-dang, or palace-castle belonging to the Phála family. This is approached by an avenue of poplars and consists of a very extensive square of buildings erected about a broad courtyard two hundred feet in length. The castle, which is six hundred years old, has the reputation of being the loftiest edifice in Tsang. Hard by is the huge modern mansion of the Phálas, styled Kye-pa Khang-sar. The head of this family, then only a general, has lately become one of the Lhása privy councillors. It was here, afterwards, that our worthy babu was introduced to a highly born and well-educated lady — many Tibetan women being profound scholars — the wife of the general. He describes in his diary much of his social intercourse with this remarkable woman, who afterwards befriended him on his arrival in Lhása. One acquires a high opinion of the females of the better class in Tibet, as various intelligent and amiable traits in her character are portrayed. One of the most pleasing aspects in which she is seen is as the fond but judicious mother.

Beyond Dong-tse, some eight miles further up the river, the old stronghold of Gyang-tse is to be found. It is a considerable place and an important military station with large granary stores. The babu was, of course, delighted with the huge chhorten there. A chhorten, the Tibetan variety of the Indian Chaitya, is usually a mere solid block of masonry like a tall tombstone. At Gyang-tse, however, while still maintaining the orthodox shape, the structure has been exaggerated into a lofty temple, with chambers, shrines, staircases, and several celebrated images of deities inside. It forms a mighty tower, nine stories high, crowned with crescent, globe, and *ts'ok*, like the ordinary chhorten. Opposite is the great monastery of the place, founded by P'al-jor Rabtan, where the ecclesiastics of Tsang come in

order to take some respectable degree in Tsan-nyid philosophy.

Returning to Tashi-Lhümpo, Chandra Dás seems to have benefited by his trip and begun to venture into the neighboring town of Shigatse. Here he found much excitement abroad. The decision in the ampan's case had been given. The two jong-pön of Shigatse — officials exercising magisterial and fiscal functions — were to be degraded and whipped severely. Four *ts'ok-pön* — the headmen of village circles — being of lower rank, were ordered to receive four hundred strokes with the bamboo, a punishment practically equivalent to death. Some severity may have been naturally looked for in dealing with the case, although in truth the ampan himself was the offender, the affair arising solely from his attempt at wholesale extortion. However, the main injustice consisted in visiting with corporal punishment and a degrading death officials who had taken no share in the revolt, but who, as the executive functionaries, were claimed as scapegoats for vengeance. It would be interesting to learn whether the ampan, whom our viceroy has been lately entertaining in Calcutta, was the perpetrator of this piece of barbarous injustice!

A gala day was then proclaimed, and the avenged ampan rode triumphantly along the streets of Shigatse, attended by Chinese soldiery. As to the culprits, they were led slowly past the haughty hero, bound and bearing heavy boards on which were written in large letters the sentences to be inflicted. Disgraceful scenes followed. When the ampan had retired to his quarters, the Chinese troops, rendered insolent by their triumph, began plundering the shops and market stalls, seizing articles and refusing to pay for them. The Tibetan vendors took fright, and soon deserted the market; and it was not till some days after, when this swaggering Chinaman had left Shigatse, that any food was to be bought.

There was a pitiful sequel. Chandra Dás had acquired some reputation in the place as a physician — a reputation easily gained anywhere in central Asia — and he was sent for in haste. One of the unfortunate *ts'ok-pön*, who had managed to survive his four hundred bamboo-blows, and who was a wealthy man, was in strong hope that the famous amchhi (physician) from India might be able to save his life, and offered ponderous fees for any such service. But our babu doctor, whatever he could have done, was himself too ill to

make the journey in haste ; and in the end the poor battered Tibetan died.

The Chinese government are pursuing a short-sighted policy in Tibet. Their suzerainty there is one rather of prestige than of conquest, and has never been formally conceded by the laws of Tibet, which lay stress on independence from Chinese control. The Tibetans are a peaceable nation, but the arrogant bearing of the few Chinese officials quartered in the country is destined soon to produce fruit. It is not to be wondered at that the wire-pullers in China seek to compass the death of each dalai lama before he attains to full power and manhood. The rise of an able sovereign in Tibet is naturally dreaded by them. Unfortunately the Indian government, by treating directly with China in the matter of Sikkim, has lately done much to sustain the pestilent suzerainty of the Celestial in that land. However, with the abject devotion, not merely of all Tibetans, but of the entire Buddhist population of Tartary, at his disposal, such a lama king could easily overturn every atom of Chinese dominance in Tibet, and even in Mongolia.

FROM SHIGATSE TO YAMDOK LAKE.

SARAT CHANDRA DAS had now lived for nearly three months within the walls of the great monastery. He had made several profitable excursions, making copious written notes thereupon. Ugyen Gyá-ts'o had been despatched on still lengthier trips, partly for topographical and partly for botanical research. In the course of these journeys he had even visited the famous Sákya monastery, concerning which historical establishment no report however seems to have been furnished to the Indian government. Many *festas* had been witnessed by the traveller at Tashi-Lhümpo, one of which involved a monster religious dance, another had included feats of rope-walking. Much has not been set forth concerning the internal economy and routine of the mighty monastery, but, personally, we have collected full information on the subject which it would be out of place to introduce here. Chandra Dás had no interview with the panchhen lama, the ruler of the monastery and nominal king of Tsang. This dignitary secluded himself much, and nearly a year after the babu's visit he died. The circumstances of his death are not above suspicion, though the alleged cause was small-pox.

At length, about the first day of May, Chandra Dás quitted Tashi-Lhümpo mon-

astery. But no further was he to be accompanied by the faithful Ugyen. That worthy, it was determined, should return to the Himalayas with the scientific collections and baggage. So, alone and prostrated in health, the good babu set out to gain the final goal of ambition, the city of Lhá-sá. It had been arranged that he should, at Dong-tse, join the travelling suite of the noble lady Lhacham, who herself was about to visit her town-house in Lhá-sá. This would prove a protection to him in journeying through a difficult tract of country, rendered still more precarious by bands of robbers. Chandra Dás paid his adieux to the minister. After the custom of the land, he presented to the holy man a rich scarf and some rupees, claiming at the same time his *kyabju*, or protecting benediction, and in addition a *sung-ta*, or forecast, as to the issue of the forthcoming journey. Having given the rupees to the babu's own followers, and deftly declined the scarf by tying it round the giver's neck, the minister predicted suffering but eventual success, and bade his guest farewell. "He treated me," exclaims the tender-hearted Bengali, "quite as my spiritual father, and I felt for him the respect and devotion of a spiritual son !"

In shattered frame of body, our friend ambled along to Dong-tse with his few attendants. His route to Lhá-sá was to be somewhat circuitous. First dipping south-east to join Lhacham at Dong-tse, he was then to proceed from the Nyang valley due east to Nagar-tse. There a short divergence would be made to Samding, the famous religious house on Lake Yamdok ; and so, turning due north *via* Palde Jong to cross the Yeru Tsang-po, he would skirt along the western bank of the Kyi Chhu, and thus at length reach the gates of the Sacred City.

Spending the night with a friend at Dong-tse, in the morning Chandra Dás wended his way to Lhacham's palace. There he found the noble lady ready to start, and already on pony-back. She was attired in richest costume. On her head she wore the national feminine headdress, the *patug*, a tall cap with hanging flaps down each cheek, after the fashion of a Q.C.'s full bottomed wig. Lhacham's *patug*, however, was embroidered with loops of costly jewels — rubies, amethysts, turquoise, and pearl. The babu was ravished. She looked, he enthusiastically thought, more like some Grecian goddess crowned than an ordinary Tibetan lady. However, we must not linger. Lhacham

was gracious, but she was anxious about the spread of small-pox wherever they passed.

The babu tried to keep pace with the fair one's cavalcade, and at first we find him even attempting races with the lady's sons, in which he assures us he magnanimously allowed himself to be beaten. He was courageous to the last; but the continuous travelling proved too much for him. He seems to have gradually lagged behind, and was ultimately abandoned somewhat heartlessly by his patroness, who, through dread of small-pox, left him when almost in extremity to continue her journey to Lhásá. He was left lying in a miserable hut near a fortified place, named Nagar-tse, where he lay unconscious, his two attendants only remaining faithful.

Now, by good fortune, this Nagar-tse is seated barely eight miles from a famed and most holy spot—the great Samding Monastery. Samding is one of the wonders of Tibet. It is a convent for males governed by a female; and the lady abbess, who alone of all women in Tibet is permitted to ride in a sedan chair, is held to be the incarnation on earth of the mighty goddess Dorje P'agmo.* Now—another piece of good fortune—Dorje P'agmo, or “the Sow with the Thunderbolt,” chanced to be own sister to the unfeeling Lhacham, who, however, before departing, had granted our friend a letter commendatory to the abbess. *She*, at any rate, could heal the sufferer. To the Sow, the Sow alone, must the babu be got—that was the one thought of his servants.

Samding Monastery, novel in constitution, is novel also in its physical surroundings. It stands enthroned on the verge of the curious Yamdok Lake, or “Lake Palte” as our older maps have it. This lake, previous to the babu's visit, had been always represented as forming a complete ring round an enormous island. It was now found that the supposed island was in reality a huge peninsula projecting over a large portion of the lake, but by no means nearly covering the whole area of the latter. This semi-island clutches, as it were, the shore with two long, narrow arms; and within these two arms is enclosed a portion of the lake, the waters of which, strange to say, have an elevation of five hundred feet above the waters of

the outer lake. Accordingly, the Tibetans deem these inner waters to be a separate lake which they style Dudmo Ts'o, “the lake of the She-Devil.”

At length the traveller was conveyed to the shores of Lake Yamdok, and was carried within the convent precincts more dead than alive. The lady abbess forthwith devised elaborate means to procure recovery. Sacred books were read over the sufferer. A likeness in effigy of the babu was constructed and was offered to Shinje, the God of Death, who was begged to accept it in lieu of the real victim. Then finally, on the urgent request of his truly faithful attendants, a sum of money was despatched to fishermen on the lake-shore, and therewith five hundred fish, just caught, were purchased and reprieved from slaughter by being placed in the smaller lake—the sacred Dudmo T'so—where no man is permitted to cast net or line. This last act of Buddhist piety, or else the pure hilltop air of Samding, together with the earnest prayers which the poor babu mentions he repeatedly sent up to God, at length brought much improvement to the patient. In a word, he did not die, but lived; and in ten days or so, was even capable of continuing his travels.

FROM YAMDOK LAKE TO LHASA.

YAMDOK LAKE lies cradled deep amidst the mountains which culminate in great root-masses, amphitheatrically ranged, just south of the Yeru Tsang-po, between the 90th and 92nd meridians of longitude. Its shape, with the curious peninsula protruding into its waters from the western shore, is familiarly likened by Tibetans to that of a scorpion holding on to the land by its claws. The peninsula is a knot of radiating mountains of great height, and swarms with game, none of which are allowed to be killed, the lady abbess being special patroness of all animal life. The lake is one hundred and nine miles in circumference, and has only one outlet, the Rong Nag Chhu in the north-west quarter, hemmed in by the monster headlands of the supposed island.

On journeying north from Samding, which stands at the junction of the peninsula with the mainland, you cross a long, natural bridge of rock, forming a causeway, quite spanning the outflowing waters of the Rong Chhu. This curious formation is styled Kalsang Sampa (the Bridge of the Blessed). From thence you mount the steep, rocky heights at the north-west border of the lake, leaving Palde Jong,

* The present lady abbess, I am informed by the babu, is a very prepossessing young woman. She appeared to him to be about twenty-five years old. Her name is “The Most Precious Power of Speech; the Female Energy of All Good.”

with its fortified white buildings, on your right. Ultimately you gain the lofty summit of a pass in this range—a range separating the valley of the Yeru from the basin of the lake. It was when he had reached the cairns on this pass that Chandra Dás lost sight of the turquoise-hued waters of the mystic Yamdok. Then, looking out in front to the north, there at his feet, right and left, he gazed on the lovely panorama of the mighty Yeru Tsang-po, the broad river which, for more than seven hundred miles, forms the spinal column of Tibet.* From thence he began his descent into the valley of this river. It was a tortuous way, not all descent, but up and down over shoulders and spurs from the lately surmounted range, and through darkly wooded defiles. Here, too, he all but encountered some freebooting monks.

Presently—by which is meant two days' journey from Khalamba Pass—he was traversing the sandy tracts along the southern bank of the Yeru, just opposite to where the Lhásá river, the Kyi Chhu, mingles its waters with the mightier stream. A little to the west of the point of conjunction is the principal chain-ferry for crossing the Yeru. The day was far spent, and the wind coursing violently down the waters; and so broad is the river at this part that something of a storm prevailed, rendering the transit to the other side not a little dangerous. When the babu, with his ponies, baggage, and servants, arrived at the ferry, other travellers were waiting to pass over. A bargain was struck, and the hide-boats pushed off, loaded heavily. However, with the help of the great chains, the passage was accomplished with safety. On the other bank the chains—each five hundred yards in length, but supported at intervals across the channel by masonry stacks—of this so-called bridge were found by our explorer to be fastened with numerous couplings into the very core of a large stone chhorten. Hard by was a hill, upon which were quite a grove of chhortens—to the number of one hundred and eight, as the babu was informed—and, further up, was a large and ancient monastery, named Palchhen Chhuwori, said to have been founded by Tang-tong Gyalpo, the builder of the chain bridges.

* Yeru Tsang-po is the exact colloquial name of the river; but in Tibetan the spelling is *Gyas-ru Gtsang-po*, meaning "the river of the right-hand side." On its course through the left or western part of Tibet the Yeru is known as *Khubab Tam-chhok*, literally "the down-flowing mouth of the best horse."

Having taken shelter in the cottage of a worthy couple, not far from the shore, Chandra Dás could now congratulate himself on his progress. He was now in the province of Ui (*Dbus*) and only forty-five miles from Lhásá. Recommencing his journey at daybreak, he found himself entering the broad valley of the Kyi which flows down to this point in a south-westerly course from Lhásá. The babu was on the western side of the river and was sturdily crossing the flat country at the valley-head, which lay closely packed with fields of buckwheat, barley, and even radishes. Luxuriant crops were beginning to show; for the month of April was already drawing to a close. Considering that the altitude of the lowest ground here slightly exceeds eleven thousand feet above sea-level, everything evinced, for the early time of the year, one would imagine, even a premature forwardness. Crossing a small stream running down from the west into the Kyi, a village of sixty houses lay about the way and a ruined fortress was seen on a mound to the left. This place bore the name of Chhu-shul Jong; and several hamlets were passed a little further on. Few persons accosted the traveller. Doubtless he was only accounted as one of the ever-passing pilgrims faring eagerly on to the headquarters of all that is holy in Tibet.

Some twenty-five miles up the Kyi the fields and villages disappear and the walls of the valley contract almost into a narrow defile, through which the river runs with considerable force. The path keeps along a ledge of the cliff overhanging the gorge—no uncommon style of pathway for Tibet. *Gag lam* is the name given to this cañon in the river's course. Further on Chandra Dás stopped at a considerable village called Nye-t'ang, which was surrounded by willows and poplars with many low shrubs bearing flowers. He put up at the *gya-khang*, a sort of circuit-house provided for the accommodation of government officials on tour. Outside the village he passed, next morning, a temple painted bright yellow standing amidst thickly planted poplars. It was pointed out as a particularly sacred spot, for therein were lying entombed the remains of the great Indian pandit Atisha. He it was who visited Tibet A.D. 1050 to revive Buddhist doctrine, then in a languishing condition.

Our hero was now not one day's journey from Lhásá. Classical sites abounded on every hand. Travelling rapidly across an extremely fertile-looking plain, Daiping Monastery was passed away to the left,

and then the towers and glittering pinnacles of the Sacred City soon burst upon the view. Here, at length, was the object of all his dreams and of all his arduous adventures lying sedately before him on the open plain! Lháśá the mysterious, the home of occult learning, the abode of the hierarch of all Buddhism, was reached, visibly reached, at length. It was four o'clock in the afternoon as he approached the western gate of the city. Carefully did he arrange his garments, and having permitted his attendants to adjust his waist-sash exactly as an orthodox Tibetan ge-long's should be tied, he formed his party into a small procession after the manner of the newly arrived. With a small banner streaming from the head of a pike carried over the shoulder of the man who walked first, with his beasts and other servants following next, and with himself bringing up the rear, drooping wearily on his pony,—thus did Sarat Chandra Dás enter bravely the gateway of the unknown city of Lháśá.

RESIDENCE AT LHASA.

NO one offered to molest the party as they made their way through the main street of the outer city. As Chandra Dás wore colored goggle spectacles and looked somewhat of a general wreck, the loungers freely remarked upon his appearance. "Another sick man," exclaimed an idler at a Chinese pastry-shop door; "why, the city will soon be full of such!" They afterwards learned that small-pox was already spreading in epidemic form through Lháśá. A ride of half a mile brought the party to the inner gate of the city. Here *korchakpa* or watchmen were stationed, but they barely glanced at the new-comers, who sedately filed through the portal, and found themselves now, apparently so simply and easily, in the very heart of the place which had once seemed so far off and so impossible to attain to. The attendants of the babu, who were in his secret, now advised him to turn into a side lane while they went in search of lodgings. They fixed upon the common-house which was supposed specially to be appropriated to ge-longs from Tashi-Lhúmpo. On their return, the babu, who had been submitting to some catechetical inquiries from casual passers-by, was hurried into a network of filthy lanes, under a dark archway, and, climbing a ladder in an inner court, was duly introduced to his suite of apartments. They were large but dark, and, as the poor babu had suspected, and afterwards could prove, haunted by a numerous de-

tachment of "demon bugs." The date of his arrival was May 30.

Our friend, with much elasticity, seems now to have entered with gusto into the *genius loci*. Buddhism and Tibetan literature were his fervently pursued hobbies; and here in Lháśá, the very fountain head and treasure chamber of both, were all things of the kind lying ready to his hand and heart. Disease vanished; all his zeal was aflame and burnt out everything else. His lodgings were adjacent to the back premises of the great monastery of Teng-yai-ling; and every morning, he has assured us, he was roused to activity by the "melodious call" of the *gya-ling*, or gigantic church trumpets, summoning the monks to their early orisons. Pador and P'untso, his servants, were soon despatched to negotiate in the Potala bazaar for native printed books and for MS. copies of the scarcer works. As he made the acquaintance of the *parpön*, or head printer to the grand lama, several treasures ultimately came into his possession.

But June the 1st is *Saga-dawa*, the anniversary of Shakya T'ubpa's attainment to Nirvana. Chandra Dás accordingly was all on the alert to pay a visit on that morning to the Cho-khang, the cathedral of Lháśá, where illuminations and other grand doings were in operation for the sacred occasion. He was soon in the street hurrying to Kyilkhording Square, where the great temple stands.

To describe this fane in detail would consume many pages. Suffice it to say that all the bodhisattwas, deities, and deified heroes in the Buddhist calendar—over four hundred in number—are represented, mostly in life-size proportions; and as to such popular saints as Atisha, Tsongkhapa, King Srong-tsan Gampo, etc., there are several images of each. There is a colossal figure of the goddess Palden Lhamo.* On such a festival as the present one, ten thousand lamps illumine the edifice, and round the holiest of the effigies from morning to night thousands perform solemn circuits, often upon their knees.

His next visit was to Banye-shak, the town-house of his old acquaintance, Lhacham. He spent a long day there, receiving a cordial reception. So interesting a description does the babu furnish concerning this visit that I made a verbatim memorandum from his own words, which

* The British Museum does not contain a single example of Tibetan mythology. However, a very fine specimen of the goddess Palden Lhamo, brought from Ladak, is now in the possession of a gentleman in London, Mr. A. Braunstein.

may at once be introduced into my narrative as the only quotation available:—

Arrived at Banye-shak, we found the ground floor filled with men engaged in measuring grain and flour. The principal ladder, which resembled a staircase, was filled with menials. We, therefore, went to the southern central stair-like ladder, and commenced ascending the steps, but my difficulty of breathing was so great that, after climbing up the steep ladder to the third story, I fell on the floor completely exhausted. The *shetama* (maid-servant) came running to help me and conducted me to a seat in the reception-hall, where a large paper lantern was hung. About ten or twelve Gelug-pa monks came out from a room to the north of the hall, probably having finished a religious service. Tea was about to be poured into our cups, when the maid came to say that Lhacham had returned. She received me very graciously, and conducted me to her drawing-room, a room about sixteen feet by twelve. The walls were decorated with Chinese pictures, mostly picnic and dancing scenes, and on one side were two Chinese chests of drawers. Excellent Chinese and Yarkand carpets were laid down, and the ceiling was of the finest China satin. Miniature dining-tables, a foot in height, wooden bowls to hold barley-flour, stuffed rugs, and fancy tables made up the furniture of the room. Lhacham sat cross-legged on a rug to my left. The finest tea, called Du-t'ang, was forthwith served to me, and one of the *shetamas* placed a trayful of sugar-biscuits on my table. . . .

After a short conversation, Lhacham left the room; and presently the *shetama* offered to conduct me round the castle. The furniture of the rooms was of the same kind as in the first. The bedsteads were low, and the bedding resembled that in use in China. The imitation couches and chairs were ludicrously rude. The walls were painted green and blue, to relieve the uniformity of which pictures of processions, of demons, and of tutelary deities had been inserted in some places. Not a single room was furnished with chimneys, but jalas or earthenware stoves took their place. Opposite the windows of some of the rooms were flower-pots.

After half an hour's absence Lhacham returned, and resumed her seat. With her right hand she twirled a golden prayer-wheel, while with her left she caressed her son, who was seated beside her. She pressed me to take tea and biscuits, and some bread made of buckwheat and millet was placed upon my table. At midday she ordered dinner to be brought. Several china cups, also maple-knot cups mounted in gold and silver, were then produced from a chest of drawers in the room, and a cleanly dressed boy brought in a tray filled with cups containing different dainties. Before beginning I inquired of Lhacham if there were yak-beef in the dishes. "No, no; all that you see in the plates and cups is

made of mutton of the first quality. Although we prefer yak-beef to mutton, yet, knowing that you Indians have a repugnance to this delicacy of Tibet, I ordered our cook not to mix beef with mutton." I relished the dishes very much, using chop-sticks, and the pins which in Tibet serve for forks. Lhacham occasionally took a sip or two of tea, and conversed with me, showing great interest in my narrative of Indian marriage customs and female seclusion. But when I related to her that in India sometimes one husband had several wives, while the P'iling-pa (English) and enlightened natives had only one, she stared at me with wonder.

"One wife with only one husband," she exclaimed, in comic surprise. "Do not you think that we Tibetan women are happier than the Indian or P'iling women, of whom the Indian must be the most miserable?"

"Pray tell me," said I, "is it not inconvenient for one wife to have so many husbands?"

"I do not see," observed Lhacham, "how Indian women can possibly be as happy as Tibetan women are. The former have to divide among many the affection and the property of their one husband, whereas in Tibet the housewife, one woman, is the real mistress of all the joint earnings and inheritance of several brothers. These, her husbands, being sprung from the same mother, are undoubtedly one, and therefore the same flesh, blood, and bones. Their persons are one, though their souls may be different."

After dinner Lhacham asked me if I would be presented to her chief husband, the Sháb-pé, to whom she said she had already made mention of me. I thanked her for her gracious kindness, and said I would avail myself of the honor of a presentation another day.

Many other wondrous sights were duly exploited by our friend. Indeed, his notes on the various localities in the city are so precise that I have been able to obtain from them particulars sufficient to compile an entirely new plan of Lhá-sá. One tremendous spectacle, however, as yet remained unseen by him. He had not been fortunate enough to gain admission to that holy hill just without the city walls—the far-famed Potala—there to be brought into the very presence of the vice-regent of Buddha on earth, the gyal-wa rim-pochhe or grand lama of Lhá-sá.

One day, when he visited Lhacham and instructed her in certain particulars of her faith derivable from Sanskrit literature, she asked him if he had yet beheld his Holiness the kyaggön? The *babu* answered sadly that his performances in the existence just prior to his current state of being must have been such as to make it his miserable lot never to be allowed to gaze in this life on the divine countenance

in question. Lhacham suddenly dismissing the subject, nothing more was said. To his surprise, however, the next morning he received a message from one of the officials of Potala that the grand lama was intending to give an audience to certain persons of ecclesiastic rank that day, and that if he, the babu, would present himself with them, he too should be admitted. So unexpected an offer was eagerly responded to. Donning his church suit and accompanied by Pador, he was soon threading the byways of the city towards the north-western suburb, where is situated the grand conical mount known all over Asia. There the array of strange edifices, decorated with plated domes, golden *gyá-p'ik* and *ganjira*, and piled to an amazing height on the sacred hill, burst into view. In spite of much distress from want of breath, this man from Hindostan surmounted the numerous ladders which led to the upper regions where his Holiness holds court; and there he realized at length his highest hopes. He saw and bent low in the presence of this the supreme embodiment of modern Buddhism. He gazed upon the grand lama of Lhásá — then a child of eight years of age; receiving his blessing, and offering him in return a small ingot of pure gold. Afterwards he was permitted to examine the wonders and treasures of the palace; and so home again.

In the mean time, small-pox had been continuing its ravages in the city. Many high dignitaries were fleeing to the provinces; and the babu's companions, seized with panic, began urging instant departure from the infected place. The worthy and venturesome traveller stood out against these fears firmly enough at first, but his patroness Lhacham, too, advised him to set forth. He had intended a much longer sojourn, and had promised himself many excursions to famous shrines east and north-east of Lhásá. It was only a fortnight since he had entered the city so triumphantly, bent upon many weeks of residence. Yet there was no help for it. His subordinates threatened to depart in any case. Letters from Tashi-Lhümpo, begging him to return, eventually decided the matter. He sadly went to Lhacham to bid her farewell. She was not to be seen, her fear of infection conquering all regard for her Indian friend.

The following morning, June 13, poor Chandra Dás paid a farewell visit to the Cho-Khang, and made his obeisance to the great image of Buddha for the last time. Having propitiated the Lu and

various other deities to grant him a safe journey, he then turned his back upon the Sacred City, never in all probability to behold its grotesque glories again.

And here it is convenient that the narrative should be brought to a close. The hero of this surprising achievement had, indeed, many further adventures to undergo, and was destined to visit other notable places in Tibet. Moreover, in the result, nearly six months further elapsed before he found himself back on British territory and safely ensconced in Lhásá Villa — only Lhásá Villa, he who had trodden in triumph the veritable stones of Lhásá herself!

But the results obtained are permanently valuable. The mysterious capital of Tibet has been thoroughly explored by a learned and intelligent man, and fully reported upon. Routes through the unknown land have been completely surveyed. Many important places whose actual positions had been hitherto merely guessed at, have now been fixed mathematically. Yamdok Lake has been re-explored. Finally, a new map of the central parts of Tibet — replete with an indefinite number of place-names, newly ascertained, and with the courses of rivers and mountains accurately traced on paper for the first time — has been constructed mainly upon the information obtained with such pains by Babu Sarat Chandra Dás.*

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

* This map of Tibet has been since published in a budget of reports on Tibet and Nipal issued last year. It is inaccurate in one important point: the second capital of Tibet, Shigatse, being placed in it to the N.W. of Tashi-Lhümpo, instead of to the N.E., on the banks of the Nyang River.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
ARTHUR HELPS.

To those who recall the literary reputation of Sir Arthur Helps a quarter of a century ago, the comparative oblivion into which his works have fallen is incomprehensible. Mr. Ruskin once spoke of him as being, "like Plato and Carlyle, a true thinker" who had "become in some sort a seer, and must always be of infinite use in his generation." But when of late there was a discussion as to the best hundred books, nobody even mentioned any of the works of the author of "Friends in Council" and "The Spanish Conquest in America," which, though still popular on the other side of the Atlantic, seem to be

almost forgotten on this. Nor do many people remember that their author was not only a brilliant essayist, but that, as the trusted friend and correspondent of the queen, and the intermediary between her Majesty and statesmen of all parties, he held a unique position in the political world.

His literary tastes were developed early. At Eton he was one of the founders of a school magazine, which numbered among its contributors many clever boys who afterwards became famous men. While an undergraduate at Cambridge he wrote his "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd," a collection of aphorisms which originally appeared in 1835, and has recently been republished. Some of the "Thoughts" are excellent: "Most people seek the deep slumber of a decided opinion." "The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success." "The man of genius may be a guide, but the man of talents will be a leader." "Tolerance is the only real test of civilization." "We must often consider, not what the wise will think, but what the foolish will say."

It would be easy to multiply examples of pithy maxims of this kind, coming within Chamfort's definition of an aphorism as "a product of the labor of a clever man intended to spare fools trouble." Throughout all his subsequent writings aphorisms are frequent, but it was not till more than thirty years later that he published another collection under the name of "Brevia." Both abound in that *mitis sapientia* which is universally popular; and I cannot help wondering that Mr. Morley, in his delightful essay, has not referred to Helps as an illustrious exponent of this particular form of literature.

His "Essays written in the Intervals of Business" appeared in 1843, and at once became popular. They were followed four years later by "Friends in Council," in which he utilized the novel idea of an essay on a particular subject being discussed by a symposium of friends. About this time Arthur Helps had some interesting experiences, for he worked under Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Monteagle, and subsequently under Lord Morpeth, as commissioner for the relief of the famine-stricken Irish; and in the troublous times of 1848, when revolution was in the air and the claims of the Chartists were being wildly put forward, he took an active part, in company with Charles Kingsley, in the labor struggles in London. It was then that he contrib-

uted several articles to the series of papers called "Politics for the People," which Kingsley edited under the name of Parson Lot. In 1848 he wrote his "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen," which served as the foundation for his "Spanish Conquest in America," of which the successive volumes were published between 1855 and 1861.

In 1860 he succeeded the Hon. W. L. Bathurst as clerk of the Council, an appointment which he received from Lord Palmerston, to whom he had been introduced by Macaulay as "one of the ablest men of the century," and who at Broadlands had found pleasure in cultivating the acquaintance of his neighbor at Bishops Waltham.

It was after one of Helps's visits at Broadlands that he once described to me a discussion which had taken place there as to what he called "one of the most extraordinary paradoxes ever broached by a man of Lord Palmerston's intellectual calibre"—namely, the theory, recently revived by Mr. Donnelly, that Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. It is curious that the fact of this belief being entertained by the great Whig leader was never quoted in the controversy on the subject which was hotly waged a year or two ago. Helps referred to it in the following passage of his obituary notice of Lord Palmerston in the now defunct *Fraser's Magazine*, to which he was a frequent contributor:—

He maintained that the plays of Shakespeare were really written by Bacon, who passed them off under the name of an actor for fear of compromising his professional prospects and philosophic gravity. Only last year [1864], when the subject was discussed at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston suddenly left the room and speedily returned with a small volume of dramatic criticisms, in which the same theory (originally started by an American lady) was supported by supposed analogies of thought and expression. "There," he said, "read that, and you will come over to my opinion." When the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the edition of 1623, was adduced, he remarked, "Oh, these fellows always stand up for one another, or he may have been deceived like the rest."

Helps's own opinion on the matter, however, was to the effect that the argument had struck Lord Palmerston by its ingenuity, and that he wanted leisure for a searching exposure of its groundlessness.

He used always to declare Lord Palmerston to be the most perfect of hosts, — not worrying his guests, not insisting on

their seeing interesting ruins, or model farms, or even pictures, but taking infinite pains to aid them in doing as they liked in their own way, even studying Bradshaw on their behalf, and adapting domestic arrangements so as to suit their particular plans. He appeared to Helps to be a man who had the most intense interest in every branch of human effort, and even towards the end of his life delighted in new discoveries and inventions. It is true that on one occasion when he was button-holed by a tremendous *savant*, after enduring a flow of very scientific talk for a quarter of an hour, he exclaimed suddenly, "That is marvellously interesting! I must really get you to tell that to the chancellor,"—and forthwith passed on his tormentor to Lord Westbury. But, as a rule, he would spend any amount of time in discussing new speculations and scientific projects. Helps wrote:—

Three qualifications are requisite to make a perfect bore. He must prefer hearing himself talk to the pleasure of eliciting good conversation; the limitation of his interest in human affairs is very restricted, therefore he repeats himself largely, and, as you will observe, he is very fond of talking of the past, and of the past in the strain of Æneas, often introducing the sentence, if not the words, "quorum pars magna fui." At a dinner-table or in general society Lord Palmerston, though always genial, did not always shine; but when you were at home with him, or when you were at work with him, or when you were walking with him, he was a charming companion. And what was said about his avoidance of the past, and his intense interest in the present and the future, is exactly true. I saw a great deal of him in the last ten years of his life, and only remember two or three instances when he went back upon the past; but as regards our hopes and prospects for the future, he was always ready to discourse at large.

A letter printed in the "Life of Lord Palmerston" shows that he thoroughly appreciated Helps, and on one occasion specially interposed in his behalf, when the Council Office was subjected to a sudden over-pressure of work.

Helps's Hampshire estate, Vernon Hill by name, was, if small, most charmingly situated. The house, which had been formerly the residence of Admiral Vernon, was placed on a hillside at the base of which were the ruins of an old abbey reflected in a wood-fringed lake. Far away over an undulating country the Solent was visible, and on a clear day the towers of Osborne might be seen over the silver streak of sea. Unfortunately, on

this very estate was made a discovery which at first gave the prospect of unbounded wealth, but which proved most unprofitable. A bed of clay was found which was reported by experts to surpass that of the most celebrated potteries, and it is no wonder that a mind like that of Helps should have eagerly caught at what seemed to be an opportunity of creating a new industry in Hampshire. Here was a field, not only for that organization which he made the subject of a special volume, but for the formation of a manufacturing town which might be built and ruled according to theories which he had already propounded. Unmindful of the fate of Defoe, who was ruined by pottery speculations, he entered upon the enterprise with enthusiasm, and on a very large scale. A colony of laborers was imported from Staffordshire, expensive machinery was erected, and some admirable terra cotta works were produced. The prince consort took the greatest interest in the scheme; and I have seen a small model which he himself had executed in Bishops Waltham clay. But the result of the undertaking was disastrous. Water-carriage was wanting; and even when a branch railway was made to the works, it was found impossible to compete successfully with Derby and Staffordshire. Works of art might be produced and find a remunerative sale; but what ought to have been the staple of the manufacture—the cups, and jugs, and basins, and ordinary earthenware—failed to command the market, and the losses of Helps, and the friends associated with him, were very large. Vernon Hill had to be sold, and for a short time Helps lived in a small villa at Croydon. Soon, however, he took up his abode in a charming house which the queen placed at his disposal at Kew Gardens, and here he lived up to the time of his death in 1875.

He was an excellent host. The circle at Vernon Hill, and afterwards at Kew, often comprised men of letters like Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, Mr. Froude, John Parker, Sir Joseph Hooker, and Mr. (now Sir) Theodore Martin; and the admirable tact of the master of the house was always successful in putting people at ease with each other. He talked admirably, and had a marvellously retentive memory, but he never forgot the rule which he puts in the mouth of one of the "Friends in Council"—that "one ought always to be mindful of the first syllable of the word conversation, and talk *with* people, not *to* them."

As head of an office which had to enter into relation with nearly every department of government, he gained universal esteem. He treated his subordinates almost as part of his own family, and was perpetually extending his hospitality to them. There is a story still extant in the Privy Council Office of a clerk who had received one or two remonstrances as to late arrival in the morning, and who, on again transgressing, was told that his chief had already visited his room. In some perturbation he went to his table, upon which he happened to have left the well-known work of reference entitled "Men of the Time;" and the only official reprimand communicated to him was on a slip of paper placed in this book. It merely contained the words, "It appears to Sir Arthur Helps that Mr. — is a Man *after* his Time." Many of his minutes were in unconventional terms that were apt to startle the official mind. Now and then he broke into verse; and on one occasion when Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen, who possessed a great faculty for rhyme, was under secretary at the Home Office, a series of inter-departmental communications as to so heavy a question as the drainage of Old Romney were all carried on in a metrical form, the final decision of the Privy Council being conveyed by the then lord president (one of the foremost of Liberal statesmen now living) in the following lines:—

Oh the bustle, oh the clatter!
 What the devil is the matter?
 Why try by more than mortal verse
 To make a red-tape business worse,
 And waste the Home-official ink?
 Does ancient Romney really stink?
 Why then, my Helps, prepare your pen,
 Let engineers report again,
 And by the force of letters tell
 How much the law abhors a smell.

A quarter of a century ago, the atmosphere of the Privy Council Office was decidedly literary. At its head was Helps, then at the height of his powers and of his fame. The registrar of the judicial committee was Mr. Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and (to quote the phrase used by the public orator when Oxford gave him his D.C.L.), "republicâ literarum potentissimus." He was an intimate friend both of J. T. Delane, editor of the *Times*, and of Higgins, generally known as "Jacob Omnium;" and it was a sight to see this trio walk down Whitehall arm-in-arm—Delane, who was over six feet in height, looking comparatively puny between his two enormous compan-

ions. The "Greville Diaries," edited by Mr. Reeve, were soon to appear, and to arouse a tremendous hubbub in the fashionable as well as in the literary world.* Another member of the official staff was the Rev. W. Harness, who had been appointed, I think by Lord Melbourne, to the almost sinecure office of receiver of clergy returns. He was best known as Byron's friend, from the time when they were schoolfellows at Harrow; was himself, as the pages of "Maga" have borne witness, a brilliant writer; and had been intimate with Rogers, Moore, and other celebrities, of whom he had plenty of stories to tell. Then there was the late C. V. Bayly, a great authority on old silver and china, whose little dinners, at his rooms at the corner of Berkeley Square, Helps specially affected. He was a nephew of Lady Jersey, the *grande dame* whose house used to be a political centre at the time when the patronesses of Almack's were a power in the State, and who at one time shared with her great rival, the Princesse de Lieven, the leadership of the fashionable world of London. Once when Helps and the Marquis d'Azeglio (then Italian ambassador) were dining with Bayly, he described to us a scene which he had witnessed at Lady Jersey's, when Byron came to an evening party, and was treated with such marked coldness by the assembled guests that the hostess asked her nephew to find out why they all turned their backs on the poet. It appeared that this was due to a scandalous story that had become suddenly current as to Byron's treatment of his wife; though it is significant that the charge was not the particular one afterwards published by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Bayly, who was a curious old cynic, was also a fastidious *gourmet*; and once when Helps, who never knew or cared what he was eating or drinking, said something as to dinners being a nuisance, he burst out with, "My dear Helps, I entirely disagree. I would rather lose a friend than a dinner; for if I lose a friend I can go down to the club and get another, whereas if I lose a dinner the misfortune can never be retrieved, for nobody can eat two dinners in the same day." When Prince Salm-Salm was made an honorary member of the Travellers' Club, somebody asked whose son he was. "Prince Psalms?" said Bayly; "why, of course he must be King David's son." It now and then happened that some offici-

* Poor Helps, at the first Council after their publication, was asked by a royal personage whether he, too, kept a diary.

business had to be transacted late at night at the Council Office; and the official staff used to dine there while waiting for a telegram from lord president or prime minister. On such occasions the party was always very genial, and Helps used to pour out a wonderful fund of anecdote from his very retentive memory. It was a pleasant trait in his character that he gave of his very best to his subordinates, and was as brilliant for the benefit of common persons as for that of exalted personages. Public dinners he detested, and could rarely be induced to attend them. He was still less fond of literary ladies; and once, when a blue stocking broke into a conversation with a quotation from Tacitus, he whispered that he should have much preferred her as "tacita."

Perhaps the part of his work which interested him most was that which related to animals. It fell to his lot to have to deal with the outbreak of rinderpest in 1863, and to establish a special branch of his office for combating the infectious diseases of cattle. He was always deeply impressed with the cruelties wantonly inflicted on the brute creation; and his genuine and unaffected indignation at some case of barbarity brought to his notice often startled his friends, who were unprepared for such an outburst from so quiet a nature. One of his latest works, "Animals and their Masters," was devoted to this question; and as chairman of the Transit of Animals Committee, he had the satisfaction of proposing to the government the measures which have since prevented a recurrence of at any rate the worst tortures which used to be inflicted in the carriage of cattle by sea and by land. There was one official trial which he had to endure. An old lady, who professed to have invented a brand-new religion of which she was the high priestess, and who actually circulated among public men, fortnightly or monthly, printed reports of the dogmas revealed to her, once obtained access to Sir Arthur Helps, who was perfectly civil to her, though her new creed in the first place had nothing to do with the Privy Council, and in the second was absolutely unintelligible. But having once made the acquaintance of so eminent a disciple, she was always wishing to complete his conversion. In vain was she denied admittance; she waylaid the unfortunate clerk of the Council on every opportunity, and for some time he could never turn a corner without a fearful apprehension that the redoubtable Mrs. C. would dart out

upon him, and resume her usual discourse on the Book of Job and the White Horse of the Revelation.

He was, I think, over-sensitive to adverse criticism, of which he had perhaps not enough to allow him to grow callous to it; and the least misprints in his own books or articles annoyed him exceedingly. There was a passage from his "Organization in Daily Life" in which, speaking of vultures gathering to their prey, he had used the Virgilian phrase, "obscene birds," which had been misprinted "obscure birds." The mistake was not noticed by any of several persons who read the proofs in succession, and I remember that his gratitude was quite effusive when his attention was called to the word just as the book was being sent to press. After all, the blunder was not a serious one, and was nothing like that of the lady traveller who wrote that the "whole wilderness was filled with erratic blocks," and who, failing to revise her proofs, found that the printers had taken on themselves to correct her geological expression, and that she was made to assert that "the whole wilderness was filled with erotic blacks!"

The post of clerk of the Council is one which brings its holder in personal communication with prominent men of all parties. Greville had held a wonderful position as both social and political go-between. "I have had," he once lamented, "within these few days, consultations on the most opposite subjects, — men coming to be helped out of scrapes with other men's wives; a grand bother about the Duke of Cambridge's statue in the House of Lords; a fresh correspondence with Lady Palmerston about the *Times* attacking her husband; communications with Cardinal Wiseman on ecclesiastical affairs; and so forth." Helps's advice was sought just as eagerly. But there was one marked difference between the two men. Greville was a keen politician, and manifested his bias so openly that when Lord Derby was in office he never would attend the Councils, but always sent his deputy.* Helps, although his leanings were towards the moderate Liberals of those days — who would be called ultra-Tories now — never gave rein to his political proclivities, and was on as good terms with Lord Derby, as with Lord John Russell.

* When Lord Derby was asked to call the clerk of the Council to account for this dereliction of duty, he answered, quite *en grand seigneur*, "When I ring I never notice whether it is John or Thomas who answers the bell." The "Gruncher's" fury when this was repeated to him may be easily imagined.

Men of all parties came to him for counsel—not indeed as to private “scrapes with other men’s wives,” but as to the weighty questions of the day. Mr. Froude relates the following anecdote, which has been circulated throughout the globe in his delightful “*Oceana* :”—

Sir Arthur Helps told me a story singularly illustrative of the importance which the British official mind has hitherto allowed to the distant scions of “*Oceana*.” A Government had gone out; Lord Palmerston was forming a new Ministry, and in a preliminary Council was arranging the composition of it. He had filled up the other places; he was at a loss for a Colonial Secretary. This name and that were suggested and thrown aside. At last he said: “I suppose I must take the thing myself. Come up-stairs with me, Helps, when the Council is over; we will look at the maps, and you shall show me where these places are.”

This story shows the popular notion of the functions of a clerk of the Council, and the only drawback to it is that it is absolutely apocryphal.

Mr. Froude’s memory must assuredly have played him some strange trick. In the first place, the clerk of the Council never attends any meetings of the Privy Council at which the composition of ministers is settled, for the excellent reason that such meetings are never held; in the second place, though Lord Palmerston filled most of the great offices of state, he never was colonial secretary; in the third place, Lord Palmerston could not have said “Come up-stairs,” because the council chamber and the library at the Privy Council Office are alike on the first floor, and there was no reason why minister and clerk of the Council should ascend to the garrets.

But there is a much stronger reason even than these, and it is furnished by the unassailable evidence of dates. Sir Arthur Helps was not made clerk of the Council until June, 1860, when Lord Palmerston had already been premier just a year, and there was, as a matter of fact, no change of administration until Lord Palmerston’s death in 1865. It is perfectly certain, then, that there was no preliminary Council for arranging the places of a new ministry, and it would be interesting to know on what foundation this curious fiction has been constructed.

But if in this particular instance Sir Arthur Helps was not called on to undertake the task of lecturing the prime minister on colonial geography, his advice was constantly sought in the highest quarters.

The queen soon learned to rely much on his judgment, and for a good many years before his death he was perhaps the most trusted of all her Majesty’s friends, and the most constant of her correspondents. It was he who edited the “*Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort*” in 1862; and who aided her Majesty, six years later, in preparing for the press the “*Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*.” It was at his suggestion that Mr. (now Sir) Theodore Martin was selected to write the life of the prince consort; and the admirable fashion in which, *omnium consensu*, this difficult and delicate task was accomplished, has fully justified the choice. It was Sir Arthur Helps who made her Majesty acquainted with Charles Dickens in person; but though shyness was by no means one of Dickens’s characteristics, he had such a fit of it on the occasion that he could scarcely be induced to open his mouth, and one of the most amusing talkers of his day was a conversational failure at the palace. Another of Helps’s literary friends was Sir Henry Taylor, as to whose “*Philip van Artevelde*” he agreed with Macaulay’s verdict, that it was (in 1850) the “greatest poem that the last thirty years had produced.” He frequently quoted the lines:—

Good Master Blondel-Vatre, he is rich
In nothing else but difficulties and doubts.
You shall be told the danger of your scheme,
But not the scheme that’s better. He forgets
That policy, expecting not clear gain,
Deals ever in alternatives. He’s wise
In negatives, is skilful at erasures,
Expert in stepping backward, an adept
At auguring eclipses. But admit
His apprehensions, and demand, What then?
And you shall find you’ve turned the blank-
leaf over.

His experience possibly led him to the conclusion that this type was not an uncommon one among officials and statesmen, and he was fond of throwing the quotation at their heads.

He himself wrote a couple of plays, and one of them, called “*Oulita the Serf*,” was in his own opinion the best of all his works. The public, however, did not ratify this judgment, and it is impossible to help feeling that his affection for it was that of a parent for the weakling of his family. He published three novels; and “*Realmah*,” which ran through the pages of *Macmillan’s Magazine* in 1867–68, was, in the opinion of competent judges, one of the best of his works. The story is a fanciful description of the lives and wars

and polity of inhabitants of lake-dwellings in some prehistoric period; and each chapter of the narrative is followed by a report of the discussion of a knot of friendly critics to whom it is supposed to have been read, but who really talk not merely of the story, but also of all imaginable subjects unconnected with it. Here are specimens of two very different styles, both of which are characteristic of different moods of the author. The first extract relates to what Helps calls the Doctrine of Indispensables in Fiction:—

Now, Cranmer, you are to be a villain in a novel. I assure you it is a very creditable part to assign to you. I always like the villains best. They are the only business-like people in the concern. I will be the Indispensable.

Now try and get rid of me if you can.

You stab me to the heart, and leave me on the ground. I assure you it is of no use. An Indispensable's heart is quite differently placed from that of any other man. The desperate wound you gave me was in fact the best surgical treatment that could be devised for a slight internal complaint which I labor under, and you will find me as lively as ever in the third volume, and ready to unmask your wicked designs.

Or it is a dark, gusty night. We two are walking the deck alone. You politely edge me over the side of the vessel, and go to sleep in your hammock, feeling that you have done a good stroke of business. What do I do? The ship is only going nineteen knots an hour—I therefore easily swim to her and secrete myself in the stays, or the main chains, or the shrouds, or the dead-lights, or some of those mysterious places in a ship which Sir Arthur knows all about. There I stick like a barnacle, and you carry me into port with you. I can tell you that when you are just about to make a most advantageous marriage, I shall put my head in at the church door and say, "Ha!" with a loud voice, and the whole affair will be broken off.

Or you poison me. Bless your heart, poison has no more effect on my Mithridatic constitution than ginger-beer—probably not so much.

You bury me. No, you don't. You don't bury *me*, but some intrusive fellow who has thrust himself into my place; for an Indispensable has always about him obliging persons who do that kind of work for him.

Or you hurl me down from the cliff, three hundred feet high, and go away thinking you have now really got rid of me for good and all. But, Mr. Villain, you are much mistaken. I, as an Indispensable, inevitably fall upon a sea-anemone—rather a large one, three feet square and two feet thick—very common, however, on that part of the coast. The poor anemone is somewhat injured, and I am a little shaken, but I shall appear again

at the right time with my fatal "Ha!" and upset your marriage.

This is very excellent fooling, and at once sets us thinking of the numerous Indispensables whose acquaintance we have made in fiction, and whom now, by much practice, we are able at once to recognize in that capacity as soon as the horse begins to run away, or the storm to rise, or the house to burn, or the railway accident to threaten. We are certain that they will be smashed or drowned, or otherwise seem to be finally disposed of, and equally certain that they will turn up safe and sound towards the end of the third volume.

Here is another passage from the same book, but in a very different key. It is put into the mouth of an old clergyman who is on his deathbed:—

I may be an enthusiast, but I think that the triumphs of Christianity are but commencing. I look forward to a time when war, which so distresses you now, Milverton, will be an obsolete thing; when the pity we have at present for the losses and miseries of other men will seem, comparatively speaking, but hardness of heart; when the grief of any one will be largely partaken by all those who know of it, and when our souls will not be isolated; when good men will allow themselves to give full way to their benevolent impulses, because no unfair advantage will be taken of their benevolence; when the weak will not traffic upon their weakness, nor the strong abuse their strength; when wealth will not be ardently sought for, except by those who feel that they can undertake the heavy burden of dispensing wealth for the good of their brethren; when men and women will be able to live together in a household without mean dissensions; when the lower seats shall be preferred; when men will differ about nice points of doctrine without adjudging to their opponents eternal condemnation; when, in short, instead of a tumult of discord ascending to heaven from this bewildered world, there shall go up one harmonious melody breathing peace and faith and love, and concord and contentment.

Think of these sayings of mine when I have gone, my dear, and let no one persuade you that Christianity is the mere dream of a few benighted enthusiasts. I can say no more; good-night—and perhaps it is good-night forever.

Once more, how delightfully the following passage as to the minor miseries of life comes home to us!

He compared these miseries to the crumbs in the bed of a sick man who is too ill to rise for his meals. The poor wretch, he said, does what he can to brush them away; thinks, after

great labor and turnings — for he can hardly move — that he has accomplished it. But when he settles down once more he is sure to find some of those detestable crumbs molesting him again, and he never gets rid of them till he is taken out of bed, perhaps for the last time.

I have preferred to take these specimens from Helps's "Realmah," rather than from any of his more famous books, because I cannot help thinking that it contains the most varied types of his best work. The main story is less didactic than the essays in "Friends in Council," and the conversation is more brilliant. The parties to the discussion are practically the same, and one great charm is that the marked individuality of each "friend" is never lost. The reading public used to enjoy the company of Sir John Ellesmere, the ex-attorney general, who is full of good stories and brilliant sarcasms, but whose caustic sayings are prompted by a keen sense of fun rather than by innate savagery; of Mr. Cranmer, the official personage, who is an incarnation of blue-books, and who is always bringing out awkward facts and terrible percentages for the confutation of his opponents; of Lady Ellesmere, who is as bright and charming and illogical as a clever woman can be, and who thinks that the highest testimony to her conjugal virtues would be the epitaph, "She did not mind her husband's singing very much;" of Mr. Mauleverer, who is almost equal to Schopenhauer in proving that everything is as bad as it can be, and that this is the worst of all possible worlds; of Sir Arthur Godolphin, who varies Sir George Lewis's "Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures," by the version, "Life would be intolerable but for its absurdities;" and of Mr. Milverton, who may safely be trusted to know whatever any author has said about anything. I wonder whether the present generation is on intimate terms with that excellent company of good talkers? If not, I would suggest that the present generation should make their acquaintance. A beginning might be made with "Realmah," which would lead up to the various series of "Friends in Council," and other works on the same plan; while the "History of the Spanish Conquest in America," which is delightfully graphic, would furnish a *pièce de résistance*. If I am right as to the general neglect with which a great author has been visited, a good many people ought to be thankful to have their attention directed to the very fascinating

form of literature of which he was the inventor. Let them, in this instance, follow the example of Samuel Rogers, who used to say, "When a new book comes out, I go to my library shelves and read an old one."

H. PRESTON THOMAS.

From Temple Bar.

AN IDYL OF CLODS.

" . . . Io mi son un che, quando
Amore spira, noto; ed a quel modo
Ch' ei detta dentro, vo significando."

Purg., canto xxiv.

"MY father was 'only a clodhopper,'" said a girl, who came to offer herself as a servant. It was said deprecatingly, and no doubt the dictionaries will tell you that "clodhopper" means dolt or blockhead. But the girl did not mean that — she simply meant that her father "worked on the land," to use a country phrase; and that this she thought, or rather, she expected others would think, was a poor sort of vocation.

How much, in fact, has been said about the degradation of the English laborer! How stupid he has been supposed to be; how devoid of fine feeling, how besotted, how limited! "Hodge," he is called; I do not know why. Nor do I know why the artisans, who are shy of sitting next to him in the public house, have given him the marine-sounding name of "Jack."

Now that he has a vote no end of pretty things are said to him; but till yesterday there did seem to be a settled idea that the fact of working on the land, apart from all contingent circumstances, must make a man a fool. Yet what labor is like to this? What other toil brings the toiler face to face with Nature, teaches him the beautiful wisdom of the fields, the earth-poem of the seasons — the seed-sowing in the white dawns of spring, the grain-harvesting in the red sunsets of autumn, the mowing of the flowery hay, the hoeing of the heavenly scented beans. What variety there is in this, compared, for instance, with the thralldom of the slave who while he lives must make pin-heads, or of that other slave who writes the addresses of envelopes through the livelong summer day!

My notes belong to a village not fifty miles from London, in a part of the country where man is considered particularly uninteresting, and Nature is pronounced irremediably ugly. But I have not yet found that part of the world where man is

not full of interest, and where Nature, if there be any left of her, is not full of beauty. As for Nature, one must sometimes seek a little for her beauty; it may not lie quite by the door. Who seeks, however, will find. Go alone into the fields in May. In your garden there is the untidiness of things "in a state of becoming." The growth of cow-parsley distracts the gardener, the trees killed last winter by the hard frost show now first their death in the midst of the coming life; it is yet too cold to sit down. Altogether, satisfaction is hardly your mood there. In the road the east wind catches you, and the market carts stir the dust. Things look ugly and commonplace. But strike off into the higher lying fields, away from the clatter of traffic, quite lonely, in fact, and yet multitudinous! A high hedge, just about to show whitethorn blossoms, screens you here from the wind; it is summer, with only the expectancy of spring. I am in a wheat-field; the horizon is far away stretching round the skyline of a country which already looks green rather than brown. Everywhere there is movement and there is sound. The moss of the hedge rustles, a little mouse looks out curiously at you. The twigs tremble; a bird flies through them on the enormous business of nest-building. On a heap of stones a small frog leaps, and then stands still. Here and there a dog-violet, large and open-eyed; a piece of yellow broom; a primrose or cowslip; a daisy with deep red edges, one of those geniuses of daisy kind which come, every now and then, in a family— who knows why? Above sing larks innumerable; a startled partridge scuds over the young corn; a small brown bird sings loudly, flying from top to top of the whitethorn bushes; a large peacock butterfly keeps still, open-winged, on the ground; a humble-bee bustles in and out, believing firmly that all nature is prepared as a framework to his importance; the ecstasy of renewal pervades even the smallest leaf, the commonest weed.

This is what I saw on May 12.

The winter before had been a hard one, at least it had been visited by one of those cold "snaps," as they say in Canada, which make us nowadays remember a winter as cold, though before and after there was nothing but moisture and sci-rocco, and a higher temperature than you find on the Genoese Riviera. This is the last "method of an always remarkable climate. It has its advantages; the old people have their good time of it in the mildness and moisture, and the young get

a week or two of skating, sliding, snow-balling, and paradisiacal bliss generally. But it goes badly with the tenderer plants and trees, that cannot go indoors and sit by the fire during the cold spell, as the old folks do; and which the long sustained warmth has rendered unprepared to meet the enemy—frost. A curious thing was noticed. In the middle of the new year's night the weather changed from mild to intense cold; and those who were out abroad observed that the evergreen shrubs, laurel, arbutus, bay—gave forth a strong aromatic fragrance. All these shrubs were killed that night to the roots.

Then came the great snowstorm, and here is what happened in it.

A little boy of eight years old was sent from the market town to the village on an errand. "Hold this up to your eyes, then you won't feel the snow so much," said his mother, giving him a muff.

So off he trudged; the snow thickened, the wind blew harder and harder, but he held the muff up to his eyes and away he went.

Oh! the pity of it!—with the drift driving along, so the whole force of the snow swept laterally over the earth, and with the muff over his eyes, the child took the wrong turning; instead of going into the village, he struck out into the lanes, some feet deep in snow already. Coming to a lonely cottage, he asked where he was, and the woman told him, as she thought, how to take a lane which would lead him back to the town whence he had started. "Go back to where there is a sign-post with no writing on it, and then turn to the right." This the child did; but alas! he took not only that, but the next turning again to the right, and this led into miles on miles of fields, close by woods all shivering and quaking in the storm, over rough ground, now deeply covered with snow.

So the child wandered on and on; what sustained him in the *tourments* and growing darkness? How was it that he did not sit down and cry himself into a sleep that would surely have been a last one?

But no; on he went, impelled by instinct, guarded by angelic companions if you will; on he went till at last a woman looking out at the storm, from a cottage set in the corner of a field, saw the small figure moving; she called, and the child came. This time there was no question of sending it off on further goose-chases; the poor little limbs could scarcely have gone further—soaked up to the thighs, trembling with exhaustion, the blurred

eyes wet with tears almost turned to tiny icicles. Such was the lamentable little being whom the good woman warmed and fed and cheered and brought back to life again.

Meanwhile in the town where his home was and the village whither he was bound, the child lost in the snow was the talk of all that night and all the next morning, and "no hope" was the universal cry. Hope came, however, and the child too; over the roads, despite the five feet of drift along the hedgerows and the two feet of solid snow across the horsepath (that day letters never arrived), the child, guided by kind hands, came safe back, none the worse for his adventure.

The poor are full of sympathy among themselves, and of help where they can give it. It comes quite natural to a poor woman to sit up the night with a sick neighbor, and perhaps that one night is repeated over again till the sleep of a week or a fortnight be given, cheerfully and without expectation of reward. They are wonderfully generous, too, with their money. If there is a collection for any sufferers, native or beyond the sea, there is not a poor laborer, not a poor old woman who lives on two shillings a week, but will give, and be hurt and offended if passed over and not asked to give. "The pence of the poor mount up," said the churchwarden as he counted the multitude of heavy coins and checked the total. Yes, surely, they mount up even to Heaven.

The country poor give largely to beggars. It would be better if they did not, but how are they to weigh the arguments of the Charity Organization Society? I suspect that the beggar and the itinerant performer have a peculiar fascination for the stay-at-home poor. They have seen the world and known its ways. Sometimes a beggar who moves in a certain orbit, and may be expected at a certain date, is looked out for with almost anxiety. There was an old Dane in a long red shirt who used to come once a year. He had lived this life for forty or fifty years, having somehow drifted into England in the great war. I asked him on his last visit (death no doubt prevented his returning) whether he had forgotten Danish. "Can you forget what your mother taught you?" said he.

Most young people with a little imagination have wished at one time or another to "take to the road." But the wish remains barren of action—our "scholar gipsies" do no more than go upon a walking tour, or if they try to do more their

distracted families set the police after them. Those who fall into vagrancy from a higher sphere hardly do it by choice in these days. Among wanderers I have met with some in whom traces of better breeding seemed to bear out the story they told me—not at first, but after some footing of confidence had been established. There was a man named Dillon, a violin player; a sad, bad subject, I fear, but not without talent and marks of a once different way of life. Then there was a fair-woman with two delicate-looking children; her horse died, and she could not move away. Her husband, who was dead, had, she said, lost all by marrying her, a poor waif, but fair once, and by degrees had sunk to her condition. It was a miserable little story.

Talking of fair-people reminds me of how the fair-company once refrained from sounding the whistle of the whirligiground—the most hideous and powerful attraction in their programme—because a poor woman lay dying in a house near by. Some wise persons had prophesied that it would need all the terrors of the law to induce them to forego this abominable privilege; but they were asked kindly, and yielded at once, the head man's glum looks brightening into something like a smile when the petitioner (who had, as it were, "gone bail" in advance for his good behavior) remarked at parting, "I was sure you would act like a gentleman!"

Of gipsies the poor have an instinctive distrust, and they, on their part, keep themselves separate, and avoid familiarity. I remember a family of rich gipsies with whom I was on friendly terms. The man was a horse-dealer, and, as I heard later, had £2,000 in the county bank. I used to visit their house-on-wheels, and take toys and ribbons to the children, and at last I persuaded the mother to send two of these children to school. Very soon after the concession had been made, the party moved off most unexpectedly. I had reason to think that their departure was due to the fact that, though they were politely unwilling to refuse to do as I asked, they could not bring themselves to allow their children longer to associate with the little *gorgios*.

Gipsies are curiously particular about water. A gipsy boy scooped out some water from a roadside pool, which supplied a neighboring cottage. He had hardly tasted it when he flung it from him, saying, "That's not fit to drink." "Not fit to drink? Why, that's splendid water!" came the indignant voice of one of the cottagers from over the hedge. As I hap-

peued to know that on market day all the dogs take a bath in that pool, my private impressions were rather in favor of the gipsy's judgment.

An open hand for giving means commonly an open hand for spending; and it has been said a hundred thousand times, in all the keys of righteous wrath, that the English poor are the most spendthrift in the world. It was a rash thing—this severity on them for not saving when they had barely enough to keep the breath in their bodies; and now that they have something more, the clubs and friendly societies (and even the swindling societies that have robbed thousands from the poor man's pocket) do not tell a tale of utter improvidence. But it is true that the poorest English have certain grand and lofty ideas which are not very consistent with thrift. Sometimes this instinct leads them profitably to reject rubbish which would be costly in the long run; but oftener it is the cause of useless waste. Take coals, for instance. For a cottager, what good is there in the choice of the dearest kind, whose only merit is the particularly bright flame which rich people like to see in their drawing-rooms? Yet a poor woman said to me loftily, "I ordered a quarter of a hundred of coals for my son Joe. 'Never mind the extra shilling,' says I; 'let them be of the best!'"

It is true that the girls who work at the factory (there is a large factory in the village I mean)—it is true that these girls, instead of sticking to the celebrated shawl and clogs with which Mr. Oscar Wilde credits the Lancashire mill-hands, adopt the very latest fashions, to the weekly emptying out of their purses. I wore a shawl and clogs all one winter, but I did not see that my example was followed. What is noticeable is, that whereas the dress of the factory girl some years ago suggested nothing but vulgar imitation and bad taste, in these last years the effect produced is distinctly pretty and becoming. This comes partly from the generally more artistic style of dress (now perhaps doomed to retrogression), and partly from the improved individual taste of the wearers. If a sketch could be made of a bevy of girls, such as I have seen playing "Jenny Jones" on the lawn, it would be a thing of beauty for all time. For beauty is common among these young girls and children. Often have I wished that I had the portrait gift, and could perpetuate their fresh faces, in which (and this strikes any one accustomed to foreign populations) there is the widest diversity

of type, from the characteristic angel-beauty of the English child, to the solemn eyes and olive tint of Murillo's Virgins. The dark Gainsborough hat, or white straw, tufted with may or apple-blossom, the well-made white alpaca or deep red gown, with ruffles of fresh lace at the neck and sleeves, set off natural advantages, and would go to complete my picture.

"But then the cost!" Yes, as I have said, there is the cost. The girls go to the market-town regularly on Saturday, and spend chief part of their earnings in supporting the dozen linendrapers. What these earnings amount to (it depends on the amount of work got through) they never tell any one, not even their parents. It is an established rule, and a bad one.

The married women spend much less on themselves, even when, as is often the case, they have their own separate earnings. But they make up for it by dressing their children like little princesses. I proposed to give a poor woman a dozen pairs of new white stockings, but refrained, when she told me that her children would *not* go to school in any but black stockings—if they did they would be made a laughing-stock.

With improved taste, there is a marked diminishment of the demand for merely gaudy and worthless finery; nor does finery when worn by their "betters" inspire the poor with admiration, any more than a display of wealth inspires them with respect. "There goes," said an old master mason, pointing to one of these betters, who was addicted to decided colors—"there goes just the ridicklest of them all!" Nor do the dowdiest clothes lessen the respect given by the poor when they think fit. The wearer of the shawl and clogs took refuge during a thunder-storm in the cottage of an old deaf woman, who might be called a peasant, as she had a little farm of her own. "Are you So-and-so's daughter?" she asked. Then, on receiving an affirmative nod, "Oh! I thought you were; I have seen you standing by the pond looking at the ducks—so like a lady!" This good old soul said that she went to church sometimes, though she could not hear, "because it drives away worldly thoughts."*

* Writing this down, puts me in mind of the following anecdote. One day, after hearing a flowery sermon, interlarded with Latin, delivered in the cathedral at Chioggia, a gentleman asked a poor old woman who had listened with rapt attention: "And what have you understood, my good woman?" She answered in her Venetian dialect: "No ò capi gnente Sior, gnente, ma l'anima gode!" (I understood nothing, sir, nothing; but it does good to the soul!)

A little boy comes home with a fine story. "Oh! I've seen such a lady! She had a feather on one side of her hat, and a flower to the other!"

"Then," said his little sister, "she never was a real lady, for a real lady would *never* wear feathers and flowers at the same time!"

These children are as poor as any in the place, but they have original minds. There is a family of about half-a-dozen of them. One night the youngest was dreadfully sick, probably the result of eating something unwholesome. Suddenly he said, "Shall I die, mother?"

"No, dear, not now," was the answer.

"All right!" he cried, with the utmost cheerfulness.

The youngest but one (aged four) is particularly proud of his bows. Once, seizing vigorously his hair, he pulled his head down nearly to the ground to the spiritual head of the parish, who, amused by the exhibition, gave him a half-penny. Some time after the same child saw his elder brother (eleven) touching his hat to the donor of the half-penny. He was filled with contempt for the miserable insufficiency of the salute, and going up to his brother, he said grandly, "You'll never make a ha'penny boo!"

All the children were going to be sent to witness a diorama of "the heavenly bodies as seen through the telescope." They were firmly convinced that they were going to see heaven. Little Fred said he was sure he should like it, for he did love his Father in Heaven! He also said, "I wonder if I shall see my little sister; if I do, I shall not know her, as she died before I was born." Eliza, who took the place of the "little sister" (also an Eliza), corrected him, saying: "We are not going to see the angels, but only the place where they live." A little conjuring was thrown in, for the entertainment of the younger children. A boy brought in a pig's head on a platter; the boy's head was then apparently cut off and appeared on the platter, whilst the pig's head took its place on the boy's shoulders. The result of this on Freddie was lamentable. The next day he said resolutely: "I don't want to go to heaven, 'cause if I do my head will be cut off!"

The grave verdict of a sceptic of thirteen on the same performance was that "The man said things which were almost impossible to believe."

Harry, Freddie's eldest brother, works at the wheelwright's, and is chiefly employed in making coffins. His trade keeps

him from sleep at nights, because he who makes the coffin carries it home, and becomes a witness to agonizing scenes.

What a convenient theory it is (one which we all share more or less), that those who have to work with their hands are doing just what they like best—that they have no feelings, no preferences, no aspirations to be wounded, chafed, and smothered by the daily toil which falls, all unchosen for the most part, to their lot.

I knew of a young lad, the son of a prosperous butcher, a gentle-mannered youth, who so loathed his trade that he could not eat or sleep, and yet from the same gentleness of character, knew not how to stand up and face the displeasure of father and friends by striking out a path for himself.

As an instance of feelings that needed no blunting, I may quote the remark of a worthy woman: "My sons are *so* fond of animals; they are allus a-feeding, a-driving, or a-killing of them."

There is a man who keeps pigs and kills other people's pigs. He is the father of three very dear little girls, and once, when there was one pig of a litter which was so small and miserable looking, that no one thought it could live, he said to the children: "You may have that thing for your own if you like to try and rear it." So the children adopted the little pig, and wrapped it in flannel and put it by the fire, and fed it and nursed it, and there was never such a petted pig before. It began to live, after all, and when it could run about, it followed the children everywhere. Emma, the eldest, said: "Our pig is as clever as *any* dog!" But there came a day when the man said: "That pig has grown as fine a pig as you could care to see; it is perfectly ridiculous to keep it any longer;" and forgetting all about having made a gift of it, he sold it for ten shillings, which he kept himself.

A year after, the man who had bought the pig, brought it to the man who had sold it—to be killed.

Oh, the agony of the children! Their own pig, come home, for this,

The two youngest went to school that day, but Emma, the eldest, had done with school-going. She rushed to her room and hid her head in the bed-clothes not to hear the last cries of the poor victim, and all the day she wept.

Shall any one mock the tears shed for only a pig? Shall any one smile at a child's first desperate grief for a lost pet—that first grief on which the whole world-woe comes down with one fell crash;

the powerlessness of love to shield the loved object, the inexorableness of death, the pain of parting; the discovery of the *shadow*, made all at once and once for all? At that first shock the flower-and-bird life of every child ends, and there begins the human life of man or woman.

There break out, now and then, signs of incipient art. There was a man in the village who had a gift for painting. I did not know him — he was before my time — but I have seen a little picture of his, of two children clinging to the back of a rough pony, which if not quite correctly drawn, has yet a motion, a life in it, that some R.A.'s might envy. The man ended miserably; took to drinking, I think, and could hardly eke out a livelihood by sorry sign-painting. Too often uncommon gifts among the poor are at best *doni fatali*; leading those who possess them, and who have no power to cultivate them, to unrest and dissatisfaction with their surroundings.

The blacksmith writes poetry, and not very bad poetry either. One family have been known for a couple of generations as "musical." The father plays the fiddle; the mother had a fine voice; the eldest daughter, a sweet pretty girl of nine or ten, was found playing tunes *on her pin cushion*; she had arranged the pins in rows like a key-board, and pulled them in and out according to the notes she wished to strike. Now she is being taught to play the piano, to her great joy.

The strong unconscious passion of the lives of the poor men, is love of work. What they feel most bitterly when the inevitable "rheumatics" creep up from the toes to the ankles, from the ankles to the knees, from the knees to the hips, till there is nothing left to do but to sit in the chair and wait for the last travel — is that they can work no more. "I would give all I have," said an old nursery gardener who had amassed a little wealth, "to be able to do a good day's work." One man broke a blood-vessel in the hay-field; in two hours he was back mowing, and mowed till bed-time, when he lay down not to rise for many a day.

Sadder still than loss of work from illness or old age, is its loss to the still able-bodied man from economic changes which may have brought gain to the community but which of a certainty have pressed hard on the individual. In the country there was once so many little industries which could be pursued at home, employing thus the hands of those who were unfit for field labor. Now there are

none. I knew a man who was a friend of mine, for he had sold me rabbits when I was a child; he was a good old man, in a dim, muddle-headed way, but his neighbors thought ill of him, and the farmers especially — who knows that he had not done a little poaching in his time? He followed the trade of a shoemaker, and this, for so long as he could sit at his last, seemed to promise a maintenance for himself, his old wife, and his orphan grandchild. But fashions in shoes changed; there was some new method in cobbling — I never quite understood what — which he could not master. All the village customers left him and went to buy ready-made shoes at the market-town. The thing weighed on his spirits, and he talked of putting an end to his life. He was asked not to do it by one who was kind to him, and whom he liked; but this friend went abroad one autumn, and the old man took the opportunity of hanging himself on a tree in his garden.

The grandchild had lost her parents, of consumption, when she was a baby. She used to bring me flowers; wonderful were those nosegays brought weekly by her and the other children! Such magnificence of iris, and kingcups, and water-lilies, and red poppies, and ragged robins! Such sweetness of violets and cowslips, and honeysuckle! Each child had her own way of arranging the flowers, so by the nosegay I knew the child before hearing her name. The old man's grandchild rather looked down on wild flowers; cabbage rose and white pink, southern-wood and rosemary were her offerings. She is in service now; the other day she wrote to me: "I love you, and take my best love from me. I write this short note to let you know that I love you and often think about you."

Village life is not wanting in tragedies. There was a poor woman whose son had gone a good deal to the bad, and having been sent to jail, committed suicide before his trial. His mother, till she died, was tormented by the thought of that act, which seemed fraught with evil and terror to her simple mind. No kindly counsel could quiet her sorrow. She carried it to the grave. This accusation out of her own soul, of him who had been the light of her eyes, while the world forgot or excused, perhaps had in it as tragic elements as the mother's revolt against the world's justice in Rizpah.

One common form of village tragedy, passive, yet full of pain, is the disappearance of sons, husbands, fathers, who go to

foreign lands, and are heard of no more. Many of them no doubt are not heard of because they do not wish to be. Some go away and die. An old woman told me often of how she had dreamt of the deaths of three of her sons; one had died in Birmingham, another in India; of these two later news had confirmed her dreams. But of the third, he whom she had seen surrounded by great waters, she had never heard; she was convinced, nevertheless, that he had been drowned. She was a hard-headed old soul in other respects, and of queenly manners; when she rose to greet you, she seemed to be conferring a regal favor. She had a severe opinion of gossip. Of a curate who had not won her good graces, she said: "He spoke to me of my neighbors when I wished to hear of my soul." She was a keen theologian. "In the book you lent me," she remarked, "it is said, 'So-and-so went to heaven.' Surely none may go to heaven before the last day!" She kept her poor house as tidy as her own irreproachable white caps, and had an instinctive shrinking from any one who sought to interfere, even on the plea of giving help. When she sickened in her last illness, she was eighty-three or four. She refused to send for a doctor, saying: "If anybody thinks I am going to make my stomach an apothecary's shop, he will find out his mistake." I saw her as she was dying; she had lain in a sort of coma, from which it was not thought she would revive. But when I came in, she roused herself, because perhaps she had been fond of me ever since I was a child; and when we were alone, she poured into my ears in the most collected way her grievances against the woman hired in these last days to attend her, who, she was sure, was upsetting everything in the house, and whom she suspected of abstracting a dole of tea. "I pray the Lord to take me out of this troublesome world," she wound up, and next day she was taken out of it.

The good manners of the old English poor are forever to be admired. The old woman who dearly longs to see the girl, now come back as a married woman, whom she had always known and cared for, will yet not be guilty of the fashionable vice of staring in order to gratify her wish. "I did so want to see her, and I knew she was in church," said this self-respecting old lady of over eighty years; "*but I did not like to look as I passed her.*"

What good English they talk, most of them! There are a few mistakes, a few w's for v's; but on the whole, how pure

how expressive their speech! How plainly has it profited by that English Book which has been their sole literature these three centuries.

It almost startles one to hear some such perfectly cultivated phrase as: "She kept her intellectual faculties to the last," said by a poor old bell-ringer of his wife. Or again one hears some curiously luminous idea like that enunciated by a poor widow who worked at stone-picking and other callings to support a lot of orphans, when she said to me: "My children are backward in writing and reading, but they get on better at their sums; they seem to find more poetry in that." Here was the exact contrary of what one would have expected an uneducated person to say; I should have thought it had needed a Professor Clifford to see embryo poetry in the multiplication table.

Speaking of sums; a very old man, Joe Edes by name, was discovered one day calmly working out a sum in long division for his amusement. What a gentlemanly, I had almost said a scholarly, diversion!

I am afraid the school exercises now in use, with their long French and Latin words, will not improve the English of the rising generation, who, for the rest, have their hands full of all sorts of printed rubbish to take the place of the unique Book — penny dreadfuls by the cart-load, and the *Illustrated Police News*, which furnishes murderers for the four walls of many a cottage parlor. Now that all can read and all are hungry to devour whatever is offered to them, what is needed is, to have the country not only stocked, but flooded with good cheap literature. Some people may say in despair that the people don't like good literature; but that remains to be proved. What is unquestionable is that certain things are adapted to their stage of mental growth, and certain things are not. Offer them all that is good, fresh, and clean, and let them choose. Their choice, perhaps, will surprise us. Bertha, who was my nursemaid, liked of all things in literature those brief translations by Longfellow from Dante's description of Beatrice, which were published among his shorter poems, before the issue of the complete version of the "*Divina Commedia.*"

The poor like the objective, the direct; they like a man to be sure of what he thinks and believes, and not to be suspended in a nebulous lustre of half perceptions. They like a plain, outspoken man. They are outspoken themselves — a little much so. It pains one to hear the

way they speak before their invalids. A poor person is never so happy as when he can say, "Oh, you do look bad." "She makes me think of her poor sister; she's going just the same, and my husband's family went that way too; there are six of them lie in your churchyard, and all along of the decline." This speech is delivered in presence of the little daughter of fourteen, who perhaps has only as yet just a red patch on her cheek to give ground for this ruthless condemnation.

I have wondered the effect such speeches have on those to whom they relate. It may be that generally they produce no effect at all. Sometimes the sick contemplate their end with a prosaic stoicism which almost takes away one's breath. A carpenter (he rose to be a master builder, and had a passion for old violins) went to see a Quaker friend of his on his death-bed. "Now you're here, William," said the sick man, "just measure me for my coffin; I shall be gone in a day or two, and it will save no end of trouble." William said he had never done such a thing, and in fact declined. The man died in two days.

Occasionally, however, I have noticed extreme sensitiveness. At the cottage hospital a young girl dying of consumption cried for two days, because one of the patients had begun talking about an out-house used as a mortuary by the name of "the dead-house." "I do not want to be put in the dead-house!" she said, weeping. Dear, tender-hearted, little Nellie! Well I remember her bright, eager face. Hers was one of how many lives I have seen cut off by the same fatal illness — lives pure and sweet, of the flower of village girlhood, which, when they draw near their close, seem not to enter into gloom, but rather to receive the effulgence of a spiritualized glory, as of a calm sunset.

If gipsies are particular about water, the laboring man is particular about bread. It is a fine thing for the English laborer that he alone among workers eats the best bread. There is good bread for the rich everywhere, but what is the bread of the poor? Where else would the cottage woman deem it the most exquisite compliment she can pay the lady of the big house, to offer her a loaf of her own making? In Germany, where the peasant shares his black hunch with his horse? In Italy, where the unsalted, half mixed bread, sold to the poor, is so unpalatable that they fall back on the unwholesome monotony of *polenta*? The English have one or two superstitions about their

bread. That which is baked on Good Friday is warranted to keep good through the year. A woman used to send me a Good Friday "twist" every year, and it certainly never turned mouldy, but I cannot positively assert that a plain, Monday cake would not have kept as well.

The children grow up and thrive on this excellent bread, with a little jam, or treacle, or butter to embellish it. Not long since a baby girl of two was asked, "Where's little sister?" "At 'chool." "And where's tall sister?" "Working for butter." "What?" "Working for butter." "She means," said the mother, coming to the rescue, "working for bread and butter, but she forgets the bread."

Good Friday is a day chosen for various little private tasks. There is no harm in getting through a stroke of work when you have come home from church. A woman announced that on that day her husband would lay the first stone of the pigsty. This pigsty was the *château en Espagne* of all the family. It was to be erected out of the savings of the good woman, who had done a little charring that winter. "When you come along the fields," she said, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, "you will see it!" Ay, and sight will not be the only sense to which it appeals.

Every village has its hunchback. In this instance he was a poor, half-witted creature, the butt of the village ragamuffins, *gamins* and *gamines*. Physically he was extremely strong, but he was mentally disqualified from working three days together. He went to prison and not to church. A young lady showed him some kindness — she sent him on errands, and then he earned a few pence; but in general she did not give him money — the kindness was of another sort: kind words, kind looks. I can see the two now, the last time they met; it was by the side of the little river, the hunchback was trying to catch a roach or a carp. By this hideous type, in its rags and dirt, stood the fair, slight form in a close-fitting black dress, with golden hair a little disarranged by the wind. Round about the yellow flags were in flower. What they said I do not know; perhaps she spoke of a hereafter where there would be no misshapen ones, no rags, no scoffing boys. Some weeks later, and this sweet saint had entered her novitiate in a French convent. And till the hunchback broke his neck falling through a trap-door, he would always ask after her, saying shyly, as if to himself: "She was good to me."

The poor, especially the poorest of the poor, resent anything which seems like taking a liberty with them. They hate condescension. I innocently said to one woman, the wife of a terrible *mauvais sujet*, that her son looked a nice, honest lad. "Oh! he's very honest — I can answer for that," she answered; "let us say that he looks the picture of health!" It would have been impossible to suggest in a more polite but impressive way what it was no business of mine to pass judgment on the moral qualities of her offspring.

The main, I had almost said the sole, consideration in peasant marriages abroad, is the dowry. The marriages of the English poor may be improvident, but at least they are supremely disinterested. There occur cases which have quite as much romance in them as most three volumes. The plainest girl in the village was betrothed to a young man whom she would not marry while her aged, paralyzed mother had need of her. The young man waited ten years, and then he went away. The village pitied the girl all the more when in one year more the mother died, and she was free from her self-imposed charge. Of course the lover would never be heard of again, it was said; and the girl, poor thing, always plain, was so uncompromisingly ugly now! But to the amazement of all, the lover came back one day from India with a nice little sum in his pocket, and forthwith married his plain betrothed, with whom he set up in a little shop, which I believe is doing well.

This is the story of a long courtship; as an ending, I will give the story of a short one. At the marriage of her brother, there was no one to walk to church with Agnes, so her mother sent across to the small farm by the river, to ask if the young man there wouldn't mind obliging. The young man comes and succumbs. Soon after he takes lodgings with the mother; there are so many children and so few rooms at home. Now various signs appear — a root of hepatica, then a deep red auricula, then various wall-flowers; later, a blackbird in a cage. Agnes thinks of going back into service, but here the volcano bursts; Fred says, no, no, he cannot bear it. So little, demure, staid Agnes agrees to marry right off at once. Fred's father, a small tenant, worse off than the common laborer, is none too pleased; how should he be at such a harum-scarum, boy-and-girl business? It is June; Agnes had just completed her

seventeenth year. As for Fred, Agnes's mother said apologetically, "He isn't so very young — he's gone eighteen."

About this time I made his acquaintance. Going into the cottage I saw a lad with boyish looks, and the mother told me, "That's Agnes's companion." "Well," said I, "you are a very lucky young man to have got Agnes to say she will marry you; you ought to think yourself uncommonly fortunate." "That I do," he said in his girl's voice; it was a tremendous effort to thus far overcome his bashfulness, and he covered his face with his hands to hide the confusion it cost him.

Poor Fred! his parents had given him no "larnin'." He had tried, by attending an evening school, to remedy the shortcoming, but the result was that, though he could write fairly well, he could not read — a curious but not unfrequent state of things.

One day an indescribable topsy-turvydom is visible in the cottage; the dust of ages is disturbed, the blackbird is put into a new cage; at last chaos turns to order; all is spruce, spick and span. The wedding is for to-morrow.

"Is Lizzie to go?" Lizzie being the comical, demonstrative sister of the staid Agnes.

"Oh, no! she's rather too young; don't you think so?"

Till then I did not know that among the English poor the notion prevailed that children were out of place at a wedding; a notion rooted among all classes on the Continent, where our baby-bridesmaids would create the strangest impression. I did not make matters worse by asking if the mother herself was to be of the bridal party. Parents are not present at their children's weddings — a relic, to my mind, of the times when the bridegroom carried off his bride without asking anybody's consent. Kingsley, in "Yeast," mentions this parental abstention, signalling it as a mark of the extreme misery of the district he describes; but this is certainly a misreading of its drift.

At six o'clock on the morning after the wedding, those who are looking out of their windows into the midsummer air, see the young couple run down the hill to the bridge, hand in hand, like happy children; he to his work in the builder's yard, she to hers at the factory.

Next year a child is born, and then the little, so little, child dies. The news was taken to the young father in the workyard by a v . . . lived next door to his . . . very kind about . . .

it," said Lizzie, my informant; "he did not tell him with all the others there. He said, 'I've got something to say to you;' and then when he was outside he told him, 'Your baby is dead!'" After the funeral, Lizzie told me, "Agnes filled the coffin with flowers, so it looked very nice. Little Annie came to see it." (Annie was Fred's sister, three years old.) "She kept on saying, 'Oh! how small! — what a little, little coffin!'"

Fred fell ill and could do nothing for many months, and when he got better his place had been filled, and he could not find work. Agnes kept him and herself too, by working at the factory. She used to feel tired often; but she did it quite bravely and simply, without ever a complaining word. Then another babe was born, and then they all moved to Derby. Fred wrote: "We ware both verry sorrey to leave without seen you, as you have been such a friend to us, but i could not get anything to do and i was tired of letting Agnes work to keep me, and the people saying that i was idal, wich i never deserved." Defective spelling but sound sentiment. He has kept his place ever since in the Midland Carriage Works, and now out of his economies he can manage to give Agnes a pretty black silk dress, and to take her on fine holidays for a trip to Matlock or Buxton.

E. M. C.

From All The Year Round.

AN ENGLISH MONASTERY.

I WONDER if any of my readers have been within the walls of the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, near Coalville, Leicestershire. If not, let me recommend it as an interesting spot well worth a visit. Although it stands in the very heart of England, the country immediately round it is not of the level, wooded order which is generally associated with the idea of the Midland Counties. A writer in the *Dublin Review* describes it as being "exceedingly wild and romantic, resembling Sicilian rather than English scenery. Its regular masses of granite rock, of most picturesque outlines, surround the land cultivated by the monks; and as the situation is extremely elevated, the extensive prospects which open out beyond these, from different points of view, are truly glorious to behold. The monastery is sheltered on the north side by a huge rock."

Mount St. Bernard is the only mitred abbey in Great Britain. I will give as briefly as possible the history of the building. In the year 1833, Mr. Phillips, a Roman Catholic gentleman, living at Grace Dieu, purchased two hundred and twenty-seven acres of forest land, for the purpose of founding on it a Cistercian House in England. In 1835, this land was taken possession of by Brother Augustine — from Mellerain, in France — whose residence was a small cottage of four rooms. Here he lived a solitary life for a short time, when he was joined by five others, Brothers Luke, Xavier, Cyprian, Placid, and Simeon; the four rooms of the cottage being appropriated as follows: one as a chapel, another as a kitchen, a third as a refectory, and a fourth as a dormitory. Over this little brotherhood, Father Odillo Woolfrey was appointed prior.

By incessant labor, some portion of the rough forest ground was cleared, and, in a brief space of time, a larger and more commodious building was erected, the chapel of which was opened for divine service on the 11th of October, 1837.

Postulants were now admitted to the novitiate, and the little band of brothers began to assume the appearance of a regular community. This community speedily enlarged until even the new building was too small. John, Earl of Shrewsbury, generously gave two thousand pounds towards the erection of a new monastery, the foundation-stone of which was laid on the twenty-seventh of June, 1843.

So much for the early history of the monastery. To-day its inmates number about fifty. The grounds, chapel, and outer buildings are thrown open to visitors; and in the summer time these grounds are the favorite resort of the pleasure-seekers of the neighborhood. The monks are very genial and pleasant to all comers, and readily give any information respecting their mode of life.

It is on a day in late October, that I start to visit the abbey. There has been a week of almost incessant rain, but the sun is this morning making an effort to shine. Getting into the train at Desford (M. R.), I ride for a few miles through a somewhat uninteresting country, there being little to relieve the monotony of the landscape, save the gorgeous autumnal coloring of the trees. Passing Bardon Hills, this morning but dimly discerned in the hazy atmosphere, I ere long alight at the town of Coalville, and leaving the station, make my way along the road,

which will, I am told, lead me to my destination. Walking briskly along I soon come to a lovely lane — ankle-deep in mud, alas! but surrounded by beauty on all sides. Tall hedges are on either hand, while the trees meet thickly overhead, their foliage brown, golden, and brilliant red. As the leaves fall thickly at my feet, I recall Longfellow's sad little poem, in which he compares the "dead leaves" to the "hopes of youth," each destined to "fall thick in the blast," and for a moment I feel sorrowful. I comfort myself, however, with the trite reflection, that after winter comes the spring, when the trees will burst into new beauty — and as for the "buried hopes,"

God is good, and gives new gladness
When the old He takes away.

There is always compensation. "Our angels go out, that our archangels may come in," says Emerson, in his beautiful essay.

Cheered by this thought, I pass over a somewhat uninteresting piece of road, leading, however, to another path of loveliness. After traversing a long, but not steep hill, I reach The Forest Rock, an hotel much frequented in summer by visitors to the monastery. Leaving this behind me, I walk to the summit of the hill, and there pause a moment to take breath. The hazy morning, unfortunately, prevents my seeing the surrounding country with any degree of clearness; but I discern around me rugged hills, and in the field close at hand, are jagged rocks amid patches of dead and dying ferns. Below me lies a building, formerly used as a reformatory for Roman Catholic youths.

As I stand, I seem alone in the world — all is so still, and without sign of human life. There is an indescribable weirdness in the scene; the sun has retreated behind thick, grey clouds; the wind is rising, and the leaves whirl down in showers. As, however, I move on, and pass a small house near the foot of the hill, the spell is broken by a dog, which comes out and barks furiously, thinking, no doubt, that I am one of the suspicious characters which the monastery is said to attract into its neighborhood by its indiscriminate charity to all comers.

Taking a sharp turn to the left, I pass the deserted reformatory. To my right I can now discern the cross which surmounts Mount Calvary. I hear the bell of the monastery ringing, and very solemn it sounds amid this silence. Had my visit

to the monks been paid in summer, I should have been one of a crowd on this road; but to-day I am all alone. I hope the good brothers will give me a kindly reception.

As I near the abbey, I pass some monks working in a field, and the sight of them thrills me with a strange feeling. Are they, I wonder, content with the monotonous round of their daily lives? Have they indeed done with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, struggles and temptations — such as continually beset us who dwell in the outer world — and found the true road to sanctity? Since each man carries within himself his own most subtle foe, what seclusion shall deliver him from the assaults of the enemy? I think of those lines of Rossetti's: —

All others are outside myself;
I lock my door and turn them out:
The turmoil, tumult, gad-about.
But who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

A few steps further on, and I am in the very precincts of the abbey. I sit down on a low stone wall — and wait a few minutes before proceeding further. All is very quiet; the bell has ceased ringing, and for a while nothing breaks the stillness. At last, however, I hear signs of life, and, rising, I walk slowly to the chapel door. I hesitate about entering, and stand in some perplexity until an obliging little man — not in the monastic garb — makes his appearance, and, in answer to my enquiries, tells me that by going to the main entrance and ringing the porter's bell, I shall be able to secure a guide who will take me round.

I find the entrance a broad porch with seats on either side. On one of these I sit, and look critically around me before ringing the bell. Round the main arched doorway runs this inscription: "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord." Round a smaller door at the right side are the words, "Come to me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Affixed to the main door is the "poor-box," surmounted by the following "Notice:": "There is no charge for showing the abbey; but visitors are earnestly requested to contribute towards the relief of the poor, as all are relieved alike, without distinction of creed or country." As I wait I see several poor people admitted to a room at the right of the main entrance, and I guess that these are applicants for charity. One man, with his arm in a sling, comes to me and solicits

alms, telling me that he has "a broken hand." The monks, he says, "have been very good" to him.

A young girl, respectably dressed, comes and rings the porter's bell, and as the monk who admits her looks at me somewhat enquiringly, I ask him if I may be permitted to look round the abbey. "Certainly," he answers politely; but having ushered me into the entrance hall, he turns to me with a smile, and says: "Perhaps you know that ladies are only admitted to the museum. We shall not be able to show you the refectory and the dormitory." I am, however, prepared for this announcement, and wait meekly until a second monk makes his appearance, and asking me to follow him up a flight of steps to the right, leads the way into the museum, a room set apart for the exhibition of curiosities, and the sale of small articles, which are chiefly intended as souvenirs of the place.

My guide is a stalwart, handsome man, perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age. He has a pleasant, intelligent face, and looks very unlike one's idea of an ascetic. His white teeth gleam under his black moustache as he talks to me. I like his eyes, which look straight and steadfast, and he has a good forehead. He opens a conversation at once.

"Have you ever been here before?"

"Yes; but it is some years ago," I reply. "It is rather late now for visitors, is it not?"

"Yes; the winter is beginning; we shall see few people before Easter. We have a long, dull time before us."

"Does not the life pall upon you?" I venture rather timidly.

"Well," he replies frankly, "we get used to it. But I will confess to you that it is trying, terribly trying, at first. We get up at two o'clock in the morning — on Sundays and feast days we get up at one. It seems rather hard," he goes on, with a pleasant smile, "that on those days — the best of all — we should lose an hour's sleep. We go to bed at seven, so of course we get a fair amount of rest."

"And how about your meals?" I enquire.

"Properly speaking," he answers, "in winter we should have but one meal a day; but we are now allowed a bowl of cocoa and a piece of bread in the early morning. Then dinner at half past two. In the summer we have two meals — dinner at eleven, and supper at half past six. After getting up at two, it seems a long time till eleven."

"And what do you eat?" I proceed.

"We are strict vegetarians. Meat is; however, allowed in case of illness, I have been here eight years, and have only tasted meat on one occasion — last summer, when I suffered from a relaxed throat. Let me see, to-day is Thursday. We shall have bread, vegetable soup, boiled rice, a little jam — to help the rice down, you understand — and a cup of beer."

"Then you are not teetotalers?"

The father smiles amusedly.

"Well, the beer isn't exactly double X, you know." And here the smile deepens into a real, hearty laugh.

"Have you any very young men here?" I enquire.

"We do not like to take them under twenty-one," is the reply. "When they come younger, they really cannot stand the severity of the life. Many come and leave again directly. If, however, they stay for two years, and at the expiration of that time express a wish to remain, they take vows by which they bind themselves to stay here for the remainder of their days. Should their minds afterwards change, these vows can easily be dispensed from Rome; and on the other hand, the abbot may, if he chooses, send them away. When, however, they have been here five years, they take 'solemn vows,' and these are regarded with great gravity. It is a matter of much difficulty to get them dispensed from Rome; and no monk, having taken them, can be sent away by the higher authorities, save for a serious crime. Some crimes can be absolved by penance and prayer, but should the sin be of such a nature as to bring open scandal upon the Church, its perpetrator is dismissed. Of course," he goes on, after a brief pause, "a monk may at any time, so far as the law is concerned, leave the monastery. If I, for instance, chose to go, the law could not lay a finger upon me to compel me to come back; but, according to the doctrines of the Romish Church, and in the opinion of my co-religionists, I should always be regarded as a black sheep."

"And do you never go out?" I say.

"I was here eighteen months," he replies, "before I left at all; save for working in the fields — we farm, as perhaps you know, three hundred acres. At the end of that period, I received a pressing invitation to a funeral, and accepted it. Coming back, I stayed here three years, then left to attend another funeral. I have been twice to Nottingham for ordinations, and once to Loughborough to a dentist."

Five "outings" in eight years. Two of them to a funeral, and one to a dentist!

"And you will stay here always?" I say wonderingly.

"For my life," he answers solemnly, "I have taken the 'solemn vows.'"

I look at him with a curious feeling of awe. He is such a young, strong man — one, it seems to me, if I may judge from this cursory glimpse of him, who might have been distinguished among his fellows, and he has come here — to this!

"I am quite convinced of one thing," I say slowly; "that nothing but an earnest conviction that this is his true vocation could enable a man to do it."

The words seem to fire my listener's energy.

"Oh!" he replies, with wonderful emphasis, "a man must be terribly in earnest. No half-and-half work does here. He must be earnest in his every thought. That is why so many, who have not fully counted the cost, leave at the expiration of their novitiate. But when I came, I determined to stay," and he presses his foot down firmly. "At first it is hard. We never see a newspaper. Fancy a man, who has taken a keen interest in politics, suddenly cut off from knowing what is going on. But, in a while, the desire dies, and" — here he looks out of the window with a far-off gaze — "we have peace."

"Do you have peace?" I say earnestly. "Does this mode of life indeed bring peace?"

"It does," he answers quietly.

If this be so, my brothers and sisters, had we not better all, with what speed we may, retire to monasteries and convents? But, alas! there are, I fear, amongst us hot, restless hearts that must struggle and fight to the end.

"Do you take any interest in the theological questions of the day?" I enquire.

"Some of the fathers write for theological papers," is the reply. "I am myself studying theology. But, generally speaking, we take no note of the outer world, save to pray for it. Ours is the contemplative life. The lay-brothers — about half our number — do the roughest work, though every one has to take a certain share; and our time is then divided between church — a good deal of church — meditation, prayer, and reading."

"What do you read?"

"Chiefly books of a spiritual nature, though others are allowed. No novels are admitted, except perhaps a religious novel, illustrating some point of doctrine."

"Are there many other monasteries like this?" I go on.

"None in England," is the reply. "The Cistercian order is too severe to attract many followers. Silence is our rule; we never mingle in friendly chat. Even at Christmas we do not sit in a social circle, or have pleasant singing. We are always silent."

What strangers must these men, who are always together, be to each other; unless, indeed, Talleyrand's cynical aphorism be true, and speech is our disguise instead of our revealer.

Just here a bell rings, and the father says simply: "That is the Angelus; when we hear it we all say a prayer," and he falls on his knees and prays silently.

When he rises I take a brief view of some of the articles laid out for inspection, and then follow my guide downstairs.

"Would you like to see the poor people at their dinner?" he asks, and upon my replying in the affirmative, he takes me to a rather small, square room, in which a cheerful fire is burning, and where some men are sitting eating soup and bread out of tin basins. The room is hung round with pictures, notably of Christ and the Virgin, then heads of the saints.

"Our neighbors complain of us," says the father, with a smile, as we turn away. "They say we encourage tramps; but I think those who come here must be really hard up, for it is a long way out of the ordinary road, and the food we give is of the coarsest description."

"Do you have applicants every day?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes the room is quite full."

I must now bid my friendly guide good-bye, and I am in some perplexity as to whether to hold out my hand to him. He solves the problem, however, by offering his own, and giving mine a cordial shake, at the same time expressing a hope that I may find my visit an interesting one.

Left alone, I make my way to the chapel. Entering the door, I am confronted by an oil-painting — of the Virgin, I suppose — and over it is a cross, upon which hangs the bleeding Christ. At both right and left is an altar; the one at the right bearing the figure of Mary, her head encircled by a crown, while in her arms she holds the infant Jesus; the one at the left bearing the figure of Joseph, his left hand holding a tool of his craft, and his right a bunch of lilies.

On the extreme right of the chapel is

the tomb of Ambrose Lisle March Phillip de Lisle, of Garendon Park and Grace Dieu Manor, who was, his tombstone says, "a man simple and upright, and fearing GOD." A worthy eulogy, truly. At the oock of this tomb is the confessional. What secrets may have been tearfully whispered within these narrow, curtained recesses!

It must be understood that I have been speaking of the outer chapel only. It is separated from the inner one — where stands the high altar, and where the incense is burning — by a rood-screen. The outer chapel is for the use of the public; but in the inner one, I believe, only the monks themselves congregate.

Whilst I sit in the chapel, a lay-brother comes and busies himself in replenishing the fire in the stove, and bringing in a good supply of coals. This stove is quite an innovation, and a relaxation of the severity of the order; but the place is situated on low ground, and it was found that the books and other things in the chapel were becoming spoiled through damp.

Emerging once more into the outer world, I find that the day has brightened, and I next make my way to the cemetery. This is a pretty, garden-like place, planted thickly with firs and other evergreens. Around the outer walk runs a long flower-bed; but "the melancholy days are come," and there are but few flowers left, these few looking wan and feeble. The tall sunflowers are decaying, and the stalks are gaunt and bare. It was formerly the custom to keep open a half-dug grave, in order to remind all comers of their mortality; but this practice has, I understand, been discontinued. When a monk dies, he is buried without a coffin.

Leaving the cemetery, I slowly ascend the steep hill which leads to Mount Calvary. The road is narrow, bordered by tall hedges. The path is thickly strewn with fallen leaves, and on the air is a faint, lingering sweetness. I climb the steps, the last flight enriched on either side by a luxuriant growth of ivy. On the summit of the natural rock is piled a huge heap of mighty stones, and on the top of these is an immense crucifix, which on a clear day is visible for miles.

Proceeding downward from Mount Calvary, I come to "a cleft in the rock," in which lies — safely guarded behind iron bars — a recumbent figure of the dead Christ, "In his feet and hands are wound-prints," and by him lies the crown of thorns.

But the day is wearing rapidly to a close, and I must, though reluctantly, say good-bye to the monastery. As I wend my way homeward, my thoughts are busy among the scenes I have left behind. Impressed upon my mind is the conviction that, however mistaken the idea by which they are prompted, these monks, who have voluntarily embraced a life of hardship, and willingly renounced all the pleasures of the senses, are good men. And, who knows, may not the fragrant flowers of perpetual holy thought be very pleasing in the sight of Heaven? "My meditation of him shall be sweet," says the singer of old; but, alas! how few of us find time for meditation nowadays. We Protestants believe in a religion of action. These men of Mount St. Bernard believe in a religion of contemplation — though let not their well-tilled farm and daily bounty to the poor be forgotten. But let all

Our differing faiths agree
In one sweet law of charity.

Only let each one of us be true and earnest in his mode of service, and then our Master — and he only — must judge between us.

From Temple Bar.

NAPOLEON DESCRIBED BY HIS VALET.

"NO man," says the proverb, "is a hero to his valet;" but this, like every other proverb, is proved by the exception. Napoleon had a Belgian valet, who for fifteen years was in constant attendance upon him, and who admired him to the end of the chapter. This man wrote, or professed to write, memoirs of his master, six octavo volumes of about three hundred pages each, which appeared in 1830. The work, for reasons to be presently explained, attracted little attention, and has sunk into oblivion. But let me first of all state who the valet was. His real name was Louis Constant Wairy, but he dropped the Wairy and styled himself Constant, evidently a recommendable name for a valet. He was born at Peruelz in 1778, but his father shortly afterwards removed to St. Amand, to keep a boarding-house for visitors at the baths. One of his guests, the Comte de Lure, took the boy, at eleven years of age, to be companion to his sons; but in the following year the count, with his family, fled from the storms of the Revolution, either forgetting Wairy, or

recommending him to persons who neglected the trust. After many privations, the boy got back from Tours to St. Amand, which was then occupied by the Austrians, and surrounded by the French. Eventually he was introduced to Eugène Beauharnais, who engaged him as temporary valet, and, on the return of his own valet, transferred him to the service of his mother, Madame Bonaparte, at Malmaison. The lady's second husband cast a favorable eye on the young man, and in 1800 took him with him to Italy. Thenceforth Napoleon and Constant were scarcely separated for a fortnight, until the former, in 1814, left Fontainebleau for Elba. At first third in rank, Constant rose to be chief valet.

One would not expect a lodging-house keeper's son, fifteen years a valet, and living another fifteen years in straitened circumstances, to have been capable of writing eighteen hundred pages. France, too, it must be remembered, was pre-eminently the country, not only of memoirs, but of supposititious memoirs. No sooner was the Revolution over, than a stream of memoirs on that eventful period commenced — many authentic, but many spurious; and when Napoleon fell, he, too, became the theme of numerous memoirs. It is not always easy even now to distinguish between the forgery and the genuine article, for the genuine article was sometimes denounced as a forgery by the writer's descendants, ashamed of his revelations. Still less easy is it to deal with books which are a medley of truth and falsehood. A work appeared under the name of a man still living, and he affected to be the author; but perhaps he had simply written a small portion of it, or had related his recollections, upon which slender substratum of fact bulky volumes were vamped up by a literary hack. According to Quérard, whose catalogue of literary forgeries fills five goodly volumes, the "Mémoires de Constant" were the production of six men, or rather of seven, if we reckon Constant himself, who, if he put pen to paper at all, assuredly wrote the smallest portion. It is needless to give their names, suffice it to say that Constant's grain of wheat was buried in a bushel of chaff — imperial speeches and proclamations, narratives of campaigns, the pretended journal of one of Josephine's ladies-in-waiting, and so forth. This audacious padding, whatever its temporary success, swamped the book for posterity, yet the small fraction relating to Napoleon's habits and ways has the stamp of

truth. It may, indeed, be objected that we cannot take the word of a man who connived at a fraud, but the standard of literary morality in France was then very low. Constant, moreover, was poor, for in 1831 he proffered his services to Louis Philippe, and he died in 1845 anything but rich. He yielded to the temptation of a sum of money, probably not very large, and followed the example of Bourrienne, if not of other old servants of Napoleon, who had accepted similar offers. No doubt the value of his testimony is thus lessened, but in 1830 he had no conceivable interest in misrepresenting his master's character, and if the Constantiana are, on the whole, favorable to Napoleon, we may take them, not as a complete picture, but as one side of his nature.

Napoleon, we are told, was dressed every morning by the valet in attendance. He did not don a single garment himself; eventually, however, he was induced to shave himself. It happened in this wise. In 1803 the head valet, Hambard, pleaded ill health as an excuse for not accompanying his master to Boulogne. "Who is to shave me?" asked Napoleon, for Hambard had regularly discharged this duty. Hambard suggested Constant, who, foreseeing this emergency, had been diligently taking lessons on humbler chins, and had acquired proficiency. He had no easy task, for Napoleon, while undergoing the operation, would talk, read the newspapers, and fidget in his chair, sometimes sitting as stiff as a statue, and declining to bend his head an inch. Great care was necessary to avoid cutting his face. Another peculiarity was that he insisted on one side being lathered and shaved before the other was touched. When Constant got free enough with him to venture on the step, he urged on Napoleon the desirability of his learning to shave, as he himself might be ill or absent, and Napoleon would not like to be operated on by a stranger. Napoleon was, with some difficulty, induced to try the experiment; but of course he experimented only on himself, and did not, therefore, acquire professional proficiency. Very clumsy at first, he gradually became tolerably expert. On one point, however, he was obstinate — he persisted in moving the razor downwards, instead of upwards, and occasional cuts were the consequence.

While not lifting a finger to dress himself, Napoleon dispensed with assistance in undressing: but he flung his garments all over the room — his watch sometimes mis-

or bed at which it was

aimed, and falling broken on the floor. As to dress, he despised dandies, never wore rings, and abominated scents, except eau de Cologne, with which he was often rubbed, and which was his specific for bruises. When coat-tails became shorter he stuck to the old fashion, until Constant got the tailor to shorten them by imperceptible gradations. He disliked tightly fitting clothes, found a new hat uncomfortable—though lined with silk and wadding—and stuck to an old one as long as possible. He put on every morning a clean white waistcoat, with knee-breeches to match—he never wore trousers; but as he habitually wiped his pen on his breeches, after three or four washings they were done with. Constant denies, however, the common story of his keeping snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket; he always used a snuff-box, and though he frequently took a pinch, he simply held it to his nose, and then dropped all or nearly all on the floor. His snuff injured the carpet, not his waistcoat. Smoking he never tried but once. An Oriental ambassador had presented him with a chibouk. It was filled and lit for him, but he merely opened and shut his lips, instead of drawing. When at last he was induced to draw, the smoke went down his throat and came out at his nose. He felt queer for an hour, declaimed against the habit as only fit for lazy people, and never touched a pipe again.

A pinch of snuff was not the sole kind of pinch in which Napoleon indulged. He was addicted to playfully pinching people's ears, not merely the lobe as commonly stated, but the whole ear, and sometimes both ears at once. The better the humor he was in, the harder the grip. He also administered friendly slaps on the cheek, hard enough sometimes to cause the effect of a blush. As to demonstrations of anger, Constant never but once saw him strike. An undergroom had put on the wrong saddle, and Napoleon had no sooner mounted than the horse reared and threw him. The head-groom coming up at the moment, the emperor gave him a lash in the face with his whip, but presently being told that the poor man deeply felt the humiliation, he sent for and soothed him, presenting him a few days afterwards with three thousand francs. He was not a graceful equestrian, and every horse he rode had to undergo a special training, that it might not resent lashes on the head or ears, fidgeting in the saddle, or being pulled up sharp while at full gallop. He once attempted driving, but

had a mischance like Cromwell's in Hyde Park. Putting the coachman behind as footman, he took the reins of his carriage, drawn by four horses which had just been presented to him by Antwerp. Josephine and his fellow-consul, Cambacères, were in the carriage. The horses became ungovernable, and on reaching the park gates of St. Cloud, the carriage was dashed against the post. Josephine and Cambacères escaped with slight bruises, but Napoleon was thrown on his face and fainted, though he recovered consciousness when picked up. In the evening (he had simply been rubbed with eau de Cologne) he laughed at the mishap, and especially at Cambacères's fright, but he acknowledged confidentially that he had never thought himself so near death. He ended by saying—or is this an embellishment?—"Render unto Cæsar (this was the coachman's name) the things which are Cæsar's—let him keep his whip, and let everybody stick to his trade." Latterly he had always Arabian horses, and it is pleasant to hear that his favorite Styrie, after the Marengo campaign, passed the rest of its life in ease and luxury. He did not care for the chase, but hunted just enough to keep up royal traditions. Constant denies that he was ever wounded by a wild boar, as asserted in the "Memorial de St. Hélène." He did not shoulder his gun well, and never fired without blackening his arm, to which eau de Cologne had to be applied.

Constant's account of Napoleon as an equestrian, and of his negligence as to dress, is corroborated by William Brisbane of South Carolina, passages from whose diary appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1890. Brisbane says:—

As soon as he (Napoleon) descended into the courtyard he mounted a handsome white steed, and immediately set off full gallop, inspecting every corps, passing through the lines, and receiving petitions, a number of which were presented by the soldiers. He is a very bold rider, but not a very good, and certainly an ungraceful one. From his bad horsemanship (by improperly checking) he brought himself and horse to the ground. He then dismounted while the mud was washed off the poor animal, but he disdained changing his own dress, and appeared at the levee after the parade in his muddy uniform, where the Diplomatic Corps and a number of sprucely attired strangers had the honor of being thus received by him.

Napoleon was no epicure. He usually drank nothing but diluted Chambertin, and was no judge of wine. He liked plain

dishes — boiled or roast chicken, mutton-chops, grilled neck of mutton, haricot-beans, or lentils. His table manners were not very refined. He would use his finger in lieu of fork or spoon, and would dip his bread in the sauce, the dish being then passed round to guests, who had to dispense with squeamishness. The bread had to be particularly good. He ate fast, quitting the table in twelve minutes, and leaving Josephine and the company to take their time. When he dined alone he commonly took only eight or ten minutes. Indigestion was the natural consequence of this speed, and he had sometimes to stretch himself at full length on the carpet till the pain abated. He detested physic and professed to disbelieve in it, a subject of playful discussion with his doctors. Constant never knew him obliged to keep his bed a whole day. He was very sensitive to cold, and had fires and warm beds nearly all the year.

He liked the play and the opera, Corneille being his favorite dramatist. He sometimes read a new book, but if he disliked author or matter, would fling the volume into the fire. To speak too well of a foreign nation involved this penalty, and Constant alleges that he saw Madame de Staël's "Allemagne" committed to the flames. If he found his valets reading novels in the ante-room while waiting for his going to bed, he would burn the books, telling them they should read something better. A valet once tried to snatch a volume from the fire, but the emperor stopped him, saying, "Let the rubbish burn, it is all it deserves."

When important news arrived in the middle of the night, Napoleon, on being waked up, had all his wits about him, and after transacting the business, would fall asleep again, but he had some restless nights in his Russian campaign. Constant protests that he was very considerate to his servants, and tells an anecdote in proof of it. He himself one night, waiting for his master's return, fell asleep in the emperor's chair, with his elbows on the table. Napoleon after a while entered with Marshal Berthier. The latter was for rousing Constant. "Let the poor fellow sleep," said the emperor, "he has been kept up I don't know how many nights." There being no other chair, Napoleon sat down on the edge of the bed and conversed with Berthier. After a time, wanting to refer to a map on which Constant's elbow was resting, he gently drew it away, but this awoke the valet, who began apologizing, but the emperor, smiling, said,

"Monsieur Constant, I am sorry to have disturbed you, pray excuse me."

How was it that Constant did not accompany so kind a master to Elba? He was blamed for it, but his version is this. He had agreed to go, and Napoleon gave him one hundred thousand francs, bidding him bury the money in his small farm near Fontainebleau, that it might serve for his family. A few days afterwards General Bertrand told him the emperor had found his accounts one hundred thousand francs short. Constant explained what had passed, but Bertrand came back with a message that the emperor had no recollection of giving him a present. Constant thereupon went and dug up the money, finding it after some difficulty and in terror lest it should have been stolen. Bertrand took the money, but Constant was so chagrined at the emperor having allowed Bertrand to think he had embezzled the sum, that he sent word to the emperor that he should not accompany him. Napoleon sent a message, wishing him to go, and offering him three hundred thousand francs, but Constant was obstinate, though no sooner had his master started, than he repented staying behind. Constant adds that the emperor was not offended, for on returning from Elba, looking over the pension list and seeing Constant's name, he said he had done well to remain in France, and he ordered his pension to be increased. Constant was not summoned to Paris during the Hundred Days, and never saw Napoleon again. Whether we accept this version or not, it is a pitiful ending to fifteen years' constant intercourse. It seems quite possible that Napoleon, in the tumult of reflections on his fall, had forgotten the gift made to an old servant whose comparative poverty tends to confirm his asseverations that he never accepted bribes. Constant died in obscurity in 1845.

From Chambers' Journal.

A CHAT ABOUT JERSEY.

THE change from England to Jersey is amusing and interesting. St. Heliers, the town and chief port of the island, has an odd touch of the small British colony mingled with the air of a French town; you notice French names over the shops, hear that language spoken in the streets and markets, and come upon French people everywhere; while the peasantry retain well marked traces in language and

habits of their old Norman origin. The colonial features present themselves in a legislative assembly, called "the States," a government house, a distinct native population, and a mode of life without bustle and rush, but with plenty of ease and leisure.

The scenery has great charms, and is, like the isle itself, in miniature; but it fascinates all lovers of nature's beauties. The limited extent of the isle may be readily comprehended when you find you cannot proceed straight on in any direction for ten miles without getting into the sea. The climate is more genial, the winter milder, shorter, with more sunshine and less frost and fog than that of England. Life here may be pleasantly easy or delightfully indolent, as you prefer. No one is ever in haste about anything, unless, perchance, to catch the morning steam-packet for England, which starts before 8 A.M. This calls on us for some little effort, as our custom is to rise late, even though few of us squander the midnight oil.

Society is gay and fond of pleasure, less formal and stiff, and with more attractions than in most English provincial towns. It is formed of the principal Jersey families, of residents who have migrated from England or elsewhere, and of officers of the small garrison. Most of the residents are retired officers and their families, many of whom have passed years under tropical suns, and find in this island advantages of climate and moderate expenses. They bring with them many daughters, and send their sons away; so young and pretty girls are numerous, whereas men are scarce. During winter, frequent balls and concerts, amateur theatricals and card-parties, make time pass in lively fashion.

May and June are the season for perfect enjoyment of the exquisite scenery, which is a rare combination of lovely landscapes and picturesque coast; grass slopes with trees and shrubs, wild flowers, heath, and yellow gorse, run down to the bright sea-beach; strangely weird and gloomy caverns lie hid beneath precipitous cliffs, on whose summit sheep browse plentifully, while the restless blue sea glitters in the sunshine away to the dim outline of the coast of Brittany. Then you wander inland, on horseback or on foot, through winding lanes shaded by overarching elms, and beech, and ilex; down lovely glens, where the young growth of foliage, flowers, and ferns is in full luxuriance, and the air seems so fresh though faintly perfumed.

We amuse ourselves in summer with

picnics and dances, lawn-tennis and croquet, and occasional race meetings, athletic sports, and cricket matches. The Lawn-tennis Club ground at St. Heliers is a favorite resort, especially when a military band plays; there you will meet numbers of pretty and smartly dressed girls, some keen for the game; others inclined rather to saunter and show off the last new frock or dainty hat, and enjoy tea and talk under the trees. Jersey must surely be the only place in the world where ladies have been ordered by law to hold their tongues; history records that this actually occurred in the year 1644, when Sir George Carteret, then lieutenant-governor, compelled ladies to give substantial security that they would not chatter! The effect of this ordinance does not appear to have been lasting.

Although the sea is all around and so close at hand, there does not exist any fine bathing resort. Havre-des-Pas, a mile from St. Heliers, is the most frequented bathing-place, but, like the harbor, it is without water as often as not; the tide recedes far, and leaves bare for hours a dreary expanse of rocks, sand, and seaweed. There are several good houses; but ugly rows of inferior dwellings destroy the appearance of the sea-frontage. It is remarkable that no attempt has been made to establish a bathing resort along the charming stretch of coast between Mont Orgueil Castle and Anne Port, where nature offers beautiful sites for villas, sheltered inlets, and a fine bay of shingle, with ample depth of water at all states of the tide. Near Anne Port is a Druidical monument well worth inspection.

The old castle of Mont Orgueil stands imposingly on a projecting, rocky crest high above the sea. Its ancient Norman chapel is at times used as a ball-room, and the queer old chambers, which used to be inhabited by stern warriors and prisoners of state, often echo now with cheery laughter. This fortress has experienced strange vicissitudes; captured by surprise by a French force in the fifteenth century, it was twice besieged within a few years, and the French were expelled. Two centuries later, Lady de Carteret held the castle for King Charles I. against the Parliamentarians; and in the time of the Commonwealth, Dean Bandinel and his son, prisoners there, attempted a daring escape, but died of injuries received through falling on the rocks from a rope that broke as they descended. The view from the summit embraces the white coast of Normandy and the spire of Coutances

Cathedral; it repays fully the exertion of ascent.

Below the castle, Gorey Common stretches along the shore, where excellent golf-links, a race-course, and rifle-ranges are well frequented at different seasons. The game of golf flourishes, and is the chief sport of many men with plenty of leisure and little occupation, who have pitched their tent in the island.

The town of St. Heliers becomes thronged with tourists during the months of August and September, and they drive on four-horsed *chars-à-banc*, with guides as escort, who blow horns and give the usual historical sketches, over the chief roads to well-known points, where scenery is fine and hostelry tolerable. They visit Grève-de-Lecq and Plemont, renowned for steep cliffs, deep caverns, and fine lobster-pots; Rozel, with its tropical gardens and oyster-beds; the pretty village of St. Aubins; and the wild Corbières, with its lighthouse and dreadful rocks, besides dozens of other curious and picturesque spots. The cars rattle back towards evening through the town; the excursionists are in a buoyant and songful mood, and popular choruses of "Hail, Columbia," "Britons never, never shall be Slaves," and suchlike, resound in the narrow streets. After dinner, the favorite resort is the Pavilion, where a music-hall entertainment and a military band performing in prettily illuminated grounds enliven the evening.

A couple of thousand militiamen, who serve without pay under a system of obligatory universal service, which is not fully appreciated by all of them, form the local defensive force of the island. There exists in addition a large reserve of trained men, who could be called out in case of emergency. A French force managed to effect a landing in 1781, but met with a warm reception, and was thoroughly routed at the battle of Jersey, when the gallant Major Pierson fell at the moment of victory. There is much warlike pomp on her Majesty's birthday, when the Royal Jersey Militia and the regular troops turn out in review order and march past, usually on the St. Aubins sands. Cocked-hats and plumes career round on horseback, carriages filled with gaily dressed ladies roll along, and the populace presses forward on foot; a *feu de joie* rattles down the thin red line, and a royal salute booms from the guns of Elizabeth Castle. All the world looks pleased—and dusty.

Elizabeth Castle is an odd

ings on a low rocky islet near the entrance of St. Heliers harbor, and is still occupied as a fortress. Its founding was peculiar. In the time of Edward VI. the Reformation struck deep root in Jersey, and it was deemed fit to sell the bells of the churches and appropriate the funds thus obtained towards improving the defences, and specially for the erection of a castle on the islet.

A quaint ceremony, a relic of feudal times, is the opening of the Cour d'Héritage, which takes place twice a year. The bailiff (chief magistrate) and the lieutenant-governor occupy two central raised seats in the royal court, with the *jurats* on either side, all being arrayed in red robes. Below and facing them sit the crown officers, an official known as the *dénonciateur*, who bears a silver-gilt mace, presented to the court by King Charles II.; and officers of the staff in uniform; whilst feudal seigneurs, *prévôts*, and *chefs sergens*, advocates, and a crowd of ladies, fill up the body of the chamber, the approaches to which are lined by soldiers bearing halberds. In the course of the proceedings, which are conducted in the French language, the seigneurs have to respond when their names are called, the *prévôts* and *chefs sergens* produce statements of revenue for their respective parishes, and the advocates are required to renew their oaths. The queen's proclamation for the encouragement of virtue and punishment of vice is read finally.

Amongst the ancient laws of Jersey is a peculiar form of appeal, which, it is believed, had its origin in the time of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and remains in force to this day. When a man finds a neighbor encroaching on his property, he goes down on his knees, in the presence of witnesses, and calls for Rollo's assistance in these terms: "Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! Ha! Ro! à l'aide mon prince, on me fait tort." Hereupon, all encroachment or trespass must be suspended until the royal court has deliberated and given judgment in the matter. The prince held the scales of justice; no subject was to suffer a wrong; an appeal to him was not to be in vain.

From St. James's Gazette.
PATERFAMILIAS AMERICANUS.

BY A BRITISH MISOGYNIST.

ould e have left his home
the Atlantic is a ques-

tion contemplative persons will naturally ask themselves whenever they may come across the American paterfamilias observing the manners and cities of Europe after the fashion of his countrymen. Whether we meet him on the deck of an Atlantic liner, or on the Liverpool landing-stage, or at Stratford-on-Avon, or at Oxford, or at any one of the myriad hotels he and his fellows affect "on this side," we find him in the condition of family drudge. At sea, though the horrors of nausea may be threatening him, he will first have to establish his wife, who will probably be less prostrate than himself, in a deck chair with due complement of rugs and wraps and pillows, and then, having secured his hat with a pocket-handkerchief tied under his chin, to trot up and down with his two children, to whom, unhappily for him, sea-sickness is a malady unknown. After landing he will have to bear the full blunt of the customs examination; negotiations with porters and cabmen will be settled by him unaided; and all the while he will have to carry his wife's wraps and hand-luggage, and to see that Master Morton and Miss Maimie do not stray out of sight. The offspring of the most progressive race, and the citizen of the freest State on earth, he is individually, when *en voyage*, a slave of slaves. Uncle Tom, in his worst case, bore no heavier fetters than his; and Legree, as a slave-driver, was no more exacting than the task-master, or rather mistress, who keeps the American husband up to his work while he is popularly supposed to be having a good time abroad.

The type of the race I have at this moment under consideration is seated at breakfast in the many-angled coffee-room of the Mitre Hotel at Oxford. At breakfast, I say; but there seems to be little hope that he will taste a morsel of the dish of eggs and bacon before him till the appetites of the young ravens on either side of him are satisfied. Miss Maimie on the right and Master Morton on the left, though deprived of the doughnuts and crackers and corn-cakes of home, are making good play with the breakfast fare of Europe, and keep the hand of their progenitor steadily employed with the marmalade pot and butter-dish and the bread-knife. "Marma" sits well out of the range of Master Morton's arms and legs, and has just achieved a pretty good meal of eggs smashed up in a tumbler — not a pleasant dish to view in process of deglutition — *arrose* by a chilling looking compound of sugar and lemons and a dash

of jam. Her face is comely, on the whole; but it is marred somewhat by the undue predominance of an expression which seems to proclaim that she comes of a race born to command. While her husband is dealing out to Maimie her fifth slab of bread and butter and marmalade, she takes occasion to warn him that they've got to get through all these colleges and churches and be at the depot by noon. How the good man is to eat his breakfast and saturate his being with the subtle influence commonly supposed to hang about this home of learning in so brief a time is, I confess, a puzzle to me, but then the capacity of Americans for getting objects of interest off their minds is phenomenal, and I am pretty confident that the eyes of the party before me will survey every object which, *teste* the guide-book, is worthy of inspection. "Parpa" will read aloud from that amorphous red volume, so dear to the American wanderer, the remarks bearing on the chapel or the library in question, wisely disregarding the comments of the doddering old guide who has tacked himself on to their train. Marma looks on disdainfully, and the few remarks she has to make are of a disparaging nature. Maimie and Morton naturally regard the whole thing as very poor sport, and are with difficulty restrained from trespassing on grass-plots or climbing over choir stalls. Then, when the programme and the energies of the party are alike exhausted, they will take the cars for Stratford-on-Avon, and to-morrow's task will be even as yesterday's. Parpa will simulate a public interest in the genius of the place and feed his younglings as before. Marma will express her opinion that the whole location — except, of course, the clock-tower built by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia — is mean enough; and the youngsters, having sampled the sweet-stuff of the town, will endorse their mother's verdict.

The next day will see the pilgrims *en route* for some other so-called place of interest. On the journey paterfamilias will give out from the guide-book tit-bits of valuable information such as these: "About three miles from Brackley" ("That was the last depot, Marma") "is the great reservoir which supplies Spindleton with water. It was made in 1865 at a cost of three million dollars. It will hold fifteen hundred million gallons of water, and when full would take nineteen days fourteen hours and seven minutes to empty itself through the discharge gully;" or, "Five miles further on is the

town of Budgebury, a seat of the straw-plaiting industry. It employs fifteen hundred women and children, and has a yearly output of seven hundred thousand yards of plait, about two-thirds that of Bloggsville, Pa."

The picture given above is merely a sample taken at random of the career of the American husband on his travels. One drawn from his experiences in Switzerland or Germany would give an impression almost exactly the same. For the term of his wandering martyrdom he will know no respite. When in conversation with an Englishman he will feign that he is enjoying himself, and sometimes will vouchsafe a remark in praise of England generally, in spite of the frown of hostile contradiction on his wife's brow. He will declare that he rather likes the frowsy costliness of English country inns, and that he feels, while sojourning in one, that he is getting some experience of "ye lyfe of ye olden time;" and affirm, without blushing, that he feels quite at home in the old country. All this is very wonderful; but not half so wonderful as his unvarying patience and sweetness of temper. He never lets fall a cross word, or wrinkles his features by a frown.

Supposing his home on the other side of the Atlantic to be the ideal one revealed by the American novelist, how he must, in spite of his good nature, get to hate the foreign land he is driven to traverse by the imperious decrees of Transatlantic fashion. Not long ago certain of our sages fancied they had discovered in the huge hotels of Northumberland Avenue possible means by which the last trace of coolness between John and Jonathan might be swept away. Now that the

American could find hotel accommodation according to his taste, they affirmed, he would sojourn in London instead of rushing off to Paris at once; and, of course, the more he saw of us the better he would like us. If all our American visitors happened to be bachelors, or railway and petroleum kings, for whom ordinary travellers' troubles have no existence, this fair vision might, perhaps, become a reality; but, seeing that the vast majority of our cousins come attended by family treasures like those which gladdened the life of my friend of the Crozier, I can only pray that they may take some of their pleasure in other lands; then this island of ours will not be exclusively identified with the scene of their pilgrimage of penance, and ever after provoke bitter memories. Let the Continent at least furnish its share of these.

The fact remains that in America the male sex has fallen *en bloc* under the same domination which vexed the lives ofocrates and Marlborough and Rob Roy Macgregor. American husbands — good-natured, tender-hearted fellows as they are — have knotted the scourge for their own backs, and riveted the fetters on their own limbs. At a first glance they may not seem to be deserving of much sympathy; but we must remember that men are born heirs of misfortune. The spoiling of the gentler sex in America is not a thing of yesterday; and my friend of the Crozier, I fancy, is suffering for the sins of his predecessors. His fate is the fate of Charles I. and Louis XVI., the burden he will have to carry through life is his sinister birthright; and surely as great a measure of sympathy is due to him as to either of these unfortunate monarchs.

THE Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan (vol. xvi., Part 2) contains a number of specimens of Aino folk-lore translated literally by Mr. Batchelor, whose name is already known in connection with Aino studies. Mr. Meik, a civil engineer, employed by the Japanese government to travel round the Islands of Yezo to advise as to the most suitable sites for the construction of harbors, describes his journey. He draws attention to the diurnal inequality of the tides on the Yezo coasts. This amounts to three feet at spring-tides along the south-east coast, the maximum rise of a spring-tide being six feet, while the range of an ordinary spring-tide is about four and

a half feet. The lowest tide at new and full moon occurs about 10 A.M., and the second daily tide reaches a minimum about three days and a half before new and full moon, or at the change of tides. On the south-east coast this minimum afternoon tide occurs about 6 P.M., and only registers a few inches, while on the west coast there is practically only one tide in the twenty-four hours for four days before and one day after new and full moons, and during this period the tide takes sixteen hours to rise and eight to fall. Mr. Parker discourses in his usual very learned way on the Chinese and Annamese languages.

Nature.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. FRENCH AFFAIRS. By Gabriel Monod,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	387
II. AN ADVANCE SHEET,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	400
III. VIDOCQ,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	410
IV. ROMAN LIFE,	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	421
V. AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS. By John Addington Symonds,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	431
VI. THE WATERPROOF,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	438
VII. AD LYDIAM,	<i>St. James's Gazette,</i>	440
VIII. A WEST-COUNTRY WELL,	<i>Speaker,</i>	442
IX. THE EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	444
X. "YET IN THE LONG YEARS LIKER MUST THEY GROW,"	<i>Speaker,</i>	446
XI. THE FOUNDERING OF THE DACCA,	<i>Public Opinion,</i>	447

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN BY VICTOR HUGO BE- NEATH A CRUCIFIX, AND FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH,		HE LOVED ME ONCE,	386
		DYING,	386
		TO A NIGHTINGALE,	386
LOUISE DE LA MISERICORDE,		386	386

MISCELLANY, 448

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LINES

WRITTEN BY VICTOR HUGO BENEATH A CRUCIFIX, AND FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH.

VOUS qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car Il pleure,
 Vous qui souffrez, venez à Lui, car Il guérit,
 Vous qui tremblez, venez à Lui, car Il sourit,
 Vous qui passez, venez à Lui, car Il demeure.

Come to Him ye who weep, He weepeth too,
 And ye who suffer come, He heals all pains,
 Come ye who tremble, for He smiles on you,
 Come ye who pass away, He evermore remains.

July 11, 1890.

E. H. M.

LOUISE DE LA MISERICORDE.

FORGOTTEN long ago, 'twas thine
 To drink of Love's delicious wine,
 For thee a deadly thing.
 'Twas thine to tempt a monarch's love,
 Which, like the restless clouds above,
 Was ever on the wing.

Yet thine a radiant morning tide,
 When, in thy matchless beauty's pride,
 Thou glorified the earth!
 All marvelled at those soft blue eyes,
 That stole the splendor of the skies
 And danced with joyous mirth.

Hope pushed her golden gates apart
 A little way, to show thy heart
 A vision passing sweet:
 A vision of a plaisance fair,
 A happy woman sitting there
 With Louis at her feet.

Had love's bright star undimmed remained,
 Had Louis given what he gained—
 A heart no wealth could buy—
 One blighted bloom the less, I trow,
 Had marred God's garden here below,
 Where many droop and die.

Deep in the chambers of my soul
 I seem to hear that death-bell toll
 Which summoned thee to rest.
 Poor pale crushed rose, too tired to weep,
 God's angels carried thee to sleep
 Upon thy Saviour's breast!

F. B. DOVETON.

HE LOVED ME ONCE.

HE loved me once!

Ah, then the earth was fair,
 The sun shone brightly, and the balmy air
 Was filled with fragrance of a thousand flow-
 ers,
 Which blossomed sweetly in the sunny bow-
 ers.

He loved me once!

The very birds seemed gay,
 And sang their sweetest songs that summer
 day;
 How blithe was I—nor pain nor care could
 take
 The sunshine from that hour, for his dear
 sake.

He loved me once!

But that was long ago;
 And summer sun is changed to frost and snow,
 The flowers are dead, the birds are gone, and I
 Am dull and dreary as the winter sky.
 Chambers' Journal. CHRISTIE.

DYING.

THEY are waiting on the shore
 For the bark to take them home;
 They will toil and grieve no more;
 The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind,
 Like a dimly blending dream;
 There is nothing left to bind
 To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat,
 There is nothing left to do;
 What was near them grows remote,
 Happy silence falls like dew;
 Now the shadowy bark is come,
 And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest,
 In the shadow of the tree;
 After battle sleep is best,
 After noise tranquillity.

Academy.

RODEN NOEL.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

IMMORTAL voice, that with such strange de-
 light

Woorest the lonely hours in passionate
 strain!

Enthralled we listen where the clear refrain
 Is borne upon the enchanted breath of Night.
 With ecstasy thou surely dost invite

To some high joy, but sadly comes again
 The long, low, plaintive note that speaks
 of pain,

And hearts that break through sorrow in-
 finite.

Voice of the voiceless! Still thy deathless
 song

Thrills passion-laden souls, who listening
 tell

In thy full notes their tale of love or wrong,
 Too deep for human words, and so dispel
 The stifling thoughts that all their senses
 throng,

In waves of melody beneath thy spell!

Temple Bar.

L. M. H. CLIFFORD.

From The Contemporary Review.
FRENCH AFFAIRS.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

THE COLLAPSE OF BOULANGISM.

THE months which have just passed away have been marked by one event of high political importance — the disappearance of Boulangism, that moral malady, at once disgraceful and absurd, which for the last two years has been poisoning the system of the electorate. The elections of last autumn had read the Boulangists a sufficiently severe lesson; for, after giving out that they would be disappointed with a hundred seats, they carried a bare forty, and that only with the help of the reactionary parties. Still they did not quite lose heart; and the re-election in Paris of three or four Boulangists who had been unseated held out a hope that the April municipal elections might give them their revenge. It was really courting defeat, for on the municipal field they could count on no support from the Conservatives, and they had to reckon with the very strong local position of the outgoing members. The only result of their taking part in the contest was to soften the differences amongst the various shades of Republicans, and to facilitate the success of the most moderate candidates, since it was only among the more violent Radicals that they could gain any recruits by their war-cry of a "Referendum" and a "Constituent Assembly." It was in vain that they exhausted every resource, assumed all manner of disguises, posed here as Socialists, here as Clericals, and there as anti-Semites; two seats out of forty were all that they succeeded in carrying. It was absolute collapse. M. Déroulède, the fiery Achilles of the party, laid down his lance, and went off on a long voyage; and the rest — MM. Laisant, Naquet, and Laguerre — announced that the Boulangist party must withdraw for a time from collective action, and tried to rejoin the Republicans; but even the Extreme Left, with which they were formerly associated, has shown no eagerness to receive them, and their part in politics for some time to come will probably be confined to serving as intermediaries now and again in some

momentary coalition between the Radicals and the Right. A few days before the final collapse of Boulangism in the elections of the 4th of May, its leader had given the country one last comedy. Three of his most faithful friends started for Jersey on the first, announcing everywhere that the general would return to Paris for the polling-day. It was a final effort to rally their disbanded troops. But the general declined to come back unless M. Rochefort came with him. The emissaries started for London, but they found M. Rochefort no more disposed than the general to come home and face a new trial, of which no one could doubt the issue. After this humiliating farce, the National Committee and its chief had the good sense to take leave of each other on friendly terms, and with as little recrimination as possible.

THE LESSON OF THE BOULANGIST MOVEMENT.

THE history of the Boulangist adventure is doubly interesting for the moral which may be deduced from it and the results it has brought about. The most instructive part of it, as it seems to me, is the lesson it has given to those Republicans who thought themselves safe in undisputed possession, and took their fling, governing in a purely party spirit, and taking no pains to win over to the republic the imposing minorities of which the opposition was made up, and who suddenly found themselves face to face with a formidable coalition of interests and grievances which very nearly overwhelmed them altogether. On the other hand, it has been proved that there is a solid stratum of Republicanism in the country, and that the Boulangist movement was not, like the Bonapartist movement of 1848-1851, a general and spontaneous impulse in favor of Cæsarism. It was composed of very various elements — patriotic aspirations, the lust of revenge, disgust with the barren conflict of parties in Parliament, the deliberate action of the clergy and the Royalists, who believed they were serving the cause of the monarchy, and finally, a coalition of all the discontents, of every sort and kind. These

incongruous elements soon fell to pieces again when success began to appear doubtful. But none the less, the history of these two years has made it abundantly plain that the masses of the people are not to be satisfied with a purely anonymous government. The State must be symbolized for them under the form of some man whom they can love, admire, and applaud. For the masses, M. Grévy did not exist at all. M. Carnot has succeeded, by the grace and regularity with which he has discharged the duties of his office, in obtaining a modest and irreproachable popularity which has fairly broken down and supplanted the noisy and ignoble popularity of General Boulanger. Nor are the French people disposed to endure a government without initiative or will of its own. Ready as they were to turn their backs on ministers who, like M. Floquet, were willing to let everything go, and to insist on nothing, they are just as ready to follow men who, like M. Constans, know what they mean, and intend to do it. And finally, it appears very plainly from the events of the last two years that, if the electorate is still subject to strange fluctuations of mood, and to sudden and inconsiderate impulses, there is nevertheless a gradual process of education going on; the *régime* of absolute liberty now enjoyed by France carries with it the remedy for its own inconveniences; and whenever the nation is on the threshold of some grave mistake or peril, it seems instinctively to draw back. We must not place too much reliance on this sort of political education; but we may at least observe and rejoice in it.

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

As to the consequences of the Boulangist movement, they are by no means inconsiderable. The foremost of them is the profound disorganization of the Royalist party. The support openly afforded to the Boulangist campaign by the Comte de Paris has given deep offence to those of his adherents who regarded such an alliance as downright dishonor, and has demoralized the electoral forces of the party by permitting them to vote for candidates avowedly Republican. The Or-

leans family became so keenly aware of the deplorable effect produced by the Boulangist alliance that they must needs try to repair it by the heroico-comic escapade of the young Duke of Orleans. While his father was making a voyage to Havannah in order to show that he had nothing to do with it, the young prince, just turned twenty-one, appeared unexpectedly in Paris, presented himself at the recruiting office, and proposed to undergo his term of military service. He probably expected to place the government in a desperate difficulty, obliging it either to conduct him at once to the frontier, and thus violate the law of expulsion, which condemns to two years' imprisonment any exiled prince who may return to France without permission, or else to subject him to a trial which must result in a penalty obviously disproportionate to the offence. He might, at any rate, be sure of being talked about, and of making his name familiar to thousands of Frenchmen hitherto almost unaware of his existence. And finally, by braving imprisonment in preference to exile, he could throw into the shade that other Frenchman who had deliberately chosen exile to avoid imprisonment. But, to the despair of the Royalist journals, which broke out into rapid indignation and protests somewhat lacking in cogency, the government disturbed itself very little about the matter. It quietly put the prince through his trial, let him be sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and duly shut him up at Clairvaux, in the rooms lately occupied by the anarchist Krapotkin, and the revolutionist, Blanqui. Public opinion was no more agitated than the ministry. Nobody took it for the whim of a hot-headed but generous youth, eager to share the conscript's mess. Everybody knew it was a carefully got-up little comedy, intended to obliterate the misadventures of the electoral campaign, to rekindle the zeal of the Royalists, and to prevent the formation of the Constitutional Right in the Chamber of Deputies. People smiled as they read of the luxurious repasts served up in the prison to the young aspirant after barrack rations. They wasted no sentiment over his departure for Clairvaux, well knowing

that his imprisonment would be neither long nor severe. The news that he had been taken to the frontier and dismissed with a pardon was received without surprise; nobody was glad and nobody was angry. At the municipal elections the Conservatives took good care to say nothing at all about monarchies or republics; they simply allied themselves with the moderate Republicans; and to this alliance they owe the presence of some thirty Conservatives and Moderates in an assembly which hitherto has scarcely contained a dozen. In the Chamber of Deputies, the group of the Constitutional Right, whose formation had been somewhat retarded by the trial of the Duke of Orleans, did not wait for his liberation before constituting itself in due form; and we believe it is destined to grow rapidly, and to become an important factor in the balance of parties.

While it thus disorganized the monarchical party, the Boulangist movement has also swept away the divisions of the Republican party. As it was chiefly the Radical electors who went over to Boulangism, the Moderates have gained the ground that the Radicals have lost. Hence there is, in the Chamber of Deputies as in the Municipal Council, a very remarkable increase of the Moderate groups, and also a perceptible modification both of the programme and the passions of the Radicals. There is a general sense of the injury that has been done to the republic by sterile and interminable debates; and a general wish to unite for purposes of fruitful work, and to look after the business and interests of the country and the requirements of the agricultural and industrial classes. From this point of view, Boulangism has rendered a real service to the country. Its excesses have been a lesson both to the Republicans and their opponents.

It has also, I think, contributed to put an end to the anti-Semitic campaign, which had taken advantage of the evil passions aroused by the Boulangist movement to make some stir of its own. There was a moment when — thanks to the aiding and abetting of some of the noisiest Boulangists, such as MM. Laur and Lai-

sant, and of noblemen like the Marquis de Morès and the Duc d'Uzès, who thought to get some political leverage out of Socialism and the anti-Semitic mania — it seemed as if this latter malady were going to spread through France. But the municipal elections have shown that, even in Paris, it found a too refractory medium, and that it has shared in the discredit and defeat of Boulangism. M. Drumont, the most famous of its apostles, got only six hundred votes; and in the Quartier des Ecoles, the anti-Semitic candidate scarcely obtained a hundred. It may be hoped that, in a country where the Jews number no more than sixty thousand, and where for the last century they have, under the influence of civil and political equality, been mingled without distinction in the general mass of citizens, this essentially factitious movement may pass away and leave no trace behind.

PRESENT STATE OF THE CHAMBER.

THE state of political peace produced by the failure of Boulangism has shown itself in many ways; and, first of all, in the unmistakable determination of the Chamber to avoid ministerial crises. The retirement of M. Tirard, in the middle of March, was the work of the Senate, which refused to approve the postponement of the treaty of commerce with Turkey. The Chamber of Deputies had carried its forbearance so far as to submit without a word to the petty *coup d'état* by which the premier had substituted M. Bourgeois for M. Constans at the Ministry of the Interior. Besides, the resignation of M. Tirard hardly amounted to a ministerial crisis. Everybody felt that a stronger head and a more energetic temper were needed at the head of the government; and M. de Freycinet, who has the good fortune to be the favorite of all parties and the man for every emergency, was at hand to take up his inheritance. He had already acquired great credit as minister of war, and this post he retained. M. Ribot, succeeding M. Spuller at the Foreign Office, secured to the government the support of the Left Centre and the good-will of a section of the Right. M. Constans, whose capacity and reputation rendered him almost indis-

pensable at the Ministry of the Interior, returned to the post of which M. Tirard had deprived him in a moment of ill-temper; and his former successor, M. Bourgeois — a most valuable man, who has, moreover, the advantage of possessing a certain ascendancy over some of the Radicals — replaced M. Fallières at the Education Department. M. Fallières, also, only exchanged one office for another, taking over the Ministry of Justice from M. Thèvenet, whose reputation as a gamester was hardly consistent with the unimpeachability necessary to a keeper of the seals. M. Rouvier remained at the Exchequer, M. Yves Guyot at the Public Works, M. Barbey at the Marine; M. Develle became minister of agriculture, and M. J. Roche of commerce. The new government was thus a mere re-arrangement of the Tirard ministry, with some added force, and with more cohesion. There is not a single portfolio which is not now in the hands of a really capable man, and the Cabinet, as a whole, represents as exactly as possible the Republican majority, with the exception of the extreme Left.

ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE government of M. de Freycinet, like that of M. Tirard, announced its intention of setting aside controverted questions, and dealing only with those matters of business, and of social and economic reform, on which men of different political opinions could come to an understanding. The Senate is committed beforehand to this view. But in the Chamber, political passions are more intense, personal competition is keener, and ministerial ambitions and local rivalries find more place. The Radicals dread nothing so much as the disarmament of the Right; for, from the moment that the Right loyally accepts the republic, it may reckon with certainty, if not on governing it for a time, at least on exercising a directing influence over it to the detriment of the Radicals. Nevertheless, in the Chamber, as in the Senate, the spirit of reconciliation is dominant. It is true that some precious time was lost in the verification of powers, which was gone through too much in a vein of political retribution, nor could the deputies bring themselves to abstain from putting some useless and untimely interpellations; but on the whole they showed a disposition to devote themselves actively and without prejudice to the general interests of the country. Members of the Right were admitted to the Grand Committees on the Customs and

the Budget; agricultural and commercial groups were formed, open to deputies of all opinions without exception; and the signatures of members of the Right and Left meet indiscriminately at the foot of bills in favor of the working classes. Twice over, a considerable part of the Right has voted orders of the day expressing confidence in the ministry. A group of the Constitutional Right is in course of formation; and we have even seen bills of a distinctly Socialistic character — as, for instance, that which makes it punishable for a master to dismiss a workman on account of his belonging to a syndicate — passed by a coalition of the Right and the Radicals. Thus it may be said that we have before us at the same time the spread of a conciliatory spirit, and a general blurring of party distinctions. The committee which excites most interest is the Customs Committee; and the Chamber is divided more sharply into Protectionists and Free-traders, than into Liberals and Conservatives. The present Chamber is laborious, honest, and full of good intentions. Its honesty is even of a somewhat jealous complexion, disposed to see mysteries of iniquity everywhere in money matters. It was very nearly throwing M. Rouvier overboard on suspicion of having looked too favorably on the administration of M. Christophle, as governor of the Crédit Foncier; and it was urgent in demanding that no senator or deputy should in future be chosen to fill the high offices, either of finance or of the magistracy. Nevertheless, its good-will is not always of the most enlightened. By way of aiding industry and agriculture, it has thrown itself into a blind protectionism, which is in danger of doing irreparable harm to trade, and sending up the price of commodities generally in a way that will bring great suffering on the working classes, with whose interests the Chamber is all the while so much concerned. It goes on somewhat recklessly passing bills for the benefit of the workman, without sufficiently considering whether they are either just or practical. This is the case with the law which forbids the dismissal of workmen on the ground of their being members of a Syndical Chamber, and with the motion which proposed to restrain a railway company from forbidding its employés to stand for the Municipal Council.

SOCIAL REFORMS.

THE fact is, that the Chamber of Deputies, in common with the press, and,

indeed, with society in general, is being drawn on by a movement at once very noble and very perilous, very touching and very inconsiderate — a movement of sympathy for almost any project of social reform. One cannot help comparing the favor with which suggestions of social reform are received to-day, with the favor with which suggestions of political reform were received a hundred years ago. These ideas were the fashion everywhere; they were the talk of the *café* and the *salon*, the workshop and the boudoir. Few took the trouble to study them, to master them, to mature them; and society let loose, as if in sport, amidst an effusion of tenderness and enthusiasm, a revolution which has covered not only France, but Europe, with ruins. I ask myself sometimes, when I see with what facility, with what light-heartedness, these great questions of property, of labor, of wages, of association, of inheritance, are discussed and disposed of, whether we are not feeding the poorer classes with hopes and illusions which may drive them to violence when they find how impossible it is to realize them. Be that as it may, the impulse is given; and one cannot but be glad of it, whatever the upshot may be, because one feels it is the love of justice that lies at the bottom of these efforts for the improvement of our social organization. Five or six years ago, the name of Socialist was ill received, and regarded by many as a term of abuse; now everybody calls himself a Socialist, and to say that a man is not a Socialist is equivalent to calling him narrow-minded, selfish, and heartless.

Whence, and how, has this movement, this temper of mind, sprung up among us? Without going back to its more distant sources — the ideas of equality left as a legacy of the French Revolution, or the elaborate and often chimerical social theories associated in France with the names of St. Simon, Fourrier, Cabet, Leroux, and Proudhon, in Germany with those of Lassalle and Marx, and in England with that of Owen — it is obvious that the ever-growing importance of industrial and of economic questions on the one hand, and on the other the diffusion of education and the extension of the franchise, must tend to make the masses aware of their strength, and desirous to use it for the bettering of their condition; and must, at the same time, remind the privileged classes of the necessity of allowing the laborer a share in the profits of his labor, and of making life less preca-

rious for the lowest classes, if only for the purpose of giving them an interest in the maintenance of social security and order. The politicians were the first to avail themselves of these ideas, in order to create for themselves a standing army among the electorate; and the Catholics followed suit, moved, some of them, by the sentiment of Christian charity, others by the desire of opposing to a society sprung from the Revolution the more or less chimerical ideal of a society based on the theory of solidarity, on the association of rich and poor, which existed before the Revolution; and others again — and these were the greatest number — by the hope that the Catholic Church, which has lost all hold on the intellectual progress of the times, might yet, by means of its powerful organization, exercise an important influence upon the social movement. These men have never separated the idea of a religious propaganda from their projects of social reformation. Led by the Comte de Mun and M. de la Tour du Pin, they have started Christian factories, with a highly developed provident and mutual assurance system, and even an occasional sharing of profits, but in which the workmen are enrolled as members of a religious association, and bound to certain religious duties; and they have opened in all parts of the country Catholic workmen's clubs, which serve at once as a religious and a party organization. At the same time co-operative societies and associations of all sorts are multiplying around us, partly as a simple consequence of the liberty of organization, and also with the help of those devoted men who, like M. Leclère, M. Charles Robert, M. de Boive, and others, have placed their knowledge and acquired experience, practical and juridical, at the service of these associations. Meanwhile, the workmen have gained, little by little, a definite knowledge of what association can do for them and what it cannot. From the point of view of social theories, it does not seem to have done much. While some few followers of Blanqui are still in the childish stage of belief in universal revolution, and reformation by anarchy, the rest are, most of them, more or less convinced partisans of Collectivist ideas. They imagine a society in which the State should regulate labor and production, should be the sole proprietor of the soil and of all industrial establishments, and should work them by the regulated and organized labor of the whole community. While awaiting this transformation, which one section of

them — the "possibilist" section — hopes to bring about by purely legal means, and the rest are disposed to hasten by violence, the workmen are showing marvellous skill in organizing themselves for the conflict with capital. The workmen's syndicates of to-day, recognized and protected by the law, enable the men in any given trade to act in concert so as to bring pressure to bear upon the general conditions of labor. In some of the large towns — Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles — the various syndicates meet in a building called the Bourse du Travail; and already plans are being framed for an association of all the syndicates in France. The miners' delegates assembled at St. Etienne have just been conferring on their common interests. Strikes are much more frequent than heretofore, but also better conducted; they take place now, not when an industry is in danger, but when it is prosperous, and a rise of wages may be hoped for; and, consequently, most of the recent strikes have ended in favor of the men. Finally, there is a feeling, and a very just one, that the labor question is essentially an international question, and that there is a certain solidarity among the artisans of all countries. Hence the excitement caused in France by the demonstrations of the first and fourth of May in favor of "the three eights" — or the eight hours' working day. There was nothing threatening in the character of the demonstration, thanks to the measures taken by M. Constans to suppress any attempt at a riot, and also to the temper of the people, who were far from having any idea of using violence, and who know well enough that the eight hours' day is as yet a far-off ideal; but, both for the artisans and for the middle classes, the demonstration of the first of May had an unmistakable meaning. It gave tangible proof that, if the old International Association is dead and gone, another and a far more formidable union has sprung up in its place — a union which needs neither binding regulations nor a central fund, and which is based on the common understanding that the interests of labor in all countries are one and indivisible, and that they must be furthered by simultaneous action.

The spectacle of the growing force of the labor party could not but impress upon the middle classes the necessity of satisfying whatever is legitimate in its claims, in order to avoid a serious conflict; and the example of the measures passed in Germany for insurance against age and

accident, together with the theories of German State Socialists, which have found their echo in France in M. de Laveleye, M. Gide, and M. de Boive, and the demonstration of the Labor Associations of Switzerland, assembled in congress at Olten, under the leadership of the Catholic M. Decurtius, and the Freethinker M. Favon — all this has helped to carry home the conviction, either that the State must intervene to improve the condition of the laborer, or, on the other hand, that what is wanted is a rapid multiplication of associations, and the spread of the profit-sharing system, in order to realize by private initiative what others expect from State intervention. And, finally, the general evolution of the tendencies, moral and intellectual, of our generation, has given an unforeseen extension to this interest in the problem of our social progress.

THE GROWING INTEREST IN SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

AFTER the war of 1870, two growing tendencies might be discerned among the younger generation; in some, a discouragement leading to pessimism; in others, an exclusive absorption in practical life, the worship of success, a contempt for everything vague or uncertain, the ridicule of the ideal in comparison with the concrete and the real. Hence in literature, on the one hand, the narrow and brutal "naturalism," the pessimistic philosophy, the so-called *décadente* of poetry. But there were also minds of a higher tone, who believed in, and courageously toiled for, the resurrection of their country, and who kept their faith in a moral ideal, the source at once of poetry and of action. And now, to-day, we see on every side a strong reaction setting in against materialistic tendencies, against realism and pessimism — a sort of religious unrest, a mystical instinct, which with some takes the form of a return towards Catholicism, and with others, that of an attraction to Theosophic and Spiritualistic doctrines; but which, for the most part, has rather the character of a humanitarian enthusiasm, an eagerness to labor for the diminution of human misery. The immense popularity of the Russian literature, and of Tolstoi's works in particular, has largely contributed to the spread of this feeling; and M. de Vogüé, who has been the interpreter of the Russian literature in France, has become, as it were, the apostle of a semi-religious, semi-social movement. Many young men look on him as

a master ; and when, quite lately, he took the chair at the banquet of the Paris Students' Association, his address was an exhortation to labor for the intellectual and moral elevation of "the disinherited." It should be the mission of the young, he said, to bring about a re-union of classes.

And now, in addition to the various internal causes which have tended to awaken in France an ever-increasing interest in social questions, a new impulse has also been given from outside, by the International Conference called together last Easter at Berlin by the German emperor. Whatever may be the immediate legislative results of that Conference, it is impossible to exaggerate the moral importance of such an act on the part of William II., especially when it is taken in conjunction with the dismissal of Prince Bismarck. We need not here discuss the wisdom or indiscretion of these two actions, nor whether Prince Bismarck was or was not necessary to the young empire. The great fact is, that the emperor has openly declared before the world that purely political questions must henceforth give precedence to social questions ; he has made the social question the order of the day for every government in Europe. From that position it certainly will not recede ; for, in the first place, the emperor's action has worked up to the very highest pitch the hopes and aspirations of the working classes ; and, in the second place, it has encouraged numbers of men who had been prevented by timidity, conventionality, or conservative prejudices, from occupying themselves with these questions, to turn their attention to them. The sympathy openly expressed by Pope Leo XIII. for this new departure of the emperor's has also had a great influence on people's minds, and we hear now Collectivist and Socialistic theories calmly and even favorably discussed in drawing-rooms where, not so very long ago, the very name of Socialism was uttered with a shudder.

The keenness of these social interests, and the attitude of the emperor in regard to them, have done another thing. They have altogether changed the international situation between France and Germany.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

MANY people are now beginning to say that, sharp as has been the international rivalry, and intense the strain of ever-increasing armaments, the time is not far off when the gravity of the social and economic problem will cast all this into the background. Before fifty years are over,

the question how territories are to be divided will have given way to the question how society is to be organized. Already the feeling of jealousy towards Germany is nothing like as acute as it was some years ago ; and the retirement of Prince Bismarck, who represented all the painful memories of 1870, with its associations of empire and dismemberment, and the presence on the throne of a young prince who had nothing to do with the war, have had a marked effect on the imagination and the temper of the French.

The peculiar susceptibility of the French nature has been shown on this occasion in the most striking manner. They have proved how little capable they are of sustained ill-will, how easily touched and stirred by anything that has an imposing and dramatic character. The artistic impulse in them carries it over everything else. Nowhere has the fall of Prince Bismarck, and the ingratitude of which he has been the victim, excited more commiseration than in France. The enemy once fallen, every feeling has vanished except the respect and admiration called forth by his powerful nature and his extraordinary career. At the same time the emperor himself has produced a very complex impression on the minds of Frenchmen — surprise first of all, then curiosity, and then something very like sympathy.

CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

IT was with the liveliest apprehension that they saw his accession to the throne. They had been shocked and offended by all that was known, or believed, of his conduct to his father ; they believed him to be absolutely dominated by the will of Prince Bismarck ; they imagined that his whole soul was taken up with three things — the pride of power, the thirst for martial glory, and the hatred of France. It was even said that, so long as Bismarck was at his side, the peace of Europe would not be broken, but that from the moment he was out of those leading strings there would be everything to fear. But now we find that we have before our eyes a totally different person from what we imagined, more complex, and far more attractive ; difficult to understand or to define, but certainly neither vulgar nor conventional. One of the first things that strikes the eye is his extraordinary activity and even excitability, physical and mental. He is always in movement, travelling, hunting, holding reviews, out in the country ; but he never neglects his work. Four hours a day for physical exercise,

four or five for sleep, the rest for work or receptions—this makes up the habitual order of his day. There is nothing feverish in his speech or manner, yet one feels in it that perpetual need of movement. Whether in speech or in action, he cannot endure a moment's pause. It is this need of perpetual activity that was so unendurable to the temper of the great chancellor. It was not unnatural. Like the Creator, when the creation was finished, he wanted to rest the seventh day.

But what is the emperor going to do? That is the great problem, at the unfolding of which his own friends, as well as all Europe, look anxiously on. It was this that troubled his grandmother, the empress Augusta, when she saw him ascend the throne so young and so inexperienced, after the premature death of his father, and said: "There will be a step wanting in the staircase of the empire of Germany." He is a curious mixture of fossil reminiscences and modern aspirations; he is at once a feudal warrior of the Middle Ages, a king, by divine right, of the *ancien régime*, and a socialist of the twentieth century. I fear this supremacy of the archaeological element, which certainly exercises a great influence over him; for of all chimeras, the chimeras of the past are the most to be dreaded. He seems to have no perception of the odd effect it produces to hear a Hohenzollern, the descendant of that Frederick of Hohenzollern who bought the electorate of Brandenburg from the emperor Sigismund for good current coin, talking about his sovereignty by the grace of God, of which he gives account to God alone. His nature is lacking in unity, in measure, in balance. His tongue has the roughness of a trooper's, and the mildness of an apostle's; he can turn a torrent of commination now on France, now on Russia; he will crush whoever opposes him; he will give his enemies a lesson they will remember for a hundred years; he will go on adding to his war budget and his effective force at the very moment when France has diminished hers by forty-two millions; and yet he talks of his love of peace in accents of irresistible sincerity. He is a sort of *résumé* of all the Hohenzollerns. A soldier like the Great Elector and like William the First, a delighter in ceremony and gala uniforms like Frederick the First, rough in his play, and a believer in sumptuary laws, like Frederick William the First, sensitive as Frederick the Second to all the delicacies of French wit, a mystic like Frederick William the Second, a roman-

ticist like Frederick William the Fourth, a humanitarian like Frederick the Third, he is a combination of the most contradictory elements. Will he succeed in fusing them into a single character, simple, coherent, and continuous? It does not seem impossible; for he has a strong will, and since he came to the throne he has proved himself capable of reconsidering his duties and controlling his own disposition. If he has really resolved to play the part of a staunch upholder of peace, a champion of the working classes, a royal reformer, it is because it seems to him to be his duty; and it has probably cost him more or less of a struggle with himself. A few years ago, he gave his photograph to a young officer friend, and wrote at the back: "Oderint dum metuant." A few weeks ago, he said to M. Jules Simon: "When I became emperor, I said to myself, that, in the position in which God had placed me, it would be better to do good to men than to make them fear me." This beautiful little saying, which he publicly repeated in his speech at Bremen, is the precise answer to his harsh and insolent inscription of a few years back. There has been a moral history going on in the breast of William the Second. As prince and heir, he longed to make himself feared some day; once master, he felt his responsibility, and now he wishes to be loved. However much or little that goes for, it is not the mark of an ordinary mind.

The generous qualities of the young emperor have been very generally recognized in France, which also owes him something for the removal of Prince Bismarck. We have been glad, moreover, to feel that peace was guaranteed, at least for the moment, by projects of social reform which can only be carried out in time of peace. It has been rather a curious sight, to see public opinion in France at once growing kindly to Prince Bismarck for having been dismissed, and friendly towards the emperor for having dismissed Prince Bismarck. This kindness and friendliness—which is far more general than one would readily have believed, and is felt even in Alsace—has been accompanied, perhaps, by a certain simple-mindedness. There are people who have gone so far as to imagine that it was only a question of time and patience, and William II, would restore Alsace and Lorraine, out of pure love of peace and the desire of inaugurating a new era in European politics.

These are the dreams of honest people

who are a little too idealistic. But what is real enough is this: that the new political situation which has been evolved since the accession of William II. has induced a great many people in France to look more calmly, and in a very different manner, on the relations between France and Germany. It is well understood that Germany as well as France rushes upon certain ruin if they persist in their enmity; that everything counsels a reconciliation which would ensure their greatness and prosperity. Much has been said during these last years of the Franco-Russian alliance; it has been repeated again and again, that France and Russia have not a single conflicting interest, while France and Germany have not one in common. Nothing could be more erroneous than this view of things. The truth is that France and Russia have very little in common, and their interests are opposed at several points; while, apart from the antagonism created by the war of 1870, France and Germany have hardly any points of opposition and many of agreement.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

THE alliance between France and Russia is based exclusively on a certain natural sympathy and resemblance between the Slav and the Celtic character, and on a common hostility to Germany — with this difference, that the hostility of Russia to the German springs from a violent antipathy of nature, while that of France is purely accidental. From this alliance France has almost nothing to gain, either in a material or an intellectual sense. She can derive no positive profit from it, except in the extreme East, by means of the pressure which Russia might put upon China to make her pursue a policy favorable to France in Tonquin. But in Europe, if the peace lasts, what advantage can France possibly draw from an alliance with Russia? France lends her capital to Russia; she maintains the credit of Russia; but Russia opens to France not one industrial outlet, while her corn is a perpetual and increasing menace to French agriculture. If war broke out with Germany, France, whether vanquished or victorious, could not but lose by an alliance with Russia. Vanquished, she would have to bear the whole burden of defeat, for Germany would necessarily carry on a defensive war on the side of Russia, and an aggressive war on the side of France. France, which alone has any money, would have to pay the cost of the war; and

France, which alone has any colonies, could alone be plundered of her territory without her victor being burdened with such embarrassing and dangerous conquests as those of 1870. Finally, Russia, which is a young country with immense and thinly peopled territories, with an enormous margin before her for the growth of her population and the increase of her wealth, would easily repair the losses of an unsuccessful war. For France it would mean almost irreparable ruin. Victorious, France would have gained everything for Russia; for, Austria and Germany once reduced to impotence, Russia would be free to accomplish her designs in the East. Asia Minor would fall into her hands, and France, which has trouble enough as it is to maintain her position in the Mediterranean, would herself have introduced a fourth great maritime power to share it with her. I admit there is nothing to prove that Russia may not have to undergo internal convulsions which may arrest her development; but neither is there anything to prove that she will; and then, with what dangers may not Europe be threatened by that colossal power which already reckons more than a hundred millions of men, which in fifty years will reckon a hundred and fifty millions, and which, when once its network of roads and railways is completed, will inundate Europe with the products of its mines, its factories, and its harvest fields, as well as with its armies? The union of France and Germany can alone prevent the realization of the prediction of Sir Charles Dilke, that in the twentieth century there will be practically only three nations left — Russia, England, and the United States. It will come true if France and Germany go on doing the work of these three powers by paralyzing and exhausting each other as they are doing. Russia knows this well; and her government, which can, at heart, have nothing but dislike and contempt for Republican France, is prodigal of its flatteries and advances, because France all the while secures her on her German frontier and gives her time to grow in peace. France, on her side, is compelled to lean upon Russia by the fear of Germany; but there is something too incongruous, too ridiculous, in seeing Republicans lend themselves to the laudation of Katkoff, one of the butchers of Poland, melt over the autocratic czar, abuse the Russian revolutionists, and maintain a guarded silence on the subject of those oppressions and cruelties which twenty years ago they

eloquently denounced. France and Germany, for the very reason that their genius is so different, need the aid of each other's power to complement their own in works of intellect; they have no industrial antagonisms; and the Treaty of Frankfort, which guarantees to each the terms of the "most favored nation," has been of equal service to both of them. Germany cannot compete with France in articles of luxury or in wines; she cannot import her cereals into France; but she can supply the deficiency of French mineral products. France and Germany together can save Europe from the hegemony of Russia, and they can prevent the whole commerce of the world from being monopolized by England and the United States. Their union is a necessary element in the equilibrium of the forces of the globe. Such a union can alone bring about a disarmament, an arrest of that rivalry in military expenditure which is exhausting Europe, and pave the way to some solid result from the efforts now being made for the amelioration of social conditions.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

UNFORTUNATELY, desirable as it is for both countries, its possibility is still very doubtful. There are many in Germany who wish for it, but they do not say on what conditions. In France, Colonel Stoffel has had the courage, not only to advocate it, but to specify the conditions under which it should take place. He has been attacked on all sides, of course—in Russia, in France, and in Germany; but his suggestions have nevertheless made their mark, and they keep re-appearing under different forms in newspaper articles or in private conversation. One thing is clear, that France will never contract an alliance with Germany without some modification of the territorial conditions created by the war of 1870. A union under present conditions would make her the vassal, not the ally, of Germany. It must not be forgotten that the possession of Metz by Germany is a direct menace to the safety of Paris; and that the Germans only insisted on it in 1871 as a guarantee against French reprisals. Again, the feelings of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine create a duty towards them on the part of France. But does anybody suppose, on the other hand, that Germany would consent to simply restore all that she has taken, for the pleasure of being on friendly terms with France? It is possible she may some day regret her conquests; but as to restitution, if any one in Germany

dreamed of proposing such a thing, I think the Socialists themselves would cry out. Such an act would pre-suppose the existence, I do not say of a new Europe, but of a new humanity. Less impossible, though difficult enough for Germany to submit to, would be some other combination—a partial restitution, or the neutralization of Alsace-Lorraine united with Luxemburg, when Luxemburg falls into the hands of the Duke of Nassau. Germany, in accepting such a modification, would have made a step forward in the consolidation of her unity. The danger which besets her is her lack of positive boundaries. Whether from the possession of provinces which repudiate her, like Slesvig and Alsace, or from the existence outside her limits of populations which belong to her in heart, her frontiers are indistinct on every side. German unity will not be really secured till Germany has either suffered a defeat without a disruption, or else has voluntarily rectified her frontier.

In any case it would need a singularly lofty mind and powerful hand to effect such a transformation of internal relations; and it is no small tribute to William the Second that even his enemies should believe him capable of showing such qualities, and of bringing to the study of the international problem the same fearlessness, the same courageous sincerity, which he has shown in dealing with the social problem. But it is to be feared that nothing will really be done, and that the two countries will fulfil their destiny and go on quarrelling with one another to the sole advantage of the Russians, the Americans, and the English.

The agreement which has just been come to between England and Germany as to their African territories will not make it any easier to bring about a good understanding between France and Germany. It is difficult to avoid seeing it in a partial accession of England to the Triple Alliance, and a design on the part of the two nations to make common cause, in some degree, against France and Russia. The result of the treaty will probably be to strengthen the bond of sympathy between France and Russia.

For the moment, however, the desire of peace is so strong as to have produced a real improvement of all relations, both diplomatic and scientific, between the two nations. Germany might easily improve the situation still further by abating the rigor of the measures she continues to apply to unhappy Alsace. It is impossible

to see what advantage she finds in keeping the Alsatians in a state of perpetual irritation. The mild and benevolent government of General Manteuffel had done much to Germanize the province; the system of repression and annoyance by which it has been succeeded has gone far to destroy, in a few months, all that General Manteuffel had effected. The existing passport system, by which half the Frenchmen who wish to visit Alsace are forbidden to enter it,—and that, as a German official admitted to me, not on personal, but on general grounds, and with the deliberate and single intention of obstructing the intercourse between France and Alsace—is as odious and iniquitous as it is useless. To put an end to it would be to produce at once in Alsace a feeling of restored ease and emancipation. But in the mean time, while we look for the prevalence of a juster and friendlier spirit in the government of the annexed provinces, the intercourse between France and Germany has already become easier and more frequent. The Labor Conference at Berlin, where the French delegates, and especially their leader, M. Jules Simon, were made the objects of the most delicate attentions, had a very happy influence in this respect. French physicians will take part this year, for the first time, in the Medical Congress at Berlin, and the French government will be officially represented by civil and military surgeons. And, on the other hand, the representatives of several German universities—Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg, and Fribourg—have been over to attend the festivities given at Montpellier in celebration of the sixth centenary of its university.

THE FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

THESE festivities, which were honored by the presence of the president of the republic, will mark an era in the history of the higher education in France. For the first time, a commemoration of the foundation of a university was held in France, similar to those which had been celebrated not long before in neighboring countries—at Bologna, Heidelberg, Leyden, and Upsala. For the first time, the local representatives of the four faculties, letters, sciences, law, and medicine, were seen acting in common as members of a single body, and thus testifying to the existence of that abstract unit, destroyed by the Revolution in 1794, the university. At the solemn session held on the 23rd of May, the minister of public instruction, M. Bourgeois, publicly undertook to intro-

duce into Parliament, before long, a bill for the re-establishment of the universities.

It is, perhaps, difficult for those who are unacquainted with the history of the higher education in France to realize the nature and importance of this innovation—or rather, of this renovation. Mediæval France had created for herself that greatest of university centres, the University of Paris, the influence of which was felt throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and its foundation had been followed by that of twenty other universities, some of them—as those of Montpellier, Toulouse, Poitiers, and Orleans—very illustrious in their day. Unfortunately, the French universities did not confine themselves to the higher instruction; they included colleges of secondary instruction; and these colleges ended by absorbing the whole life of the universities. From the sixteenth century onwards, the universities fell into a profound decline, abstract scientific research disappearing almost entirely, and giving place to studies of a purely professional and practical kind. The faculty of arts, which corresponded to the faculty of philosophy in Germany, and gave the advanced instruction in letters and sciences, ceased to constitute a faculty by itself, and was attached to the teaching of the separate colleges. In abolishing the universities, while retaining the schools of law and medicine and creating establishments of secondary instruction, the legislators of the Convention had no idea of destroying a great organ of public education; they simply intended the suppression of a semi-religious corporation whose property they wished to confiscate. When Napoleon reorganized the whole system of education in France, he introduced into the Lyceum course one year of philosophy. This was practically the residuum of the ancient faculty of arts. He took good care not to re-establish the universities, for he was no less averse than the Convention to the existence of autonomous bodies which might resist the central authority; but he did establish, alongside of the faculties of law and medicine necessary for the training of advocates, judges, and doctors, the two faculties of letters and of sciences, in which a small number of professors might deliver brilliant lectures, intended rather for the enlightenment of the general public than for actual students, and which might serve, in particular, to supply an examining body for the future masters of the secondary education. The eloquence of professors like M. Cousin, Guizot, Villemain,

and Saint-Marc Girardin threw a great lustre over these lectureships, and the science professorships also exerted a real influence; but the scope of the education was exceedingly restricted. No one would have dreamt of going to prosecute his studies at the faculty of letters, or of science, as one would at a German university; and the schools of law and medicine turned out practitioners, not scholars or scientific men. The future professors received their education at the *École Normale Supérieure*, or studied laboriously by themselves, and knew nothing, or almost nothing, of the professors of the faculty save as examiners who were to pass or pluck them. M. Duruy was the first, at the fall of the second empire, to think of modifying this state of things. He instituted the *École des Hautes Etudes* at the Sorbonne, to encourage disinterested research, and attracted to it a number of young scholars who had studied in the German universities, and who made it their mission to restore the old universities in France. The zeal with which the third republic took up all questions relating to education hastened the realization of their wishes. Three leaders of the higher education at the Ministry of Public Instruction — M.M. Dumesnil, Dumont, and Liard — have pushed forward this reform with equal ability and perseverance. By multiplying the number of professorships in the faculties, they have made it possible to provide a complete course of instruction for students; and by instituting, alongside of the public lectures, special classes open only to the regular students, they have created a personal tie between the professors and their pupils; while the foundation of scholarships has served to attract to the faculties a first group of men who soon formed the nucleus of a crowd of independent students. The students in the faculties of letters and science now reckon by thousands; and a large number of these are not studying with a view to teaching, but simply to acquire the elements of a superior culture. The faculties, meanwhile, remained completely separate one from another, without any of those corporate ties which constitute a university. In 1885, the first step was taken towards their consolidation in a body endowed with a certain amount of autonomy. The State recognized in them a sort of civil personality, with the right of receiving gifts and disposing freely of certain revenues; and it instituted, moreover, a Council-General of the faculties, composed of two delegates for each faculty

in each of the university centres, and entrusted with the regulation of all matters of common interest, and in particular with the presentation of candidates to the various professorships. One step only is wanting now — the fusion of the faculties into a corporate university; and this is the step that is soon to be taken. When this is done, we shall have repaired the evil effects, not only of the decree of the Convention, but of the internal decay which had preceded and justified it.

A great part of the credit of university re-establishment will belong to the students themselves. They first paved the way to the union of the various faculties by forming, first at Nancy, then at Paris, and then in the other towns, general associations of students, in which all branches of studies were represented. They resolutely stuck to the word university — University of Paris, of Lyons, of Montpellier — even when there was no sort of official claim to the title; they sent delegates from Paris to Bologna to represent the students of "the University of Paris;" and in August, 1889, they invited the students of the French and foreign universities to attend the ceremony of the inauguration of the new Sorbonne, and the festivities held there were essentially the festivities of students. The university idea has thus been brought out of the region of pure abstraction, to take shape in these associations of students, which represent, imperfectly no doubt, but in the germ, the old *Universitates studiosorum* — the corporations of students of the mediæval universities.

At Montpellier, again, it is the association of students which best represents the corporate unity of a university. While the faculties themselves are still tormented by mutual jealousies, the students are all one brotherhood. They are building a house, which will be their university hall. They have an orchestra and a choir formed among themselves; and they have shown, by the services they rendered in organizing the fêtes at Montpellier, to what a point they have carried the spirit of discipline, and the power of initiative. The old town might have fancied itself back in the times when all Europe flocked to attend the lectures of Casaubon or Saporta, as it watched the procession defiling through its streets, with the thirty-three banners of the corporations of students, French and foreign, and the many-colored robes of the university delegates, among whom were men of world-wide reputation, — Professor Helmholtz from Berlin, Pro-

fessor Gaudenzi from Bologna, and Professor Monro from Oxford. These gay and friendly festivities, shone upon by all the splendor of the southern sun, were indeed the dawn of a new era in the higher education of France. They have been the most important event of these last six months.

THE SOCIETY OF FRENCH ARTISTS. THE RIVAL EXHIBITIONS.

AT present the Parisian mind is almost too much taken up with the quarrel between the two societies of artists who have opened their rival exhibitions, the one at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, the other at the Palais des Beaux Arts in the Champ de Mars. The annual exhibitions of paintings, formerly organized and directed by the State, have been left for the last six years to the initiative of a society called the Society of French Artists, and composed of all the exhibitors who have taken prizes at the annual *salons*. This society has had a brilliant career; but presently complaints were made that some sinister influence was transforming it into a coterie pledged to favor certain studios to the neglect of others. The action of the jury of awards for the Exposition Universelle of 1889, presided over by M. Meissonier, produced a schism in the society, and a new association, called the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, was formed under the presidency of M. Meissonier. It includes, curiously enough, hardly any sculptors; but it has with it nearly all the painters who make the charm of the annual exhibitions, all the men of marked originality, who seek for and open out new fields for art — Puvion de Chavannes, Besnard, C. Duran, Cazin, Roll, Gervex, Lerolle, Friant, Carrière, Prinnet, Harrison, Aublet, Edelfelt, and the rest. Instead of accepting an enormous number of pictures, and, at the same time, limiting each exhibitor to two, they limit the number of exhibitors, and allow each to send in several paintings. They have thus but a thousand pictures, or so, on their walls, instead of two thousand five hundred; but several painters have been able to exhibit a collection of works, the display of which in conjunction with one another adds very powerfully to the general impression. Thus M. Stevens, Besnard, C. Duran, Ribot, Cazin, Aublet, and Billotte have been able to give a very complete idea of their genius by the simultaneous exhibition of characteristic instances of their various styles. Moreover, the new society,

having fewer pictures to hang, has been able to hang them to better advantage, not piling them one above another, leaving free spaces between them, as in the English National Gallery, stretching the ceiling-paintings on the ceiling and not against a wall, and isolating the decorative paintings. Thus the exhibition in the Champ de Mars, besides being interesting from the quality of its work, is generally pleasanter to look at, and less fatiguing to go through. The Society of Artists, on the other hand, made the mistake of determining to exhibit as many pictures as usual, in spite of the schism, and they have therefore been obliged to accept mediocrities in place of the works of importance which have been sent elsewhere. The result has been disastrous; there are whole rooms where one looks in vain for a single original or interesting picture; what good ones there are are lost in the surrounding mediocrity; and, by some unaccountable mischance, the better men among those who have remained faithful to the old society — MM. Bonnat, Henner, and J. P. Laurens — have not been happy in their inspiration this year. However, M. Munckaczy, who has not exhibited anything for a long time, has this year sent a very fine ceiling-piece, and an interesting portrait; a young Spanish artist, M. Checa, exhibits a "Roman Chariot Race" in which he displays extraordinary vigor, and some fine qualities as a colorist; MM. Zuber, Didier-Puget, and Armand Guéry show us beautiful landscapes; M. P. Dubois has two masterly portraits; and M. E. Detaille sends a military subject, "En Batterie," which is one of his best productions, glowing, spirited, and full of movement, though not to be placed on the same level as the "Battle of Jena," by his master Meissonier, which is to be seen at the Champ de Mars. This latter work, which represents the emperor with his staff watching a charge of cuirassiers in the plain below, is one of the finest examples of the master. Its perfection of detail subtracts nothing from the extraordinary force and charm of the general effect. The rush of the cuirassiers is the rush of a whirlwind; and the hand of the great landscapist is shown in the management of the distances, enveloped in clouds of smoke.

If the elder exhibition is not entirely forsaken, it is due mainly to the sculptors, who have almost all of them remained faithful to it; and their works are displayed under the most favorable conditions in its fine central garden. Remarkable

among them are the "Tomb of Flaubert," by Chapu, the "Femme au Paon" of Falguière, "Tanagra," by the painter Gerôme, and the "Tomb of Guillaumet," by Barrias. If there is a moral to be drawn from these two exhibitions, it is this — that we must have done with mere picture-fairs like that of the Champs Elysées, and offer to the public fewer pictures and better chosen, the sight of which shall be at once a pleasure and an education.

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AN ADVANCE SHEET.

Quapropter cælum simili ratione fatendumst
Terramque et solem lunam mare, cetera quæ sunt,
Non esse unica, sed numero magis innumerali.
LUCRETIVS.

MANY years ago I lived for some time in the neighborhood of a private lunatic asylum, kept by my old fellow-student, Dr. Warden, and, having always been disposed to specialize in the subject of mental disease, I often availed myself of his permission to visit and study the various cases placed under his charge. In one among these, that of a patient whom I will call John Lynn, I came to feel a peculiar interest, apart from scientific considerations. He was a young man of about twenty-five, handsome, gentlemanlike, and to a superficial observer apparently quite free from any symptoms of his malady. His intellectual powers were far above the average, and had been highly trained; in fact, the strain of preparing for a brilliantly successful university examination had proved the cause of a brain fever, followed by a long period of depression, culminating in more than one determined attempt at suicide, which had made it necessary to place him under surveillance. When I first met him he had spent six months at Greystones House, and was, in Dr. Warden's opinion, making satisfactory progress towards complete recovery. His mind seemed to be gradually regaining its balance, his spirits their elasticity, and the only unfavorable feature in his case was his strong taste for abstruse metaphysical studies, which he could not be prevented from occasionally indulging. But a spell of Kant and Hartmann, Comte and Hamilton, and Co., was so invariably followed by a more or less retrograde period of excitement and dejection, that Dr. Warden and I devoted no small ingenuity to the invention of expedients for diverting his thoughts from those pernicious volumes,

and our efforts were not unfrequently rewarded with success.

My acquaintance with him was several months old, when, one fine midsummer day, I called at Greystones House after an unusually long absence of a week or more. The main object of my visit was to borrow a book from John Lynn, and accordingly, after a short conversation with Dr. Warden, I asked whether I could see him. "Oh, certainly," said the doctor; "I'm afraid, though, that you won't find him over-flourishing. He's been at that confounded stuff *Skleegel*, and *Ficty*, and *Skuppenhoor*" — my friend is no German scholar, and his eccentric pronunciation seemed to accentuate the scornful emphasis which he laid upon each obnoxious name — "hammer and tongs ever since last Monday, and you know that always means mischief with him. To-day, however, he has apparently taken to Berkeley and Herbert Spencer, which is a degree better, and he was talking about you at luncheon, which I thought rather a good sign; so perhaps he may come round this time without much trouble."

Having reached John Lynn's apartments, however, I did not feel disposed to adopt the doctor's hopeful view. For though he appeared outwardly composed and collected — epithets which, indeed, always sound a warning note — there was a restlessness in the young man's glance, and a repressed enthusiasm in his tone, whence I augured no good. Moreover, I found it quite impossible to steer our conversation out of the channel in which his thoughts were setting; and this was the atomic theory. I did my best for some time, but to no purpose at all. The atoms and molecules drifted into everything, through the most improbable crevices, like the dust of an Australian whirlwind. They got into sport and politics, and the current piece of parochial gossip — which really had not the remotest connection with any scientific subject — and the latest novel of the season, albeit the time of the modern metaphysical romance was not yet. So at length, abandoning the bootless struggle, I resolved to let him say his say, and the consequence was that after some half-hour's discourse, which I will not tempt the reader to skip, I found myself meekly assenting to the propositions of the infinitude of the material universe, and the aggregation and vibration of innumerable homogenous atoms as the origin of all things, from matter to emotion, from the four-inch brick to the poet's dream of the unknown.

"Now, what has always struck me as strange," quoth John Lynn, who at this point leaned forward towards me, and held me with a glittering eye, which to the professional element in my mind subconsciously suggested the exhibition of sedatives—"what strikes me as strange is the manner in which scientists practically ignore an exceedingly important implication of the theory—one, too, that has been pointed out very distinctly by Lucretius, not to go further back. I refer to the fact that such a limitless atomic universe necessarily involves, in conformity with the laws of permutations and combinations, the existence, the simultaneous existence, of innumerable solar systems absolutely similar to our own, each repeating it in every detail, from the willow-leaves in the sun to the petals on that geranium-plant in the window, whilst in each of them the progress of events has been identically the same, from the condensation of gaseous nebulae down to the prices on 'Change in London at noon to-day. A minute's rational reflection shows that the admission is inevitable. For, grant that the requisite combination doesn't occur more than once in a tract of a billion trillion quintillions of square miles, what's that, ay, or that squared and cubed, to us with infinite space to draw upon? You'll not overtake the winged javelin. But, of course, this isn't all. For it follows from the same considerations that we must recognize the present existence not only of inconceivably numerous earths exactly contemporaneous with our own, and consequently arrived at exactly its stage of development, but also of as many more, older and younger, now exhibiting each successive state, past and future, through which ours has already proceeded, or at which it is destined to arrive. For example, there are some still in the palæolithic period, and others where our Aryan ancestors are driving their cattle westward over the Asiatic steppes. The battle of Marathon's going on in one set, and Shakespeare's writing Hamlet's Is life worth living? in another. Here they've just finished the general election of eighteen hundred and ninety-something, and here they're in the middle of the next big European war, and here they're beginning to get over the effects of the submergence of Africa, and the resurrection of Atlantis—and so on to infinity. To make a more personal application, there's a series of earths where you at the present moment are playing marbles in a holland bib, and another where people are coming

back from my funeral, and saying that that sort of thing is really an awful grind, you know."

"Oh, well," I said, in a studiously bored and cold-waterish way, "perhaps these speculations may be interesting enough—not that they ever struck me as particularly so. But what do they all come to? It seems to me quite easy to understand why scientists, as you say, ignore them. They've good reason to do that, with so much more promising material on hand. Why *should* they waste their time over such hopeless hypotheses—or facts, whichever you like?"

"Then, conceding them to be facts, you consider that they can have no practical significance for science?" said John Lynn, with a kind of latent triumph in his tone.

"Not a bit of it," I promptly replied. "Supposing that this world *is* merely one in a crop all as much alike as the cabbages in a row, and supposing that I *am* merely one in a bushel of Tom Harlowes as strongly resembling each other as the peas in a pod, what's the odds so long as these doubles—or rather infinitibles—keep at the respectful distance you suggest? If they were to come much in one's way, I grant that the effect might be slightly confusing and monotonous, but this, it would appear, is not remotely possible."

"But I believe you're quite mistaken there, Dr. Harlowe," he said, still with the suppressed eagerness of a speaker who is clearing the approaches to a sensational disclosure; "or would you think a fact had no scientific value, if it went a long way towards accounting for those mysterious phenomena of clairvoyance—second sight, call it what you will—the occurrence of which is generally admitted to be undeniable and inexplicable? For, look here, assuming the facts to be as I have stated, the explanation is simply this: the clairvoyant has somehow got a glimpse into one of these *facsimile* worlds, which happens to be a few years ahead of ours in point of time, and has seen how things are going on there."

"Really, my good fellow," I interposed, "considering the billions and quintillions of miles which you were talking about so airily just now, the simplicity of the explanation is scarcely so apparent as one could wish."

"However, it's an immense advance, I can tell you, upon any one that has hitherto been put forward," he persisted with unabated confidence. "Why, nowadays

there's surely no great difficulty in imagining very summary methods of dealing with space. Contrast it with the other difficulty of supposing somebody to have seen something which actually does not exist, and you'll see that the two are altogether disparate. In short, the whole thing seems clear enough to me on *à priori* grounds; but, no doubt, that may partly be because I am to a certain extent independent of them, as I've lately had an opportunity of visiting a planet which differs from this one solely in having had a small start of it — five years, I should say, or thereabouts."

"Oh, by Jove! he's ever so much worse than I thought," I said to myself, considerably chagrined; and then, knowing that to drive in a delusion is always dangerous, I went on aloud: "What on earth *do* you mean, Lynn? Am I to understand that you are meditating a trifling excursion through the depths of space? or has it already come off?"

"It has," he answered curtly.

"May I ask when?" with elaborate sarcasm.

"Yesterday. I'd like to give you an account of it — and if you'd take a cigar, perhaps you'd look less preposterously: We understand-all-about-that-sort-of-thing-you-know. You really don't on the present occasion, and it is absurd, not to say exasperating," quoth John Lynn, handing me the case with a good-humored laugh.

I took one, feeling somewhat perplexed at his cheerfulness, as his attacks had hitherto been invariably attended by despondency and gloom; and he resumed his statement as follows: "It happened in the course of yesterday morning. I was sitting up here doing nothing in particular; I believe I supposed myself to be reading a bit of the "*De Natura Rerum*," when suddenly I discovered that I was really standing in a very sandy lane, and looking over a low gate into a sort of lawn or pleasure-grounds. Now, let us take it for granted that you've said I simply dropped asleep — I didn't all the same. The lawn ran up a slope to the back of a house, all gables, and queer-shaped windows, and tall chimney-stacks, covered with ivy and other creepers — clematis, I think, at any rate there were sheets of white blossom against the dark green. It's a place I never saw before, that I'm pretty certain of; there are some points about it that I'd have been likely to remember if I had. For instance, the long, semicircular flights of turf steps to left and right, and the flower-beds cut

out of the grass between them into the shape of little ships and boats, a whole fleet, with sails and oars and flags, which struck me as a quaint device. Then in one corner there was a huge puzzle-monkey nearly blocking up a turnstile in the bank; I remember thinking it might be awkward for any one coming that way in the dark. Looking back down the lane, which was only a few yards of cart-track, there were the beach and the sea close by; a flattish shore with the sand-hills, covered with bent and furze, zigzagging in and out nearer to and further from high-water mark. There are miles of that sort of thing along the east coast, and, as a matter of fact, I ultimately found out that it can have been no great distance from Lowestoft — from what corresponds with our Lowestoft, of course, I mean. And I may observe that I never have been in that part of the world, at least not nearer than Norwich.

"Well, as you may suppose, such an abrupt change of scene is a rather startling experience; and I must frankly confess that I haven't at present the wildest idea *how* it was effected" ("Hear hear," said I), "any more than you can explain how certain vibrations in the air are at this moment producing sounds causing in your brain other vibrations, which we would call a belief that I am either raving or romancing. But the strange feeling — which in itself proves that it wasn't a dream, for who ever is surprised at anything in one? — wore off before long, and I began to make observations. As for the time of day, one could see by the shadows and dew on the grass that it was morning, a considerably earlier hour than it had been here when I quitted Greystones abruptly; and the trees and flowers showed that it was early summer. Nobody was visible about the place, but I heard the scraping of a rake upon gravel somewhere near, whence I inferred the vicinity of a gardener. After standing still for what seemed a considerable length of time — I had forgotten to put on my watch, and so could only guess — I resolved upon committing a trespass to the extent of seeking out this man, in hopes of thus gaining some clue to the maze of mystery at the heart of which I had suddenly been set, and as a preliminary I framed several questions ingeniously designed to extract as much information as possible without betraying my own state of bewildered ignorance. But when I tried to carry out this plan, it proved quite impracticable. The gate at which I stood was unlatched,

the banks on either hand were low and apparently most easily scalable, yet I found it by no means possible to effect an entrance into those pleasure-grounds. My attempts to do so were instantly frustrated, repulsed, in a manner which I am totally unable to describe; some strange force, invisible and irresistible as gravitation, arrested every movement in that direction, almost before it had been telegraphed from brain to muscle. In short, a few experiments demonstrated the fact that while I could proceed unchecked to right or left along the shore, I was absolutely prohibited from taking a single step further inland. How far my limits extended to seaward, I naturally did not fully investigate, having once ascertained that the water's edge did not bring me to the end of my tether. It was a sort of converse of King Canute and the waves. Here I was between the deep sea and — I will not say the Devil — but, at any rate, a manifestation of some occult power, such as mankind, during a certain stage of development, is prone to identify with that personage. I had been, as it were, set down in a fixed groove, out of which I could no more pass than I could now transcend the three dimensions of space.

“Having clearly recognized this state of things, I next bethought me of making my presence audible, with a view to attracting thither the possible guide, philosopher, and friend, whom I might not go to seek. This expedient, however, failed even more promptly than the other; I couldn't utter a sound. Then, like old Joe, 'I took up a stone and I knocked at the gate,' and such is the strength of association, that I continued the process for some time before it dawned upon me that my hammering produced no noise whatever. It is true that soon afterwards a ridiculous-looking small terrier came trotting round the corner; but his bored and indifferent air only too plainly proved his arrival to be *non propter hoc*. I vainly endeavored to attract his attention, whistling phantom whistles, and slapping my knees, and even going to the lengths of flourishing defiant legs; but the mountain could not have been more disregarding of Mahomet than he of me. And, as if to show that this arose from no natural imperturbability of disposition, he presently saw fit to bark himself hoarse at a flock of sparrows. Altogether it seemed sufficiently obvious that in these new scenes — where and whatever they might be — I was to play the part merely of a spectator, invisible, inaudible, intangible;

and, furthermore, that my opportunities for looking on were subject to rigorous circumscription, approaching that experienced by the boy who peers under the edges of the circus-tent and sees the hoofs of the horses. Still, unsatisfactory as I might consider this arrangement, I had no resource save to acquiesce therein; nor could I under the circumstances think of anything better to do than to keep on loitering about the gate, waiting for whatever might happen next.

“What happened next was that a glass door in the house opened, and out of it came two ladies, in one of whom I recognized, as they walked towards me down the slope, my eldest sister Elizabeth. There was nothing in her appearance to make me for a moment doubt her identity, though it did strike me that she looked unusually grave and — yes, decidedly older — and seemed to have lost the pleasant freshness of coloring which mainly constitutes what the Irish call 'pig-beauty.' I was then inclined to attribute this impression to the queer, old-fashioned-looking dress she wore; but I must now suppose her attire to have been whatever *is to be* the latest novelty for that particular summer. The other girl puzzled me much more, for although there was certainly something familiar to me in her aspect, I couldn't fit any name to her uncommonly pretty face and figure; and it wasn't until I heard my sister call her 'Nellie' that the truth occurred to me — it was Helen Rolleston. She, you know, is a sort of cousin of ours, and my mother's ward, and has lived with us most of her life, so there was nothing surprising in finding her and Elizabeth together. The curious and, except upon one hypothesis, unaccountable part of the matter is, that whereas I saw her a few months ago in the guise of an angular, inky-fingered schoolgirl of fifteen or sixteen at most, yesterday she had shot up to twenty or thereabouts, had, I believe, grown several inches, and had undoubtedly turned into a 'come out' young lady. I must say that she had improved very much during the transformation; I should never have thought Miss Nellie had the makings of such a pretty girl. Not that it is a style I particularly admire; too tall and dark for my taste, and I should be inclined to predict her ultimate development into a fine woman — rather an aversion of mine, but distinctly handsome all the same.

“Well, they went about picking flowers for a long time, without coming near enough for me to overhear what they

were saying, which I was extremely anxious to do. But at last they came down the path running along inside the boundary-bank, and sat down to sort their roses and pinks on a garden-seat, behind which I found no difficulty in taking up a position well within eavesdropping distance. I'd begun by this time to suspect how matters stood, and was consequently rather uneasy in my mind. One can't find oneself suddenly plumped down five years or so ahead of yesterday, without speculating as to how things — and people — have gone on in the meanwhile. So much may happen in five years. The situation produces the same sort of feeling that I fancy one might have upon finding oneself intact after a railway accident, and proceeding to investigate who among one's fellow-passengers have held together, what number of limbs they still can muster, and so on. Of course I was not sure that I would learn anything from their conversation; they might have talked for an hour without saying a word to enlighten me; but, as good luck would have it, they were evidently discussing a batch of letters received that morning from various members of the family, about whom I was thus enabled to pick up many more or less disconnected facts. It appeared, for instance, that my sister Maud was married, and living in South Kensington. My brother Dick, who has just got a naval cadetship, was in command of a gunboat somewhere off the Chinese coast. Walter seemed to be doing well on the horse-ranche in the Rockies, which he's hankering after at present — all satisfactory enough. The only thing that made me uneasy was that for some time neither of them mentioned my mother, and it really was an immense relief to my mind when at last Elizabeth said, —

“‘I see, Nellie, that we haven't got any sweet-pea, and the mother always likes a bit for her table;’ and Nellie replied, —

“‘We must get some before we go in. Her cold seems to be much better this morning.’

“‘Oh yes, nearly gone. There's not the least fear, I should think, that she won't be able to appear on Thursday. That would be indeed unlucky; why, a wedding without a mother-in-law would be nearly as bad as one without a bridegroom, wouldn't it, Nellie?’ Nellie laughed and blushed, but expressed no opinion, and Elizabeth went on: ‘Talking of that, do you expect Vincent this morning?’

“‘I don't quite know. He wasn't sure whether his leave would begin to-day or on Wednesday — that is to-morrow. He

said that if he got it to-day, he would look in here on his way to Lowestoft.’

“‘Oh, on his way; rather a roundabout way from Norwich, I should have thought. Do you know, Nellie, I'm glad that you'll be quartered in York next winter. I believe there's much more going on there than at Norwich, and you can ask me to stay with you whenever you are particularly gay. There, now, you've mixed up all the single pinks that I had just carefully sorted from the double ones — what a mischievous young person you are!’

“From these last remarks I inferred two facts respecting Vincent, my youngest brother, now at Rugby, neither of which would I have been at all inclined to predict. For one of them was that he had entered the army, whereas he has so far displayed no leaning towards a military career. I should say that his tastes were decidedly bucolic, and, moreover, I can't imagine how on earth he is to get through the examinations, as his only books are cricket-bats and footballs, which won't help him much even for the preliminary. But I think there are still fewer premonitory symptoms of the second fact — that he was about in the immediate future to contract a matrimonial alliance with Helen Rolleston. Why, the idea's absurd. I remember that in the days of their infancy, being nearly contemporaries, they used to squabble a good deal, and at present I believe they regard one another with a feeling of happy indifference. In Vincent's last letter to me he said he was afraid that he would find the house awfully overrun with girls when he went home, which was, if I'm not mistaken, a graceful allusion to the circumstance that Nellie's holidays coincide with his own.

“However, likely or unlikely, I had soon conclusive proof that such was actually the case, as Vincent himself arrived, not easily recognizable, indeed, having developed into a remarkably good-looking young fellow, got up, too, with a regard for appearances not generally conspicuous in hobbledehoys of seventeen. The discreet way in which Elizabeth presently detached herself from the group and went to gather sweet-pea, would alone have led me to suspect the state of affairs, even if the demeanor of the other two had not made it so very plain before they walked round a corner beyond the range of my observations. But they were scarcely out of sight, when there appeared upon the scene a fourth person who took me utterly by surprise, though, of course, if I had considered a little, it was natural enough

that I — I mean he — should be there. All the same, it gives one an uncommonly uncanny sensation, I can tell you, to see oneself walk out of a door some way off, stand looking about for a minute or two, and then come sauntering towards one with his hands in your pockets — I'm afraid my pronouns are rather mixed, but you must make allowances for the unusual circumstances which I am describing. No doubt my feelings resembled those of the old fellow — Zoroaster, wasn't it? — who 'met his own image walking in a garden,' and if so, he can't be congratulated upon the experience; one gets more accustomed to it after a bit, but at first it's intensely disconcerting. I'm not sure whether in such cases we see ourselves as others see us; I should fancy so, for I noticed that I looked extremely — I must hope abnormally — grumpy; I don't think I was improved either by the short beard he had set up, not to mention several streaks of grey in my hair. Just then I saw Elizabeth crossing the grass to speak to me — I don't mean to myself, you know, but to him — and I heard her say: 'You're a very unfeeling relative! Have you forgotten that this is my birthday, or do you consider twenty-four too venerable an age for congratulations?' (This, by the way, fixes the date exactly; it must have been the twenty-third of June, five years ahead from to-morrow.) I regret to say that in reply he only gave a sort of grunt, and muttered something about anniversaries being a great bore; and I remember thinking that if I were she I'd leave him to get out of his bad temper myself — I say, these pronouns are really getting quite too many for me."

"Your own name is rather a convenient length; why not use it?" I observed; and he adopted the suggestion.

"Well, then, Elizabeth and John Lynn strolled aimlessly about for a while, but soon went into the house, and after that I saw nobody else, except occasionally the gardener, for what seemed a very long period. I had nothing at all to do, and the time dragged considerably. The strip of beach on which I could move about was hot and glaring, and disagreeably deep in soft sand; yet, for want of better occupation, in the course of the afternoon I walked more than a mile along it in a northerly direction, until I came to a dilapidated-looking old boat-house, built in a recess between two sand-hills, and just beyond the line I couldn't cross. Having reached this point, and perceiving no other objects of interest, I slowly retraced my

steps towards the pleasure-grounds gate. By this time it must have been four or five o'clock, and the weather, hitherto bright and clear, showed a change for the worse. An ugly, livid-hued cloud was spreading like a bruise over the sky to the south-east, and sudden gusts began to ruffle up the long, bent grasses of the sand-hills on my right hand.

"When I came near the gate, several people were standing at it, apparently watching two men who were doing something to a small sailing-boat, which lay off a little pier close by. Elizabeth and Nellie, and my other sister Juliet, were there, and Elizabeth was explaining to an elderly man, whom I have never succeeded in identifying, that Jack and Vincent intended to sail across to Graston Spit — she pointed over the water to a low tongue of land at no great distance — which would be Vincent's shortest way to Lowestoft. 'In that case,' said he, 'the sooner they're off the better, for it looks as if we might have a squall before very long, and the glass is by no means steady to-day.' Whereupon ensued a short feminine fugue on the theme of: 'Perhaps it would be wiser for them to give up the idea — I hope they won't go — Jack could drive him to the station, you know — Don't you think it would be much wiser if —' in the midst of which they both arrived, and naturally scouted the suggestion that they should abandon their sail, John Lynn, whose temper seemed to have somewhat improved, asserting that they would have a splendid breeze, and that he would be back again in an hour or so. Accordingly they hurried over their adieux, and lost no time in getting off, taking no man with them.

"They had been gone perhaps three-quarters of an hour, when the 'splendid breeze' made its appearance in the shape of a furious squall, which came hissing and howling on with remarkable suddenness and violence, and brought the girls, who were still out of doors, running with dismayed countenances to look over the gate to seaward. The sweeping gusts bore to me fitful snatches of anxious colloquies, the general drift of which, however, seemed to be towards the conclusion that the boat must have got over before the wind sprang up, and that Jack would, of course, wait there until it went down. As the blasts moderated a little, they were accompanied by driving sheets of large-dropped rain, which again sent the girls scurrying indoors, and I was left to my solitary peregrinations and reflections,

These latter ran much upon the boat and its occupants, who must, I thought, be having a rather nasty time of it, unless they had really landed before the squall; for both wind and tide were against them, and a surprising sea had got up already. I consider myself to know something about the management of a boat, and I supposed that my strange double or fetch might be credited with an equal amount of skill; otherwise their prospects certainly looked blue enough, as Vincent has had little or no experience of nautical matters. I reviewed the situation, standing where the shallow foam-slides seethed to my feet, and I found myself contemplating a catastrophe to that John Lynn with a feeling which I can't either describe or explain. After a while, I began to pace up and down the beach, now in this direction, and now in that, and I must have continued to do so for a considerable length of time, as light was thickening when on turning a corner I again came in sight of the old boat-house, to which I had walked before. Almost at the same moment my eye was caught by some dark object to seaward, elusively disappearing and reappearing between the folds of grey vapor drifting low upon the water. They were very blinding and baffling, but a longer rift soon showed me plainly that it was a small boat in sorry plight, in fact filling and settling down so fast that her final disappearance would evidently be a question of a very few minutes. There was nobody in her, and I thought to myself that if any one had gone overboard in that sea, he must assuredly have preceded her to the bottom. And I felt equally convinced that she was no other than the boat in which I had seen the two Lynns embark.

"This opinion proved to be both right and wrong; she was the Lynns' boat, but the Lynns had not gone to the bottom. On the contrary, they were just then safely emerging from imminent danger of so doing. For I now became aware of a human form, which, at not many yards' distance, was making slow and struggling progress through the swirling surf towards the water's edge, and had already reached a place shallow enough to admit of wading. As I ran forward, not to assist, having long since ascertained that I could by no means demonstrate my presence, but merely to investigate, it turned out to be John Lynn, half carrying and half dragging along Vincent, who was apparently insensible. I had an awful scare, I can tell you, for he flopped down on the

sand when I — when John let him go, in such a lifeless, limp sort of way that I thought at first the lad had really come to grief. However, I suppose he had only been slightly stunned; at any rate, in a minute or two he sat up, and seemed none the worse. But when he got to his feet, it was evident that he had somehow damaged one of his ankles — sprained it badly I should say — and he could hardly attempt the feeblest hobble. 'Here's a sell,' he said, 'especially as we don't seem to have landed near anywhere in particular.' All this time the rain was coming down in torrents, and it was blowing so hard that you could scarcely hear yourself speak. 'It's a good step — more than a mile,' I heard the other say. 'Do you think you could get as far as the old boat-house? You see it there opposite to us. Then you'd be under shelter, while I run back and find some means of conveying you home.' This suggestion seemed sensible — though I say it who, I suppose, shouldn't — and they made their way haltingly to the boat-house, which, judging by the cobwebby creaking of the door, had not been entered for many a long day, and into which I was, of course, unable to follow them.

"Presently John Lynn came out alone, and set off running towards the house at a really very creditable pace, considering the depth of the sand and the weight of his drenched garments. I had found a tolerably sheltered station under the lee of a sandbank, and I decided to wait where I was for his return; but I had to wait much longer than one might have expected. The twilight turned into dusk, and the wind dropped, and the sky cleared, and a large full-moon came out, all in a leisurely way, but there was no sign of anybody coming near us. I couldn't account for the delay, and abused John Lynn a good deal in consequence of it. I know my wits sometimes go wool-gathering, but I'm certain I should never have been such an ass as to leave another fellow sitting wet through for a couple of hours — enough to give him his death, I said, for one always takes a pessimistic view of things when one's being kept waiting. Of course it was possible that he might have found all our womankind in hysterics — though from what I know of them I shouldn't think it particularly probable — but, even so, he should have managed to send somebody. Vincent, too, was evidently getting impatient, for I heard him shout 'Jack' once or twice, and whistle at intervals in a way which I knew betokened exasperation.

"At last John Lynn came posting round the corner, apparently in no end of a hurry, but not a soul with him, though he'd been away long enough to have collected half the county. As he ran up to the boat-house, I saw him taking out of his pocket something which gleamed in the moonlight, and was, I'm pretty sure, the top of a flask, so he'd at any rate had the sense to bring some spirits. I wanted to find out whether any more people were on their way, and forgetting for the moment that the boat-house wasn't in my reach, I went after him to the door. And there two queer things happened. In the first place, I got a glimpse, just for an instant, but quite distinctly, of — *you*, Dr. Harlowe; and immediately afterwards an extraordinary feeling of horror came over me, and I began to rush away, I don't know why or where, but on — on — until the air suddenly turned into a solid black wall, and I went smash against it, and somehow seemed to wake up — sitting here at this table."

"That's the first sensible remark you've made to-day," I said, in the most soothingly matter-of-fact tone that I could assume; "only why do you say *seemed*? I should think it was perfectly obvious that you did really wake up — or is there more to follow?"

"Then I dreamt it all?" said he.

"All of it that you haven't evolved out of your internal consciousness since then, in thinking it over," I replied with decision.

"Oh, well," said my young friend, with a certain air of forbearing superiority, "as it happens, I dreamt it no more than you did. But if you prefer it, we'll call it a dream. At any rate, it wasn't a bad one. I should feel rather uncomfortable now if it had ended disastrously; however, as far as one can see, nothing worse seemed likely to come of it than Nellie's being obliged either to postpone her wedding for a week, or to put up with a hobbling bridegroom. Then, as to those disagreeable sensations at the conclusion, I dare say they would be quite explicable if one knew the details of the process by which one is conveyed back and forwards; some phase, no doubt, of disintegration of matter. But you said, didn't you, that you wanted to borrow 'Walt Whitman'? Here he is — mad Martin Tupper flavored with dirt, in my judgment; however, you may like him better."

During the remainder of our interview John Lynn conversed upon miscellaneous topics with such perfect composure and

rationality, that I began to think less seriously of his relapse. I reflected that, after all, many thoroughly sane people had been strongly affected for a time by vivid and coherent dreams, and I felt no doubt that in his case the impression would wear off in a day or two. As I went out, I communicated these views to Dr. Warden, who was disposed to agree with them.

This proved to be my last conversation with John Lynn. For that very evening I was unexpectedly called away by business, which obliged me to spend several months in America; and upon returning, I found that he had left Greystones House cured, and had gone abroad for a long tour. After which, I heard nothing more about him; so that the days' "petty dust" could accumulate with undisturbed rapidity over my recollections of the man himself, and our acquaintanceship, and his curious dream.

In the early summer five years later — my diary fixes all dates — I happened to be wandering along the eastern coast, and arrived one evening at a remote little seaside place in Norfolk, which rather took my fancy with its many gabled farmhouses and comfortable Cock and Anchor. The next morning, the twenty-third of June, was, I remember, brilliantly fine, and tempted me out with my photographing gear — a much more cumbersome apparatus than at the present day. My negatives turned out better than usual, and as it was a new fad with me, I became so deeply absorbed in my attempts that I allowed myself to be overtaken, a good way from home, by a violent storm of wind and rain, which came on suddenly between five and six o'clock. I had an extremely unpleasant walk home with my unwieldy camera and other paraphernalia; and having got into dry clothes, and ascertained that several of my most promising plates had been destroyed, I did not feel enthusiastically benevolent when the landlord appeared in my room with a statement to the following effect: A young man had just driven over in the dogcart from Sandford Lodge — Mrs. Lynn's place below — wanting Dr. Dixon in the greatest hurry to the old lady, who was took awful bad — for her death they thought; but Dr. Dixon had had a call seven miles off Stowdenham ways, and couldn't be got for love or money. "And so, sir," proceeded my landlord, "believing as you be a medical gentleman, I made bold to mention the suckumstance to you, in case as how you

might think of doin' summat for the poor lady."

Common humanity, of course, compelled me so to think, albeit human nature — that equally common, but very different thing — mingled some heterogeneous elements with my thoughts; and the consequence was that I at once set out again through the rain, which still fell thickly.

The young man in the dogcart was excited and communicative of mood, and upon the way told me several facts explanatory of the state of affairs in the household towards which he was swiftly driving me. The family, he said, had been at Sandford Lodge for about a couple of years, and were well liked in the neighborhood; everybody'd be sorry to hear of their trouble, and, to be sure, it was a terrible thing to have happened; it was no wonder the mistress was taken bad at bein' told of it sudden. Why, hadn't I heard them talkin' about it up above? Sure, the two gentlemen had been out sailin' that afternoon in their little boat, and was caught in the squall and capsized, or else she ran on a rock, it wasn't sartin which, but anyway she'd gone down clever and clean. And Mr. Jack had somehow managed to swim ashore; but his brother, Mr. Vincent, a fine young gentleman in the army, there wasn't a sign of him — and he about gettin' married to one of the young ladies just the day arter to-morrow. But with the tide runnin' out strong as it was then, the corpse might never happen to come ashore at all. Indeed, they were in an orful takin' altogether down at the Lodge, and just before he come away, they'd found the mistress lyin' all of a heap in the landin', and couldn't get her round again by any means. So it 'ud ha' been a bad job if he'd had to come back without Dr. Dixon or nobody.

By this time our short drive was nearly at an end. "Coming this road," said the young man, "the quickest way to the house is round by the back." So saying, he drove a few hundred yards down a deep-rutted, sandy lane, debouching on the seashore close to an iron gate, at which he pulled up. "There's a turnstile in the bank to your left, sir," he said as I alighted, "and then if you go straight on up the lawn, you'll find the porch door open, and there's safe to be some one about."

I followed his instructions, feeling a curiously strong impression of familiarity with the place at which I had arrived — the sandy bank, the gate, the slope running up to the creeper-draped, gabled

house, standing out darkly against the struggling moonbeams. A common enough illusion, I reflected, but it was now without doubt unusually powerful and persistent. It was not dispelled even by my pricking my hand severely in brushing past a puzzle-monkey, which brandished its spiny arms in front of the turnstile; and the sensation strengthened as I walked up the steep lawn, threading my way up flights of turf steps, among flower-beds cut fantastically into the semblance of a fleet of boats and ships, with sheets of white blossoms glimmering for spread sails, and scarlet ones gleaming for flags. I felt convinced that I had never seen the device before; and yet it certainly did not seem new to me. At the door I was met by two girls, who looked stunned and scared, but who reported that their mother had recovered from the long fainting-fit which had so much alarmed them. They brought me up-stairs to the room where she was sitting; and the first sight of the miserable face which she turned towards me served to heighten my perplexed state of what may be called latent reminiscence. For I was at once struck by its marked resemblance to a face which I had in some past time frequently beheld, but which I now completely failed to single out from among a hurriedly summoned mental muster of my friends and acquaintances. And so thick a fold of oblivion had lapped over my recollections of the persons and events which would have given me the right clue, that although I knew I was speaking to a Mrs. Lynn, I could make no instructive application of the fact.

I found the interview dreary and embarrassing. Mrs. Lynn was so far recovered that her health called for but little professional discourse, and yet I feared to appear unsympathetic if I hastened away abruptly. Accordingly I sat for some time, delivering myself intermittently of the common commonplace, "and vacant chaff well meant for grain," which is deemed appropriate to such occasions. At length I bethought me of terminating the scene by producing a visiting-card, which I handed to Mrs. Lynn, murmuring something about a hope that if I could at any time be of any service to her she would — But before I was half through my sentence, she started and uttered an exclamation, with her eyes fixed upon the name and address. "Harlowe — Greystones," she said; "why, it must be you who were so kind to poor Jack when he was with Dr. Warden!"

As she spoke, a ray of recognition shot into my mind. Could it be? — yes, certainly it could be no one but John Lynn's mother — of course I remembered John Lynn. Indeed there was as strong a likeness between her and her son as there can be between an elderly lady and a young man. I was, however, still unable to recall the occasion upon which he had, as I now began to feel dimly aware, given me a somewhat minute description of this place and its surroundings; and then had not the driver told me that the family had lived here for only two years? My perplexity was but partially removed.

Mrs. Lynn appeared to be strangely agitated by her discovery of my identity. She sat for a minute or two glancing from the card to me, her lips moving irresolutely as if upon the verge of speech into which she dared not launch forth. Then she looked quickly round the room, which was empty, her daughters having been called away, and thereupon, with the air of one snatching at an opportunity, she turned to me and said: "Dr. Harlowe, I must tell you something that has been upon my mind for a long time." She continued, speaking low and rapidly, with many nervous glances towards the door, and sudden startled pauses upon false alarms of interruption: "Perhaps you may have heard that my youngest son Vincent is going to be married." (The tense showed that she had not yet learned to associate him with "the tangle and the shells.") "Their wedding was to have been the day after to-morrow, his and Helen Rolleston's. She's my ward, who has lived with us all her life; and they've been engaged for nearly a year. Well, Dr. Harlowe, my son Jack — you know Jack — has been at home too for three or four years, and some time ago I began to fancy — it was scarcely more than a fancy, and I've never said a word about it to any one — a feeling on his part of attachment towards Nellie. I hoped at first that I might be quite mistaken, but latterly I've thought that hardly possible. What I believe is that it sprang up gradually and insensibly as it were, and that he never realized how matters stood until the time of his brother's engagement. And since then I think — I fear — he has at times — just occasionally — shown some jealous feeling towards Vincent — and those two used always to be such good friends. Not often at all, and nothing serious, you know; I'm sure none of the others have ever noticed anything of the kind; and indeed it may be only my own imagina-

tion; it's an idea that, under the circumstances, one might easily take up without any real reason."

"Very true," I said, because she looked at me as if wishing for assent.

"But that's not what I particularly want to tell you," she hurried on. "To-night, soon after he came back from that miserable boat, I was in here, when I heard Jack running up-stairs, and I went to the door to speak to him, but before I could stop him, he had passed, and gone into his room. Just outside it he dropped something, and I picked it up. It was this!" She took out of her pocket a small gold horseshoe-shaped locket with an inch or so of broken chain attached to it. One side of its case had been wrenched off at the hinge, showing that it contained a tiny photograph — a girl-face, dark-eyed and delicately featured.

"That's Nellie," said Mrs. Lynn, "and it belongs to Vincent; he always wore it on his watch-chain. So if he had really been washed away, as they said, I don't understand how Jack came to have it with him. I don't see how he could have got it, do you, Dr. Harlowe?" queried this poor mother, leaning forward and laying a hand on my sleeve in her eagerness for an answer.

"He might have been trying to rescue his brother — to pull him ashore, or into the boat, and have accidentally caught hold of it in that way," I suggested. "It looks as if it had been torn off by a strong grip."

"Do you think that may be how it was?" she said, with what seemed to me an odd mingling of relief and disappointment in her tone. "When I had picked it up, I waited about outside Jack's door, and thought I heard him unlocking and opening a drawer. Presently he came out, in a great hurry evidently, for when I spoke to him he only ran past, saying, 'I can't stop now, mother.' He had some shiny, smooth-looking thing in his hand, the passage was so dark that I couldn't see exactly what. I went into his room, and the first thing I noticed was the drawer of the writing-table left open. I knew it was the one where he keeps his revolver, and when I looked into it, I saw that the case was empty. The revolver is gone; he must have taken it with him. Just then I suddenly got very faint, and they say I was unconscious for a long time. One of the maids says that she saw Jack running down towards the beach, about an hour ago. I believe numbers of people are there looking out. I said nothing to

any one about the revolver — perhaps I ought to have done so. What can he have wanted with it? I've been thinking that he may have intended to fire it off for a signal, if the night was very dark. Don't you think that is quite possible?"

"I don't know — I can't say," I answered, without, indeed, bestowing any consideration upon Mrs. Lynn's somewhat unlikely conjecture, for at this moment a whole sequence of recollections stood out abruptly in my mind with a substantial distinctness, as if my thoughts had been put under a stereoscope.

"Can you tell me whether there is a boat-house at some little distance from here along the shore? An old boat-house that hasn't been used of late, standing back near some sand-hills — perhaps a mile along the shore — in a rather ruinous state, built in a hollow between two banks," I went on, impatiently adding what particulars I could, in hopes of prompting her memory, which seemed to be at fault.

"Yes, yes, there *is* one like that," she said at last, "in the direction of Mainforthing; I remember we walked as far as it not very long ago."

"Some one ought to go there immediately," I said, moving towards the door.

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Lynn, following me, "is there any chance that the boys —" But I did not wait to explain my reasons, which, in truth, were scarcely intelligible to myself.

Hurrying down the lawn, and emerging on the beach, I fell in with a small group of men and lads, of whom I demanded in which direction Mainforthing lay. To the right, they told me by word and gesture, and one of them added, pointing in the opposite direction, where a number of dark figures, some with lanterns, were visible, moving along the margin of the far-receded tide, "But it's more that a-way they think she must ha' been when she went down." I explained that my object was to find the old boat-house, whereupon they assured me that I would do so easy enough if I kept straight along by the strand for a mile and a bit, and two or three of them accompanied me as I started.

The stretches of crumbling, moon-bleached sand seemed to lengthen out interminably, but at last round a corner I came breathlessly upon my goal. The door of the boat-house was wide open, and the moonlight streamed brightly through it full in the face of a youth who, at the moment when I reached the threshold, was standing with his back to the wall,

steadying himself by a hold on the window-ledge beside him, and looking as if he had just with difficulty scrambled to his feet. He was staring straight before him with a startled and bewildered expression, and saying, "Jack — I say, Jack, what the deuce are you up to?" in a peremptorily remonstrant tone. And not without adequate cause. For opposite to him stood John Lynn — altered, but still recognizable as my former acquaintance — who held in his hand a revolver, which he was raising slowly, slowly, to a level as it seemed with the other's head. The next instant I had sprung towards him, but he was too quick for me, and, shaking off my grasp on his arm, turned and faced me, still holding his weapon. "Dr. Harlowe! You here?" he said, and had scarcely spoken the words when he put the barrel to his temple, and before the echoes of the shot had died on the jarred silence, and while the smoke-wreaths were still eddying up to the boat-house roof, he lay dead at our feet with a bullet in his brain.

The coroner's jury of course returned their customary verdict, perhaps with better grounds than usual. Upon my own private verdict I have deliberated often and long, but without arriving at any conclusive result. That crime upon the brink of which John Lynn had undoubtedly stood — was it a premeditated one, or had he taken the revolver with some different intention, and afterwards yielded to a sudden suggestion of the fiend, prompted by his brother's helpless plight? This question I can never hope to answer definitively, though my opinion inclines towards the latter hypothesis. Upon the whole it seems clear to me that by his last act my unhappy friend did but "catch the nearest way" out of a hopelessly complicated maze of mortal misery. Furthermore, I cannot avoid the conviction that but for his narration to me of his strange dream or trance experiences, a fratricide's guilt would have been superadded to the calamities of his mind distempered, and his passion "by Fate bemocked."

From Temple Bar.

VIDOCQ.

VIDOCQ's father kept a baker's shop in the Place d'Armes at Arras; and there, in July, 1775, he came into the world. Eugene François, as the boy was called, grew up astonishingly tall and strong; but a more good-for-nothing little scapegrace

never hopped a gutter. At eight years old he was the terror of all the cats and urchins in the square, and was commonly remarkable for two black eyes and a jacket rent in tatters. At thirteen he was sent out with the baker's basket, and began to pick up friends among the thieves and trollops of the slums. In this society he quickly learnt how to provide himself with pocket-money. He fished up coins from the shop-till with a feather dipped in glue; he sold the loaves and rolls out of his baskets; he pawned the coffeepoons; he robbed the hen-roost. In this last exploit he was once detected by a pair of chickens in his breeches pockets thrusting out their heads below his apron. At length his father, weary of drubbing him without avail, had him locked up for a fortnight in the city prison. But all was useless. No sooner was he taken home and pardoned, than he broke the money-coffer with a crowbar, helped himself to forty pounds, and ran away to sea.

He reached Ostend with just a shilling. But he was not fated to become a sailor. As he was looking for a skipper who would let him work his passage to America, he chanced to hear a Merry Andrew blow his trumpet on the platform of his show. A Merry-Andrew's was the life for Vidocq! He spent his shilling on a pint of gin, treated the trumpet-player to a bumper, was by him presented to Cotte-Comus, the director of the show, and was accepted as a learner. But Vidocq's joy was brief. The show combined a troop of acrobats with a collection of wild beasts; but Vidocq as a tumbler proved an utter failure — the grand fling nearly killed him, and the chair-leap broke his nose. He was reduced to scour the lamps and sweep the cages, to be kicked and beaten, to make his dinner of a crust, and to sleep with the Jack-pudding. In a month his aspect grew so wretched that his master, looking at his scarecrow garments, drenched with lamp-grease and tattered by the monkeys, his hair in tangle, and his bones peeping through the skin, cried out in ecstasy that he would make a splendid cannibal. In order to rehearse the character, he brought a bludgeon and a tiger-skin, and bade him glare and gibber, bound like an ourang-outang, and gnaw the flesh of a live cock. But raw cocks were not to Vidocq's liking. He refused; the master cuffed his ears; and Vidocq, snatching up his bludgeon, was about to knock the master on the head, when the whole troop rushed upon him, and kicked him out of doors.

Then he joined the keeper of a Punch-and-Judy; but he neglected the puppets to kiss the keeper's wife, and was speedily obliged to fly. Then he decided to return to Arras. In return for food and lodging by the way, he undertook to carry the pack of an old pedlar, who was waxing weak with age. The pedlar, who sold drugs, cut corns, and sometimes pulled out teeth, turned out to be a skinfint, who kept him starved on mutton-broth and turnips, and lodged him for the night in barns, in one of which he shared his pile of fodder with a camel and a pair of dancing bears. When at last he sneaked into the shop at Arras, his own mother scarcely recognized him. He was welcomed like the Prodigal. But as to making him a baker, they might as well have tried to make a baker of Cotte-Comus's ourang-outang.

For now he took a whim to be a soldier. His family consented, and he joined a troop of Chasseurs. Vidocq, at fifteen, was six feet high, an admirable fencer, and as ready for a quarrel as Mercutio. In a short time he was known to all the regiment by the name of Reckless. Within six months he fought in fifteen duels, in two of which he killed his man. When he was neither lying in the hospital with a rapier-thrust received in an affair of honor, nor in the dungeon of the citadel for a breach of discipline, he was engaged in making love to half the pretty girls in Arras. In this pursuit, his dashing air and handsome figure, his ruddy cheeks, brown curls, and grey-blue, glittering eyes, were aided by a tongue as glib and wits as subtle as Satan's at the ear of Eve.

At length his troop was ordered into action; but Vidocq, in a skirmish with the Austrians, received a bullet in his leg, and was sent home to recover. When he re-entered Arras, he found the Reign of Terror there before him. A guillotine stood in the fish-market; a white old man was fastened to the plank; and, as directing spirit, on a platform raised above the terror-stricken crowd, stood that filthy, grinning devil, Joseph Lebon, supported on his sabre. Vidocq saw the knife fall, and the old man's head drop off. His blood ran cold, and doubtless would have run still colder, had he foreseen how soon that knife would threaten his own neck.

He had scarcely been a week in Arras, when, on stealing out one morning to fight a duel with a trumpet-major, a band of gendarmes rushed upon him; his rival, a rank poltroon, had denounced him to Lebon. Vidocq, accused of having spoken

evil of the Jacobins, was shut up in a garret, in which a crowd of captives of the noblest families were kept half-starving, with the guillotine before their eyes. That he did not mount the scaffold in the fish-market — that he did not, in the pleasant phrase then popular, look through the little window and sneeze into the sack — was owing to a lady. A certain Mademoiselle Chevalier, whose brother was Lebon's assistant, interceded for him, and obtained his liberty.

Mademoiselle Chevalier was lean and ugly, and also, as it turned out, fickle. But she set her cap at Vidocq, and inveigled him to marry her. Unluckily, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when, on coming home one evening unexpectedly, he heard the clatter of a sabre, and espied a soldier jumping out of his wife's window. Vidocq pursued and caught the fugitive. A duel was instantly arranged; but Madame Vidocq played him a new trick. Before the time appointed for the meeting, he was seized by the police, was dragged before Lebon, was accused by his wife's friends of treating her with cruelty, and was expelled from Arras.

He was now a wanderer on the earth. At first he joined a gang of sharpers. Then, armed with forged credentials, he set up as a captain — Captain Rousseau of Hussars. Under this character he made acquaintance with a rich old baroness of Brussels, and became engaged to marry her. But vagabond, deserter, and forger as he was, he lacked audacity to become a bigamist. At the last moment he revealed so much of his true story that the baroness recoiled from him in horror. Next day she sent him a rich casket with six hundred louis-d'ors. But he never saw her face again.

He tossed away his money with such speed that he was soon without a shilling. He then joined a troop of gipsies, whose chief employment was to creep by night into the farmers' cattle-sheds and put a poison in the mangers, in order to obtain a fee next day for curing the sick beasts. This strange profession did not suit his tastes, and he was looking round him for a new one, when an event occurred which altered his whole life.

At Lille he fell in love with a frail beauty by the name of Francine, of whom he was as jealous as Othello. One night he found his goddess supping at a tavern with a rival. He rushed upon the pair in fury, was arrested for assault, and was sent for three months to St. Peter's Tower. There he was put into a solitary chamber

called the Bull's-eye; but the common room, where near a score of dirty scoundrels roared and squabbled all day long, was also open to him. Three of these gaol-birds, who had conspired to forge an order of release, requested him to let them use his room "to draw up a memorial." He did so. The order of release was forged; the forgery was detected; and Vidocq, though quite innocent, was held guilty with the rest.

And now, instead of a few weeks of light captivity, his prospect was the galleys for a term of years. At first his anger and despair brought on a fever. Then, as he recovered, he began to rack his wits. Schemes of deliverance arose before him. As yet he did not know his own capacity. But he was soon to show that in the art of making an escape he was the cleverest rascal in the world.

Francine had made all speed to jilt his rival, and now came to see him daily. By degrees she brought him in her muff the uniform of an inspector. Vidocq's power of mimicry resembled that of Garrick or the elder Mathews. He put on the disguise, and with a face which his own mother would have failed to recognize, walked boldly to the prison gate. The gate-keeper, an ancient galley-slave, and as sharp-eyed as a lynx, pulled off his cap and threw the barrier open. In a moment Vidocq was at liberty.

He hastened to the lodging of a friend of Francine, where, as long as he kept quiet, he was perfectly secure. But Vidocq's name was Reckless. Next morning, when the hue-and-cry was ringing after him, he walked abroad in his disguise. He was sitting down to dinner at a tavern, when a sergeant by the name of Jacquard, attended by four men, came in to look for him. Vidocq went up to Jacquard, and led him to a pantry with a window in the door. "If you are looking for that rascal Vidocq," he said, "hide here, and you will see him. I will make a sign to you when he comes in." The sergeant led his men into the pantry, and Vidocq turned the key. Then, crying to his prisoners, "It is Vidocq who has locked you in; farewell!" — he went off at his leisure, leaving the sergeant, mad with fury, trying to kick down the door.

But such bravado could not long escape scot-free. A few days later he was caught, was taken to the Tower, and was locked up in a dungeon with a culprit named Calendrin. Calendrin had already worked a secret hole half through his wall; and with Vidocq's help the task went forward

gaily. The third night all was ready; the moment of escape arrived; and Vidocq, stripped stark naked, thrust himself into the hole. To his horror and dismay the passage held him like a trap. He could not stir; his agony became unbearable; and he was forced to call the sentry. The guards rushed up with torches. He was tugged out, flayed and bleeding, and dragged off to another cell, where he was vigilantly guarded.

But soon his trial came on. With eighteen other culprits he was taken to the court. The entrance of the ante-room, in which they waited, was guarded by a corporal with a troop of soldiers. The prisoners were attended by two gendarmes. One of these put down his hat and cloak to go into the court. In an instant Vidocq slipped them on, took a prisoner by the arm, and led him to the door. The corporal threw it open, and the pair walked out into the street. An escape so prompt, so simple, so audacious, is sufficient of itself to mark a master-mind.

Vidocq went off to hide with Francine. They resolved to fly to Belgium. But on the eve of their departure Vidocq stole abroad, and chanced upon a girl of his acquaintance, who took him home with her to supper. Francine, at this neglect, went mad with jealousy. She vowed to call the guards and hand him over to the retribution which his infidelity deserved. Willing to let the storm blow over, Vidocq left her, and lay for five days hidden in a suburb of the city. Then, dressed as a country bumpkin, he returned to make his peace. But instead of finding Francine, as he expected, he was seized by the police, was dragged to prison, and was accused, to his amazement, of attempted murder. As he stood before the magistrate a door flew open, and a girl, supported by two gendarmes, staggered, white as death, into the court, cast her eyes upon him, broke into a shriek, and fainted. The girl was Francine! A few hours after his departure she had been discovered lying senseless in a pool of blood, stabbed in five places, and with Vidocq's knife beside her. As soon as she could speak, she had declared that in a fit of jealous passion she had stabbed herself. But her story was suspected; for their quarrel had been overheard, and it was thought that she desired to screen him. Vidocq's narrative confirmed her story. But he had had a near escape. Had Francine's hand but struck a little surer, he must infallibly have ended his career by an assassin's death.

His life was safe; but he was once

again in prison, with the galleys waiting to receive him. A few days afterwards a strange thing happened. The gaoler left his door unfastened. In the grey dawn, while all the prison was asleep, he walked out of his cell.

The gatekeeper had that moment slipped into a tavern opposite; but as Vidocq issued from the gate, he rushed out bawling in pursuit. Vidocq escaped by speed of foot; but the city gates were guarded, and he could not leave the town. At dusk he gained the ramparts, glided down a rope, fell fifteen feet into the fosse, and sprained his ankle. He was discovered by a carter, who, with striking kindness, drove him to his hut in the next village, rubbed his sprain with soap and brandy, and kept him hidden for some days.

Thence Vidocq made his way to Ostend. He wished to sail for India; but he had no papers, and no skipper would convey him. In this predicament, he joined a gang of smugglers, with whom he helped to run ashore by starlight some kegs of muslin and tobacco. But the custom officers attacked the party; two smugglers were shot dead; and Vidocq, though the bullets missed him, caught a chill, and fell into a fever. One night's experience was sufficient for him. He decided that he did not care to be a smuggler.

Moreover, he was dying to see Francine. He resolved to venture back to Lille. On the road, two gendarmes who were drinking at a wine-shop asked him for his papers, and, on finding that he had none, took him to the guard-house. A brigadier of Lille, who had seen him at the prison, happened to come in, and recognized him. He was conveyed to Lille, and thence to Douai, where he was locked up once more.

He shared the dungeon of a pair of desperadoes who were already scheming an escape by burrowing beneath the pavement, and thence through the prison wall. The three now worked by turns. One man was always in the hole; while, in case the guards should enter unexpectedly, a shirt and vest, stuffed out with straw, lay on the bed to represent him. The rubbish from the hole was thrown into the river Scarpe, which ran below the window. The work was slow, for the walls were five feet thick; but after two months' labor the last stone was reached. At dead of night the captives knocked it out. But they had, in error, made the hole too low. To their horror and dismay, the river rushed in like a mill-race. The turnkeys

heard them bawl, ran up with lights, and found them splashing in the flood. Dripping and crestfallen, they were hoisted out, and lodged in separate cells.

A little after, Vidocq was conducted to a den in the town hall, a narrow, wet, and pitchy dungeon, in which he passed eight days cramped up among the sodden straw, with both hands fettered to his ankle-rings. His very misery inspired him with a scheme. On being put into a coach to be conducted to his former prison, he, with a handkerchief across his eyes, as if the daylight dazzled them, sat feebly huddled in a corner. His guards, contemptuous of so weak a captive, soon relaxed their vigilance. All at once he dropped the handkerchief, threw open the coach door, bounded out into the road, and was off like the wind. Almost before the gaping guards, impeded by their sabres and jack-boots, had struggled from the coach, the fugitive was out of sight and danger.

But, in truth, a fugitive of Vidocq's character was never out of danger. He reached Dunkirk, and there struck up a friendship with the supercargo of a Swedish brig, who promised him a berth. But before the brig set sail, Vidocq, in his sailor's dress, was taken up for brawling at a pot-house, was suspected, from his lack of papers, to have escaped from prison, was taken back to Douai, and locked up once more.

And now his trial, repeatedly postponed by his escapes, at last came on. Of the forgery of the order of release he was entirely innocent; for the conspirators who had used his cell had told him nothing of their purpose. Appearances, however, damned him. He was condemned to eight years at the galleys.

The chain of galley-slaves, linked two by two, set out upon the march for Brest. By day they toiled on foot, dragging a weight of fifteen pounds at either ankle, or rode upon long wagons, while their irons, white with hoar-frost, struck cold into their bones. At night they huddled like foul beasts in cattle-stalls or stables, and munched a crust of mouldy bread. Yet the march was paradise beside the Bagne at Brest. The first appearance of that home of woe — of the vast grim dens, in each of which six hundred cut-throats, thieves, and rake-hells, dressed in the red frocks, the sail-cloth trousers, and the green caps of galley-felons, sat in endless rows — in which no sound was audible amidst the ceaseless clank of bolts and ankle-rings, except some curse or filthy jest — in which no sight was visible but

haggard eyes, shorn heads, and faces of despair — these things awoke the horror of the boldest. Such was the place, and such the company, in which the luckless Vidocq was condemned to wear away eight years.

But the prison was not built that could hold Vidocq for eight years. His wits went instantly to work. Some of the galley-slaves possessed more freedom than the rest, and were wont to smuggle articles into the prison. Vidocq obtained from one of these a file, a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a wig. That night he cut his fetters nearly through, and, with a dexterity which gulled the sentries, put on the sailor's dress beneath his convict's frock. Next day his gang was sent to work the pumps. He watched his moment, slipped behind a stack of timber, stripped off his galley frock and trousers, popped on his wig, snapped his nearly severed fetters, and before the guards had missed him, was off into the town.

But to pass the city gate was thought impossible for fugitives. It was watched by an old galley-slave, Lachique by name, who was celebrated for the eagle eye with which he could distinguish a cropped head beneath the closest cap, or the most imperceptible dragging of a leg accustomed to the fetter. But Lachique that day had met his match. Vidocq, in his wig and sailor's suit, came gaily up and asked him for a pipe-light. The old man gave it with the utmost courtesy; and Vidocq walked off, puffing, through the gate.

He took the road for Cannes. For two days all went well; but on the third he met two gendarmes, who asked him for his papers. Vidocq was ready with a story: his name was Duval, born at l'Orient, a deserter from the frigate *Cocardé*. Duval was no imaginary being; such was the name of a real sailor, of whom he had heard spoken at the Bagne. In accordance with this story, he was led to l'Orient, and was lodged, as a deserter, in the naval prison. There, among other captives, was a sailor who looked at him with a mysterious smile. "My boy," said he, "I do not know you, but you are not Augustus Duval, for he died two years ago at Martinico." Then, as Vidocq stood dumbfounded, he continued, "But no one knows that he has hopped the twig; you can pass for him with ease; he ran away to sea when very young; and I can tell you all about his family. But you must have his mark upon your arm — a tattooed altar with a garland." Then the

new friends laid their heads together. They pelted a sentinel with crusts of bread, for which they were locked up for punishment in a solitary cell. There, with a bunch of needles dipped in Indian ink, the sailor pricked on Vidocq's arm the altar and the garland. A fortnight later he was taken from his cell to be confronted with his family. He fell upon his father's neck; and his father, his mother, his uncle, and his cousin, all recognized with joy their lost Augustus!

His kinsfolk filled his purse with louis, and he was sent off, still in custody, to join his ship, which was in harbor at St. Malo. His fate now hung upon his chances of escaping by the way; but when the party entered Quimper he had found no means to dupe his guards. Then he resolved to try his chance as a sick man. He munched tobacco for two days, until he gave himself a gastric fever, and was ordered to be sent to the infirmary. There he soon found out that one of the attendants, who had been a convict, could be prevailed upon, for lucre, to procure him a disguise, and to show him where to scale the garden wall. A disguise was not so easily obtained; but Vidocq hit upon a scheme of strange and ludicrous audacity. When Sister Frances, the tallest and the stoutest nurse in the infirmary, had gone to early matins, Vidocq's confederate stole into her cell, and helped himself to a nun's robe and bonnet with a veil. Vidocq put them on. The two conspirators crept out, before the dawn, into the garden, where Vidocq, with the help of his companion's shoulder, scaled the wall with ease.

Before the sun rose he had walked two leagues. At ten o'clock he reached a little hamlet with a church. The sexton of the church, a little busy village gossip, besought the weary nun to rest and take refreshment at the vicar's house. The vicar, a kindly grey old man, was on the point of celebrating mass. Vidocq was pressed to join the service, and consented; but the awkward style in which he made the signs and genuflexions, very nearly let his secret slip. Then, with the vicar and the sexton, he sat down to breakfast, where, although he was so starved that he could easily have cleared the table, he was forced to nibble like a mouse. He announced that he was bound upon a pilgrimage of penance. "For what sin, dear sister?" asked the busy little sexton. "Alas, dear brother," replied the simple nun, "for the sin of curiosity." And the sexton, at that answer, held his peace.

With the vicar's blessing he resumed his journey. A week later he reached Nantes. In that city was a robbers' tavern, of which a fellow-convict had informed him. He sought the house, knocked, gave the watchword, and was ushered by the landlady through a sliding panel into a low room, in which eight men and women were engaged in playing cards and drinking brandy. At the sudden entrance of a nun they stared in stark amazement. But in an instant, to their wonder and delight, he dropped his robe and veil, and appeared before them as the famed escaper.

Next day, he discovered on his bed a parcel of new clothes and linen. In return for this good fellowship he found himself expected to assist to break into a house. But Vidocq had by this time seen enough of crime and criminals, and had resolved to lead henceforth an honest life. He secretly exchanged his clothes for a smock-frock, and, with a stick and bundle, started off again upon his wanderings.

Two days later he reached Cholet, in La Vendée, a town of battle-battered ruins, black with fire, in which nothing was left standing but the steeple. Soldiers were watering their horses in the holy vessels of the church, and getting up a dance among the wreckage. A cattle-fair was being held among the ruins of the market. Vidocq, in his yokel's frock, addressed a farmer, and was hired to drive a herd of beasts as far as Sceaux. It was the custom of the cattle-drovers to sell the forage of the oxen committed to their charge, and to turn the profits into brandy. But Vidocq was a model drover. At Sceaux his bullocks were worth twenty francs a head above the price of any others. His master, in an ecstasy, offered to engage him as his foreman. But Vidocq had resolved to make his way to Arras; and he accordingly declined.

He started, and the third day reached the town. His friends received him as one risen from the dead. But, even in disguise, the danger of discovery was great, and he resolved to hide himself in Holland. At Rotterdam he fell in with a Frenchman who was pressing sailors for the Dutch. The knave invited him to dinner, and put a drug into his wine. When Vidocq woke up from his stupor he found himself on board of a Dutch brig-of-war.

The crew, two hundred landsmen, pressed by force or trickery, were a lamentable herd of lubbers. One was a book-keeper; another was a gardener; another,

like Vidocq, was a soldier. Not one in ten could keep his legs, or knew the difference between port and starboard. But every man of them was perfectly acquainted with the boatswain's rope's-end, which at the slightest provocation descended on their backs. Resistance seemed a dream; for a guard of five-and-twenty soldiers watched them with cocked muskets. But no guard was close enough for Vidocq. He hatched a plot among his fellow-slaves. A hundred and twenty of them watched their moment, and when half the guards were sitting down to dinner, seized the whole troop, and locked them in the hold. One of the mutineers, a sailor, was set to steer the vessel. But unluckily this man turned out to be a traitor. He ran the ship beneath the cannon of a fort, to which he made a secret signal. A boat of officers and men put off from shore. Escape was hopeless; for at a sign the fortress could have blown them all out of the water. The party came on board. Vidocq, as the ringleader, was seized, and would probably have ended his career by swinging at a yard-arm, had not his companions sworn, with one accord, that if he suffered the least injury, they would throw a torch into the magazine and blow the ship into the air. The officials thought it best to gain the service of a man so powerful. The mutineers were pardoned; the hardships of their life were mitigated; and Vidocq rose to be an officer, with the rank of bombardier.

And now for a short time his lot was useful, quiet, and contented. But fate was not to let him be so long. The French authorities were on the watch for Frenchmen pressed on board the vessels of the Dutch. Vidocq sought refuge on a pirate-ship; but even here misfortune dogged him. A band of gendarmes came suddenly on board one morning, to look for an escaped assassin. They failed to find the man they wanted—but they found Augustus Duval the deserter, with whose escape in a nun's dress the ears of the police were ringing. To Vidocq's infinite disgust, he found himself led off in custody, and turned into a galley-slave once more.

At Douai, his old quarters, the turnkeys who had previously had charge of him discovered his identity. He was sent to Toulon with the chain-gang, and placed in the department of the dangerous captives. He was now worse off than at the Bagne at Brest. There, as a working convict, he was sent out daily with his gang;

but now he sat by day, and stretched his limbs at night, among the riff-raff of the galleys, upon the same eternal bench to which his chains secured him. The sentry's eye was never off him. Escape from this department was impossible. But how could he contrive to get himself removed? At last, one night, as he was lying half asleep upon his bench, a project flashed upon his mind.

Next day, when the inspector came his round, he burst into a prayer for mercy. He was, he said, the victim of a fatal likeness to his brother, who was the Vidocq so renowned for his escapes. He was an injured innocent. Yet he did not ask for freedom. All that he begged was to be saved from the society of villains, though he should pass his life in fetters at the bottom of a loathsome dungeon. He played his part with such reality that the inspector listened with belief and pity. His first step was gained. He was ordered to be placed among the working convicts.

His state was now the same as it had been at Brest; and he proceeded to escape in the same manner. As before, he put on a disguise beneath his convict's frock; as before, he slipped away without discovery; as before, he reached the city gate. But here he found, to his dismay, that no one was allowed to pass without a green card given by a magistrate. As he stood in great perplexity, he heard the cannon of the fortress fire three shots, which told that his escape had been discovered. He trembled; but at the moment of despair, he saw a coffin with a train of followers, proceeding to the burial ground outside the city. Vidocq mingled with the sad procession, burst into a flood of tears, and passed in safety through the gateway as a wailing mourner.

He walked till five o'clock that evening, when he fell in with a stranger with a gun and game-bag, whom at first he took to be a sportsman, and with whom he struck up an acquaintance. This new friend asked him to his cottage, and set him down to supper on a kid and onions. Then the stranger told his story. He was one of sixty honest citizens who had refused to serve the press-gangs, and had retreated to the woods in self-defence. If Vidocq chose to join the brotherhood, he was willing to present him. Vidocq jumped at the proposal. Next day they journeyed to a solitary hut among the mountains, where he was welcomed by his new companions and by their leader, Captain Roman. But he soon discovered that his friend had

duped him. The next night he was sent out with a party to waylay a diligence. The honest citizens were a gang of highway robbers!

Vidocq was now in a predicament. If he attempted to escape, he ran the risk of being shot; if he became a bandit, he ran the risk of being hanged. A curious freak of chance delivered him. One night he was awakened by a bandit screaming out that he had lost his purse. Vidocq, as the last recruit, was the first to be suspected. In an instant, he was seized and stripped; and the brand of the galley-slave was discovered on his shoulder. A roar of rage went up. A galley-slave!—a rogue!—perhaps a spy! It was resolved to shoot him on the spot. A firing-party was told off; Vidocq heard the muskets click; but even in that peril he preserved his readiness. He drew the captain of the gang apart, and proposed to him a stratagem to discover the true thief. The captain listened, and consented. He prepared a bunch of straws, and bade the superstitious brigands each to draw one. "The guilty man," he said, "will draw the longest." All drew; the straws were re-examined; and one, held by Joseph d'Osiolles, was found shorter than the rest. The captain turned upon him furiously. "You are the thief," he said. "The straws were all of equal length. A guilty terror made you shorten yours." D'Osiolles was seized and searched, and the purse, fat with ill-got booty, was found hidden in his belt.

Vidocq was saved. But the captain told him that with all regret, he could not keep a galley-slave among his band. As he spoke, he slipped into his hand fifteen gold pieces, and bade him go in peace, and hold his tongue.

Vidocq went with a glad heart. He put on a smock-frock, scraped acquaintance with some wagoners, and drove a team as far as Lyons. Thence he made his way to Arras. His father was now dead; but he took refuge with his mother, who placed him in a safe concealment. But Vidocq's recklessness was still his failing. On Shrove Tuesday he was fool enough to go to a masked ball, apparelled as a marquis. A girl of his acquaintance guessed his secret, and whispered it among the company. The rumor reached the hearing of two sergeants, who were there on duty. They stepped up to the pretended marquis, and bade him follow them into the court. He did so; but as they were proceeding to untie his mask, he knocked them down like lightning, and

raced into the street. The sergeants darted after him. Vidocq soon outstripped them; but presently he found, to his dismay, that he had run into a cul-de-sac. As the sergeants rushed up to secure him, he snatched a house-key from a door, and pointing it, in the dim light, as if it were a pistol, swore to blow out the brains of the first man who touched him. The guards recoiled; he darted past them, and in a moment was beyond pursuit.

The sergeants, returning chopfallen from the chase, gave out that he had fired two bullets at their heads. Nor was this lie by any means the most ridiculous which the discomfited police invented to maintain their credit with the simple. One gendarme swore that Vidocq was a werewolf. Another gravely related that one day, when he himself had seized his collar, the fugitive had turned himself into a truss of hay, of which, in just displeasure, he had made a bonfire.

But, wizard or no wizard, Vidocq found that Arras was too hot to hold him. He left the town; but he had only jumped out of the frying-pan to fall into the fire. He was trudging, as a pedlar, from the fair of Nantes, when he was recognized and seized, placed among a chain-gang, and set out upon the march to Douai.

While on the road he was secured one night within the citadel at Bapaume. Next morning, while the prisoners were being counted in the barrack-yard, and while the notice of the guards was taken by the sudden entrance of another gang, Vidocq spied a baggage-wagon just about to leave the yard. In an instant he had slipped in at the back. The wagon jogged out of the city; and Vidocq, while the driver was stopping for a tankard at a tavern, glided from his hiding-place, and concealed himself till nightfall in a field of maize.

He wandered to Boulogne, where he fell in at a tavern with a crew of pirates, who, having just put into harbor with a prize, were roaring songs in chorus, filching kisses from the pretty women, and getting all as drunk as pipers. Vidocq joined these merry buccaneers. A few days afterwards they put to sea. At first they were unlucky; but one midnight, off Dunkirk, a sail was seen to glitter in the moonlight. The pirates boarded with such fury that within ten minutes the black flag was flying from the masthead of the prize. But they had lost twelve men. One of these, Lebel, who formerly had been a corporal, so curiously resembled Vidocq, that they were constantly mistaken. Vi-

docq hit upon a lucky thought. Before the corpse was stitched into the sack of sand in order to be thrown into the sea, he took possession of the dead man's pocket-book and passport. He resolved to be no longer Vidocq, the escaping galley-slave, but Lebel, the corporal.

At Boulogne, to which the ship returned, he joined a company of gunners. As Lebel he took at first the rank of corporal; but his zeal and steadiness soon marked him for promotion. One night, when he was on his rounds, he spied the twinkle of a light within the powder-magazine. He darted in. A lamp was set beneath a powder-cask; the wood was taking fire; another instant, and the building would be blown into the air. Vidocq rushed up, seized the lamp, stamped out the sparks, and saved the magazine. The keeper of the stores, who had contrived this scheme in order to conceal his thieveries, had disappeared. Six weeks afterwards he was discovered lying in a wheat-field, with a pistol by his side, and a bullet through his head.

Vidocq, for this act of promptitude, was made a sergeant. And now at last his path seemed clear before him. Lebel, the sergeant, was a rising soldier. Vidocq, the galley-slave, was at the bottom of the sea.

But how long was this to last? Not long. Fate made him quarrel with a certain quartermaster. They drew, and Vidocq wounded his opponent in the breast. On stripping off the quartermaster's shirt to staunch the hurt, Vidocq perceived a serpent's head tattooed upon his chest, the tail of which went round one arm and coiled about an anchor. Vidocq recognized the serpent; he had seen it at the galleys. The quartermaster, like himself, was an escaper; and what was worse, at the same instant he looked eagerly at Vidocq, and recalled his face to mind.

The pair of galley-slaves, thus strangely met, struck up a show of friendship. Each swore to keep the other's secret; but the quartermaster proved a traitor, and conveyed a hint to the police. At five o'clock one morning Vidocq was arrested, bound with ropes, and once more started on the march to Douai. His dream was over. Lebel was dead in earnest, and the old Vidocq was alive once more.

At Douai, where he was detained some months, he sometimes ate his dinner in the gaoler's room, of which the window, opening at a dizzy height above the river Scarpe, had been left without a grating. One evening, after dinner, Vidocq watched

his moment, bounded through the window, and made the giddy plunge into the river. The window was so far aloft that the astounded gaoler failed to spy him swimming in the twilight down the stream. The banks were searched; his hat was found; but unhappily for the pursuers his head was not inside it. By that time, he had reached the water-gate beneath the city walls, dived under it, and found himself outside the town. Then, gasping and exhausted, he dragged himself to land.

He dried his dripping garments at the oven of a friendly baker, and again made off across the country. For some days he hid himself at Duisans in the cottage of a captain's widow, an old friend. Thence, in a disguise, he made his way to Paris, where, buried in the heart of the great city, he conceived a hope of living unobserved. His mother joined him, and with her assistance he acquired the shop and business of a master-tailor. Ludicrous as the idea appears to those who know his character, for eight months Vidocq handled patterns, measured customers, and, what is more, grew prosperous and contented. But his disasters were not over. One day he chanced to come across Chevalier, his wife's brother, whom the world had used so basely that, instead of sending lords and ladies to the guillotine, he had just come out of gaol for stealing spoons. This reptile worked on Vidocq's trepidation, drained him of his money, and as soon as he had sucked him dry, betrayed him to the guards, with whom it was his aim to curry favor.

A few days afterwards, at daybreak, a band of gendarmes knocked at Vidocq's door. He rushed into a neighbor's attic and concealed himself beneath a mattress, where the searchers, though they shook the mattress, failed to find him. Then he took lodgings with a coiner by the name of Bouhin. But Bouhin also turned against him. At three o'clock one night a party came to seize him. Vidocq, in his shirt, jumped out of bed, dashed up the stairs, and crept out of a window on the tiles. But the pursuers were behind him; there was no escaping from the roof; and he was seized among the chimneys.

Vidocq was weary of escapes and captures. He took a vital resolution, a resolution which affected his whole future life. He wrote to M. Henry, the chief of the police, and offered him his service as a spy.

M. Henry wavered. There were points in Vidocq's favor — and there were points against him. His power was great and

might be of enormous value. The very qualities — the strength and courage, the ready-wittedness, the cunning in disguises — which had rendered him the dread of the police, might render him in turn the scourge of evil-doers. He could venture into slums and hells in which no officer durst show his face; for in these slums and hells he was a paragon — a hero — to whom the sharpest and boldest reprobate looked up as a disciple to a master. His skill in making an escape was regarded as unearthly; there was thought to be no turnkey at whom he could not snap his fingers, no fetters that he could not break in sunder, no wall through which he could not pierce his way. His advice was sought as if he were an oracle. Secrets of which the revelation would have hanged a dozen men were whispered eagerly into his ears. The lives of scores of gallows-birds were at his mercy. Turned loose among them, in appearance their confederate, but in secret their betrayer, he might well be of more profit to the cause of law than a battalion of armed men.

But was he to be trusted? M. Henry thought he might be trusted. He had committed no great crime — and he had lately done his best, when he was free, to lead an honest life. These things argued in his favor. It was decided to accept his offer, though not without a stringent guarantee. He was required to bring to justice every month a certain minimum of culprits; and it was understood that if he failed to reach the stipulated number, he was to be delivered to the hulks once more.

The compact was concluded on these terms. Vidocq was taken, handcuffed, from the prison, was put into a wicker car, was driven from the city, and was suffered to escape. The same evening he was loose among the cutthroats and the ring-droppers; in appearance, still a fugitive — in reality, a spy.

This act, the turning-point of his career, has given rise to very opposite opinions. In the eyes of his admirers, Vidocq was a penitent, who, turning resolutely from the paths of crime, gave up his varied talents to the service of the State. In the eyes of his detractors, he was a miscreant who turned sneak to save his skin. The truth lies between the two extremes. Vidocq was not a beau-ideal of virtue; but, wild and graceless as his youth had been, he was a bird of very different feather from the rabble of the hulks. His only proper cause of quarrel with the law had been the punching of a rival's head. His

prison glory was not of his own seeking. With the Yahoos of the galleys, among whom he had been forced to live, he considered that he broke no faith, because he owed none. Moreover, the word spy is apt to be misleading; for, at least to English ears, spy, sneak, and coward are all tarred with the same brush. But Vidocq's undertaking was not merely that of an approver; it was also that of an arrester; and how far that task was fitted for a coward or a fool may easily be judged by the examples of his captures — a few among a thousand — which it has now become our business to describe.

His first achievement was the capture of a coiner by the name of Watrin — a fierce and cunning desperado, who had completely baffled the police. Vidocq tracked him to his lair above a certain cobbler's shop. At midnight he went, single-handed, to the spot, met, by chance, the coiner at the doorway, and rushed instantly upon him. Watrin dealt him a tremendous blow, and darting back into the building through a window, snatched up the cobbler's knife. To follow was to rush on certain death; for the ruffian, armed with such a weapon, was as dangerous as a wounded beast of prey. But Vidocq used his wits. He made a sound like that of steps retreating; Watrin put his head out of the window to make sure that he was gone; and in an instant Vidocq seized him by the hair. The bravo struggled furiously; but gradually Vidocq, by sheer strength of muscle, dragged him through the window, and the pair fell, locked together, to the ground. Before his enemy could use his weapon, Vidocq wrenched it from his grasp, bound his arms, and dragged him single-handed to the guard-house. M. Henry and the officers on duty could scarcely trust their eyes when they beheld the pair come in.

Watrin (who was hanged) was a mere savage. St. Germain was a rascal of a different dye. This rogue, a clerk turned felon, was a dandy and a wit, and so great a master of the graces, that in spite of his pig eyes, his pock-marked cheeks, and his mouth like a hyæna's, the ladies of his circle thought him charming. St. Germain had conceived a spirited design — to climb one night into a banker's garden, to break into the house, to knock the inmates on the head, and to go off with the cash-box. He had already two confederates, but he required a third; and he invited Vidocq. Vidocq, who thought he saw his way to take the rogues red-handed, readily consented. But he soon found

that he had been too hasty. The scheme was to come off that very night, at midnight. As yet it was not noon; but St. Germain, who like Sampson Brass's father Foxey, suspected every one on principle, whether friends or foes, required that they should spend the interval together in his lodgings. The other two assented willingly; and Vidocq was compelled to do the same. But while his three companions were employed in cleaning pistols, and in putting a keen edge on murderous knives which, at the least suspicion of his falsity, would have plunged into his heart, he racked his brains for a device to send a line to the police. At last he found one. He remarked that at his lodgings he had some bottles of choice burgundy, which, if they could be fetched, would make the time fly gaily. The robbers roared in approbation. St. Germain's porter went off with the message; and Vidocq's mistress, Annette, brought the wine. Vidocq meantime had stretched himself upon the bed, and traced a few words secretly upon a scrap of paper, which, under the pretext of kissing Annette as she left them, he slipped into her hand. The scrawl instructed her to watch them in disguise, and to pick up anything he might let fall. He next proposed that, for precaution, he should be taken to inspect the place of action, which as yet he had not seen. The rest agreed. Locking their two companions in the room, St. Germain took him to the banker's garden, and showed him where they were to scale the wall. Vidocq had now learnt all he wanted. While St. Germain, on returning, stepped into a shop to purchase some black crape to use for masks, he scribbled his directions, and let fall the missive in the street. Annette, who was behind them in disguise, picked up the twist of paper and carried it to the police.

Midnight came; the confederates stole forth upon their deed of darkness, scaled the wall, and dropped into the garden. Vidocq was still astride upon the coping, when a party of police, who had been lurking in the shrubbery, sprang out upon the robbers. The latter fired their pistols; several officers were injured; but at last the rogues were struck down, seized, and bound. Vidocq, to play his part to the conclusion, tumbled from the wall, as if shot dead, and was carried off before the eyes of his companions under a white sheet.

Father Moiselet, whose story we have next to tell, was sexton bell-ringer, and chorister at the church of Livry. He was

by trade a cooper, and though commonly regarded as a saint in humble life, was in reality an oily hypocrite. His vicar, frightened at the rumored coming of the Cossacks at the first invasion, resolved to bury the church vessels in a barn. A friend of his, a wealthy jeweller, determined to conceal his diamonds in the same receptacle; and honest Father Moiselet was employed to dig the hole. The treasure was regarded as secure; but one day Moiselet came rushing to the vicar, just able to gasp out, "The hole! — the hole!" The vicar, nearly dead with terror, hurried to the barn. The hole was empty!

Vidocq was employed to trace the thief. He first had Moiselet arrested on suspicion. While the sexton was in prison he disguised himself as a Jew hawker, and called on Madame Moiselet, in the hope that she might offer him for sale a golden chalice, or a rope of diamonds. But, for reasons to be seen, the hope was idle. Then, as a German valet, he got himself arrested, and shut up with Moiselet in prison. He and the worthy sexton soon became the best of friends. The latter loved a glass of wine. In each of Vidocq's buttons a gold piece was sewn. He cut them off, a button at a time, called for bottle after bottle, and when his boon companion was in a merry vein, he told his story. His name was Fritz; his master was an Austrian officer; and he had stolen his havresac and buried it among the woods at Bondy. Moiselet was at first too wary to return this confidence; but he confessed that he was tired of Madame Moiselet, and that nothing would delight him better than to fly with his new friend to Germany, and to lead a merry life. That he could not lead a merry life on nothing was self-evident; and Vidocq now felt certain that he had the treasure. It was agreed that they should take the earliest chance of making an escape; and a chance was soon discovered. Vidocq secretly directed the police to take them to another prison, bound together by a slender cord. At a lonely corner of the road they snapped the cord, and plunged into the woods of Vaujours. No spot for their escape could have been better chosen. Presently the sexton looked about him, thrust his arm into a thicket, drew forth a spade, stripped off his coat, began to dig beneath a certain birch-tree, and speedily turned up the box of treasure. But as he gazed upon the spoil with glistening eyes, to his inexpressible dismay his colleague seized the

spade, threatened to knock him on the head if he resisted, and marched him off to meet his doom. The luckless sexton walked as if in stupefaction; but it is said that on the road he muttered over to himself a thousand times, "Who could have believed it! And he looked so green!"

These exploits, and a thousand of which these are merely typical examples, raised Vidocq's fame to a prodigious height. As a felon, he had been the prince of prison-breakers. He was now regarded, and with justice, as the greatest felon-catcher ever seen. Soon he rose to be chief agent of the Guard of Safety. For eighteen years the mingled skill and daring of his captures were without a parallel. It is said that, in that time, he cleared the slums of Paris of more than twenty thousand rogues. Yet the man who was the scourge of criminals was himself a galley-slave, for whom, if the authorities so willed, the fetters and the bench were still in waiting. At length, in 1827, he was considered to have earned his pardon. He had made sufficient money for his wants; and he resigned.

But the vicissitudes of fate were still before him. He started, with his little fortune, a card and paper factory at St. Mandé, in which all the workmen were old criminals. But his capital ran short; the neighbors grumbled at this colony of rogues among them; and the business had to be wound up. He then set up, at Paris, a Secret Information Office, which was, at first, a great success. But before long he was charged with wringing money from the fears of those whose secrets he acquired. He was arrested, tried, and though at last acquitted, was brought down to the verge of ruin.

He then resolved to try his fortune as a public entertainer. In 1845 he crossed to London, and produced his exhibition at the Cosmorama. His exploits were on every tongue; and thousands of spectators flocked into his show. Vidocq, at seventy, was a striking figure. No spectator could forget the tall form, now grown portly, in drab breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, the bull-neck, the strange face, sloping upwards like a pear, the ears pierced with slender, golden rings, the grizzled hair, and the bushy eyebrows above the steel-grey eyes which glittered like a lynx's. His performance must have been immensely entertaining. He told the story of his life; he donned his chains, his galley-dress, and the huge iron balls which he had worn at Brest; he brought forth

relics of great malefactors — Fieschi's coat, Paparonie's cap, the crucifix which Raoul had used in the last cell; he related his escapes, and his most famous captures — and as he told his stories, he changed his face and decked himself in the disguise which he had worn on each occasion, and appeared successively before the eyes of the spectators as a pick-pocket, a coal-heaver, a galley-slave, a Jew, a scullion, and a nun.

By this performance, Vidocq cleared enough to buy himself a small annuity. He retired to Paris, and there lived quietly in lodgings until 1857, when, at the great age of eighty-two, he was struck down with paralysis. On finding his end near, he sent for a confessor, and — so whimsical a thing is human nature — he greatly edified the holy man by dying like a saint. One trifling peccadillo he perhaps forgot to mention. The breath had scarcely left his body, when ten lovely damsels, each provided with a copy of his will which left her all his property, arrived upon the scene. Alas for all the ten! Vidocq had always loved the smiles of beauty, and had obtained them by a gift which cost him nothing. He had left his whole possessions to his landlady.

From All The Year Round.
ROMAN LIFE.

PART I.

"WE esteem ourselves happy in your arrival among us," said to me the pretty daughter of the house to which I had been directed in search of rooms for my sojourn in Rome. She said this when we had known each other rather less than a day; and I could not mistrust her words when I read them by the light of her beautiful eyes.

"If it please you, why?" I asked; for I had already conceived misgivings about the position in which I was likely to stand towards the large, hearty, Roman dame and her pretty daughter, who, between them, were the tenants of the flat of No. 9 in the street.

"Because, signor, when your carriage came to the door, my mother and I were looking at the book of numbers, for the lottery-drawing, you understand; and we were in extreme doubt what to do. It was all arranged in one minute when we had seen you, and let our rooms to you."

"And how, in the name of Heaven, Signorina Celeste?" for such was her

name; of which may she never prove unworthy.

"Why, you are almost dull, Signor Carlo. It was in this way. You were a stranger; you are dark, and, if you will allow us to think so, sufficiently beautiful to be called beautiful in the book"—"bello" was her phrase, which I venture to translate as much in my favor as possible—"also, you came to do us a service. 'A beautiful stranger and benefactor' gave us a clue; and so we have taken a 'terno'"—a series of three numbers—"to represent you, and we hope to win on Saturday."

"I sincerely hope you may," said I.

Of course, when Saturday came, and the drawing was made, they found that they had built a most unsubstantial castle of hope upon my apparition in their midst. I condoled with them as much as my imperfect knowledge of sentimental Italian, and my good sense would allow me to; and I ventured further to suggest that they would, of course, not risk, in so imbecile a manner, any more of the francs by which they came so hardly.

"Why, Signor Carlo," exclaimed the mother, with decision, "you are remarkably weak in the head. Of course we shall continue. We invest every Saturday; and when we win the great prize, we shall withdraw to a lovely little property near Ancona, which was my grandfather's, on the mother's side, and where the wine is so good, that there is none anywhere else in Italy to compare with it."

This time I held my tongue. You may argue with some pleasure, and perhaps with some persuasive result, with a Roman maiden; but with a Roman matron, it seems to me, by no means. These portly, stern-faced dames inherit, in some mysterious way, at least the semblance of those great qualities which made their ancestors cut so mighty a figure in the world's history. At heart, no doubt, they are as impressionable as their dear sisters all the world over. But in one's travels, one has not always the time to sound those sweet depths that lie hid under an exterior which does not attract, even if it does not positively repel.

Now the Signorina Celeste had a brother as well as a mother. The youth was of quite another order of beings. He was small and thin, with a large Roman nose, a delicate complexion, small hands and feet, and a highly enlightened appreciation for fine clothes, and the tricks of fashion. A Roman of the time of Julius Cæsar could, I imagine, have broken this

boy, Achille—for so he was called—across his knee, as easily as you or I would break a stick of macaroni with two fingers.

I learned to understand Achille, when I heard him one morning storm in a most unmanly way at his pretty little sister, for proposing to go to St. Peter's, to hear a certain mass. To be sure, he fell silent quickly enough when his mother appeared, and demanded, in a deep, bass voice what was the matter. But, ere this, the fair Celeste was in tears. She and her mother were devout; loved the Church, and all its ceremonies and institutions; deplored the situation of the pope; and would, if they could, have banished King Humbert and the royal court a hundred miles from the city. Achille, on the other hand, was a typical Roman youth of the period. He called his Holiness many rude names; vilified the priests without mercy; and had not the least scruple to proclaim himself, with so many of his superiors, an atheist of the most uncompromising kind. His views of human nature, human effort, and the varied features of life and the world were fitly signified by that epitaph over the Cardinal Barberini in the Capuchin Church: "Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil" (Here lies dust, ashes, and nothing besides). As for the mass, he would, he said, as soon think of participating in such a superstitious and absurd reunion, as he would of joining in one of those sacred cannibalistic revels of the old Aztecs—who were wont to sacrifice living men to their dumb, grisly idols, and afterwards cut up and eat the victims as if they had been so many sheep and oxen.

"You will go out of the house, Achille," said mamma, when she saw the diamond tears glistening on her daughter's cheek. "The English gentleman will not have a very noble opinion of you unless in the future you can get your tongue to be more reticent. So go at once. And, Celeste, my dove, we will proceed to dress ourselves for the function."

Achille believed in nothing, except the desirability of having as many francs as he could spend, and more. Mamma and Celeste believed in everything they wished to believe in; the lottery, the Church, the possibility of a brilliant matrimonial alliance for Celeste, and much else.

Between them they were admirable representatives of the discordancies which abound in Rome nowadays, as they abound nowhere else. The women were on the side of the pope and the past; the man was all for the king, his anti-clerical min-

er, and the glorious future that king, minister, the voice of the people, and inscrutable, irresistible destiny were, in combination, contriving for Italy and the Italians.

The women were vastly excited about the preaching of a certain monk whom the pope had licensed to preach in one of the chief churches of Rome every day during Lent. These sermons were a sensation of the times. All the women who could go to hear them went; and rather than miss their chance of hearing the friar, were content to stand for hours outside the church, awaiting the opening of the doors to let them and their camp-stools within. Some made a point of attending daily, with the same method that led them to eat, and sleep, and put on their clothes. It was a wonderful and signal demonstration of the divine good-will, this eloquence of the poor, humble friar on behalf of his spiritual master, on earth, his Holiness Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

I am sorry to say, in furtherance of my parallel between the sympathies of the sexes in Rome, that I believe, so far from bearing this friar any love or respect for his unselfish exertions, Master Achille was one of a band of ruffianly young conspirators who not only reviled the good man in the newspapers, under the cloak of anonymity, but also threw oyster-shells at him when he withdrew from the church to his monastery, after his labors of the morning, and who were responsible for the ungenerous scribbles which now, as never before, besmirched the city walls and pillars on the subject of the conflict of the Church and State in general, and this champion preacher in particular.

I have invaded the privacy of this Roman household in order that my readers may form some idea of the schismatic condition of the Eternal City in the present day. The newspapers fight duels with each other; stranger quarrels with stranger; and the family itself is divided in civil war — upon the great and "burning" question of the day, as it is called. This question has become more "burning" than ever since the secularists last spring publicly, and under the patronage of Signor Crispi, unveiled a statue of Giordano Bruno in the heart of Rome — that Giordano whom the Catholic Church a few centuries ago judged worthy to be burnt for a heretic, and duly did burn.

This question apart, however, one may live in Rome with lively pleasure and much tranquillity. Though the pope has deprived his faithful subjects of the enter-

tainment they formerly had in his constant presence in their midst, and the pompous celebration of the chief festivals of the year, he has not shut the city churches; and it would need a vast extinguisher to hide the many ruins and natural features which endear Rome to one's heart.

At first, perhaps, one is a little out of humor with the famous city. Until you have lost your way in it twenty times, and come as often upon some engaging old relic of antiquity hid behind a big palace, or shadowed by one of the new blocks which the speculators are raising with such speed, until then, I say, you will not have much chance to realize that Rome differs very materially from London.

To be sure, the faces of the people are of a southern cast, and in London one does not, unhappily, see pretty girls with their own tresses hanging to the ankle. Nor does one, in our metropolis, pay but five-pence, as here, in remuneration to a cabman for an ordinary drive within the city. English architecture, too, is decidedly less impressive than the huge houses of the nobility, which stand among the shops, or as sides to the squares of the city. In England, again, it would seem odd if the shops themselves, as in the Corso of Rome, were so largely used for the sale of what are called articles of devotion — crosses, reliquaries, miniatures of the masterpieces of Italy's painters, rosaries of every precious material, and the like. You would never suppose that Rome was an infidel city, if you paid it but a flying visit, and looked in the shop windows. It is well, however, to remember that hither still come the faithful from the four corners of the earth; and that it is they who are the chief purchasers of these attractive little treasures.

There is the same bustle here as in any other large city of modern times. Boys cry their papers, or signify their desire to black your boots. Carmen prowls about the streets in expectation of hire. Girls offer you flowers; indeed, they go much further than that — they thrust them into your coat, and walk away with an arch, studied smile that says as plainly as a printed book: "You must pay me twice the price of the things now that I have condescended, with my own lovely hands, to deck your insignificant person." Beggars beg; and the more impatient passers-by tread on your toes.

It may seem absurd to talk of impatience in Rome in the sense of an ardent desire

to make haste. As if any one south of latitude forty-five degrees, or thereabouts, was ever concerned to hurry himself about anything! But such an objection is really quite antediluvian by this time. Italy under King Humbert has, by some subtle method of transfusion, acquired a good deal of the stir of the north. Spain is now out of question the slowest country in Europe. The average Roman, if he be so happy as to have a business of any kind, is anxious to be energetic while the sun of royalty shines over his head.

You must not, therefore, judge of other Romans by yonder group of dandies standing upon one leg, or leaning against the lintel of this or that coffee-house in the Corso. These youths are the scions of lofty houses, and thus they kill their time. What has a Colonna to do with trade that he should be called upon to bestir himself and behave like another man? Can a Borghese, or a Torlonia, or a Doria add new laurels to his house, that he should be required to uncross his legs, and throw his cigar of idleness to the ground? No, indeed. These are the great and revered ones of the city. I dare say they are the idols which the foolish young Achille has set up in the bereaved shrine of his heart, and at a word he would fall down and worship—their rent-rolls, and the esteem their high names procure for them.

The fact is, however, that even these youths are not half so inert as they may seem to you. Most people have their idle moments; but they are scrupulous to spend them alone. Our friends by the café, on the other hand, prefer to fill up the vacancies of their life in public. Towards evening their day begins, and they are hard at work amusing themselves—grim, futile task—long after their fellow-citizens have finished their first sleep of the night.

In another way, these lads may be said to be very much awake, even while thus killing the weakest hour of their twenty-four. If you are so happy as to possess a pretty sister, or a pretty young wife, and to be accompanied by her in your walks through the city, the moment you approach them, our idle friends will pull themselves together, and take great interest in you and your companion. They attitudinize magnificently. It is hard saying how their glances may affect your sister or your wife; but they are of a kind to make a sensation in the heart of the average Italian fair one upon whom they are concentrated. With their life is truly lived only when they are in the thrall of

such emotion as beauty stirs within them. They will follow a pretty face until their legs, or rather their horses', will bear them no longer, and even then their aspirations will continue the chase. If they are so fortunate as to run you to earth, to use a fox-hunting phrase, there may be trouble in store for you, and excitement for your partner in the chase. No man likes his wife to be courted by another man, specially before his eyes. Yet this may be the pleasurable experience that Fate offers you. There is not a doorkeeper in Rome who is not amenable to the wishes of a distinguished Roman nobleman. The consequence is, that ere you have been in the Holy City two days, your pretty wife may have received two or three separate letters from individuals who profess, on coroneted paper, an undying affection for her. The climax is reached when, on the third or fourth day, the young reprobates, though they have had no encouragement from your fond partner in this reproach, implore her to give them a rendezvous, to enable them, by word of mouth, to tell of the undying passion which consumes them. It is enough to make you very angry; and the more angry because you know that you are the subject of banter among these empty-headed aristocrats. I know families that have come eagerly to Rome, proposing to stay for a month or two; but their pleasure has been so much marred by the conduct of these youths, that, at the end of a week, they have thought themselves compelled to fly elsewhere. Beauty is nowhere the source of more trouble and responsibility than in the capital towns of Italy.

The obverse side to this eccentric picture must be shown.

Manners have so free a cast in this bold, untrammelled city, that even the ladies are under but little restraint in the expression of their heart's whisperings. Of course, we are not now in an epoch so iniquitous as that of the Cæsars. Nor, on the other hand, would it now be possible, as it was then, for the aggrieved husband to take the dagger, or phial of vengeance, in his own fingers, and mete out dire chastisement to his wicked wife. We live in a milder age. It is not outrageous, in the opinion of the Italian world, for an Italian wife to give two or three corners of her heart to men who are not her husband. So she does not openly shock society—by no means an easy task, be it said—she may even be as generous in this particular as she pleases. The worthy man whose name she has accepted as a pass

port into the fulness of experience, will only make himself ridiculous if he ventures to demur to the warmth of tone with which she addresses men who are professedly her admirers. Her answer to him is stereotyped: "Have I not married you? What more would you have? For Heaven's sake, since I have consented to that sacrifice, let me have some reward! I do not say to you, 'Be so kind as to abstain from paying your attentions so effusively to the Countess C—, or Signora D—. I behave to you as I wish you to behave to me. We are both of mature age; life is short; its pleasures are ephemeral; the past cannot be recalled; let us live and enjoy while we may!'" To this the average husband, with divers misdeeds heavy as lead at the heart, has no reply. He can but shrug his shoulders, and spread forth his palms. And with this signal of submission he surrenders his wife to her will, and goes straightway to pay his respects to the Countess C—, or Signora D—.

The earlier satirists of the century, and previous to the time of the French Revolution, were never tired of depicting the humor of such life as this. The husband was ever a nonentity in his own house. Having, once for all, at the altar, given that happy woman, his wife, her freedom to act as she chose, it was his duty to trouble her as little as possible. And so society determined that it was his business to seek entertainment elsewhere, what time his fair spouse was receiving company of the kind she loved best to welcome. Only, when all was over, he might appear ceremoniously to bid her guests farewell, and to enter as the warder of the house for the watches of the night.

Much of this still remains in Italy—to the undying marvel of those of us who, from the North, become acquainted with so strange a phase of life. The fair matron of Rome does not behave in a manner vastly outrageous if she bestows the notice of her eyes upon this or that handsome stranger, whom she marks in the Corso, during the fashionable afternoon promenade. When her eyes have known him a little while, and he has begun to pique her interest, she will not think herself disgraced to all eternity, if, once in a way, she bows her noble head to him, so that he may, if he will, acknowledge her salutation by raising his hat. The ice broken, it is not difficult to advance this imaginary acquaintanceship, until it becomes a matter of fact. Either she takes a sudden fancy for a cream tart, at the moment when her

carriage and the handsome stranger are both at the same time at the door of the confectioner's shop; or she drops her handkerchief from the vehicle with equal discretion.

"You will take my arm, I beg!"—or, "Pray, madame, is not this handkerchief yours!" Thus the overture is at an end; and the play may be said to be well begun.

If the lady be accompanied by her husband, the poor fellow stands like a lonely hen balancing itself upon one leg. He is at his wife's service, since he has ventured to impose his society upon her. She may, or she may not, introduce the handsome stranger to him. It will not disturb his peace of mind if she overlooks him wholly. But in any case, and though he knows no more of the man than of the emperor of China, it will be his obvious duty if, when his wife has talked sufficiently to the stranger, she invites him to call upon her, to second his wife's wishes with a courteous eagerness, that seems to imply that he will be utterly unhappy for a year if the petitioner does not accede to his request.

It would, I am sure, astound some of my readers if they could see how rapidly such an introduction leads to intimacy—in Rome. What are tongues, faces, and hearts for—the Romans seem to ask—unless to be used according to the dictates of, shall we say, instinct? "It pleases me," confesses the matron to the stranger, "to see you, to talk to you, and to expose the sensitiveness of my poor heart to you. I do not feel that I am doing wrong. You of course have no such scruples, for the hardness of the masculine heart is well known to us unfortunate weak women. Can you tell me, then, why I may not give myself the indulgence of your company, since it is so great an enjoyment to me, and since you are so courteous as to acknowledge that you are not unwilling to be friendly with me?"

"Upon my soul, I can't," replies the stranger bluntly; and though, if he be, let us say, an Englishman, he is dimly conscious that his fellow-countrymen, and especially his fellow-countrywomen, would be prone to say some odd things about him if they could see him in his present situation, he continues to allow himself the privilege of looking into the dark eyes of this interesting Roman, who—not to pick words—seems to have taken such a fancy to him. Her servants are extremely deferential. Both they and their mistress call him Signor Carlo, or the Count Carlo, with a most agreeable disregard for his

more frigid surname. The husband, when he appears, or if they meet on the marble staircase leading to the *salon*, or even the thickly carpeted, lesser flight towards my lady's boudoir, is quite affectionately civil, and takes the stranger's one hand between his two diminutive palms with an earnestness that is half paternal and half patriarchal. In fact, the atmosphere of the place, once he has passed the gigantic porter of the palace, who stands all day at the door, in a cocked hat, and leaning on a stave with a golden head, is too romantic to be estimated seriously. It fascinates, however. And so it is probable, if the lady be not destitute of all the graces of her order and sex, ere long our friend becomes an *habitué* of the most welcome kind. The countess pours out her heart and her aspirations to him as if she had known him from her childhood. The yellow silk hangings of the dainty little room in which they meet, the Madonna by Sassoferrato, the two enormous vases from the Abruzzi factory, the little pug dog with silver bells round its neck, the perfume of the flowers which always comes forth halfway down the stairs to meet him, the jewelled ivory crucifix upon the writing-table consecrated to those short but expressive little "billets doux" which she sends him so constantly—these among the other features of the house, the room, and the lady, get familiar to him as an old glove; and most familiar of all, is the tender, almost entreating look in the dark eyes of his hostess, and the sweet, glad smile with which she greets him.

When the sorrowful day of parting arrives, the lady may or may not offer her cheek to her friend, may or may not place with her own delicate fingers a ring of remembrance upon the stranger's hand, may or may not say that the time will seem long until she sees him again. But it is at least likely that she will ask the stranger if he thinks he has cause for self-reproach in this their abnormal friendship. Our hero will easily satisfy the lady in this respect. And, indeed, when all's said and done, and thought, he will find it just as easy to satisfy himself in his answer. There has been nothing wrong about the adventure; and his heart seems the larger for his experience.

In the old days, the ladies of Rome amused themselves with the Platonic friendship of those dignitaries of the Church who did not think the sex too dangerous to associate with. Nowadays, it is not the vogue for a cardinal or a bishop to dance attendance upon a fair face, any

more than it is common for other cardinals to devote their evenings to "faro" or "roulette" in their own palaces or the palaces of others.

What then? Are hearts also of different calibre, even as customs have changed? No, indeed. There is an old aching void in many a breast in Rome as elsewhere—a void which may be charmed away for a time by pleasant intercourse with what solace the world can afford it. This explains the ease—not to speak uncivilly—of life in Rome, and in other cities of Italy. It is well to know this, lest one be led to think harshly of fair ladies whose misfortunes, and the custom of the country, have tied to husbands for whom they neither have nor can be expected to have much sincere affection.

PART II.

DELIBERATE sightseeing is vanity everywhere, and perhaps nowhere more wearisome to body and mind than in Rome. The Italian sky is a constant reproach to the unhappy tourist whose necessities compel him to be here one hour, there the next, and no one, except his indefatigable guide—chartered for a programme—knows where the third hour. Moreover, there is peril in it. The seven hills of the city are not formidable in their elevation; nevertheless, they are realities. You go from valley to hilltop, and there, heated from your exertions—which in the relaxing South seem ten times as severe as they ought to seem—you are embraced by a breeze straight from the snows of the Apennines, twenty miles away, white over the purple of the lower hills and the pale green of the forlorn Campagna. This is the road by which not a few earnest and unresting travellers from the North have ended their travels in the little, violet-scented cemetery by the Porta Saint Paolo, with Keats on one side of them, and the heart of Shelley on the other side. It is the fashion to laugh at the thought of Roman fever in the spring months. The truth is, that such chills as one takes in Rome, are to be scorned at no time; and any old dame of the slums will tell you that it is no difficult matter to get the fever, even when there is frost in the air.

Some say the sensible tourist will always, upon his arrival in a famous town, straightway ascend to the highest tower of it, that he may begin his experiences with a bird's-eye view of the work that is before, or, rather, beneath him. Saint Peter's of Rome is obviously the place of

resort for those who pin their faith to such a method.

Now Saint Peter's is interesting, quite apart from its use as a platform of vision. It is enough to make the perfervid Catholic exhale into nothingness in the rapture of his reverence to know that in the vaults underneath this vast church nearly seven score popes find a resting-place. True, the record may be a little vague; especially when we find the first of the list entered as Saint Peter himself. But there can be no doubt about the unique sanctity of the spot. One may muse for hours among the dust of emperors and pontiffs who, in their day, could with a word have set the universe aflame.

Every man has his likings for this thing or that, in preference to another thing, though the latter may generally be accounted surpassingly excellent. I, for instance, do not feel so hugely attracted by Raphael's "Transfiguration." Domenichino's "Last Supper of Saint Jerome" seems to me its superior. When, therefore, I see a group of visitors set themselves in front of the "Transfiguration," and assume those attitudes of rapt attention and determination, which, as plainly as the sun, tell of the vain effort to induce any natural appreciation of the picture, I fancy I can hear the questioning that goes on in their minds all the while. Domenichino's picture is on the other side of the room; but what was Domenichino to Raphael?

"Divine, is it not?" remarks one person to her neighbor, when her eyes begin to tire.

"Oh, very," is the prompt reply.

Baedeker says a few eloquent words about it, and the echo of these, diluted with native wit and criticism, is bandied from beholder to beholder, until the visit is at an end. The visitors then flit away to another room, and renew the same attitudes and the same self-interrogations. How many a time have I not caught the mind of such art-students as these in a brief moment of *d'tshabillé*, so to speak! The eye has turned aside from the object of pilgrimage, the mouth gapes, and there is a plaintive look of inexpressible weariness in the folds of the flesh of the face. "Oh, dear me, I am so tired of all this trotting about to look at things!" says the sufferer within herself; but the next moment she has recovered her energy.

Daily when I entered Saint Peter's I was wont to give a minute or two to the famous *Pietà* of Michael Angelo—the altar-piece of the first chapel on the right.

I may be forgiven if I remind my reader that the group represents the dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin. It is so simple; but the wrinkled skin under the dead arms, where Mary supports her son, has the appearance of a body only just rid of its breath. The Virgin is in figure, face, and expression a girl of but twenty or twenty-two. Some reckoned this a fault in the great sculptor's work. How, they asked, should she be so young when her son, who is dead, is more than thirty?

"It is to signify," replied Michael Angelo, "her purity. The pure retain their youth longer than those who are not pure. Was not she the very emblem and archetype of purity? Therefore it is that she seems such a child, though thirty years and more a mother."

Often while I looked at this precious statue, the hum of a service, from a chapel on the other side of the church, drew me slowly away from it. The sound was like the distant roll of the sea on a sandy shore. One might go here and there in the spacious building and search in vain for the quarter whence it came. But, after a time, instinct guides the steps.

There was always a certain fascination about the scene. It was not wholly the kind of fascination that one may ascribe to the influences of heaven. The grandiose demeanor of the scarlet and crimson prelates and cardinals, adorned further with gold lace and purple, was eloquent of earthly greatness. Here was the pomp of the priesthood of all times admirably signified. The large, statuesque features of the reverend men were almost as awe-inspiring as their gowns. They brought to mind that terrible last resting-place of the Incas of Peru; a chamber wherein for many a generation the mummified bodies of the sovereigns were assembled, each on its golden chair; and wherein the dead monarchs periodically received the obeisances of the Peruvians, sons and grandsons of the men who kissed the dust before them while yet alive.

Incense and the chant solemnified these moments. In front of the corrugated elders of the church sat the priestlings of a third generation. They had received but their first tonsure. The very ceremonies in which they took a part were unfamiliar to them. One nudged his neighbor to do something he would else have omitted to do. The sacristan, less scrupulous, pushed another by brute force into the position it behoved him to assume. This boy blushed over his stupidity; that smiled in a composed, angelic way; a

third looked cross for one moment, but the next, as if reminiscent of the requirements of his high calling, was as calm and self-contained as any of the corrugated old men behind him, and who might, from their faces, have been carved in stone, or dimly mindful of the time—some threescore and ten years back—when they, too, were novices in the world, and awkward agents in the ritual of services now familiar to them as the ringing of the Angelus bell.

But to recur to the dome of Saint Peter's as a landscape tower. The ascent, at least to the roof of the great nave, is available for beasts of burden as well as human beings; inclined planes being the substitute for steps. You may not go up every day. The consequence is, that on Thursdays—when alone it is permissible to ascend—a multitude of persons of all kinds muster at the door by Canova's tomb of the Pretender, the Young Pretender, and Cardinal York. This tomb is worth looking at for a moment—as much for the sake of the luckless Stuarts themselves, as for the sake of Canova. The cardinal was not a very eminent personage, if we may credit contemporary estimates of him. The private agent of Joseph the Second of Austria, in his record of certain of the dignitaries of Rome, made for his master's eyes alone, styled Cardinal B., "an old woman;" Cardinal S., "a miser;" and York, "soft." But he bore a great name, and much was therefore made of him.

The roof of the nave of Saint Peter's is an admirable, easy, and spacious promenade. It has been termed a city in itself; so obtrusive are the quarters for the workmen, and the various sheds for their tools and working material. I once saw a couple of American boys play a protracted game of hockey on this arena. Elsewhere, in the corners, behind the wings of this or that gigantic image of stucco, there was tender converse between young men and young women. And above, with sublime dignity, the great dome, springing from the platform!

The famous copper ball at the summit of the church is too limited in size, and the approach is much too narrow, to admit all who wish to enter it. You tarry for your turn in a convenient waiting room at the foot of the final staircase, vertical as the trunk of a pine. The son of a duke may have for his neighbor in this resort of the ambitious a barefooted tatterdemalion from the Ghetto, and on the other side, a pretty, buxom German damsel,

here with her devoted husband for their wedding trip, and bound to see everything that can be seen in a week or a fortnight. But in truth it is no climb for a woman; and when the German girl sees her task, she withdraws with flaming cheeks.

As for the ball itself, you rest in it at some personal inconvenience, and peep at the world below you through the narrow slits in the copper upon which you sit and lean. If the writing on the wall may be believed, hither on the twenty-seventh of December, 1783, came Gustavus the Third of Sweden; and no doubt his Majesty's legs were tired enough when he set foot again on the pavement of the church. The view of Rome from this standpoint is great, but unpleasing. The morsels of the antique that still survive the invasion of the speculative builders are so few and hard to discover amid the acres of chimney-pots and unbeautiful brick walls which collectively go by the name of Rome. The seven hills are all but flattened away by one's superiority of altitude. The Tiber is but a yellow brook with a brisk current running to and fro among the houses, and hardly deserving to be bridged as it is in six or seven places. But if Rome seems a little spoiled by this airy view of it, so is not the country around. How strange appear those desolate miles of undulating, treeless land between the city walls and the mountains to the east! Span by span the aqueducts stretch across this pale green wilderness. Here and there a ruined wall or a tower stands alone. Never had great city so weird and appalling a vicinity as this. Beyond, however, there is brightness in the glow of the snow on the Apennines, in the white specks on the slopes of the hills where they first spring from the Campagna—telling of the gay summer cities of Tivoli and Frascati—and in the fair purple of the hills themselves, where they do not rise to the snow line.

From Saint Peter's, let us travel with the wings of the wind to the eastern gate of the city, that by Saint John Lateran. Here you see the same tall blocks of new houses which cover the flats by the Vatican. They glisten with their unblemished whitewash; and the occupants—where tenants exist—hang canaries in cages, and their cleaved linen to dry from the balconies, which diversify the monotony of the white faces of the houses.

Saint John Lateran is hardly less venerable to the faithful Roman than Saint Peter's itself. For my part, however, I

do not care for it. Just as in Golconda a diamond that would delight a London jeweller is likely to be slighted, so here, where there is so much to love and admire, one is privileged to be capricious.

A stone's throw from Saint John's is a building with a wide portal, and the stream of people entering and leaving it seems endless. It was the same yesterday, the same this time last year, or this time two hundred and more years ago. Mark this picturesque old peasant, bronzed and groaning, and, if you please, let him be your guide. You see a staircase with a sheathing of wood on its stones, and each step, from the lowest to the highest, has its kneeling men, and women, and children upon it. The priests by the door will receive your alms, or sell you an indulgence at a very moderate rate. He is but a poverty-stricken peasant, who, when he has made the ascent on his knees, prayed a while before the altar at the summit, and descended with a glad and joyful heart, does not drop a coin into the treasury, and carry away a precious paper or two.

This is the Scala Santa, or staircase of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, which, it is assumed, our Lord sanctified with his own footsteps, his tears, and his blood. Saint Helena brought it from Jerusalem, with many another relic of price, and especially the wood of the true cross. Whether or not it was ever in Pilate's Palace, it has, by this time, been made sacred by the prayers and vows of millions of people.

The Lateran Museum, hard by the Lateran Church, is not as a rule put in the programme of the visitor who has but a week or two at his disposal in Rome. That is a pity. It is especially a pity if the visitor wishes to realize the historical, and even the artistic value of the catacombs of the great city. For here there are many roods of walls covered with the disinterred writings from these vaults, and such rude sculptures as in the early ages of Christianity were the sole links that seemed to bind the art of the future to that early art illustrated by the Laocœon of the Vatican, and the Venus of the Capitol.

One little, dainty treasure of a less venerable kind occurs to me when I think of this museum. It is a relic of the old masters of mosaic. The artist has inlaid a representation of the floor of a dining-room, after the feast. So truly has his hand worked, that the scrupulous house-keeper, whose master fancied such a floor to his room, would have suffered agonies

daily in the sight of these fish bones, lettuce leaves, fowls' legs, bits of bread, and the like, which the artist has here wrought with such marvellous ease and such cruel indelibility. Form and color are done to the life. As for the labor of the work, this may be imagined from the fact that seven thousand five hundred different pieces of marble have been counted in but a square palm of the mosaic.

The Lateran Museum is, however, most valuable as an appendix, as well as an incitement to a visit to the catacombs. Nothing is easier than to get into this underground artery of Rome. There are shafts in all the suburbs. You may take a taper by the Church of Saint Agnes, in the north-east, and, under guidance, get, in a moment or two, into the chilly crypts of native rock, where, among other bones and dust, and mummified bodies, they found the remains of sweet Saint Agnes. Or you may, in the south, descend to the most famous vaults of all, those of Saint Callixtus. It is reckoned that there are in all, including, no doubt, pagan excavations as well as Christian, some twelve hundred miles of these alleys of the dead, vermiculating to and fro under the débris of the past still above the surface. The pope has the control of this subterranean territory; and by the Vatican they are leased in sections to monasteries and churches adjacent to the different entrances.

Fifteen hundred years ago, the catacombs were already well occupied with their silent denizens. Saint Jerome, in one of his commentaries, gives us a lively idea of them in those days:—

"During my boyhood," he writes, "when I was in Rome for my education, I contracted the habit of visiting, every Sunday, with certain of my companions and schoolfellows, the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs, penetrating by the mouth of the open shafts—or crypts—into the depths of the earth. Here, in both sides of the walls, were an innumerable number of dead bodies, and there was such a terrifying obscurity all around, that it almost fulfilled the words of the prophet: 'The living descend into hell.'"

Nowadays, the eager tourist merely drives through the gate of the city until he comes to a board inscribed, "Entrance to the Catacombs of Saint Callixtus;" and having ascended into the vineyard, adjacent to the highroad, he approaches a little shed, where he finds a monk and a small room of curios and photographs. The monk lights candles, and leads him to the shaft, into which he descends by a

regular flight of steps. Then he sees precisely what Saint Jerome saw — with this exception: that the bodies which were then tranquilly sealed up, each in its narrow niche, are now for the most part gone, and an air of general ruin and desolation prevails. But they are not all gone. The early founders of Roman and other Christian churches have not entirely ransacked the depths for the bones of martyrs — as they are called, with no doubt some slight begging of the question. Nor have the Goths of one generation after another, rummaging here and everywhere for treasure, dispossessed every corpse of its grave. Your guide bids you look into this cell and that; here and there you see a dark skull, some mouldering bones, and a thick sediment of dust like snuff. This is what is left of one of the Christians of Diocletian's reign. It is like enough he had no peace until he came hither, borne along by his friends in the watches of the night, and thus laid to rest, with prayers and songs of thanksgiving for his release from a cruel and tiresome world.

How rude and coarse are the emblems on the walls of this vast abode of the dead! Here is no pomp of inscription; no straining of the genius of the mason to signify in stone the heroic deeds done by the departed. The simple words, "In peace," are the common epitaph; or, "Here rests in peace;" or, "Here sleeps in peace." Sometimes there is a symbol over the words: either the palm-leaf, to tell of the victory won by the dead in his martyrdom; or the cypress, token of virtue and incorruptibility; or the anchor, figure of faith and salvation; a fish, to typify a man regenerate; the dove and the olive-branch, to mark hope, or purity, or as a figure of the Holy Spirit; the cup and the circular piece of bread, to symbolize the eucharist, and so on. Thus the dead Christian went to his tomb through a picture-gallery, in which his faith was fully illustrated; and the living Christians lived, and worked, and worshipped, and slept in an atmosphere which could hardly fail to constrain them to be true to the teaching of their masters, buried to the right and left of them, and to suffer and die, if need were, like their predecessors.

Come we now for a moment to a pagan family sepulchre, a mile or so nearer the city. The proprietor of this elegant little tomb chamber lives in a house at hand, with sturdy vines around him, and some red poppies among the green vines. He is one of those untiring antiquaries who are content, the world forgetting, by the

world to be forgot, and who find, in the hobby of their own election, as much pleasure as all the common pleasures of life could afford to them. He does not care vastly to see a stranger; but if you express a wish to buy some genuine relic of Rome, the guide to his pagan sepulchre takes you into the old man's villa readily enough.

Three rooms full of antiquarian treasure. Vases of many shapes, sizes, and epochs; bronze work; statuary; coins by thousands, of all metals; bones and glass; mosaics; inscriptions; marbles — the old man with the long, dishevelled grey beard, has had them all unearthed in the precious little vineyard whence he draws his livelihood, and which bears his name. He shows you something else also, by which his fame is like to be perpetuated — a quarto volume of such engravings as one does not see out of Rome, and with printed commentaries upon the articles engraved. These last are all from his own collection; and he himself is the writer of the text. He is scrupulous to exact a franc from you for your visit to his sepulchre, and to abate not a jot from the price he asks you to pay for this vase or that in his villa, which takes your fancy; and he pays two or three hundred pounds that he may see his labors and treasures set before the world's eye for its appreciation. But one may praise this old gentleman unfeignedly in one particular: he is no friend to spurious antiquities. What you buy from his villa, you buy with the certitude that it is what his skill and experience assume it to be.

As for the pagan tomb, it is not so interesting as its master. You descend to it by steep steps. The walls are honey-combed with pigeon-holes. In the centre is an isolated mass of rock, also honey-combed in like manner. The sepulchre was discovered intact. The old man himself had the pleasure of plundering it of its vases, and lacrymatories, and inscriptions. But he has left many cells unbroken. In all, perhaps, two hundred members, clients, and slaves of the family here found their repose, and consecrated their dust to the "infernal gods." There is not much of value here as epitaph material. One cannot help, however, contrasting the sentiment of the Christian tomb-writings and that of certain of the pagan tombs. Where the Christian merely rests "in peace," the pagan — as in the case of a certain old lady of sixty-six — sets a questionable example before the minds of those of us yet alive. The dame here

referred to points this pretty moral to the passers-by: "While I was in the world, I lived to the best of my ability. My comedy is at an end. Yours will have an end. Clap your hands."

It were vain and futile to attempt to say much of an informing kind about a city like Rome in so short a paper as this. It is with the writer as with the schoolboy attracted by the plums near the exterior of the cake his fond mother has sent him. It is probable there are far finer plums inside the cake; but, for the present, he has time only to pay his respects to those that have come uppermost.

Why, the subject of painting, or sculpture, or architectural antiquities alone can hardly be gossiped over in less space than a stout octavo volume would exact. I go to the Capitol and look, like one in a trance, at the bewitching Venus of that precious collection. From the Venus, it is but a step in the same collection to him whom Byron has termed the dying gladiator, but whom the rest of the world prefers to know as the dying Gaul. There are other masterpieces in this gallery alone; and this gallery is but one of many galleries, though confessedly second only to that of the Vatican in Rome. What profits it, my reader, to give my brief observations upon these statues, familiar as they are to all the world by models? Is the foot of the Venus too large to fit with our conceptions of true beauty? Are the shoulders of the dying Gaul too narrow to accord with our northern ideal of the strong man? What then? Beauty is an elastic word; strength is not always identical with bulk. Perhaps my reader differs from me. Hence arises argument. And thus as many articles might be written about Roman art as there are statues and paintings in Rome.

It is enough if we may pull an agreeable plum or two from the surface of the cake.

From The Fortnightly Review.
AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

I.

A LAND less rich in natural, artistic, and historical attractions than Italy could not afford to leave a district so charming as that of the Euganean Hills almost unknown, unvisited. No guide-books talk about these little mountains; there is nothing of importance, so far as I am

aware, written on them from the historical or any other point of view. Express trains carry troops of tourists along their outskirts from Bologna to Padua and *vice versa*. All English people who read our poets know that Shelley called them:—

Those famous Euganean Hills which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbor piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.

Their purple pyramids, lifted against the orange of the western sky, form an indispensable ingredient of the orthodox Venetian sunset. Their reflections in the blue mirror of the lagoons, although they are so far away, count as one of the chief wonders of the beautiful Venetian mornings. Yet I rarely meet with man or woman who has had the curiosity to invade the Oreads of the Euganeans in their native haunts, and to pluck the heart out of their poetic mystery.

It has been my own good fortune to spend several weeks on different occasions at the villa of a noble lady who resides not far from Monselia. So I have enjoyed special opportunities of becoming acquainted with this fascinating island in the ocean of the Lombard plain. For variety and delicacy of detail, for miniature mountain grandeur, it may be compared with what we call the English Lakes. The scale is nearly similar, though the Euganeans are positively smaller, and are placed in far more interesting surroundings. What they lack is water. This defect is balanced by the richness of the Italian vegetation, by the breadth of the great landscape out of which they heave, by the immediate neighborhood of famous cities, and by the range of snowy Alps which tower upon their northern horizon.

I cannot produce anything like a detailed study of the Euganean Hills. What follows in these pages consists of three extracts from my diary, made in the May month of three several years, relating aimless but highly enjoyable ramblings about their gentle declivities and wooded valleys.

II.

ESTE is a town of great antiquity, mentioned under its old name of Ateste both by Tacitus and Pliny. The Adige in former times flowed by its walls; and etymologists derive the city's name from Athesis. The museum is rich in Roman inscriptions, which are said to have drawn Professor Mommsen on a visit to the quiet place. Here in the Middle Ages dwelt

the Italian members of the mighty house of Guelph; who took their title from Este, and afterwards ruled Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio as dukes. At present the town has little to show of interest, except the picturesque ruins of wall and tower, crumbling away upon the southern promontory of the Euganeans, under slopes of olive and almond and vine.

Just above the town, surveying it from a kind of terrace, is the villa called I Cappuccini, which Lord Byron lent to the Shelleys in the autumn of 1818. "We have been living," writes Shelley to Peacock on the 8th of October, "this last month near the little town from which I date this letter, in a very pleasant villa which has been lent to us. Behind here are the Euganean Hills, not so beautiful as those of the Bagni di Lucca, with Arquà, where Petrarch's house and tomb are religiously preserved and visited. At the end of our garden is an extensive Gothic castle, now the habitation of owls and bats, where the Medici family resided before they came to Florence. We see before us the wide, flat plain of Lombardy, in which we see the sun and moon rise and set, and the evening star, and all the golden magnificence of autumnal clouds." I do not know to what tradition about the Medici Shelley was referring. It is true that Cosmo dei Medici was banished in 1433 to Padua; and he may possibly have spent part of his short exile at Este. I think it more probable, however, that Shelley confused the Medici with the Dukes of Ferrara, who took their family title from the old fief of Este.

In this villa Shelley composed the first part of "Prometheus Unbound." "I have been writing, and indeed have just finished, the first act of a lyric and classical drama, to be called 'Prometheus Unbound.'" From Padua he wrote, September 22, to his "best Mary:" "Bring the sheets of 'Prometheus Unbound,' which you will find numbered from 1 to 26 on the table of the pavilion." The people who now inhabit I Cappuccini still show this pavilion, a little dilapidated summer-house, overgrown with ivy, at the end of a garden terrace. It was also near Este, having climbed one of the many-peaked summits above the town, that Shelley improvised the "Lines written in the Euganean Hills."

From Este to Arquà is no great distance. The road for some time skirts the hills, then turns abruptly upward to the left, leading to the village, which is picturesquely placed among its fruit-trees

in a hollow of the arid limestone mountains. Arquà looks at first sight like a tiny piece of the Riviera, with the hazy Lombard plain in lieu of the Mediterranean. Petrarch's house is a fair-sized white cottage at the extreme end of the village, one of the highest dwellings of Arquà. From its windows and garden-walls the eye ranges across olive-trees, laurels, and pomegranates to the misty level land which melts into the sea; churches with their campanili rising from the undetermined azure, like great galleys stranded in a lagoon. It is the constant recurrence of this Lombard distance, the doubt whether we are gazing upon land or sea, the sense of the neighboring Adriatic and Venetian salt-lakes, which lends a peculiar charm to Euganean landscapes.

Petrarch's study is a tiny room, with a little northern window, opening out of a larger ante-chamber. There was just enough space in it to hold a table and his armchair, which is still preserved, as well as a book-cupboard. Here then the old poet fell asleep for the last time among his books, upon the 18th of June, 1374. He had lived at Arquà since 1369, studying incessantly and writing with assiduity till the very end. One of the last things he composed was a Latin version of his friend Boccaccio's story of Griselda. They show the mummy of a cat, wholly destitute of hair, which is said to have once been his "furry favorite." Probably the beast is no more genuine than Wallenstein's celebrated horse at Prague.

The house contains several spacious rooms, with chimney-pieces of a later date, and frescoes setting forth in quaint *quattrocento* style the loves of Laura and the poet. One of these, which represents the meeting of Petrarch and his lady, might almost be called pretty; a bushy laurel sprouts from Petrarch's head, Laura has a Cupid near her; both are pacing in a verdant meadow.

The village church of Arquà stands upon an open terrace with a full stream of clearest water — *chiare e fresche onde* — flowing by. On the square before its portal, where the peasants congregate at mass-time, rises the tomb of Petrarch: a simple rectilinear coffin of smooth Verona marble, raised on four thick columns, and covered with a pyramidal lid — what the Italians call an *arca*. Without emblems, allegories, or lamenting genii, this tomb of the inspired poet, the acute student who opened a new age of intellectual activity for Europe, suggests thoughts beyond the reach of words. Petrarch was emphati-

cally the first modern man, the individuality who began to disengage art and letters from mediævalism. Here he sleeps, encircled by the hills, beneath the canopy of heaven; and his own winged thoughts, "forms more real than living man, nurslings of immortality," the ethereal offspring of his restless heart and brain, seem to keep watch around him in the liquid air.

There is a village inn within a few steps of this piazza, where the excellent white wine of Arquà may be tasted with advantage. Grown upon that warm volcanic soil of the Euganeans, in the pure, dry climate of the hills, it is generous and light together. Experience leads me to believe that it does not bear transportation; for the Arquà wine one sometimes finds in Venice has lost in quality. This, however, is a characteristic of very many Italian wines; and nothing is more charming in that incomparable country than the surprises which are always awaiting the œnophile (as Thackeray calls him) in unexpected places, villages unknown to fame and wayside hostelries.

To Battaglia we drive through a swamp of willows and tall bullrushes and bending reeds. The quiet pools and dykes which slumber in this mass of vegetation are abloom with white and yellow water-lilies, iris, water-violet, and flowering rush. Some great birds — wild geese, I think — were flying and feeding there, as I drove through the marshland in the early morning.

Battaglia and the neighboring village of Abano are both celebrated for their baths and springs of hot sulphurous water. Here we understand in how true a sense the Euganean Hills are a volcanic upheaval from what must have been a great sea at the time of their emergence. The ground is so hot and hollow, so crusted with salts and crystalline deposits, and the water which spouts up in miniature geysers is so boiling, that one wonders when a new eruption is going to take place. On autumn evenings, a mist from the warm springs hangs over Abano, giving it a dreamy look as the train whisks by. But this is no vapor of malaria. The country indeed is singularly healthy. Abano was known to the Romans. They called it Aponus; the name being derived, it is said, from a Greek adjective which means *painless* — a kind of parallel to Posilippo. Hundreds of folk, then as now, came to rid themselves of rheumatic pains and other ailments in the mud-baths and hot mineral water. Suetonius says that when

Tiberius was a young man, the object of suspicion to his step-father, Augustus, he visited Padua upon the occasion of a journey into Illyria. "There he consulted the oracle of Geryon, which bade him cast golden dice into the fountain of Aponus, in order to obtain an answer to his questions. This he did accordingly, and the dice thrown by him turned up the highest possible numbers. The dice themselves can be seen to this day in the water."

Geryon, according to one version of his legend, was a king of Hesperia; and Hercules is said to have opened the springs of Battaglia and Abano by ploughing with his oxen there. The ancients seem to have symbolized the volcanic nature of this country in several myths. It is difficult not to connect the legend of Phaethon, who fell from heaven into the Po, burned up the waters of Eridanus, and converted the tears of the river-nymphs to amber, with some dim memory of primitive convulsions. At this point I would fain turn aside to dally with the two books of Pontano's "Eridani," than which modern scholarship has produced nothing more liquid, more poetical, more original in Latin verse. But *ne quid nimis*: for now the domes and towers of Padua begin to loom in the distance — the vast roof of the Palazzo Ragione, the fanciful cupolas of S. Antonio, harmonious and lovely S. Giustina — while we jog along the never-ending, straight banks of the canal, and the Euganeans sink cloudlike into azure air behind us.

III.

TWO days ago I started with three friends, two Venetians and an Englishman, for the Euganean Hills. The day was very hot for the season, since we are still in the middle of May. Our object was to make an early ascent of Venda, the highest point of the group, which looks so graceful and so lofty from the lagoons near Malamocco. Venda rises only a little over two thousand feet above the sea. But it has the sweep and outline of a grand mountain.

We spent the afternoon and evening at Val San Zibio, in the Albergo alla Pergola; about half an hour's drive out of Battaglia. There is a villa there with gardens, built and planned originally in the early seventeenth century by a member of the Barbarigo family. The place afterwards passed to the Martinenghi of Venice, and now belongs to the Conte Donà delle Rose. The dwelling-house has been mod-

ernized and ruined in appearance by the destruction of the statues and florid architectural decorations which brought it formerly into keeping with those massive walls, old-fashioned iron gratings, barocco groups of gods on balustrades and fountains, remaining in the ancient pleasure-ground. On the great front gates to the garden, where the water from the hills comes rushing down by steps, the coat of Barbarigo is splendidly displayed: "*Argent on a bend gules, between three beards sable three lioncels passant, or.*" It is the same coat which adorns the Scala dei Giganti and one of the great chimney-pieces in the Ducal Palace.

I know nothing exactly comparable to this old-world garden at Val San Zibio. Placed at the opening of a little glen, or coomb, descending from a spur of Venda, it fills the whole space up, and works into complete harmony with the surrounding wildness. The formal landscape-gardening of two centuries ago has been mellowed by time, so as to merge imperceptibly, without the slightest break or discord, into bowery woods and swelling hills. The compassed fish-ponds, the moss-grown statues of aquatic deities, the Cupids holding dolphins which spout threads of water from their throats, the labyrinth of clipped box, the huge horse-chestnut trees, the long green alleys of hornbeam twisted into ogee arches overhead, the smooth-shaven lawns, and the myriad gold-fish in the water-lilled tanks—all these elements of an aristocratic pleasance melt, as it were, into the gentle serenity of the leafy heights above them, the solemnity of cypress avenues, the hoary stillness of olive orchards, the copses of hazel, elm, acacia, chestnut. Nowhere, indeed, have I seen art and nature married by time and taste with such propriety and sympathy of feeling. It is delightful to saunter through those peaceful walks, to hear the gush of waterfalls, and to watch the fountains play, while the sun is westering, and the golden-verdant cup of the little valley swims in light-irradiated haze.

We four friends enjoyed this pastime for an hour or so; and then, after strolling awhile in acacia woods above the hamlet, we returned to an excellent supper at our inn. It was served in the corner of the kitchen; one of those large, brick-floored rooms, with wooden rafters, and a pent-house chimney-piece half open to the air, which Tintoretto sometimes painted—notably in his *Cenacolo*, at the Scuola di S. Rocco. Such kitchens always con-

tain an abundance of copper vessels and brass salvers hung about the walls, from the appearance of which the wary guest may form a tolerably accurate prognostication of his coming meal. At our hostel of the Pergola the copper and brass gear was not only plentiful, but almost as dazzling as Atlante's shield in the "*Orlando.*" And the supper corresponded to these happy auspices. Signora Fortin, our hostess, served it with her own hands, hissing from the hearth. The *menu* ran as follows: "*Risi-bisi,*" a Venetian mess of rice and young peas stewed in gravy; veal cutlets, with asparagus; lettuce-salad, home-made sausage, and cheese from the pastures. Good white wine of the Arquà type satisfied our thirst; and when the simple meal was finished, my three companions sat down to play *tresette* with the jovial Boniface. I, who had no skill at cards, wandered out into the moonlight, pacing country lanes alive with fire-flies and glow-worms. Then came the divine night of sleep in lowly bed-chambers with open windows, through which entered the songs of nightingales, the plash of falling waters, and the sough of heavy-foliaged trees.

In the morning we started at six o'clock for Venda. We had been promised a *putelo*, a *ragazzo*, a boy, in fact, to carry our provisions. He turned out a red-haired toper, over fifty years of age, with a fiery nose. However, he performed his function as a beast of burden. The hedgerows were drenched with dew, bringing out the scent of wild-rose, privet, and acacia-blossom. Scirocco brooded in the air, foreboding an afternoon of thunderstorm. From Galzignano, a village at the foot of our mountain, we began the ascent to Rua—the first stage of the easy climb. The hillsides here were abloom with silver cistus, golden broom, gaudy orchises, starred anthericum lilies, purple columbines, and creamy potentillas swaying from a slender stalk. Rua is a spacious convent, covering several acres on a spur of Venda. Within its walled enclosure are separate dwellings for the monks who live there, cottages united by common allegiance to the church which rises in their midst. It ought to be a paradise for men who have renounced the world, desire seclusion, and are contented with a round of rustic labor and religious duties. But as we skirted the long wall of the convent precincts, I wondered how many of its inmates may have missed their vocation—for whom that vast extent of landscape and the distant cities seen upon the plain

are only sources of perpetual irritation. For, as we rose, the view expanded; the isolated position of the Euganeans, like an island in an immense sea, made itself more and more felt. By glimpses through the thickets of dwarf chestnut, hornbeam, or hazel, we gazed upon aerial Alps, long, silvery lagoons, the lapse of rivers flowing to the Adriatic, and brown villages with bell-towers for their centre.

The summit of Venda is a long, rolling down, which reminded me of the Feldberg in the Black Forest. The ruins of an ancient convent crown its southern crest. This must have erewhile been a noble edifice; for the abandoned walls are built to last forever, in a severely massive, Benedictine style. They abut upon a kind of precipice; and the prospect they command is the whole Lombard plain to south and west, fringed with the silver-edged lagoons and sea, threaded by the Adige, and gemmed with venerable seats of human habitation, among which Montagnana stands conspicuous. Upon the other side of Venda, the line of the Tyrolese and Friulian Alps breaks the northern sky; Brenta flows through the fields to Padua; and the Monti Berici, descending from the mountains of Vicenza, stretch out their feelers till they almost touch the Euganeans at Bastia. From this point, as from the top of one of those raised maps men make in Switzerland, we can study the structure of the tiny group of mountains Venda crowns — so small in scale, so exquisitely modelled, so finely pencilled in its valley structure, so rich in human life and vegetation.

It would be impossible to spend some hours upon the crest of Venda, and not to think of Shelley's poem. As a boy, I had those lines by heart, and used to wonder dreamily about the memorable landscape they describe.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls.

How true the picture is! And then again:—

By the skirts of that grey cloud
Many-domed Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain.

Yes, indeed, there is Venice, there is Padua, there are the skirts of the grey cloud; but the Celtic anarchy, the foes, the tyrants, of whom Shelley sang, have now disappeared from Italy. Are her sons happier, I asked myself, than when the Frenchmen and the Austrians were here?

While I was making these reflections, there appeared upon the scene a youthful cow-herd, or *vachèr*, with a hungry hound who loved him. He was a bright lad, clear-cut in feature, nut-brown of complexion, white of teeth, with pale blue, wistful eyes. He told us that he could neither read nor write, that his mother was dead, and his father confined in the madhouse of San Servolo. He had been born and bred on Venda; and now he had drawn a number for the army, and was just going to be drafted into some regiment. I gave him my briar pipe for a keepsake; and then, having already spent three lazy hours upon the top of Venda, we began the descent upon the other side, breaking into thickets of low brushwood. Here the air became heavy with an aromatic, resinous scent, which I soon perceived to come from the mystic *dictamnus fraxinella* in full bloom. The coppice reddened far and wide with the tall spires of that remarkably handsome flower. At night, in certain conditions of the weather, it is said to be phosphorescent; or, to put the fact perhaps more accurately, it emits volatile oil in large quantities, which readily ignites and burns with a pale bluish flame around the ruddy blossoms. After following a ridge, partly wooded and partly down land, for about an hour, we came to the opening of the Val San Zibio ravine. Into this we plunged—into a dense, silent, icy-cold wood of hazels—where the air seemed frozen by contrast with the burning sunlight we had left. The descent through the coomb or gully to the quiet hamlet, deep in verdure, called to mind many a Devonshire or Somersetshire glen.

This morning, on the way back to Venice, I visited Cataio, a castle built in the sixteenth century by one of the Obizzi family. It is a huge place, designed in a fanciful style, half Renaissance palace, half barrack. A broad flight of steps leads to a vast terrace high above the courts and gardens, which commands an enchanting prospect over the plain of Battaglia, the huge glens and outskirts of the Euganeans, and the cloudlike mass of Venda. Here I bade adieu to the mountain and to the pleasant solitudes of Val San Zibio.

IV.

THE third extract from my diary shows me again at Val San Zibio, next year, upon the very same day of the month, strolling about the lovely pleasure, this time in different company. It is Sunday morning, and the peasants, both men and women, carry roses stuck behind their ears. One grey-haired old fellow, who is the Conte's bailiff, wore two large China roses, one for each side of his ruddy countenance.

Domenico, the coachman, arrived at eight, and having said farewell to the jolly Boniface of the Pergola, we started on our long day's expedition. Skirting the hills by Galzignano and across the spurs of Venda, we pass through a land of changeable beauty. The whole country is in bloom upon this glorious summer morning. Nowhere else have I seen such torrents of acacia blossom, whitening acres of the hillside, making the ridges hoary and the glens one snowdrift, lifting plumes of rosy or of creamy silver into the fiery blue of heaven above our eyes. Ruddy-fruited cherry-trees, grey-green olives, glossy chestnuts, with mulberries and figs and peach-trees, all attired in daintiest green, interpenetrate this riot of acacia-blossom; and the air is alive with dragon-flies in thousands, chasing each other through the liquid light. Here and there wild nature asserts her independence. The signs of tith and culture fade off into tangles of cistus, Mediterranean heath, broom, myrtle, arbutus, and juniper, overflowing from the arid sandstone slopes, just like the *maquis* of Corsica. Then follow orchards of apples, almonds, pears, plums, apricots. Copses of walnuts and chestnuts break into vineyards or pastures bordered with dykes full of yellow iris and nymphaea. This variety within a narrow compass, due to the rise and fall of the land, and also to abrupt geological changes, constitutes the chief charm of travelling in the Euganeans.

So, in due course of time, we arrived at the great Benedictine Abbey of Praglia, now used as a barrack, where troops of all descriptions come from time to time on camping expeditions. They bring their bedding and furniture with them, and take it away when they depart; so that in their absence the interminable corridors and cells, refectories and parlors, cloisters and courts, are white-washed and dreary, scrawled over with the names and jests of soldiers. Only two Padri are left; "*Cus-todi* for the State in a house where we

were once *Padroni*," said one of them with a bitter smile, as he pointed to the ruthlessly dilapidated library, the empty book-cases, the yawning framework of the wooden ceiling, whence pictures had been torn. These Padri simply loathe the soldiers.

The architectural interest of Praglia centres in three large cloisters, one of them lifted high in air above magazines, cellars, and storehouses. The refectory, too, is a noble chamber; and the church is spacious. But the whole building impresses the imagination by magnitude, solidity, severity — true Benedictine qualities — rather than by beauty of form or brilliance of fancy. We find nothing here of the harmonious grace (of what Alberti called *tutta quella musica*, that music of the classic style), which is so conspicuous in S. Giustina at Padua, itself an offshoot from the mighty Abbey. The situation, too, though certainly agreeable, on the skirts of the hills, with a fair prospect over the broad champaign, lacks that poetry of which one finds so much in all parts of the Euganeans. Praglia might be called a good specimen of massive ecclesiastical prose.

We jogged on through Montemerlo, toward the group of hills which divide Teolo from Rovolone, having the jagged cliffs of Pendice first in sight, and then the deeply wooded Madonna del Monte on our left hand, and the Paduan plain upon the right. After about four miles of this travelling under the noonday sun, the road bends suddenly upwards striking into wood and coppice. The summit of the little pass affords a double vista; backwards over the illimitable plain with Padua stretched out like a map in hazy sunshine; forwards to Bastia and the Monti Berici. These miniature *cols*, deep in chestnut and acacia groves, with the gracefully shaped crests above them, make one of the main beauties of the Euganeans. Tall, purple orchids, splashed with white, began to gleam in the thick grasses, while here and there a flame-like spire of *fraxinella*-bloom reminded me of Venda.

At length we plunged into the deep woods and country lanes of Rovolone, remarkably English in character, and halted in a roadside osteria. The red wine here was excellent — one of those surprises which reward the diligent œnophile in Italy. I decided to walk up to the church, remembering our autumn visit of 1888, when a dear friend of mine lay and shed tears on the parapet. *E vide e pianse il fato amaro*, for he had to leave Lombardy

next day for London and the British Museum. To-day the landscape swam in summer heat, out of which emerged the spurs of the Monti Berici, amethystine-blue; and the Alpine chain, which was so white and glittering on that October afternoon, could now be hardly traced through sultry vapor. So I retraced my steps down the rough, sandstone road, following the tinkling streamlet, between over-arching boughs of maple, hornbeam, and wild cherry. I found Domenico still drinking the excellent red wine and eating *salame* in the osteria. When the nag was rested, we helped him and the carriage down a broken lane — more torrent-bed than pathway — into the main road to Vo. Here we struck abruptly upward to the left, and reached Teolo through a long, straight valley between limestone hills. The variety of soil, and the sudden alteration from one kind of rock to another in the Euganeans, together with the change of flora this implies, is another of their charms. Here I noticed abundance of tree-heath and starry snow-white anthericum.

At the head of this long valley the view gradually broadens out on every side. Teolo is magnificently situated between the Madonna del Monte and more distant Venda — Venda stretching like a great green cloud, with Rua perched upon its eastern spur, and the ruins of the convent covering the irregular summit. But between the town and Venda lies a wide expanse of undulating country, out of the verdure of which shoot the grey double crags of Pendice, in form reminding one not very distantly of Langdale Pikes.

Teolo occupies incomparably the finest point, as it also is the central point, of the Euganean district. It is important enough to be a station for Carabinieri. Yet the little township lies so scattered on the hillsides, that in my Alpine home we should call it a *Landschaft*. I thought involuntarily of Cadore, as I stood before the door of the inn, an isolated house, the last house of the village. There is a touch of Dolomite feeling about the scenery of Teolo.

Domenico bade me go to sleep for a couple of hours, which I did as well as I could through the noise and singing of fifteen Venetian *cortessani* in the next room. At six o'clock he called me to begin the ascent of Pendice. Leaving the street behind us, we passed out upon a ridge which joins the terrace-site of Teolo to the larger block of precipice and forest called Perlice. Here one looks both ways over the Lombard plain, spread out literally

like an ocean, and framed, as the sea might be framed, by the inverted angles of valleys descending into it on either hand. It took us rather more than half an hour to reach the summit of the rock by a pretty steep footpath. I suppose the crags in vertical height on the eastern side are about two hundred feet above the woods, which fall away steeply to the valley bottom at the distance of some three hundred feet farther. So the impression of altitude is considerable, and the fine bold cleavage of the stone increases the effect. There are extensive and massive remains of what must have once been a very formidable castle, covering the whole of the upper platform, and descending for a certain distance upon either side. Henbane grows in rank luxuriance around these ruins. But I am ashamed to say that I know nothing about the history of this stronghold, nor about Speronella, the mediæval heroine of its romance. An old peasant who lives up there, like an owl in a corner of the ruin, could give no information. He waxed eloquent about monks and bandits, bravi and maidens confined in subterranean grottoes; but of facts he was as ignorant as I am.

From this point of vantage the view is really glorious; so much of plain visible to east and west as gives a sense of illimitable space, without the monotony of one uniform horizon; then the great billowy mass of Venda, the crest of Madonna del Monte, and the rich green labyrinth of dales and copses at my feet. A furious wind flew over us; and a thunderstorm swept across the southern sky, passing probably between Este and the Adige, lightening and thundering incessantly. The old peasant told us not to be anxious; the storm was not coming our way. So we sat down beneath a broken wall, which seemed to tremble in the blast, and enjoyed the lurid commotion of the heavens, which added sublimity to the landscape. All this while the sun was setting, flamingly red and angry, in brilliant contrast with the tawny purples of the tempest clouds. The verdure of hill, wood, and meadow assumed that peculiar brilliancy which can only be compared to chryso-prase; and all the reaches of the Lombard plain smouldered in violet blue. The sun dropped behind the Monti Berici, and we clambered down from our eyrie, glad to regain the inn, to sup and sleep.

Next day the whim came over me to drive the whole way from Teolo, through Padua, Stra, Dolo, to Mestre, and to re-

gain Venice by the lagoon. It meant rising at four, and reaching home at seven. But I wanted to get a notion of what travelling was like in Lombardy before the age of railways.

From Temple Bar.

THE WATERPROOF.

A MONOLOGUE.

AH! Now I have got home I can take off this miserable waterproof of Mrs. Mowbray's. I do hate wearing other people's things. I can't think why she insisted on my borrowing it, except that there are some people who always will lend you things you don't want to have. "Oh, you really must have a waterproof," she kept saying; "it is going to rain heavily, and you will get so wet jumping in and out of hansoms." Cat! After all, she wouldn't have had a carriage herself if Mr. Mowbray had not made all his money in tea—and he looked so exactly that sort of man, with a red face, and little sandy grey whiskers! Why she should have made such a fuss about him after he died I can't imagine.

(Laying cloak on chair.)

There, now I've got rid of that horrid thing. Some one was saying just now—who was it? Oh, I know, it was Mrs. Mowbray herself; that woman is always trying to say something learned—that menkind are divided into groups by the shapes of their heads. That's the kind of thing that is quite useless to know, and I consider it indecent to talk about in a drawing-room. I am sure that womenkind are divided into groups by the shapes of their waterproofs; and when I see a woman with one of those hideous, old-fashioned, round, shiny things on, I know exactly what she would say, if I were to talk to her, that is. But I never would, for I don't want to hear about the outbreak of whooping-cough at Jackey's school, or how much more susceptible to infection Minnie is than Polly. On the other hand, I dare say that the woman who wears a waterproof with silk outside, and a hood lined with red, would be more dangerous in some respects, though perhaps more agreeable. As to Mrs. Mowbray, she is neither the one thing nor the other; she is half-way between the dowdy and the dangerous.

(Looking at cloak.)

I can't quite make her out. It is very odd, but I don't believe she likes me. I

wonder why not? I hate the woman myself, of course; to me she is a most dreary creature. She never has anything interesting to say about people, only the most meaningless praise. I am told that every one confides their private affairs to her. There are some women who have that sort of mission—to be a sort of friend of all work, as it were, a kind of aunt to the human race. Well, those people are useful sometimes! Just at this juncture I rather want a confidante, for I asked Major Symonds for two days for reflection. This is the second—what am I going to say to him? Why do I hesitate, I wonder? Why did I not say yes at once? He is pleasant—oh, certainly pleasant enough—I don't like people who are oppressively intellectual—and his sister has told me that he is not nearly so passionate as he used to be. He doesn't look very soldierly, perhaps, but I don't mind that; in fact, I think a warlike air is misplaced in a drawing-room. He looked quite presentable at Lady Brightwell's At Home, I thought. We were coming down-stairs together—at least, we were not together at that moment, for I was coming down alone, and I saw him also alone. And it is so odd for a soldier, he sometimes has those fits of shyness. I don't know what else it could have been, he seemed really afraid to meet my eye. He was turning his head away, as though he didn't dare to speak; but of course I saw how it was, and felt it would be only kind to come to his help, so I suggested to him that we should go in to supper together. I saw how grateful he was to me. Then, while we had supper, we began talking about all sorts of things I thought would please him, about the sadness of being lonely, and of wanting a companion; and I told him I saw he was lonely sometimes, and that I was sorry for him. And then he said, "Mrs. Story, you are quite right, indeed, you are right; it is a terrible thing to be alone at my time of life." Such nonsense to speak in that way—his time of life, indeed! He's much too young to talk like that; I don't consider that people arrive at a "time of life" till they're well over sixty, certainly not at fifty-two. He said, "I have made up my mind not to be lonely any longer. Do you think—would it be possible that I could find any one to share my solitude?—that a battered old soldier like me would have any chance?" A battered old soldier, indeed! If he is battered, it's nature, and the east winds in the streets of London that have done it—I don't believe he has ever been fur-

ther afield than Wimbledon Common. "Battered!" I exclaimed. "Oh, my dear Major Symonds!" He looked pleased, certainly; pleased and soothed. There are some women who know exactly the right thing to say, and I am one of them. "Well," he said, trying to look modest, "I must say I thought the other day, when I was with Mrs. Mowbray——" and he stopped. "With Mrs. Mowbray!" I cried. "But what has she to do with this question?" He said nothing. He smiled rather inanely, I must confess. I saw at once how it was; he had been making a confidante of that woman, and telling her about me. It was indiscreet of him, of course, but I don't know that I minded it; in fact, I was rather pleased, as I am quite sure it must have annoyed her.

At this moment we were interrupted by two dowagers looking for seats, who came and stood behind us, until they positively lifted us from our chairs by the force of their glare, so we could say nothing more. "I will give you an answer the day after to-morrow," I said hurriedly, as we went out through the hall. "This is Monday, come to see me at five o'clock on Wednesday." He said nothing; I left him looking absolutely vacant, as I must say he does sometimes. I suppose he was taken aback at the delay. And now, this is half past four on Wednesday, what am I going to say to him? Let me look back into the past. Ah, I have too many broken hearts on my conscience to dare to bear the burden of another!

There was Douglas Benson, a barrister, brilliant and successful. What a life to have ruined! There was no doubt about his feelings. Whenever he was in my society he was a prey to the deepest melancholy. I never shall forget that night that we dined at Maidenhead with the Tollemaches. I felt I must endeavor to dispel his gloom, and after dinner I offered to go with him for a row on the river. I saw his inward struggle—he dared not expose himself to the fatal temptation—but I nerved myself to the effort for his sake. It was no use; the cloud settled darker, darker on his features. He could not trust himself to speak. We never met again after that evening. What became of him I dared not ask; I was haunted by the thought of those dark, lowering features.

Then there was Lionel Talbot. What a handsome fellow he was!—the very type of a British sailor. Ah, that time at Portsmouth, when they gave a farewell dance on board his ship! I saw what he

wanted—what he was evidently longing to suggest, and let him understand in covert terms that I would overcome my dread of the sea to gratify his parting wish. But he was too noble, poor fellow, too heroic. He replied that there were "some things too precious to expose to the fury of the elements." Ah, he was right there! It was his last voyage. His ship was lost in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, and he died, breathing my name; at least, I have no doubt he did breathe it, though I shall never, never know.

But why should I melt my heart by dwelling on these tender memories, instead of steeling it to be firm and valiant? It is an awful thing to have to make up one's mind. I could almost be sorry to-day that I have no chattering female friends to whom I am in the habit of telling everything. Like my Cousin Lucy, for instance. I know as a fact that if any interesting crisis happens in her life, she has to sit down and write it to eleven intimate female friends, with whom she has sworn to exchange every thought. And there is Mrs. Mowbray, who is in the same position as regards Mrs. Fanshawe. I have heard that not only do these two tell each other everything, but they also send each other all the letters they receive from other people. In fact, I believe that if one of them were to receive a proposal, she would send it to the other to know what she was to say. I call that really immodest.

Ah! (*sighing*) and that brings me back to the question I ought to be considering all this time. What must I say to Major Symonds? What must I do? Ah! I fear I have no doubt! I have most foolishly suffered myself to be melted by dwelling thus upon the past. I must accept him—yes, I must; for I couldn't break another heart, I really couldn't.

(*Is going to dry her eyes.*)

Why, where is my handkerchief? Oh, of course, I must have left it in the pocket of that wretched waterproof.

(*Feels in pocket of waterproof—pulls out two letters with handkerchief.*)

What are these? These are not mine.

(*Looks at one.*)

"DEAR MRS. MOWBRAY,— " It is in the handwriting of Major Symonds!

(*Closes her hand on it, and stands for a minute irresolute.*)

It is as I thought; he evidently wrote to her about me. Well, one can hardly blame him, poor fellow, for seeking a friend's advice at this crisis—this most momentous crisis! Oh, I really must

read it. I shall like to see how he speaks of me to others.

(Opens it with a coy smile.)
 "DEAR MRS. MOWBRAY, — You will know — you must know — the subject on which I am writing to you —"

(Reads on — shrieks.)
 Ah, the base treachery! That wicked, deceiving woman! Oh, my poor friend, that he should have been caught in her toils! Ah, how powerless a man is when a designing, shameless woman entraps him! This, then, was why he turned despairingly to me that night; he sought for succor, for rescue, and I, cold-hearted, cruel that I was, refused it. Ah, why did I not answer him then and there? Why did I not cleave to my place, though all the dowagers in England stood behind it? Well, well, his destiny would have been different with me. He has, in despair at my seeming coldness, proposed to another woman out of pique — his manly heart has been caught at the rebound.

(Sighs.)
 It is as well, perhaps; for in a moment of yielding I might have fettered myself forever.

(Walks up and down — her eye falls on the other letter.)

Ah! I had forgotten this one. I wonder what surprise *this* contains.

(Picks it up — looks at signature.)
 "Lina Fanshawe." Of course! it is one of the dozen letters she sends to her dear friend every day.

"DARLING MABEL, —" Ugh! that makes me quite sick, it really does. "I return Major Symonds's letter, which has amused me excessively." Coarse, insolent woman! "Imagine his proposing to you! I am so glad you refused him — how could he ever think you would do anything else?" What, she has refused him! Refused! well, so much the worse for her. She has not caught him at the rebound then — his heroic sacrifice has not been accepted! Let me see what else she says. "I only hope he won't be as broken-hearted over it as Douglas Benson was. Do you remember that night you refused him at Maidenhead?" What, I drove him too into madness by my cruelty! It's well for him she refused him. What an escape he has had!

(Reads.)
 "And now I must congratulate you, dearest, on the good news you tell me — the return of —" What! "Lionel Talbot!" His return! "What a hero he will be when he comes back, after being supposed to be drowned! such a hero that I imagine you will no longer hesitate to —"

ah, it is impossible! — "to announce your . . . engagement." Lionel Talbot alive — not dead! and engaged to Mrs. Mowbray! Well, I dare say even *that* is better than lying at the bottom of the Pacific; and yet, no, I am not sure that it is. Oh, what shipwreck of all his hopes! Alas, how many lives I have ruined! But there is one person, at any rate, to whom I can make amends. It was I drove Major Symonds to the desperate sacrifice he attempted, and I will reward him for it. This decides me. It was I that well-nigh seared and blighted his life — I will console him myself!

From St. James's Gazette.

AD LYDIAM.

OUR Lydia's first impression was that the porter of the mansions was "a very proud man;" for he objected to the shaking of dusters and other textile fabrics out of window; and what she was to do with cabbage-stalks, lettuce-leaves, and potato-peelings, Heaven only knew; for that porter was like a lion, and said the Mansions Company wouldn't allow this, and forbade that, till she scarcely knew whether there was a nose left on her face or not.

Lydia is from the country, has never seen a flat before, and is of opinion that "a dungeon prison" is a more pleasant place of residence. She sings "I would I were a bird" as she gazes wistfully down the throats of the chimney-pots over the way on a level with our lofty perch. Her life in the country, like an Elizabethan drama, was diversified by alarms and excursions, while here it is an almost unbroken solitude. She answered many bells; tradesmen and their servants made the kitchen gay, and many came in for a glass of beer and a chat. She could always run out into the garden, where Simmonds, the gardener, was at work — or to the yard, where were men not too deeply engrossed in rubbing down horses or cleaning dog-carts to pass the time o' day and remind a vivacious young person that she was a pretty girl and not a hen in a coop, an owl in a loft, or a tiger in a cage. Lydia is nothing if not figurative, and is given to literature in the large leisure which a general neglect of her duties affords.

It was plain she was piqued by the pride of that porter. In old English ballads, by the way, the porter is always proud, and those who have lived in Paris

have at times suffered from the condescensions of a haughty concierge. But our porter is prouder than all. He represents the Mansions Company, and is a rosy incarnation of its rococo red-brick gentility. Even in the morning when he dons a vast apron of green baize he wears it with distinction, as though it were a chasuble; and when he takes his ease in the afternoon in uniform he has the lofty air of a Yankee fire brigade captain, or of a P. and O. skipper. I am, or rather I was, deeply afraid of him, and was abjectly conscious as I daily descended into the street that my appearance fell far below his lofty ideal.

"What I likes to see," I overheard him say to a fellow-porter whom he was patronizing with his conversation — "is powder, and for the coachman a wig; but then, don't you know, you wants a hammer-cloth." My weak spirit failed; for most of our friends know no powder but the dust of the twopenny 'bus, and I crawled on the knees of my mind past our proud porter.

My shy and sensitive friend, Mr. E. Scawfell Scaife, whose exquisite verses on the moors and fells of his native Yorkshire are only surpassed by his polished ballades and love sonnets, has also had occasion to observe the austere magnificence of our porter; and I made the bard uncomfortable by pointing out that a brown bowler hat, a velvet coat, a silver mounted wooden pipe, brown boots, and a black leather hand-bag, even though it contained immortal verse, might well raise the scornful eyebrows of a being who wanted a hammer-cloth. He ought to be thankful he was not stopped on the stairs as an outrage on the respectability of the Mansions Company.

But love, as the late Lord Lytton has observed with such profound originality, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre; and it was through the affections that our porter fell, or rather — as I will presently explain — *rose*, from his pride of place to abject humility. Our Lydia was not to be trod upon for want of speaking; a dangerous light shone in her bright eyes, and she was bent on taming the lion. It is unnecessary to say that she succeeded; for, as the wisdom of the ages puts it, "Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut." But it was a difficult business. Mr. Weller, senior, boasted that he was on affectionate terms with eighty miles of females (the mere winking and whip-flourishing acquaintance of a passing coachman);

while our porter assumed control over two hundred perpendicular feet of young women, and was steeled by authority and ineffable self-esteem against their charms. The lift, which, rightly understood, is the artesian well of our new civilization, yielding instructive lessons to social science as it pierces our domestic stratifications, is his avenue of communication; and it was through the lift that our Lydia attacked the porter. She has a pretty ear for music and learned to sound the whistle as sweetly as any pastoral pipe; and her fearless flow of conversation — though based on mere ascending legs of mutton, loaves of bread, and parcels from the stores — gradually fascinated her victim. He played Pyramus to her Thisbe; but if walls have ears, lifts may be said to be all ears. Warned, therefore, by certain ironical interruptions by envious maids on intermediate floors who feloniously intercepted their warblings and whisperings, the porter found errands up-stairs. Never were our wishes on the subject of cabs so diligently consulted; nor have the ingenious domestic contrivances on which our mansions pride themselves been more exhaustively explained than by the porter to our Lydia.

About this time Mr. Scawfell Scaife had completed his "Moorland Melodies, and Other Verses," and a few of our friends — about sixty-five of them — were invited to our eyrie to hear the poet read a selection made by my wife. The day before this solemnity the author, fearing to appear with the black bag, sent his manuscript by the hands of his office-boy — perhaps the most incorrigible of the present generation of bad boys. He lent the string which secured the parcel to another boy for the better suspension of his trousers, and made a paper cap of the wrapper for another; and, after a variety of adventures, finally delivered the manuscript in its nude beauty to our porter, simply remarking that it was for No. 89.

He took the ribbon-tied papers and read the superscription — "To Lydia!" At this moment the fishmonger arrived with a couple of mackerel and some kippered herrings — a little foible of mine — also for No. 89. The jealous porter dashed the MS. on the moist mackerel, jammed the herrings atop to keep it steady, blew an angry blast on the whistle, and sent up the lift with a furious rattle, shouting in rage and grief "Here's a love-letter for you, Lydia!" The voice of love was ever a voice of emotion. How was our Lydia to know — her porter's face being

hidden in the depths of the lift — that he spoke in wrath? She also was deeply moved, and, having hastily wiped the manuscript with the nearest dish-cloth, she stuck it in a cupboard between a half-consumed tin of sardines and the salad-oil bottle for future reference.

Now, everybody who knows Mr. Scawfell Scaife is aware that the Lydia of his moorland muse is Mrs. Wetherleigh Bleete; a deeply sympathetic but excellent lady of middle age, whose name is no more Lydia than Arethusa, but who was the first to discover and proclaim that the new bard had clothed all the mystery of nature, which a Wordsworth of inadequate endowment had vainly striven to express, in the lyric but highly polished passion of perfected art. Between such a poet and such a critic there was naturally a glowing community of soul. And we others stood round in admiration and were warned. The gracious lady cherished all the MSS. of Mr. Scaife's published works neatly encased in terracotta plush, and the "Moorland Melodies," his last and best, were to take the place of honor.

When, however, the bard arrived without his bag and explained that the MS. had been already sent, we were all plunged in dismay, and I went to interrogate Lydia.

No, she had seen no manuscripts for me; and she couldn't, nohow she tried, get a word out of that porter to-day, so she couldn't ask *him*; and how should she know, boxed up here, whether a boy had come; and, like Werter's Charlotte, she went on cutting bread and butter. But I caught sight of a page covered with the poet's cramped and careful script under the butter-dish, and dragged it forth.

Oh, that — that was some nonsense of the porter's, who had been copying out of poetry books and making up the queerest love-letters she ever did see.

With feverish haste I gathered up the scattered pieces of the poet's great work. She had taken some to bed, and others of the thick baronial post leaves had lain on the table while she prepared the breakfast bacon; and over all was an ancient and a fish-like smell. Then I carried them into the crowded drawing-room and tried to explain matters to Scawfell Scaife, pale and dishevelled, and to Mrs. Wetherleigh Bleete, angry and inclined to vituperation.

Lydia came and went with tea, cake, and bread and butter with a serenity on her pretty face which extorted my admiration. Mrs. Wetherleigh Bleete gathered

her skirts together as the maid passed her, crying, "This is all your work you — you!" and she choked with indignation. "Which my name is Lydia, ma'am," was the calm reply.

Poet and patroness left together grim and unforgiving, the poet having wrapped a handkerchief round the unlucky MS. There was no reading; my wife shed tears into her saucer, and our friends silently stole away.

That evening, however, I saw a sight which atoned in some measure for the trouble of the afternoon. Passing the little scullery into which the lift opens I was aware of a man's voice where no man should be, and I glanced in. The proud porter, with woe-begone face, was standing in the lift, holding hard to the ropes and pleading earnestly with the implacable Lydia. As he caught sight of me he let go his hold and disappeared into the rumbling abyss, carrying with him the last shred of the factitious respect with which I had invested him, and I knew that at last I was his superior.

The relief was immense, and I saw that Lydia, too, was emancipated; for she turned to me with her usual serenity and observed sweetly, "Like his impudence going and mixing up the pore gentleman's poetry with the fish, and making me ridiculous; but I've sent him down with a flea in his ear for all he's so proud, and I'll never speak a civil word to him again."

And hitherto she has kept her promise.

From The Speaker.

A WEST-COUNTRY WELL.

AT the foot of my garden, hidden from my window by the cleft box hedge, runs Sanctuary Lane, along which I see the heads of the villagers moving to church on a Sunday morning. But in returning they invariably keep to the raised footpath on the far-side, that brings the women's gowns and men's small-clothes into view. I have made many attempts to discover how this distinction arose and why it is adhered to, but never found an explanation to convince me. It is the rule, however.

From the footpath a high bank, where now the primroses have given place to spring-wort, ragged robin, and celandine, rises to an orchard — so steeply that the apple-blossom drops into the lane. Just now the petals lie thickly there in the early morning, to be trodden into dust as soon

as the laborers go to work. Beyond and above the orchard stretches an oak copse, the fringe of a great estate, with a few ash saplings breaking the skyline on top of all. We are going to have a hot summer, the gamekeeper tells me, because the oak this year was in leaf before the ash, though only by a day. The ash was foliating on the second of May, and the oak on the first. Up there the bluebells lie in sheets of mauve, and the cuckoo is busy. I rarely see him; but his three notes fill the hot noon and evening. When he spits (says the gamekeeper again) it is time to be sheep-shearing.

The gamekeeper and I have been disputing of late over bird-lore, on which I hold his views to be too fanciful. He sticks to it, for instance, that all well-conditioned rooks begin to build on the first Sunday in March, and that all the smaller birds pair on Valentine's Day. And our disputations ordinarily begin at six in the morning, when he comes down the lane and I am stepping across to test the water in St. Scarlet's Well.

This well bubbles up under a low vault scooped in the bank by the footpath, and hung with hart's-tongue ferns. It has two founts, close together; but whereas one of them simply oozes, the other is bubbling perennially and, according to my observation, keeps always the same. Its specific gravity is that of distilled water, 1000°; and though, to be sure, it upset me terribly, a fortnight back, by flying up to 1005°, I think that must have come from the heavy thunderstorms and floods of rain that lately visited us, and no doubt imported some ingredients that had no business there. As for its temperature, I will select a note or two that I made with a Fahrenheit thermometer this last year:—

June 12th, 1889. Temperature in shade of well, 62°; of water, 51°.

August 25th. In shade of well, 73°; of water, 52°.

November 20th. In shade of well, 43°; of water, 52°.

January 1st, 1890. External air, 56°; inclosure, 53°; water, 52°.

March 11th. A bleak, sunless day. Temperature in shade of well at noon (I was late that morning because of my lumbago), 54°; water, 51°. The *Chryso-splenium oppositiflorium* in rich golden bloom within the inclosure.

These five extracts ought to convince any one. But the spring has other properties besides its steady temperature. To begin with, it will cure a child of rickets;

and in the second place, the font down at the parish church is always kept supplied from it, for this sufficient reason, that no infant baptized in its water can ever live to be hanged. There is yet another virtue, with which I became acquainted just three years ago.

I was abroad in my garden, one May morning, and in the act of tossing a snail over my box hedge, when I caught a glimpse of half-a-dozen sun-bonnets gathered about the wall, and heard some girls' voices giggling. Standing on tip-toe, I saw a group of maids from the village, and in the middle one bending over the water. Presently she scrambled to her feet, glanced over her shoulder, and caught sight of me. A shrill cry followed, and the party fled, multivious.

Considerably puzzled, I stepped into the road, and looked after their retreating skirts. A stone's throw up the lane, Gabriel Penny the road-mender was busy with a spade scraping two parallel lines of flints into places worn smooth by hoofs and cart wheels. Said I, walking up, "Can you tell me what those young women were after just now by Scarlet's Well?"

Gabriel groaned, and began with a terrific aspirate:—

"Hafter? Can I tell 'ee what they gigglets be hafter? Iss, I can—'tes ME."

He brought the point of the spade down to the ground, so that the handle rested vertically; crossed his hands over the end, rested his chin on his knuckles, and regarded me.

"'Tes hard, sir, to pursue the callin' of a widowman in a world full of languishin' women. Says Martha to me—Martha was my old woman—just afore she was tuk, an' the doctor, wi' all his Lunnon knowledge, saying, 'While there's life there's hope,' 'Gabey, my dear,' says she, 'don't 'ee cast coaxin' eyes 'pon another woman when I be gone around land—don't 'ee, co! For ef you do,' says she, 'I'll ha'nt 'ee—Lord's truth, I will.' 'But,' says I, 'Martha, I be so comely,' 'Passel o' stuff,' says she; 'just you try it on, that's all!'—an' wi' that she passed. Ay, but 'tes hard for a man to do hes duty in that state o' life, an' all the mazegerry maids for miles round a-chokin' Scarlet's Well wi' pins to attract 'en."

Stepping down to the well, I saw, sure enough, half-a-dozen small pins gleaming in its brown depths. So I went back and reasoned with Gabriel. For indeed the pin is useless as a love charm, useless altogether, unless flung in by way of

curse, to injure the person who is present to the mind at the time. It is, I told Gabriel, a companion superstition to that of sticking pins into a wax image, a sheep's heart, an orange, or an apple—the pin being a spear or dagger in miniature, and wounding more dangerously than a needle or splinter of wood, because it gives the sufferer the evil humors of the person who works the spell.

Gabriel dropped his shovel.

"An' me wi' a fusterin' finger!" he groaned, and ran away up the lane for his life.

Half an hour later I heard the noise of his shovel on the road again, and went out.

"Been up to Aun' Susan's," he explained curtly; "'went hedgin' Tuesday week an' rinned a thorn under my fingernail. I tell 'ee 'twas black—you; but I reckon Susan's put et to rights."

"What did she say?"

"I'll tell 'ee, so near as I can remember. 'Christ was 'pon middle earth,' she says, 'and the Jews pricked en; his blood sprang up into Heaven, his flesh never rotted nor fustered; no more shan't thine,' and then her went dro' the Toxicology dree times."

It was the Doxology, though, that Gabriel meant.

This morning I found a strip of pink calico hanging from the brambles by the mouth of the well. I had seen the pattern before on a gown worn by one of the villagers' wives, and I knew the rag was a votive offering, hung there because her child, who has been ailing all the winter, is now strong enough to go out into the sunshine. Q.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE UMBRELLA.

THERE are very many things in daily use the origins of which are extremely curious and interesting when we come to examine them, but which in the present rapid nineteenth-century mode of living are rarely given a thought to. We refer now more especially to umbrellas, the user of which is no longer an object of derision, such as the first Englishman who carried one became. Common as the article now is, it is only since the early part of the present century that we have enjoyed such a defence from the rain. The traveller, Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first Englishman to carry an um-

rella; but its use did not become general until the early part of the present century. The introduction of it into Scotland was even later than in England. In Creech's "Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces" there is a note to the following effect: "In 1763 no such thing known or used as an umbrella; but an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, who had occasion to walk a good deal, used one about the year 1780." This surgeon was no other than Mr. John Jamieson, who, having been to Paris and seen them in use there, brought one home with him, and this was the first seen in Edinburgh. He was a humorous man, and related with much gusto how he was stared at by the people as he and his umbrella went along.

We may wonder how, in the pre-umbrella days, people managed when they were caught in the rain. They seem to have hurried as best they could to where some roof projected over the footpath, or to where some door offered refuge. It will be remarked how much time this must have wasted; but minutes were not guarded so carefully in those days as they are now. The literature of bygone days is full of amusing scenes and otherwise enacted under these rain-shields.

We do not mean to infer from the foregoing that the umbrella was not known of at all until the eighteenth century; on the contrary, it is of very ancient origin, and was used by the Orientals and Greeks and Romans to a large extent, though very differently and under peculiar restrictions. Umbrella now means a portable protector from rain; while the name *parasol* is given to a smaller, more fanciful, and lighter article carried by ladies as a sun-shade. Originally, the umbrella, from the Italian diminutive *ombrello*, which strictly means "a little shade," was used only as a sun-shade, and its first home was in the hot, brilliant countries of the far East. In those sunny climes such an article was very agreeable; but it was not used for both rain and sun, as the Orientals do not think of leaving their homes in the rainy seasons. Its application as a defence from rain was quite an after-thought. The German word *regenschirm* and the French *parapluie* describe it as a rain-shield, just as the *parasol* signifies a sun-shield. Our vocabulary, however, has no appropriate word equivalent to rain-shield, so we content ourselves with umbrella.

On an ancient sculpture at Persepolis, in Persia, said to have been executed in the reign of Alexander the Great, a sovereign is depicted, attended by two bear-

ers, one of whom holds an umbrella over the head of the royal personage. From the earliest times in the Eastern countries, the umbrella was one of the emblems of royalty and power. On the sculptured remains of ancient Nineveh and Egypt there are also representations of kings and lesser potentates going in procession with an umbrella over their heads. The term "satrap," the old Persian title for a prince or governor of a province, is said to be derived from the Persian word for umbrella; and in India, as well as in Persia, the title "lord of the umbrella" has been in vogue for ages. Among the titles of the sovereign of Ava is that of "lord of the twenty-four umbrellas," which refers, it seems, to the twenty-four states or provinces combined under his sway. The Mahrattan princes of India had among their titles, "lord of the umbrella." The king of Burma, addressing the governor-general of India in 1855, spoke of himself as "the monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries." The umbrella is a distinguishing sign of the king of Morocco, and no one is allowed to use it except the sovereign, his sons, and brothers. It is related, in reference to this, that when one of the rulers of Morocco was leaving his palace, his umbrella was broken by the violence of the wind; and ever ready with superstitions, it was at once interpreted as an omen that his reign would soon terminate.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the umbrella was used by ladies, whilst for men to carry them was looked upon as very effeminate. The baldachins placed over ecclesiastical chairs, canopies of thrones, pulpits, altars, and portals, are closely related in their origin to umbrellas, and have, too, the same symbolic significance. There still hang large umbrellas in each of the basilican churches of Rome. It is probable that the custom of using umbrellas in Greece and Italy never became obsolete. Montaigne alludes to its use in Italy as quite common in his day, but only as a sun-shade. Parasols played a very important part among the Greek sacred and funeral ceremonies and in the great holidays of Nature. The Romans used sun-shades not only at theatres but at battles also.

When the Prince of Wales went to India, a golden sun-shade had to be placed over his head, as a symbol of his sovereignty. Many of the natives presented him with umbrellas as parting souvenirs. One, hailing from Indore, is in the form

of a mushroom; whilst that given by the queen of Lucknow is in blue satin, stitched with gold, and covered with fine pearls; others are made of gilt paper, others entirely covered with ravishing feathers of rare birds, all having long handles in gold or silver, damascened in carved ivory or in painted wood of wonderful richness and execution.

The amusing story related by Dr. Kitto serves as an excellent illustration of the use of the umbrella in Turkey. The great traveller was staying for a time at the village of Orta-Khoy, on the Bosphorus, some six miles from Constantinople. He was accustomed to visit Constantinople pretty often; and one day, when he was going, thinking it might rain, he took an umbrella. When he reached the spot where the boats started from, he found they had all gone; and not wishing to give up his visit, he determined to walk, and started off on the road at the back of the buildings lining the Bosphorus. Shortly after he started, it commenced to rain, and he very naturally put up his umbrella. As he approached the palace of Dolma Baktche, he observed the sentinel was making some extraordinary signs to him; but he failed to comprehend their significance. The soldier finally hastened towards him with his bayonet directed straight for the innocent traveller. An old Turk, who happened to have seen all the proceedings, assailed Dr. Kitto, as he thought very rudely, by pulling down the umbrella and turning and speaking to the sentinel. He was then allowed to pass on; but the old Turk did not let him put up his umbrella until they were beyond the precincts of the imperial residence, as the umbrella is emblematic of royalty in Turkey. It is, however, used in Constantinople, although the sultan is supposed not to know it, and for this reason it is not allowed to be displayed in his presence or in passing any of the palaces.

Umbrellas when first used in this country were heavy, ungainly articles, which did not hold well together. Considerable ingenuity has been exercised to bring them to their present compact, serviceable, and elegant forms. In their early days they usually had long handles, with ribs of whalebone or cane, very rarely of metal, and stretchers of cane; the jointing of the ribs and stretchers to each other and to the handles was very rough. Oiled silk or cotton, both of which are heavy in substance, and liable to stick together in folds, was used as the covering material. Gingham was soon substituted for the oiled

cloth; and in 1848 Mr. Sangster patented the use of alpaca as a covering material for umbrellas. Mr. Samuel Fox in 1852 was the next to improve the umbrella by inventing the "paragon" rib, which is formed of a thin strip of steel rolled into a U or trough section. This gives great strength for the weight of metal.

In the seventeenth century in France, the parasol was not in regular use except at court among the great ladies. The silk sun-shade was used for promenades, and in the beautiful alleys of the Versailles Park about the middle of Louis XIV.'s reign. In Fournier's "Old and New" it is stated that the invention of parasols was drawn from the felt hat of Tabarin. Another likely proof of the use of parasols and umbrellas not being very wide in the seventeenth century, may be inferred from the fact that the celebrated *Précieuses*, who were accustomed to say, "The third element falls" for "It rains," seemed to have had no word peculiar to themselves for this much-prized article. Madame de Pompadour had a very curious sun-shade in her possession; it was of blue silk, superbly decorated with wonderful Chinese-miniatures in mica, and ornaments in paper very finely cut and affixed to the background.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than recall the amusing episode which took place at Blairgowrie when an umbrella was first sported there. It seems the minister and the laird were the only people who used them, and the people at large looked upon them as some strange phenomena. One day one of the tenants went to pay his rent to the laird, and it began to rain as he was about to leave. He was very kindly offered the loan of an umbrella, which he accepted, and started off gaily with the "peculiar phenomenon" in his hand. A little time after, the laird was surprised to see his tenant hastening back and to hear him exclaiming; "This'll never do; there's nae door in a' my house that'll let it in; my very barn door winna let it in!" The good man had not thought of closing it.

From The Speaker.

"YET IN THE LONG YEARS LIKER MUST THEY GROW."

FOR a week past the little world of Cambridge and the larger world outside have vied with one another in doing honor to Miss Fawcett, and in commemorating

with no grudging spirit her remarkable success. The proof which Mrs. Montagu Butler gave three years ago of a woman's ability to win pre-eminence in one line of intellectual achievement, Miss Fawcett has paralleled in the other, and there is now no longer room for disputing that both in classics and in mathematics women may claim the highest prizes which the universities can give. We do not think it necessary to consider which of the two is the more signal victory, for we have never seen reason to suppose that, though women might conquer in Latin and Greek, the citadel of mathematics was the peculiar sanctuary of man. It adds nothing to the brilliancy of Miss Fawcett's exploit to institute comparisons between them. But, as Mrs. Butler had taken possession of one field, we are glad that Miss Fawcett has chosen the other for her own. And those who count themselves among the followers of Mr. Fawcett, and who long admired, not only his dauntless battle with adversity, but the whole purpose of his public life, may be permitted perhaps as friends to rejoice that in the university which has already many reasons for remembering his name this memorable honor should have fallen to his daughter's lot.

It may now, we assume, be regarded as a matter which experience has placed beyond the range of bias, that the opening up to women of the chief treasures of learning was a measure of fairness unfringed with harm. In individual cases, if we like, we are free to retain our feelings. Men may speculate whether in some instances college life is altogether advantageous for women of whose future they have, or hope, to dispose. But even brave men will no longer contend that the approaches to it should be barred to women, or deny that of its fitness for themselves they must ultimately be the judge. The whole question of the position of women is so full of difficulty that it is no wonder if the issues have sometimes been confused, and it is only gradually that we are becoming able to distinguish between them. The question of education is settled, when it is conceded that in all matters of intellectual attainment girls should enjoy unrestricted freedom, or should, if anything, be more quickly led into deep studies than boys. Beyond, there lies the harder and the separate problem of a woman's part in life. In these days we are a busy people, and we have not always time to think our problems out. But a matter of such profound

import we may perhaps in all humility ask women to consider from all sides. It is easy enough to leap to the conclusion — and we are far from disputing it — that a woman is as good as a man. It is another matter to discover for what each is best fitted, and how the relation between them can most easily be suited to the altering conditions of a woman's life. The sphere of their activity, no man can doubt, is widening daily. It is true that women's work is still often under-paid; and the fact that only a minority of women are forced to earn their living, still checks the rate of wages. But there are signs that this inequality is likely slowly to diminish, and all sorts of occupations and employments are unfolding themselves rapidly to women of all classes. Which of these they mean to fill, which they are calculated to excel in, and what effect the acceptance of them may have upon their lives and the society about them — all these things are questions which not even the most intrepid journalists can decide offhand, or the strongest minds suffice without much thought to settle.

Further, beyond the question of women's private rights, there lies the harder question still, round which recently many controversies have gathered, and in which many protagonists have engaged, of their public function in the State. Shall they be "no more housewives, but queens"? Who doubts that the latter-day philosopher is right, when he urges us to recognize, as a force to be reckoned with and applied, the active ambition of women? Deep-rooted in the hearts both of men and of women there sits this "inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them." How is that ambition to be utilized? What are the fields where it may safely lead its possessors? What are the limits which they ought to recognize, the barriers which nature bids them bow to, and which immemorial experience sets? Or has an ampler knowledge and a changing age swept nature and experience aside? How far is identity of political functions the real corollary to intellectual equality between men and women? Is an antagonism between them necessary as the basis of equality; or how far is that to be avoided or desired? We do not propose to answer these questions here. Our object is only to point out that they are questions which have to be answered, and that, as such, they require to be considered by the best brains both of women and

of men. The problem is not perfectly simple, nor very plain to read. Its complexities are innumerable; its results reach infinitely far. But before women launch themselves into a new life, and step on to strange paths, we claim that they should pause, and think how those paths must be trodden, and whither they lead; and that they should take the bearings of the world with unembarrassed vision and with new-learned wisdom balancing the pulses of emotion, instinct, and ambitious hope. If Miss Fawcett and her compeers and successors will employ their gifts in making these things clear, and thus help us to settle perplexities which, so far, even humor has not solved, they may rest assured that they will render a conspicuous service in their generation to mankind.

From Public Opinion.

THE FOUNDERING OF THE DACCA.

THE following letter is from a lady who was on board the British India Steam Navigation Company's vessel the *Dacca*, when she came into collision with the *Dædalus* reef, in the Red Sea, and foundered on Friday, the 16th May: —

On board the S.S. *Palmacotta*, in the Red Sea,
Saturday morning [May 17th].

I know the consternation you will be in when you read of the total wreck of the *Dacca* in Monday morning's paper. We were going along beautifully, without a hitch, until yesterday morning, when I was startled as I lay in my berth by the doctor, who came and told me we had struck on the shoal, and all hands were to get on deck and make for the boats. How they were all got out of the ship, clothed and with their lifebelts on, seems amazing to me now. The doctor was very cool, and we all followed suit as well as was in our power. The emigrants, of whom there were more than four hundred, did not know there was any danger till they were passed to the boats. Some told me afterwards that they thought it was a "sort of drill" in case of a wreck. But the orders given to the emigrants will, I think, always ring in my ears in future: "Get into your clothes, put on your lifebelts, and pass on to the saloon deck." I was in my night-dress, dressing-gown, and slippers. The doctor came running along and put a lifebelt over me, and again as he passed he put a hat on my head; otherwise I should

have gone over still worse clad than I was. The matron in charge of the female emigrants (Mrs. Tymons) was the last woman to go over the side, and the doctor saw every soul off, and came away with Captain Stuart at the end. I believe every one in command was as cool as possible, and every man connected with the ship did his utmost. . . . When we got off in the boats we were rowed into water where we could touch bottom; then we had to wade to the lighthouse through coral stones and soft mud. Most of us bear the marks of the journey on our feet. Then there were the sick to be attended to. The doctor had them all in a room at the top of the lighthouse, and, considering all things, the management was marvellous. We were then trans-shipped to the Rosario, and late that afternoon to the Palmacotta, so that we had three trans-shipments of all these hundreds of people on that dreadful Friday. Numbers of them did not seem to realize the danger they had been in, and were picking up coral and shells as mementoes of the Dacca even while she was sinking. Not a life was lost, but most of the passengers are like myself — they have nothing but what they stand upright in, nearly all valuables having gone to the bottom with the steamer. Thanks to one of the officers, I got the silver wedding present I am bringing out. I told him where to get it. My own possessions I was not able to think of. When we were once more settled down and I thought of them, my little grandson's books were the first regret, and afterwards I remembered my copy of "Knight's Illustrated Shake-

spare," I was taking out with me, and so on from article to article. Then it was that my destitution dawned on me. Captain Almond, the late despatching officer of the Queensland Emigration Office in London, who was on board, worked incessantly at the boats during the trans-shiping. He, the captain of the Dacca, and all the officers did all they could to help every one. The captain and crew of the Rosario also were most kind. As the shipwrecked passengers came on board they served out biscuits and lime-juice to them and gave the women sheets, counterpanes, etc., to wrap round them while their clothes dried. It seems to us as though we had been through a horrible dream, but it is wonderful to see how we have all settled down again, the people sleeping and eating on the decks, and behaving well. Do you remember — used to chaff about the Dacca going down? I can imagine his horror when he reads the cable message. I hardly know what I write, but I must get some sleep now, as I have had none since the wreck. The doctor's work has been incessant, and his is the greatest responsibility. Please ascertain at the shipping office how you can send things to me, and forward linen, etc., of which I send a list. Until we get the telegrams from England after reaching Suez, we do not know whether we shall go on in this ship, or wait until the Tarra or Taroba can be despatched from London to pick us up. Now, my dear —, good-bye. Words cannot tell you how I feel, and I do not think the horror of it all will ever leave my mind. Love to you all.

WANTED AN AFRICAN ARMY. — There are great jublations in England that we have obtained the concession or protectorate of so large a portion of Africa. It looks as if at the close of the nineteenth century we were about to create an empire in Africa similar to that which our ancestors created in Hindostan. The origin by means of chartered companies having large powers is much the same, and probably the growth of the African Empire will be much the same as the Eastern one. But this African Empire will certainly increase the responsibilities of the mother country and in time demand the protection of British soldiers. We may, as we have done in India, raise native troops, although we believe Kaffirs as distinguished from Fingoes have never readily entered our military service; still just as in India the best native troops require a

backing of British soldiers, so in Africa native levies will always require the support of English troops. As we have asked before, How is this increased demand for soldiers to be met? Bounties will certainly give us recruits, but not the proper kind of recruits. We do not want men who enlist to-day and desert to-morrow. We have too many deserters as it is, but the bounty system is a premium on desertion. Then again we have the police striking for higher wages, and we have no doubt that they will get a rise. This is, of course, dead against the interests of recruiting. Our theory is that the constabulary should be taken from the army, so that the superior attractions of police service should be made the means of inducing men to enter the army.

Broad Arrow.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE ORIGIN OF ALPHABETS, . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i> . . .	451
II. AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON, . . .	<i>All The Year Round,</i> . . .	466
III. COMEDY IN FICTION, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	472
IV. THE CESSION OF HELIGOLAND, . . .	<i>Scottish Review,</i> . . .	482
V. CHRISTMASTIDE AT TANGIER, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	485
VI. CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	493
VII. RURAL REMINISCENCES, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . .	496
VIII. "IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH," . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . .	502
IX. A MANUAL FOR INTERIOR SOULS, . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . .	506
X. THE OXFORD SUMMER MEETING, . . .	<i>Speaker,</i> . . .	508
XI. THE "SMART" WAY OF SHAKING HANDS, . . .	<i>Spectator.</i> . . .	511

POETRY.

VILANELLE,	450	THE MOSQUE'S THRESHOLD, . . .	450
AFTER SPRING,	450		

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VILANELLE.

THESE half-blown roses, yesternight,
My lady gathered laughingly —
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

She smothered them with fern-leaves quite,
Till through the green you scarce could see
These half-blown roses, yesternight.

Her face was flushed with rosy light;
On each fair cheek shone charmingly
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

I cannot surely tell aright
With what sweet grace she gave to me
These half-blown roses, yesternight;

Gave me, in pledge of all delight
That in the coming days shall be
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

Lady, my days are golden-bright,
Because you plucked, half-playfully,
These half-blown roses, yesternight,
A crimson rosebud, and a white.
Chambers' Journal. H. D. LOWRY.

AFTER SPRING.

FAIR as a maiden's dream
The happy land in changing glory lies;
The swallow skims the stream,
Chasing its shadow o'er the mirrored skies;
Faint whispers haunt the trees;
Music hangs in the clouds and melts upon the
breeze.

In dainty pink and white
The bowery orchards toss their foam-flakes
high,
Swinging their seas of light
Against the mellow radiance of the sky;
Loosened by hands unseen,
The wind-cuff'd petals fall, to wilt on carpets
green.

Touched with the year's delight
The rich rank buttercups like wild fire run;
Daisies, in kirtles white,
Dance on the lawn, and blush beneath the sun;
The bracken's silvery ball
Creeps up its naked stem, and spreads a shade
o'er all.

A down the leafy lane
The lads and lasses gather love and flowers;
The cuckoo's plaintive strain
Beguiles at intervals the listening hours;
With every morning's dew
Heaven gains a higher dome, and earth a
clearer view.

Far from the smoky town
The elves and sprites hide in the truant shades,
And sail their skiffs adown
The winding music of the golden glades:
Their boats are blades of grass,
And weaving coats for summer flowers they
sing and pass.

All lovely sights appear
The mystic porch and fading vestibule
Of visions lovelier;
The streams run deep with thought; each
wayside pool,
A glimpse of fleeting sky,
Dazzles in broken sunlight as the breezes fly.

Summer has wed the Year;
He woo'd in April, and he won in May;
In every thicket near,
Unseen, they celebrate their nuptials gay;
June is their first-born child:
Bluebells are in her eyes: her cheeks are
roses wild.

Soon shall her maiden form
Mature in queenliest beauty, rich and tender;
Her breath blow soft and warm,
Her yellow tresses waft in dreamy splendor;
Her smile shall hush the sky,
And in her lap asleep, the birds and flowers
shall lie.
Good Words. WILL FOSTER.

THE MOSQUE'S THRESHOLD.

A COMMON woman of the ashamed East,
Vermilion'd, henna'd, filthy, and unchaste,
Sat in the dust o' the vulture-cleansed bazaar
With her brown weanling, filthy eke and sore:
Oblivious sat of oaths and angers sped
Betwixt two hucksters wrangling o'er her
head,
Kissing the child, a lover never tired.
Gazing, as one that ne'er before admired;
Her look fixed only on its duller eyes,
She kissed it with love's fever of surmise,
With the long, long kiss of lovers that must
part,
With strained hush of the wild-guessing heart,
With passion endless as the deserts lie
Which the slow files of lofty camels pace —
The trembling sands athirst from sky to sky.
The little one look'd alway in her face,
And in brief pauses of that long embrace
With its small fingers on her neck doth press,
Leaning forth eager to each hot caress.
And when above them (for the sun was set)
A voice from the dove-mantled minaret
Enjoined mosque-worship, — past the uncon-
scious pair
The solemn Musulmans moved in to prayer.
Spectator. F. H. TRAWEN.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE ORIGIN OF ALPHABETS.*

THOSE who are obliged to read the handwriting of a number of correspondents are aware how large a proportion of educated men write more or less illegibly, and that, except in cases of imperfect sight or of an unsteady hand, this want of clearness is mainly due to hurry. The writer sketches the general effect of a word so as to give himself least trouble in conveying his meaning, and omits all strokes, dots, and stops which he thinks not to be absolutely required. Nor is this only to be observed in civilized Europe, for the handwriting of Orientals, who use the varieties of the Arabic alphabet, is equally rendered illegible by the same causes.

It is in the recognition of this desire to save labor that the underlying principle to be followed in tracing the growth of all epigraphic systems is to be found, not even excepting the most cumbrous and laborious of existing methods—the Chinese; and the knowledge of this principle has enabled scholars to place on a secure basis the study of ancient modes of writing. The crude attempts made a century ago by those who had not at their command the wealth of epigraphic evidence which has now been gathered; who regarded the square Hebrew of their own times as an original character already existing in the days of Moses; who saw no objection to attributing the early Christian "Sinaitic Inscriptions" to the Israelites, or the coins of the Hasmoneans to the kings of Judah, have now been superseded by a sounder study of facts; and the recovery by De Sarzec of very early Babylonian texts on the statues of Tell

Lo, and that of yet more archaic inscriptions in Syria and Asia Minor and Cyprus, has rendered it possible to trace with certainty the progress of the art of writing.

From the hurried scrawl of a modern Arabic epistle to the carefully engraved letters of the Moabite Stone is a transition so complete that, if we were not possessed of the intermediate steps represented by the Nabathean and the Cufic, we should never be able to feel satisfied that the Arabic alphabet is a direct lineal descendant of the Phœnician. Yet not only is this the case, but the history of the Phœnician letter itself can be carried back from the ninth century B.C. for a length of time equal to that which divides our own days from those of Solomon; and the well-defined form of the Moabite symbols is found also to result from a continual and very gradual change, which has produced a conventional shape from what was originally the carved figure of a natural object. It has been proved, over and over again, by independent scholars working at different systems of writing—such as the Chinese, the cuneiform, or the Egyptian—that no peoples ever invented an arbitrary system of writing, or ever originated an alphabet as such by any mutual assent. All the known graphic systems originate in a picture-writing as rude as that of the American Indian or of the South African bushman. All have advanced from the picture to the conventionalized hieroglyphic representing an idea or a word; while from the hieroglyph has sprung the syllabary represented by rougher sketches of the monumental emblems, and requiring a smaller number of necessary symbols. Finally among the more civilized of ancient races the alphabet was gradually introduced as a simplification of the syllabary which reduced the necessary emblems to about a fifth of their previous number; and from the simplest and clearest of these early alphabets—that used in Syria—all modern styles of writing, whether they be the Runes of the Norse, the square letters of the Romans, the elaborate Sanskrit and other Indian alphabets, or the Arabic, which is almost as widely diffused as our modern

* 1. *Découvertes en Chaldée*. Par E. de Sarzec. Paris: 1887.

2. *Tableau comparé des Ecritures Babylonienne et Assyrienne archaïques et modernes*. Par A. Amiaud et L. Mechineau. Paris: 1887.

3. *Structure of Chinese Characters*. By J. Chalmers, M.A. London: 1882.

4. *Die altpersischen Keilinschriften*. Von F. Spiegel. Leipzig: 1881.

5. *Languages of China before the Chinese*. By Professor T. de Lacouperie. London: 1887.

6. *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*. Par E. Renan. Paris: 1881-5.

7. *The Alphabet*. By Isaac Taylor, LL.D. London: 1883.

running hand, have slowly diverged in accordance with the necessities of various classes of language, until the common origin becomes discoverable only by special study. The Chinese alone have retained an antiquated and most inconvenient system, which the Japanese have greatly simplified. In all other parts of the world the early hieroglyphic systems have been swept away, and the Syrian alphabet has triumphed over the Egyptian, the cuneiform, and other systems of writing, which in their time were used by nations more powerful and civilized than those who first adopted the alphabet—probably as a convenience for the busy merchants of Phœnicia.

It is well worth while to study the history of Chinese writing as a guide to the understanding of other systems which are now quite obsolete, and as an instance in which a conservative love of preserving ancient custom, joined to an incapacity for boldly seizing the method of simplification which should have suggested itself as the outcome of a steadily increasing vocabulary and an ever-growing complexity of ideas to be represented (both by word and by written character), has landed a laborious and patient race of scribes in a pedantic absurdity of system, which renders the Chinese scholar of twenty less able to express himself on paper than an English child of five.

Thought, language, and writing grew side by side and influenced each other. Picture-writing was unfitted to express more than the rudest facts of action or of perception. The simplest abstract ideas it was incapable of representing; time could only be shown by clumsy numerals; adjectives only of size or color were possible. The desert Arab, like the North American Indian, is still obliged, being illiterate, to show the generosity and valor of a dead chief only by carving the coffee cups and the sword on his headstone, while the name of the worthy remains unrecorded and fades from the memory of later generations.

The advance of thought and of language necessitates, therefore, in all cases an advance in graphic representation from the picture proper to some method of using

the existing pictures for the purpose of recording sounds, and the hieroglyphic systems have all attacked this problem in much the same manner. Chinese characters, for instance, are of two kinds, called *keys* and *phonetics*, or, in other words, pictures and sounds. The keys, as now used, represent the class of object or of action which is set forth by the sound of the phonetics, exactly as in Egyptian the so-called *determinative* is added to the syllabic or alphabetic spelling of the word. The scholar, distrustful of his own power of reading the syllabic emblems which often had more than one sound, added the key as a check on his own meaning. The oldest form of hieroglyphic writing, called "ideographic" as representing ideas only, was of the nature of the modern conundrum, where "I see you" would be represented by an eye, a sea, and a yew-tree, but such conundrums being notoriously difficult of explanation, unless some part, at least, is represented by word or syllable, we may judge how hard to read with any certainty the old ideograms would have been when used only as syllables without some check or key to meaning.

There are at least five ways in which such combination of picture and syllable may be arranged, and all these methods are adopted in Chinese. First we have the double (or so-called "clam-shell") word represented by two pictures, which serve to define each other. This may be instanced by such a term as "housewife," but in modern Chinese the verb is chiefly so expressed, "peep-look" signifying "to see;" these double terms being necessitated by the great number of words of similar sound which have resulted from the wear and tear of the original language, and which are now only distinguishable by the comparatively modern invention of the tones of voice. In the second case, we have the picture and the syllable, or a key with two or three syllables, attached. In the third case, we have two pictures with a single sound—which in cuneiform is known as a "compound ideogram"—of which a curious instance in Chinese is the word *lau*, "a leak," represented by the emblem for house, with the emblem for rain under it, the rain being under

stood to have penetrated the roof. It is remarkable that a race so ingenious as to have invented this double emblem should have been incapable of simplifying their writing by grasping at a wider generalization.

The fourth case is but a variation of the preceding, one emblem being placed inside the other—an arrangement also common in cuneiform, and known in Egyptian. So, for instance, the Chinese word for prisoner is *tsau*, represented by the figure of a man inside the emblem of an enclosure. The fifth case is that in which the sound alone is represented by the requisite number of syllables, and it is from this more advanced system that an alphabet, or at last a syllabary, might have arisen—as among the Japanese—were it not that the Chinese scholar, like other pedants, desires rather to surround himself with difficulties regarded as evidences of knowledge, than to contribute to the cause of the advancement of learning.

Had the Chinese language advanced beyond its original stage of grammar, the use of a syllabary would have become imperative; but in thought and in speech, as well as in writing, the conservative character of the Chinese has opposed any advance for at least three thousand years.

The imperial dictionary of Kanghi contains no less than 44,449 words; and Chinese scholars recognize 24,235 distinct emblems for these words. Of this enormous aggregate, which is divided into six classes, about nine-tenths are syllabic compounds, and only the remaining tenth is really a picture-writing. The compounds are readily reduced to a smaller list of two thousand signs which, as now written, appear to be distinct and quite arbitrary emblems; but these also yield to a closer inspection made by aid of the most ancient forms of the figures, and it is found that the system is in no respect arbitrary, but the result of hasty sketching of forms which, in their earlier state, were outlines of various natural objects. In the first century of the Christian era the "Shwoh-wan," was written—or dictionary of Hū-Shan, who strove to reduce the emblems as then written to

their original elements; these he supposed to have been five hundred and forty in number, but the further study of modern Sinologists has shown that this number may be greatly reduced. The emblems in 100 A.D. were already conventionalized almost beyond recognition, and many of the supposed original forms are found to have been compounds, while in other cases real original hieroglyphs were torn to pieces by the Chinese epigraphists into fanciful constituents. Of the numerous styles of writing used in China the "seal character" is the oldest of which any complete study can be made, and it resembles closely that used on stone drums supposed to be as old as the time of Hsuan Wang (827-782 B.C.), which record certain hunting and fishing adventures. But even in the ninth century B.C. it appears that the written character had become so conventionalized that many emblems suggest no original shape. Dr. Chalmers, who has specially studied the "Shwoh-wan," reduces the emblems to three hundred originals, some of which, however, are double signs, and it appears therefore, that the whole cumbrous total of 24,235 word-signs already mentioned sprang from an original system of perhaps not more than two hundred and fifty hieroglyphs.

It is clear that, until the Chinese problem had thus been simplified by patient labor, any attempt at comparative study with other systems would have been vain; and, indeed, the idea of a comparison between ancient hieroglyphic systems—the Syrian, the cuneiform, and the Egyptian—has only been very recently conceived, each specialist having, as a rule, confined his attention to one of these branches of epigraphy, treating the comparative question with the same scorn with which earlier scholars treated the first attempts of other comparative students. Fortunately, however, a flood of light has been cast on the subject by the discovery of the Tell Lo texts—hereafter to be considered—and of the Syrian hieroglyphic system; and it is now certain that the cuneiform itself originated in a system of only about one hundred and seventy emblems at most.

When we compare the Chinese original symbols with those of Egypt and of western Asia, we at once notice numerous identities. The emblems are, in some forty or fifty cases, the same, roughly speaking, both in form and also in their signification, that we find in the old historic systems of Asia. This has induced some scholars hastily to assume that the Chinese borrowed their system from the Babylonians, and attempts have been made to prove this connection by comparisons of emblems. Unfortunately, those who have taken this view have been only imperfectly acquainted with the older systems, and have forgotten two important objections. On the one hand, such comparisons must be confined to the very earliest examples of the Chinese and the cuneiform, since accidental resemblances of later forms, or an uncritical use of characters of different ages, is sure to mislead; on the other hand, the differences between the two systems are quite as important as the similarities. The Chinese notation of numbers, for instance, is quite different from the cuneiform, and the emblems used to denote pronouns and other grammatical forms have no connection. The similarities, if they prove anything, show that the Chinese system may have sprung from the same early picture-writing from which the cuneiform was developed, but the two systems were, beyond doubt, separately developed.

There is no historic record of the original home of those who invented or systematized the old Chinese hieroglyphics; but it is usually supposed that the Bak tribes, from central Asia, were the first to bring civilization into the "flowery land." The Chinese Sacred Mountain and Garden of the Gods was in eastern Turkestan, and the Mongolian element, which is the strongest and most civilizing of those which together constitute Chinese nationality, came from the west.

It is remarkable, in studying this question, to observe how entirely the Chinese claims to a very ancient civilization have been shown, through careful study, to be unsupported by valid evidence. The shadowy emperors, enumerated as far back as 2179 B.C., have left us no records of their power. In the days of Confucius, as Professor de Lacouperie informs us, there were numerous petty kingdoms in China, which were not consolidated even in the time of Mencius, 450 B.C. The records of eclipses only go back to 776 B.C. for the sun and 436 B.C. for the moon. The Chow emperors of the eleventh century B.C. had

most limited authority. The famous snuff bottles — once thought to show that the Chinese were in communication with the Pharaohs — bear quotations from the works of Chinese poets not earlier than 702 A.D. This is a very different result from that which an uncritical acceptance of Chinese pretensions induced Voltaire to adopt when he claimed for the Chinese a civilization older than any other.

The hieroglyphics of the stone drums, already mentioned, show us, however, that about the time of Ahab, a people in a state of rude civilization existed in China. The emblems used prove that they were agriculturists, who sowed corn and ploughed; that they used the shield, bow and arrow; that they had boats and nets, pottery of various kinds, and even musical instruments such as the harp; also, probably, carts drawn by horses or by oxen. The original emblems include signs for the elephant, the bear, the cobra, and the monkey, which are not found in west-Asiatic systems. The elephant existed in Honan down to 600 B.C., the hardier apes are still found in north China, and these signs, with those for horse, rat, tortoise, porcupine, and lizard, were probably invented in China itself, and are unknown in cuneiform, Syrian, or Egyptian hieroglyphic systems.

This preliminary sketch of the growth of a mode of writing which, not many years since, was regarded as purely arbitrary in origin and development, enables us — from an example still before our eyes as a living system — to understand the principles on which the now extinct hieroglyphic systems of west Asia and of Egypt are to be studied; and one of the great advantages which the late Dr. Birch possessed when, as one of the first generation of Egyptologists, he contributed his important share to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, was that he was also acquainted with the Chinese characters and with their mode of use.

The great discovery of Champollion was an instance of the slowness with which the average human mind attains to new ideas. Even after the Rosetta Stone, with its triple text in hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek characters, had been found, scholars still persisted in regarding the Egyptian as a picture-writing. Champollion urged the common-sense plea that a picture-writing could never have been capable of expressing the names of foreign monarchs, or such words as Ptolemy, Cleopatra, etc., which occur on this text. Champollion also (not more than seventy

years ago) had made a careful study of the three Egyptian styles of writing: the monumental emblems with accurately carved hieroglyphic forms, the cursive hand of the early papyri — called hieratic, and the yet more conventional *demotic*, or running, hand of a later age, which forms what the Greek text of the Rosetta Stone calls the *enchorial* copy of that inscription. He had succeeded in showing that the hieratic was a hurried sketch of the hieroglyphic emblem in every case, and the demotic a mere degradation of the hieratic. He further went on to show that, out of the four hundred Egyptian common emblems, quite three-fourths were syllabic, and that at a very early period the Egyptians had even advanced — by selection of certain signs — to an alphabet of twenty-five letters, as stated by Plutarch. The picture-writing, which earlier scholars claimed to decipher, thus proved to have no existence, although some seventy or ninety forms, more or less common, were employed as *determinatives*, showing the class of object or action indicated by the syllables — just as the *key* defines the phonetic signs in Chinese.

This system of writing was that exactly fitted to the stage reached by the Egyptian language, which was not yet inflected but terminational, yet which was more developed than the agglutinative tongues of Asia, since it recognized gender. The Egyptians were thus found to have advanced further towards the final goal of simplicity of writing than the Chinese, since their use of alphabetic signs enabled them to reduce the number of emblems requisite, instead of continually increasing them as the Chinese have done.

The decipherment of the cuneiform was the triumph of the next generation of scholars; but the genius of Lassen and of Sir Henry Rawlinson triumphed over yet greater difficulties than that of Champollion in two respects. First, that they discovered how to read this character without the aid of a bilingual; and secondly, that the highly conventional arrow-headed emblems were as little capable of being reduced to their original hieroglyphic forms as were the Chinese without the aid of the "seal character," so that no assistance could be obtained from the forms of the characters.

The decipherment of cuneiform began from the final goal reached by those who employed that cumbrous system — namely, from the Persian texts of Darius; and the work was carried back very gradually to the earliest age, about 2500 or 3000 B.C.

The Persian texts were the easiest to begin with, for they were written in a rude alphabet, and the number of emblems was thus only thirty-six in all, of which thirty are letters, and the remainder ideograms, or signs for *king, land, son, name, Persian*, and a stroke for dividing sentences. It has been thought that the use of such an alphabet by the Persians was due to the influence of the Semitic alphabet, which had already begun to supersede the cuneiform in Chaldea. The Persian system, however, shows traces — just as the Egyptian alphabet also does — of having grown out of an older syllabary. Thus, we have in Persian cuneiform the letters *te* and *tu*, *ke* and *ku*, and *ma*, *me*, and *mu*, and another sign for *tr*; nor can the system be considered a pure alphabet while the determinatives above mentioned are still regarded as necessary. The exact derivation of the Persian cuneiform signs is still matter of doubt, though, according to Dr. Oppert, they descended from the Medic syllabary, which is used on the same trilingual texts. The Assyrian syllabary may, however, be the more probable source.

Having mastered the characters and the language of the Persian texts, Sir Henry Rawlinson had provided himself with a means of attacking the yet more troublesome question of the decipherment of the Semitic and Mongol versions of the same historic records which were inscribed in parallel columns with the Persian, and in cuneiform characters of another kind. The Assyrian texts have now given us no less than five hundred and fifty different signs which grew out of the original system, just as Chinese signs increased in number. The Assyrian language being inflectional, a syllabary was inevitable, and the later texts are usually written by means of about one hundred syllabic signs, with twenty-eight determinatives answering to the Chinese *keys* already described. The Medes used a somewhat simpler system, with one hundred and nine syllables and twenty-one determinatives; the Assyrian cuneiform is found very early as far west as Cappadocia, with a local dialect of the Assyrian language, and it was also employed by the early kings of the Vannic region, who appear to have been of Phrygian origin, to record events in a language believed by Dr. Mordtmann to be an early Aryan tongue akin to Armenian. The Medes were a Turko-Mongol race, whose language has been restored from the monuments by Dr. Oppert. Thus, the cuneiform was in use throughout western

Asia during the days of the kings of Judah and during the Persian dominion, being employed by all three of the great Asiatic stocks: the Turanians represented by Medes, Elamites, and Susians; the Aryans represented by Vannic and Persian tribes; and the Semitic race as represented by Assyrians and, later, Babylonians. Many causes — due to local influences, to the material employed, and to the lapse of time — created numerous changes in the arrow-headed characters, but substantially all these variations only serve to illustrate the common origin of the various developments.

The cuneiform or arrow-shaped character is as conventional and unintelligible as the later Chinese, but patient labor has quite recently enabled scholars to trace the hieroglyphic origin of the system. The arrow-form is due to the shape of the wooden style, used to impress the figures on unbaked clay. On the oldest Babylonian texts, and on the stone statues of Tell Lo, this arrow-form of the strokes is no longer to be noted, and, indeed, the casual observer would never suppose these early characters to have any connection with the later cuneiform — a connection which is, however, established by study of intermediate forms beyond any possibility of doubt.

The cuneiform system was not the invention of either Assyrians or Babylonians. Sir Henry Rawlinson discovered, some forty years ago, that another race, speaking quite another language, originated the civilization of Mesopotamia. Like his other discoveries, and like all great discoveries of science, this result was fiercely called in question. Like all other truths, it has in the end prevailed. Bilingual texts, bilingual syllabaries, fresh records in the same ancient tongue not discovered when he reached his conclusions, have set the matter at rest in the minds of all but a very few of the older antagonists. The race so recovered from their monumental records was not of the Semitic group; its language was not inflected, but terminational or agglutinative, and akin to the Turko-Mongol languages of our own day. This stage of language, as already observed, is that which always accompanies early hieroglyphic writing. The word-roots of the old Akkadian — as his language is generally called — were monosyllables easily adapted to representation by single emblems. When other races adopted these emblems, and used them either as pictures or as sound-signs, there came to be a double development.

On the one hand the old Akkadian sound survived; on the other, the Akkadian picture received a new sound by translation into another language; and as the old Akkadians themselves applied more than one name to each emblem, the final complex result in Assyrian was, sometimes, to give eight or ten sounds to one sign, while, on the other hand, more than one sign might stand for any one sound.

It was, however, only two years ago that the researches of De Sarzec, at Tell Lo, four days distant from Bassorah, brought to light statues covered with inscriptions, which show us the earliest stage of cuneiform writing at present known. The probable age of these statues is about 2500 to 3000 years B.C., and the language of the texts, which record gifts to temples, is the Akkadian, or early Mongolic, tongue of Chaldea. A very peculiar feature of these inscriptions is the arrangement whereby the syllables of any word are arranged vertically in the line, the words following each other from right to left. This has clearly proved what was before only imperfectly perceived, namely, that the Assyrian emblems are all written at right angles to the original position of the hieroglyphs. The Babylonians placed the emblems one beneath another in a single line, and then found it easier to read the text by holding the tablet so that the lines should be horizontal. Hence, all the pictures fell, as it were, on their backs, and were no longer erect, as they are at Tell Lo. For this reason their pictorial value remained long undiscovered by modern scholars, and many mistakes have been made in trying to guess what the arrow-headed signs were originally intended to represent.

The Tell Lo texts, in a large number of instances, make it quite easy to recognize the original meaning, and the careful labor of MM. Amiaud and Mechineau has now supplied scholars with a regular succession of authentic dated specimens of cuneiform emblems from the earliest times down to the later developments in Babylonia and in Assyria.

Of the five hundred and fifty known cuneiform signs two hundred and twenty are not represented on the Tell Lo texts. The system, as it existed about 2500 B.C., included about one hundred and seventy emblems (not counting the numerals), and, compounds being made from them, they amounted to some three hundred in all. Of these simple signs no less than ninety are the same used with syllabic values by the Medes of the fifth century B.C., though

the change of form had by that time become so complete that the connection could not even be imagined without intermediate examples.

A good many of the one hundred and seventy original cuneiform signs are recognizable as sketches of objects. The foot stands for "go," the hand for "take," the legs for "run" — much as in Egyptian; and we find the eagle and the swallow represented at full length, while the dog, the deer, the ass, and the sheep are symbolized by their heads. The sun, the human eye, and the tree occur as in other hieroglyphic systems; and the evidence of civilization afforded by some of the emblems is important. Thus the bow, the arrow, and the sword represent war; the vase, the copper tablet, and the brick represent manufacture; boats, sails, huts, pyramids are also sketched; the yoke and the corn-ear give evidence of agriculture. From these symbols we ascertain that as early at least as 2500 B.C., Mesopotamia was inhabited by a settled and civilized race, speaking the Akkadian, or Mongolic, language, in which these texts are written. What has already been said as to comparisons of Chinese and other systems holds good in comparing the oldest Egyptian and Akkadian systems. Many emblems are common to the two systems, with the same ideographic meaning, but the grammatical signs are as distinct as are the languages of Egypt and Chaldea. The two systems may well have sprung from an original picture-writing common to both races, and common also to the earliest ancestors of the Chinese, but the development from picture to hieroglyph or ideogram was in every case a distinct and separate process.

Ten years ago it would not only have been impossible to trace the cuneiform to its origin, and to compare it with other systems, but it would have been regarded as certain that, until the appearance of the Phœnician alphabet, no other system besides the cuneiform of the Babylonians and the Assyrians was in use. Recent discoveries — especially those of George Smith in the ruins of Carchemish — have, however, revealed to the learned world the existence of another distinct and very primitive system of hieroglyphics which was in use about 2000 B.C. in the north of Syria and in Asia Minor. The texts are mostly carved on hard basalt blocks, with emblems cut in relief as in the earlier Egyptian monuments. The signs, as far as is at present known, do not exceed

about one hundred and thirty in number, of which number some fifty recur very frequently; and, as the experience gained in studying the other systems shows, these are clearly to be regarded as phonetics. The signs which represent natural objects are distinct and masterly reproductions. The eagle, the deer, the sheep, the bear, the fox, the ram, the bull, and the ass are represented by boldly carved heads — excepting the first, which shows the whole of the bird. Many of the emblems are the same which occur in the other systems, and especially in the cuneiform. The foot, the hand, the pair of legs, the arm, no doubt, have the same ideographic meaning as in other systems.

The hieroglyphs of Hamath, Carchemish, and Asia Minor are thus probably the oldest symbols known in Asia as used in writing, and these texts are probably as early as about 2500 B.C. at least. The absence of compounds and of included emblems, the small number of signs and their distinct pictorial character, together tend to prove the great antiquity of these imperishable basaltic records. The syllables of the words are arranged vertically in the line, just as in the case of the Tell Lo texts; but it has been observed by those who have studied this subject that the lines, instead of all running from right to left, run alternately in that direction and in the reverse — from left to right. This is shown by the fact that all emblems are reversed in the alternate lines; and this method of writing is exactly the same found in the earliest alphabetic texts of Greece and of Asia Minor, whether in Greek, in Phrygian, or in the unknown language of Lemnos. The Asia Minor hieroglyphic writing is, in short, *boustrophedon* writing, an arrangement hitherto only found in connection with Greek alphabets.

Even while these lines are passing through the press, fresh materials for the study of the ancient script of Syria and Asia Minor have been published. The learned and adventurous German explorers, H. H. Karl Humann and Otto Puchstein, in 1882 and 1883, pushed their way far east: Herr Puchstein as far as Diarbekr; Herr Humann, from Brusa through Asia Minor to the great ruined town of Pteria, and thence to the mouth of the Halys; while, together, they passed from Alexandretta, along the south slopes of the Taurus, to the Euphrates, north-west of Edessa, discovering the important ruins of Nemrud, in Commagene. The record

of these journeys has just been published in Berlin,* but the account of their still more important discoveries of later years will probably not be ready for some time. The most important remains found during the journeys described were discovered at Nemrud, and represent the civilization of the half-Greek, half-Parthian kings of Commagene, shortly before the Christian era; but they have added two new monuments to the small number already known, in which archaic figures are accompanied by hieroglyphic texts of the native Syrian script. One of these comes from Merash, at the foot of the Taurus, north-west of Carchemish; the other from the ancient Samosata, on the Euphrates, north-west of Edessa. We thus know that this peculiar and ancient civilization extended all along the course of the upper Euphrates, in Commagene, and in the land of the Tuplai, as well as throughout Cappadocia, Cilicia, and far west to Ionia.

These new texts are, unfortunately, so much decayed as to be illegible, but they show us several new features in the Syrian writing. Thus the new Merash text reads entirely from the left, whereas most of the texts of this region begin on the right in the first line, only three being previously known to begin on the left. The Merash text is written in seven lines, right across the body and legs of the sculptured figure. This same curious method of arranging inscriptions is well known in Assyria. The Samosata example takes us much nearer to Nineveh than any previously found, but in Nineveh itself terra-cotta seals have been collected with the same hieroglyphics, and even at Babylon a stone bowl so inscribed, which may, however, have been carved elsewhere.

The discoveries so made show us, however, that great caution is necessary in studying the antiquities of Asia Minor, and in attributing dates to sculptured remains. There were many early races in this region—the European Phrygians, the Iranian Lycians, the older non-Aryan populations of Caria and Lydia, the Semitic traders of Cappadocia, the Aramean-speaking people of Cilicia. The character of the native art changed very slowly. The bas-reliefs at Nemrud, which represent Antiochus of Commagene clasping the hands of various divinities, belong to the last years of independence, before Rome swallowed up this petty kingdom of the Euphrates valley in its empire. In

these bas-reliefs a Scythian costume and the well-known Phrygian cap are represented, but the figure of Zeus-Oromazdes is crowned with the conical cap which has been said to be distinctive of the earlier so-called "Hittite" costume. It is extremely difficult to fix the date of any sculptures in Asia Minor, unless they are accompanied by written texts, and MM. Perrot and Chipiez may have been too hasty in some of their attributions of sculptures less archaic in character than are those on which the Syrian, or Hittite, characters are found. There is a very marked advance from these inscribed bas-reliefs, which represent horned gods bearing corn and wine, goddesses riding the lion or drinking nectar, and demons with bulls' horns and legs, or double-headed eagles, to the graceful Lycian figures of 400 B.C. Even later the rude and stumpy figures of Nemrud show us that the Greek canons of art never penetrated into Commagene, where the Persian influence was strong; nor did the Asia Minor Aryans arrive at that power of portraying strength and vigorous action, which is so marked in Assyria. We still expect from travellers like Professor Ramsay or H. Humann and Puchstein further discoveries, which may enable us to restore the lost history of Asia Minor and Armenia with greater certainty of historic sequence than has as yet been attained.

That the language of this newly recovered hieroglyphic system of Syria and Asia Minor was a terminational and not an inflectional language may be regarded as certain, because, as has already been indicated, it is to the terminal stage of speech that all hieroglyphic systems apply. It is, however, clear that we ought to expect a hieratic or syllabic character to have arisen from the Syrian, as it has from every other hieroglyphic system; and not only has this occurred, but the later syllabary has in this case also been recovered and deciphered. The syllabary in question was discovered first in Cyprus, where many monuments were found written in a new character, including about fifty-four different forms. The problem of decipherment was attacked by George Smith in 1872, with the aid of two inscriptions, one in Phœnician and Cypriote, the other in Greek and Cypriote. George Smith proved, to the general satisfaction of scholars, that these syllables were used by the Greek local monarchs of Paphos, Salamis, and Kurion between the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., and even as late as the time of Alexander the Great other

* *Reisen in Kleinasien und Nordsyrien.* Karl Humann und Otto Puchstein. Berlin: 1890.

texts in the same character have been found in Egypt. In every case the language is a Greek dialect, and the syllabary is thus used for an inflectional Aryan tongue, just as the later cuneiform was used in Persia.

As regards the connection between this Cypriote syllabary and the Syrian hieroglyphs, several of the signs, such as *ka, ne, mo, ti*, etc., are so exactly and evidently similar as to have carried general conviction to the minds of the learned; and altogether about half of the syllabary can easily be referred to the original hieroglyphs. Thus from the syllabic sounds we gather those which belonged to the original emblems, and thus are able to recover the sounds of the commoner terminations and pronouns of that language.

The review thus attempted of the development of the four great systems of hieroglyphic writing—Syrian, cuneiform, Egyptian, and Chinese—has carried us down to the days when a new invention appears, and soon supersedes the clumsy systems of syllabic or ideographic writing. From 3000 to 1000 B.C. mankind labored with patience and ingenuity, yet never succeeded in producing A, B, C. It was reserved for the Phœnician traders, who—as Voltaire points out—were too busy to devote time to the learning of four or five hundred emblems for use in writing, to develop the broad generalization of an alphabet, which was, in fact, at first a kind of shorthand as compared with the syllabary. A knowledge of the large total which is made by the combinations of twenty-five things would show the modern student that an alphabet of twenty-five letters might easily be employed illimitably in writing. Yet when first employed the alphabet was no doubt treated with scorn by orthodox writers, whose education bound them down by pedantic laws. It might be good enough for ignorant merchants, but was clearly unfit for educated persons. So it comes about that among the earliest of alphabetic texts we find the dockets on the backs of cuneiform documents, which are neither religious nor historic, but merely mercantile agreements. In the end the universities were swept away, the hieroglyphic scribes were out of employment, and mankind was taught to write its own letters in the A, B, C of the Phœnician merchant; and finally the hieroglyphic and syllabic writings were so utterly forgotten as to employ the lives of several generations of scholars for their recovery.

The inventors of the alphabet clearly

worked on some previous syllabary, just as the Persians or the Egyptians tried to develop alphabets by selection of syllabic emblems. The question as to the Phœnician alphabet is still, from what syllabary did it arise? The oldest dated monuments in alphabetical writing as yet known belong to the tenth century B.C., including the Moabite Stone and the new inscription of Panammu; for the large majority of Phœnician texts as yet discovered are even later than the Persian age. The famous coffin of Eshmunazar from Sidon has been shown, by aid of a newly discovered text from near Acre (dating 221 B.C.), to belong to the times of the Ptolemies; and the one Hebrew text at present known (the Siloam inscription) is very clearly of the age of Hezekiah, about 700 B.C.

It would seem that the new alphabet came very quickly into use over a wide area, including Greece, Asia Minor, and Palestine. The Phrygian texts, which are written in Greek letters, are thought by Professor Ramsay to be, perhaps, as old as the ninth century B.C.; and the Lycian alphabet, which includes no less than twenty-seven letters, is known at least as early as 400 B.C. On the east the Semitic letters slowly gained on the cuneiform, which they superseded; and the latest discoveries made by German explorers in the region north of Aleppo show us that the Phœnician civilization had spread in this direction as early as it did southwards to the trans-Jordanic deserts of Moab.

Attempts have been made to derive both the Cypriote syllabary and the Phœnician alphabet from the cuneiform, but these have found no favor with the majority of scholars. Another attempt was made by the French Egyptologist, De Rouge, to show that the Phœnician alphabet (with the exception of the guttural letter *Ain*) was derived from the Egyptian hieratic characters, especially from those used alphabetically in Egypt. At the time when this suggestion was made the Cypriote syllabary was unknown, and it is an instance of the dangers which surround the antiquary who has only fragmentary information before him, that until this script was discovered there seemed to be only two alternatives if the alphabet was to be accounted for as anything but a distinct invention—namely, a derivation either from the Egyptian or from the cuneiform system.

The great objection to De Rouge's theory is that only by great exercise of imagination can the hieratic letters be

supposed to compare with the very clear and simple forms of the early Greek and Phœnician alphabets. Any one looking at such texts would at once say that the Cypriote forms are much more of the character required for comparison than are the current and slovenly shapes of the Egyptian hieratic. In addition to this objection De Rougé has only attempted to explain the short Semitic alphabet of twenty-two letters, whereas the Greek alphabet of Asia Minor and the Lycian and Carian alphabets contain altogether forty letters. Thus, although the Egyptian derivation of the alphabet will be found frequently mentioned as an accepted fact by those whose knowledge is not original, and who rely on the opinions of others, it will not be found by the student who enquires deeper that De Rougé's theory has been received with general acceptance by the learned world.

In studying this matter it is necessary to take into consideration the general character of the civilization of Syria and Asia Minor, as compared with that of surrounding countries; and a great deal of new light has been thrown on this question through the discoveries of recent explorers. Earlier writers used to look exclusively either to Egypt or to Assyria for the originals of Greek art; but we now know that a third civilization, peculiar to Syria and Asia Minor, intervened between the two great civilizations of Chaldea and of the Delta—a native development with which the Greeks on the one side, and the Hebrews on the other, were in immediate contact. That the Phœnician alphabet of twenty-two letters was adopted in the Greek islands, with which the Phœnicians traded, is clear from existing early texts; but the great Ionian alphabet, with the Phrygian, Carian, and Lycian scripts, represent a larger system, and one better fitted for use in Aryan languages, which attach much value to differences of vowel sound—long, short, or double. The Greek letters are called *alpha*, *beta*, etc., which (as has often been pointed out) indicates a derivation from the Aramean or north Semitic dialect, rather than from the *aleph*, *beth*, etc., of the Hebrew and Phœnician. It is only within the last year that the early existence of an Aramean alphabet, old enough to compare with the Ionian, has become known, through the discovery of the magnificent inscribed statue of Panammu, and this discovery is expected to modify considerably the previous opinions of the learned.

It is true that at a somewhat late period when the Syrian coast was under the temporary rule of the Ptolemies, the influence of Egyptian civilization is very clearly shown by the peculiarities of Phœnician art objects; but this is not the case in the earlier age when the alphabet first makes its appearance. The earlier characteristics of Syrian art are more nearly akin to that of Assyria, and yet more closely related to the archaic forms found in Asia Minor and northern Syria, at Carchemish, or in Cappadocia, in connection with the native hieroglyphic script, which, as before noticed, forms a character quite distinct from either Egyptian or cuneiform.

Many emblems—such as the lion-headed deity, the winged horse, the sphinx, the scarabeus, the winged globe—are known, it is true, in Egypt or in Babylonia at an early date; but all these emblems are also known in connection with the native art of Asia Minor and Syria; and many of the Phœnician statues of early times are much more like the rude figures of Carchemish than they are like the slim Egyptian forms, or the elaborately finished figures of Assyria. Hence it has come to be very generally acknowledged that the prototypes both of Greek and also of Phœnician art are to be found in the native work of Asia Minor; and that it was only at a later period that the influence of the more distant regions of Chaldea and the Nile valley came into play, for the improvement of classic style. Architecture, no less than art, tells us the same, and this view would long since have been generally received had it not been for our complete ignorance as to the early civilization of the Levantine coasts.

It is only natural, therefore, to suppose that the alphabet, which certainly first appeared in this same region, was also of native invention, and not a foreign importation; and it is, therefore, to the syllabary of Asia Minor and of Cyprus that we must turn, in order to find the originals of the alphabetic forms. This syllabary is not yet perfectly known, but it has already been acknowledged to supply the originals of those Greek and Lycian letters which are not used in the smaller alphabet of the Semitic peoples. The latest discovery, in connection with this important and interesting character, is the fact that the Greek letter *eta* was used with the same sound in Cypriote, and with the same form. Any student who compares the Cypriote *mi* with the Greek *m*, the Cypriote *ke* with *kappa*, and so on with the majority of the letters, will be able to

convince himself of the original identity of such signs. The Cypriote syllabary, in short, is the native source of the alphabet subsequently used in the same region, and the more we know of this syllabary, and of the earlier forms of the Greek and Aramean and Phœnician letters, the more striking does this comparison become. The only reason why this view has not been long since recognized is that the Cypriote syllabary was only discovered about twenty years ago.

Hieroglyphic writing never came into use in Europe. The northern Aryans, whose civilization is so much later than that of the Asiatic races of the Mediterranean coast and of Mesopotamia, never appear to have possessed an original character of their own. They adopted different forms of the Greek and Italic alphabets, while their cousins in Armenia and in Persia adopted the later cuneiform. The civilization of the Aryans, generally, was borrowed from non-Aryan races, and Herodotus has confessed that "the Greeks invented nothing."

In Italy, and along the north shores of the Mediterranean, the earliest known civilizations belong to the later period, when alphabetic writing was already in use. The Etruscan, Oscan, and Umbrian alphabets are believed to be of Greek origin, and none of these early Italic tribes — whether Aryan or non-Aryan — appear to have used any hieroglyphic character. Yet it would seem that an older syllabary preceded the Italic alphabets in southern Europe; for it has been discovered that the so-called Celt-Iberian alphabet is nothing more or less than a form of the Cypriote syllabary. Probably this may have been introduced in the far west by traders — Greek or Phœnician — from Cyprus or Syria, for it does not seem to have taken any strong hold on the population, and, as far as is at present known, it did not make its appearance in Italy.

The largest of ancient alphabets in western Asia was the Lycian, used about the fifth century B.C. Neither the language nor the exact value of the less familiar letters are at present fixed beyond controversy, though they have occupied the attention of the learned for nearly half a century; but there are strong reasons for supposing that the dialect of the Lycians — whose splendid inscribed monuments enrich the British Museum — was akin to the ancient Persian; and it is certain that it was remarkable for its liquid sounds and its numerous distinctions of vowels, both of which circumstances ren-

der its Iranian origin probable.* It has been recognized that the additional letters of the Lycian, which do not occur in the Ionian alphabet, have the same value as in the Cypriote syllabary. These additional letters, as usually explained, include one consonant and six vowels not found in any Greek or Semitic alphabet, but (except the consonant *h*) all existing in the Cypriote syllabary. The total number of Lycian letters was thus twenty-seven in all.

In addition to this very complete alphabet we have the Carian and the Phrygian, both of which include letters unknown in Greek texts, and both of which appear to have been used by Aryan tribes preceding the Greeks in Asia Minor. The celebrated graffiti scrawled on the statues at Abu Simbel by the mercenaries who accompanied Psammethichus (in the seventh century B.C.) are, in some cases, in Greek, and, in others, in unknown dialects, supposed to be Carian, since Herodotus mentions the Carian contingent in speaking of this expedition. In other parts of Egypt Greek inscriptions, written in the Cypriote syllabic character, are now known, as well as alphabetic texts in the larger alphabet of Asia Minor; and at Abu Simbel we obtain a date to such writing which is most valuable for comparative study, and which is sufficiently early to show that, even if the Phœnician or the Aramaic alphabet was at first the only one known to the western Aryans, nevertheless, it is to the peculiar value of vowels in Aryan speech that we owe the perfecting of civilized alphabetic writing; for, taking into account other Cappadocian and Pamphylian letters, we find in the Aryan alphabets of Asia Minor no less than forty distinct letters, as contrasted with the twenty-two of the Phœnician alphabet.

In Semitic speech — whether Hebrew, Assyrian, or Arabic — the vowels proper play a somewhat subordinate part. In the vernacular or colloquial language the vowel-sounds are slurred, and the distinctions of vocabulary or of grammar depend far more on the correct pronunciation of gutturals, and of hard or soft consonantal sounds; but such carelessness as to vowel-sounds would be impossible in

* The Lycian genitive, singular and plural, is the same as in ancient Persian. Many names on the Lycian tombs are Persian. The alphabet includes the guttural *h* and *h* of the old Persian, but also the letter *z*, unknown in Persian, but known in Sanskrit. In some respects Lycian approaches Greek, which was the nearest akin, of the old European languages, to the Iranian or East Aryan family.

Greek or in Persian. Hence the Semitic alphabets, while they have distinguished carefully certain gutturals which soon dropped out of use as having no counterparts in the sounds of non-Semitic languages, have never represented the vowels proper in writing except by points placed above or below the consonants. A Phœnician inscription consists entirely of consonants. The scholar has to supply vowels in accordance with the rules of grammar. Down even to the fourth century A.D. Hebrew was written without vowel-points, and much indistinctness exists in consequence in the interpretation of certain words. Though the Aryans invented no system of writing, they may justly claim to have perfected the alphabet by making the vowels integral parts of the spelling of the word. When we turn to the Etruscan inscriptions — which are not Aryan — we find the old imperfect system still in force, and the vowels frequently omitted. It was no doubt because the letters were still, to a certain extent, regarded as emblems of syllables that this change was so gradually introduced. The original inventors of the alphabet appear, for instance, to have resolved to use the sign which stood for the syllable *ke* in all cases, whether for the sound *ka* or *ke*, *ki* or *ku*, and they so used it in languages where the distinction was not, perhaps, of vital importance grammatically. It was only very gradually and in languages rich in distinctions of vowel-sound that it became the practice to insert as separate symbols the representatives of *a*, *e*, *i*, and *u*.

We may now glance for a moment at the history of the diffusion of the original alphabet — a question which, though still presenting problems not solved to the satisfaction of all scholars, is, nevertheless, better understood than is that of the exact mode and place of birth of the original alphabets.

In Asia the Semitic alphabets diverged into two great groups, known as Phœnician and Aramean. In Europe the Greek alphabet and its eldest offshoot, the Italic alphabet, formed the prototypes of all the later scripts.

The Phœnician alphabet, known through a number of inscriptions of the Ptolemaic period, and through yet later texts from Carthage, was widely diffused. To this original family belongs the alphabet of the famous Moabite Stone and that of the Siloam inscription, and of some of the earliest Jewish coins. The Talmudic writers, who contrast this ancient alphabet

with the *Ashuri* or sacred square character, which was in use when the Jerusalem Talmud was written, call the Phœnician the *Lebonai* writing (perhaps because of its use in Lebanon), and remark that it was used with the Aramean language by the "ignorant," among whom the Samaritans held the first place. The Ashuri, on the other hand, was used by the learned — that is to say, by Jewish rabbis and scribes, with the sacred language — that is, with the ancient Hebrew of the Old Testament, which they studied.

The rabbinical writers believed that this Ashuri, which was the parent of modern square Hebrew, was introduced by Ezra, and this, though rather a bald statement of the case, is shown by the recovery of monumental inscriptions to have been probably founded on fact. During their captivity the Jews came in contact with the other branch of the Semitic alphabet; and the forms of the letters having become considerably changed by the time of Darius, an uncritical scribe might very probably not recognize the original identity of the alphabet to which he was accustomed before his return from captivity, and of that which had been used by his forefathers, and which, but slightly modified, continued to be used by the Samaritans and Phœnicians. The Aramean letters slowly won their way. They were not used very extensively in the second century B.C., but about the Christian era we have the Beni Hezir text on a tomb at Jerusalem, which shows us forms, evidently the early prototypes of the square Hebrew; and in the second and third century A.D. this alphabet seems to have been exclusively used by the Jews — the old Phœnician remaining peculiar to the Samaritans. Thus in the days of our Lord there were no less than three various styles of writing practised in Syria — Phœnician, Samaritan, and Jewish — in addition to the use of Greek and even of Latin on coins and inscriptions.

As time went on the Asiatic alphabets grew numerous and very diverse. The gradual separation of various schools was inevitable in regions where communication was difficult, and when no printed type served as a model of form. The Phœnician alphabet of twenty-two letters not only found its way to the shores of Carthage and spread thence westwards to Numidia and the Canary Islands and to the shores of France at Marseilles, but it also appears at an early date to have been carried by the traders to Yemen, where it developed into the early Sabean or Him-

yarite script, of which so many examples have been lately discovered. In the first century A.D. Yemen was at the height of its prosperity as the emporium between India and Alexandria, and from the Sabeen alphabet were developed, as time went on, the Ethiopic, the later Himyarite, and (with additions) the Amharic.

In the second century, when invading Arab tribes came up from Yemen as far as Damascus, they brought with them this south Semitic alphabet, which is used in the innumerable texts on rocks and stones of the Safa district east of Bashan. The Sabeen alphabet had a yet more remarkable history, due to the trade relations with India which continued with little interruption from the time of Solomon down to the Middle Ages; for it has been shown by Dr. Isaac Taylor that the original alphabet of southern India — as known from the inscriptions of the Buddhist king Asoka about 250 B.C. — was originally derived from the Arab traders. Out of this early Indian character all the various local scripts of India, Burmah, and the Southern Islands have grown. Of the four great Indian groups the Pali became a Buddhist script, and from it sprang the Javanese, Burmese, and other alphabets in countries converted by the southern Buddhists. A yet more important branch of the original character was the Deva Nagari — loosely called the Sanskrit — which became the sacred alphabet of the Brahmins. Even in Asoka's time, by modifications of the twenty-two Semitic forms, an alphabet of forty letters was made up, as required by Aryan speech; and in the modern Sanskrit, by addition of contractions and other syllabic signs, the alphabet of forty-eight letters is increased to a system of two hundred and sixteen symbols — thus to some extent defeating the ends of alphabetic writing by reverting to syllables.

While the southern Semitic alphabet thus pressed forward towards the south boundaries of China, the Aramean alphabet approached the northern side of the empire, through Mongolia. In the first century A.D. not only does the square Hebrew begin to be a distinct type of this script, but the Palmyrene and Nabathean alphabets are only parallel developments. The kings of Petra used the northern script, and the Sinaitic inscriptions have been shown by Levy (in 1860) to be Nabathean texts of the third and fourth century A.D., some being heathen, some Christian, and accompanied by the cross. These texts, once thought to have been written

by the Israelites, are but records of Arab pilgrims, who have left their names on the rocks with invocations of health, peace, and blessing.

Rather farther south in Arabia itself texts in Aramaic character are now well known; and it was from this that the local alphabet of Mecca descended, and from the latter came the modern Arabic, which is the alphabet of Islam — in Turkey, Persia, Africa, and India, as well as in Syria.

The exact derivation of the Kufic characters, or old Arab alphabet of Syria, is still a matter of dispute, some supposing it to be an offshoot of the Syriac, while others hold that it came from Arabia. It is certain, however, that it was used near Damascus a century before the Moslem conquest; for a most interesting Christian text of the year 568 A.D. was copied by Wetstein* at Harrân, close to the great lake east of the Syrian capital, in which the Arbana loses itself. This is earlier by more than a century than the oldest Moslem text in Kufic characters. It is bi-lingual, and the Greek records the erection of a Chapel of St. John, while the Arabic reads from the right, preceded by a cross, as follows: "I, Sharahfl, son of Talemu, built this chapel. Lord John delay thou . . . the day whereon I shall be taken away. So be it, yea." The text, supported by others, gives evidence of the existence of an Arab Christian population in Bashan under the Byzantine emperors, and shows us that the Kufic was the national script before the inroads of Omar's generals.

In the early days of the khalifs the archaic forms of the Kufic were used in Syria, but in Egypt the more flowing outline of the Neshki (probably the local alphabet of Mecca), which finally prevailed. The forms of modern Arabic represent perhaps the greatest amount of decay from the original emblems that can be found in any existing script. Arbitrary dots take the place of distinctions of form, and without these the writing is illegible.

Not only Jews and Moslems thus adopted the Aramean writing, but Christians and Zoroastrians also. The Syriac grew out of Palmyrene, and flourished, especially in the Byzantine age, gradually decaying in the eighth century A.D. The fashion prevailed, in writing Syriac, of placing the letters horizontally and the lines of writing vertically on the paper.

* Cf. Waddington, *Inscriptions Grecques et Latines de la Syrie*. Paris: 1870. No. 2464, p. 563.

In process of time the Nestorian priests took this alphabet to Mongolia and with it their peculiar method of arranging the lines. In the palmy days of Mongol civilization under Genghiz Khan and his successors this alphabet spread all over Mongolia; and hence in Mongolian the writing is still in vertical instead of horizontal lines. The Manchu alphabet is of Mongolian origin, and thus the Nestorian script was carried to the borders of China.

Side by side with this development the Persian Zoroastrians modified the Aramean script. The Parsee and earlier Pehlevi come from the monumental characters of the Sassanian and Arsacid period. Further east the Bactrian alphabet was adopted in northern India and occurs on Asoka's inscription of Kapur-di-giri. From this source also sprang the cyphers or numerals, which were originally initials of the Indian names of the numbers (as shown by Dr. Isaac Taylor), and from Indian Aryans the Arabs thus learned the value of place in arithmetic, and the forms of the numerals, both of which are popularly supposed to have been Arab inventions.

From the Persian alphabets of the age before Islam also arose the Armenian and the Georgian scripts, which were rendered complete by the addition of a few Greek letters. Thus by the Middle Ages the Semitic alphabet had spread over the whole of Asia, even invading China, with the Buddhist and Nestorian missionaries.

In Europe the Semitic alphabet made no progress. The Asiatic immigrants first carried a knowledge of the alphabet of Chalcis to Cumæ, and from this original arose the various Italic scripts. It is, however, remarkable that the Phœnician and Greek names of the letters never reached Italy, until the later time when, under the emperors, Greek culture became fashionable in Rome. In earlier ages the letters were known by the syllabic names still given to them in Europe — an indication that these may have been preserved from the syllabary of Asia Minor, unless indeed the Etruscans and Latins reverted to the original sounds as easier to pronounce than the Greek names of the letters.

The Goths, perhaps as early as the time of Herodotus, learned their letters from Greek traders in Scythia, and hence arose the Runic alphabet, which in various forms spread westwards along the Baltic, and came over with Scandinavian conquerors to our own island. In the Byzantine age other alphabets arose from the Greek

cursive script, namely, the Slav and the Albanian. Dr. Isaac Taylor has shown to the satisfaction of Slavonic scholars that the Russian alphabet is of Greek cursive origin, naturally accompanying the faith of the Greek Church of the Byzantine period.

The decay of Greece and the rise of the Roman power, even more than geographical position or epigraphic advantages, account for the final triumph of the Latin alphabet in Europe. The minuscules, or small letters, came in gradually about the tenth century, and two distinct types grew up — the Gothic-looking black letter of the Teutonic races, and the clearer and less corrupt Italian forms used by the Latin races of the West. With the introduction of printing into Germany in the fifteenth century the black letter was associated, and brought with the printing-press to England, Caxton's type being of the Teutonic family. Among other changes due to the personality of Henry VIII. was that of the substitution of the Latin minuscule for the black letter. Thus England, breaking away from Teutonic influence, joined the Latin races in use of "Roman characters," and this character has in our own times so clearly asserted its superiority over the Teutonic forms that even in Germany it begins to be generally adopted in preference to the German letters.

Such, briefly sketched, have been the fortunes of the alphabet as it spread from its Syrian home. It is instructive to note how slowly the human mind worked in evolving the idea of A B C. This was no question of taste or of artistic genius; it was a most utilitarian necessity for the trader to be able to record his engagements, and to send notice to his partners. Yet the Assyrian merchants knew only the laborious cuneiform, and at least two thousand years were required to advance from hieroglyphic forms to the earliest alphabet. The invention of printing has done much to preserve the forms of the letters, yet even under our own eyes they are undergoing gradual changes. Any student who opens a book a century old will observe these changes, which are due to the same ancient causes which produced the letters themselves.

It is natural that when changes in modes of writing are so slowly brought about, each generation sticking close to the lessons of childhood, all arbitrary attempts at innovation should be doomed to failure and finally be forgotten. The idea of shorthand is by no means modern. It

is said to date back to the days of Cicero; and from the sixth century of our era down to the eleventh a shorthand was used which developed five hundred arbitrary signs and then perished through its cumbrous attempts to save trouble. In the same way we have seen the endless contractions of the Greek minuscule given up during the present century, and a return made to the alphabet pure and simple. It seems safe to predict that whatever changes in writing lie before us they will all be due to insensible modifications of the Roman text, which is gradually superseding other characters, and that they will never be brought about by the arbitrary edicts either of governments or of private societies. The old causes will continue to act. Alphabets will follow the trader and the missionary, letters will be modified according to the character of the material — wood, stone, metal, or paper, palm-leaves or brick, and according to the instruments used — whether graver, style, brush, or pen. Before our eyes the steel and stylographic pens have been modifying the handwriting of Englishmen as compared with that of the quill-drivers of a century ago, and the quality of paper used has an equal influence on the forms of the letters. The alphabet used by the most civilized and most widely ruling race must become the dominant alphabet; and with the English language the Roman text must continue to spread over the face of the earth.

Thus, looking back for five thousand years from our own time, we are able to see what causes — linguistic, political, geographical, commercial, and religious — led to the use of the type in which this paper is printed. With a language as yet not much more than a system of exclamations (whatever the origin of speech may have been) a simple picture-writing was sufficient. When from this stage men passed on to the agglutinative or terminational stage, when roots began to subserve grammatical purposes, a hieroglyphic character, gradually becoming less pictorial and more phonetic, has always been found necessary and sufficient. The appearance of inflections has invariably led to the employment of syllables; and at this stage scholarly and conservative societies stopped still. It remained for the busy trader further to simplify the syllabary for the purpose of commerce, and for the Aryan race, with its numerous modifications of vowel-sounds, to develop the alphabet in its most perfect form. With the triumph of Greece all the clumsy, Asiatic

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3670

attempts to solve the final problem were swept away; the cuneiform and the Cypriote syllabary died a natural death; the hieroglyphic system lingered in Egypt, but never affected the history of European scripts. Rome again drove back the Greek alphabet to the East, and the great schism gave Latin letters to Europe and endless alphabets to the Greek sects. The rise of Islam carried the alphabet of Mecca all over Asia and Africa, but the stern veto of the popes prevented its advance beyond the coasts of Spain. At our own time Arab tombstones may be seen over the graves of Malay Moslems in the cemetery of Capetown. Amid all this change Chinese writing remains still hieroglyphic, because Chinese language, though not immutable, has never passed beyond the earliest terminational stage.

The doings of man in remote ages form the puzzles which occupy the attention of his descendants. The genius and labor of two generations of European scholars have hardly sufficed to explain the writings of ancient Asia, which were concealed under the clumsy cuneiform symbols and the illegible scrawl of the hieratic. The alphabetic texts of Phœnicia yielded much more readily to special study, the forms and language being alike familiar. The Akkadian texts have been the last, and are even now imperfectly understood. The result of poring for months over such crabbed documents as those deciphered from Babylonian bricks or Egyptian papyri is often hopelessly inadequate to the labor expended. Yet it is through such labor that the actual history of civilization is being gradually recovered by the patience of those who piece together facts and beliefs as expressed by the ancient scribes of Abraham's days. From its cradle in Mesopotamia we see the great Asiatic race spreading on every side; the cultured Akkadian, the shrewd and hardy Phœnician, the Hittite prince, the Hebrew shepherd, and the grim, blue-eyed, red-bearded ancestor of the Aryans, pushing from the Volga into Europe. But for the tombs, the inscribed rock-altars, and the amulets, we should know little of these early races. Even Herodotus has to thank the rough Greek and Carian soldiers who, like modern tourists, scrawled their names on the legs of Rameses II., for bearing testimony to his knowledge and honesty in an age when the self-sufficient student claims to write history better than the Father of History, to find blunders in cuneiform tablets, and to correct and criticise the Hebrew chroniclers and prophets.

From All The Year Round.
AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON.

A COMPLETE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Piggin will have to go," said the rector.

Mr. Sowerbutts, a stout, middle-aged farmer, grunted his dissatisfaction. The other members of the Little Puddington School Board offered no opinion.

"Yes; I think we must give the old lady a quarter's notice, and get rid of her," continued Mr. Dowthwaite. "She is terribly behind the age; there's no doubt of that. The school has earned hardly any grant for the last two years."

Mr. Sowerbutts gave another grunt, meaning to express thereby his contempt alike for Mrs. Piggin's grant-earning powers, the grant, and the Educational Department.

"I expect in another year the inspector will bring down the wrath of the department upon us in earnest. Perhaps they will dissolve the Board and order the election of a new one."

"That won't do, nohow," said Mr. Sowerbutts decisively.

"Then Mr. Sowerbutts moves that the present holder of the office of schoolmistress be invited to resign, and that the chairman be requested to insert advertisements for a new teacher in the *Church Times*, and other newspapers," said Mr. Dowthwaite, making a jotting of the motion as he spoke. "Mr. Wintle seconds the motion," he added, with a glance in the direction of that gentleman. Mr. Wintle, whose eyes had been fixed the whole time on the rector's face, gravely nodded; and the rector rose from his chair to intimate that the meeting was at an end.

Mr. Dowthwaite spent the whole of the afternoon in drafting an advertisement and sending copies of it to various clerical and scholastic newspapers. "Must be a sound churchwoman. One able to play the harmonium preferred," he added to the list of requirements. There was a standing difficulty about getting a not utterly incompetent performer on the harmonium at Little Puddington; and the good rector thought he might as well make the obnoxious Education Act useful for once.

The interview with Mrs. Piggin he deferred till the following morning, as being the most unpleasant part of the business. It went off, however, better than he had feared. By degrees he got the old lady

to understand that if she sent in her resignation it would be gratefully accepted, and she would be considered as having put the parish and the country generally under an obligation.

"You see, Mrs. Piggin, we are obliged to follow the times," said good-natured Mr. Dowthwaite, in an apologetic tone. "We can't afford to lose the grant another year, we really can't."

"Oh, I suppose not, sir," said Mrs. Piggin, fixing her eyes on the rector's face. "I've been schoolmistress in this parish for two an' twenty years; an' we've done very well without any grant. I've brought up my children to learn their Catechism and do their duty, like their fathers before them. I can't teach French an' drorin', an' such like; and much good it would do them if I could. However, I've saved enough, thank Heaven, to be independent of every one; and — Betsy Jane Pugh, stop talkin' and go on with your sum, or it'll be the worse for ye."

The rector listened in silence, and finally made his escape, thankful that the most disagreeable part of his duty as a reformer was over.

But his difficulties were by no means at an end. The day after his advertisement appeared, he received one hundred and twenty-seven applications for the vacant post; the next day brought him two hundred and thirteen; the third day produced ninety-six. All the applicants were able to teach every necessary subject, as well as several which were not necessary; and every one was able to produce testimonials of the highest possible character.

In his despair, the rector turned to his sister-in-law, Miss Jordan, who had kept his house since the death of his wife, and humbly sued for her advice and assistance. But Miss Jordan was an elderly lady, with strong, old-fashioned prejudices, and she objected to the new scheme altogether. She sarcastically advised the reinstalment of Mrs. Piggin—a course which was plainly out of the question. Mr. Dowthwaite then turned for help to his curate—the Rev. Augustine Cope—a meek and gentlemanly young man, who acted as unpaid secretary to the rector when there was anything troublesome to be done. Mr. Cope took the mass of papers home to his lodgings, and made an attempt to select a few of the most promising applications from the others. At the end of four hours' work, however, he found that his list contained no fewer than forty-nine names—an obviously impracticable number.

At the next monthly meeting of the Board, matters were no further advanced. The table of the morning-room at the rectory—which served as a board-room—was covered with letters of application and copies of testimonials; and the members of the Board sat gaping at the piles of documents in helpless dismay.

"Well, gentlemen," began Mr. Dowthwaite, with a very vague notion of what the rest of his sentence was to be, when a knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in," he cried.

"Please, sir," said Thomas, "there's a lady wishes to see you."

"But I am engaged, Thomas."

"But this lady has called about the School Board."

"An applicant? It is rather irregular, certainly. I particularly mentioned in the advertisements that no personal applications were to be allowed," said the chairman to his fellow-laborers. "However, since the young person is here, we may as well see her. Show her in, Thomas."

A moment afterwards a slim, upright figure, in a dainty summer costume, appeared in the doorway, and the farmers present rose instinctively to their feet. Only the rector retained his presence of mind.

"Thomas, set a chair," he said.

The young lady bowed with the utmost self-possession, and took the seat which was offered to her. She was decidedly pretty. There was no doubt about that, in spite of her paleness and her thin lips. Her fair hair was brought down smoothly over a brow as white as any woman could desire; her features were all delicately formed, her eyes being especially attractive. Her age it might have been difficult to guess; a man would have admitted that she might be over twenty; a woman would have said she did not look thirty.

"Your name is—Miss—ah? Miss Grayling?" asked the rector, referring to the card which Thomas had handed to him.

The young lady bowed. As she lifted her head she saw that the rector was still scrutinizing the card, and she comprehended the other members of the Board in one swift glance, finishing with the curate. Mr. Cope dropped his eyes. Miss Grayling smiled inwardly.

"And you have come about the vacancy in the parish school, I understand?" enquired the rector.

Again Miss Grayling bowed without speaking.

"I particularly requested that no per-

sonal applications were to be made," said the rector, in an injured tone.

Miss Grayling gave a little sigh.

"I was afraid I had done wrong," she said, with her eyes on the carpet; "but I was so anxious that my application should not be overlooked. If you would kindly excuse my coming, I think you would find my testimonials satisfactory."

As she spoke, she lifted her eyes to those of the reverend gentleman, dropping them immediately in a very modest and becoming manner.

Mr. Dowthwaite was mollified.

"Where have you been teaching?" he asked.

She mentioned the name of a village in Yorkshire; and Mr. Cope busied himself in hunting up her letter of application and her testimonial from a large bundle of similar documents. Having found them, he laid them before the rector in silence.

"Not very much experience; not so much as we could have wished—only six months," said the rector. "Now, we particularly wanted a certificated teacher."

"I have little doubt that I could pass the examinations if you think it desirable," said Miss Grayling quietly; "but I think I may say I am capable of teaching the village children everything necessary."

It was, indeed, absurd to imagine that this elegant young lady was not capable of acting as preceptor to Betsy Jane Pugh and her companions; and the rector, feeling this, tossed the rather scanty testimonials aside.

"I ought to tell you," he said, "that this is a very modest appointment. You know the salary is not large, and depends partly on the government grant earned by the school. The position is not—ah!—not an exalted one. By the way," he exclaimed suddenly, "can you play the harmonium?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Miss Grayling, with a bright and pleasant smile.

"Ah—well—we will consider your application," said Mr. Dowthwaite, shuffling the papers before him rather nervously.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Grayling, in a low, earnest tone, as she raised her graceful form from her seat; "but would you allow me to wait in the hall, or the kitchen, or anywhere, till my case is decided on? I have a long journey before me, and, if you could—"

She did not finish her sentence; but she glanced at the other members of the Board as she spoke. Mr. Sowerbutts and his friends had not, meantime, spoken a

word; but now they uttered a half-articulate murmur, and the rector bowed in a stiff but courteous fashion. The modest request was granted, and Miss Grayling withdrew.

Somehow, the young lady had made the Board feel that she was, in a sense, awaiting their verdict — that her fate hung in their hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Dowthwaite, "I don't know that we could do better. This young — ah! — person is recommended; I may say, highly recommended by the" — lifting his double eye-glasses to his nose — "the vicar of Little Shenstone. There can be little doubt as to her capability to undertake the duties. And really, if we began hunting through all these papers, we might go farther and fare worse."

"'Ear, 'ear," murmured Mr. Sowerbutts, in a hollow, bass voice, tapping the point of his stick gently on the floor; and accordingly it was settled that Miss Laura Hill Grayling should be appointed to the vacant office.

CHAPTER II.

IN the course of a month the new schoolmistress entered upon her duties. The village children regarded her with mingled admiration and awe as she came into the little schoolroom for the first time in her spotless morning gown. The dress was only of cotton, but it was neatly, even stylishly made. They gazed with wonder and delight as Miss Grayling contemptuously flung poor Mrs. Piggin's cane into the empty fireplace; and they promised themselves golden days for the future.

In that particular, however, they were disappointed. The new teacher, they soon discovered, was not to be trifled with. They had to work harder than they had ever done before; but they did not grumble. They literally worshipped their schoolmistress, and would no more have thought of disobeying her than of disputing the authority of the village constable.

When the rector visited the school every Monday morning, he was delighted with the order that reigned there. He thought Miss Grayling a very exemplary and superior young woman. He lent her books. He gave her much advice as to her work, with which he had not thought it worth while to trouble good Mrs. Piggin; and his counsels were invariably received with a charming deference.

It was the custom at Little Puddington for the curate to give the school child

a lesson in Bible history on Wednesday afternoons; and Mr. Cope looked forward to his first lesson under Miss Grayling's auspices with some inward trepidation. In spite of himself he felt a certain tremor as he addressed the new teacher, and yet he found himself continually desiring to speak to her. By degrees, however, this wore off; and he came to look forward to Wednesday afternoons as pleasant interludes in his rather monotonous weeks. He, too, was solicitous for the new teacher's mental pabulum, and lent her books, beginning with popular history-books, going on to Sunday afternoon tales, and finally reaching the stage of undeniable yellow-backed novels. Miss Grayling smiled to herself as she placed Mr. Cope's "Orley Farm" in her desk beside Mr. Dowthwaite's "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."

But everybody liked Miss Grayling. The children's mothers looked on her as a superior being. Even cross old Miss Sowerbutts, at the Mount Farm, liked to have her go over on a Thursday afternoon, when John was at market, drink a cup of tea with her, and enlighten her as to the real fashions, as worn in London. The only person who did not join in the chorus of approbation was Miss Jordan, the rector's sister-in-law.

"Don't you think we were very fortunate in getting such a superior mistress in Mrs. Piggin's place?" said the rector to his sister-in-law, one Sunday after church.

"I dare say," said Miss Jordan.

"There is a marked improvement in the behavior of the children, both at church and in school," continued the rector, in rather a magisterial way, as if to resent the impeachment of an undue partiality for Miss Grayling, which was visible in Miss Jordan's face.

"The boys don't make half so much noise in going out of church before the sermon as they used to do," continued the parson.

"I've no doubt the young woman is very well fitted for her place," said Miss Jordan.

"Dear me!" said the rector to himself, "it's odd how few women can forgive another woman in a somewhat lower rank of life, for having a pretty face and an attractive manner!" Whatever the reason, it was plain that Miss Jordan was not captivated by the new mistress. They avoided each other, as if by mutual con-

afternoon, in early

summer, Miss Grayling had gone up to the Mount Farm, by invitation, to drink tea with Miss Sowerbutts. It was a Thursday — a day when the farmer always attended market in the neighboring town of Groby.

"I must make haste and get home before dark," said Miss Grayling, as the day began to close; and she went up to put on her bonnet. The operation, however, took some little time, as it was diversified by an exhibition of Miss Sowerbutts's mother's wedding dress, and various other pieces of raiment of a quite remote antiquity, in all of which Miss Grayling took keen interest.

"I declare it's getting quite dark," exclaimed the schoolmistress at last, as she threw on her hat in a great hurry, and went down-stairs with her hostess. Arrived in the garden, however, it was impossible to go without a morsel of Miss Sowerbutts's delicious sweet-briar; the peas, too, were in a most interesting state of development; and by the time they had been duly admired, the farmer's burly form was seen slowly advancing between the hedge-rows, borne onwards by his gig and his good mare, Jess.

Certainly Miss Grayling looked a pretty figure as she stood at the porch of the farmhouse, shaking hands with its mistress.

"Well, miss, and how are ye?" said Mr. Sowerbutts, with a very red face, as he leant out of the gig to shake hands with his sister's visitor.

"Very well, thank you. But I must say good-evening. I really must get home before dark."

"What's the need for that? Jess and I mun see thee home."

"Oh, no, no! I couldn't think of such a thing. You must be so tired, and the poor horse, too. Good-bye." And Miss Grayling took a hasty farewell of her friend, and ran down the roadway with the prettiest little steps in the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Sowerbutts was slowly turning round the unwilling Jess.

"But, John, the mare will be overdone. She can find her way home. Or I'll send Jacob with her," said Miss Sowerbutts, regretting in her heart that she had ever invited the schoolmistress to the farm.

To this John made no reply; and having succeeded in turning the horse and gig, he speedily overtook Miss Grayling, who was walking on ahead in the most determined manner.

"Whoa! who-a!" cried Mr. Sowerbutts

to the mare. "Now, miss, will'ee get in?" And he held back the apron as he spoke.

"Really I can't — I can't take you back to Puddington after your journey;" and Miss Grayling stood hesitating. "No," she said more firmly, as Mr. Sowerbutts only sat and looked at her without speaking; "there is really no necessity for it."

"If I ask ye to come I mean it," said the farmer, "an' I take it as a favor."

"Oh, if you put it so politely, I shall be very happy," said Miss Grayling, as she held up her little, gloved hand, and was hoisted into the gig.

It was, after all, only a mile and a half to the village. For the first minute nothing was said.

"You plays that there 'armonium in church beautiful," said Mr. Sowerbutts, at length.

Miss Grayling laughed, and turned her smiling face upon her companion.

"Do you think so? I'm not so sure of that myself," said she.

"Beautiful!" responded Mr. Sowerbutts, with emphasis. "And settin' there, in the chancel, with the red window shining on yer 'ead, you look like a saint in glory!"

"Oh, Mr. Sowerbutts! you really shouldn't be so very complimentary," said Miss Grayling tranquilly. "And now, tell me how things went at market to-day."

The conversation thus took a more prosaic turn; and Miss Grayling evinced the deepest interest in the price of hay and calves, and other agricultural topics, until they reached the cottage in which she lived.

CHAPTER III.

THE government inspection was always one of the events of the year at Little Puddington. It generally took place in the end of August. The inspector was an elderly gentleman, whose proper name was Christopher Wensby; but whose ordinary name among the teachers of his district was "The Walrus," from the fact that his bald forehead, and white moustache pointing downwards in a straight line on each side of his mouth, gave him a decided resemblance to that creature. Report stated that Mr. Wensby and Miss Jordan had had tender, or semi-tender passages at some remote epoch. At any rate, they were very good friends; and Mr. Wensby always dined at the rectory once a year, when his toils in the little village schoolroom were over. The day came;

the inspection was duly performed; and at the end of the day Mr. Wensby sat down at the rector's hospitable table.

"And what do you think of our new mistress?" asked the rector, as he began to carve the joint.

"A very superior person — very superior person indeed," returned the inspector.

Miss Jordan's chin was lifted a little higher in the air as this answer was given; but the gesture went unnoticed.

"Ah! Glad you think so. We consider her quite an acquisition," said Mr. Dowthwaite.

"Yes; there seemed an improvement in all directions," continued Mr. Wensby; "but especially in the needlework. Under the former mistress the needlework was very clumsy; now it is admirable."

Miss Jordan smiled incredulously.

"I assure you I have received very neat specimens of button-holing," said the inspector. "The department cannot fail to be pleased with them. I can show you them after dinner, if you like."

"I should very much like to see them," said Miss Jordan dryly.

After dinner, accordingly, the specimens were produced, and very neatly executed they were.

"I don't believe our girls ever did that work," said Miss Jordan solemnly, as she bent over the button-holes.

"But I saw them!" ejaculated Mr. Wensby.

"Saw the stuff in their hands, I dare say," returned the lady. "What do gentlemen know about things of that sort?" she added contemptuously.

"I have always to report as to the quality of the needlework," said the inspector stiffly, and with a slight blush. "But if you assure me, from your own knowledge of the children, that they could not have done this work themselves, it will be my duty to institute further enquiry."

"I am certain of it," said Miss Jordan.

That evening Mr. Wensby compared notes with his host; and the rector confessed that he was surprised — secretly, he was startled — to find what a large number of "attendances" had been made, even by the most irregular of the village children.

"We have a Board meeting to-morrow," said Mr. Dowthwaite.

"Then ask Miss Grayling to attend it," said Mr. Wensby, "and ask her whether the children actually did the needlework themselves. If she says they did, I will

fix a day — I can come over in about three weeks — to see them do some more specimens; and Miss Jordan can be present. If there is a marked discrepancy between the two sets of work — why, of course, I must report accordingly; and you can consider the matter till the next Board meeting."

All this made the rector feel very uncomfortable. But there was no help for it; and next day he sent a verbal message to the schoolmistress, requesting her to step over to the rectory, where the School Board was then sitting.

"Miss Grayling," said the rector, not without embarrassment, "I believe that her Majesty's inspector will be able to report very favorably of the condition of the school." Miss Grayling bowed politely. "There is one point, however, on which I should like to ask you one or two questions. These pieces of sewing, now" — and he produced them from a drawer as he spoke — "seem to me very neat, very creditable; but are you sure that the children whose names are attached to them did them themselves, unaided?"

"Quite sure," said Miss Grayling tranquilly.

"And the attendances — they seem much larger than they used to be. Are you sure you have kept the register accurately?"

"Perfectly sure," said Miss Grayling, looking the clergyman full in the face.

One or two members of the Board moved uneasily in their seats, and Mr. Sowerbutts seemed to be on the point of protesting audibly against these aspersions on Miss Grayling's good faith. The rector felt very uncomfortable.

"Very good, Miss Grayling," he said; "I am glad to hear you say so. And I think we needn't detain you any longer."

The schoolmistress slowly rose, bowed in her usual dignified manner, and withdrew.

Before long it got abroad in Little Puddington that Miss Grayling was in disgrace, or at least in a condition of suspended favor. Various reasons were given for this, the most popular theory being that the new mistress had been caught stealing the school pence. The matter was discussed in the alehouses, at the doors of the cottages, in the churchyard after service. Through it all Miss Grayling went on her way, serene as usual, preserving exactly the same manner to every one as if the voice of scandal had never mentioned her name.

A little before six o'clock one evening the Rev. Augustine Cope knocked at the door of the pretty cottage in which Miss Grayling lived. For some months—ever since he had first seen her, in fact—the susceptible curate had been under the spell of the young lady's sweet brown eyes. He had struggled with himself long and manfully. He was not in a position to marry; and Miss Grayling was not a suitable match for him. He knew all that very well. He did not like to think of what his aunts, Miss Cope and Miss Georgina Cope, would say, on being presented with a village schoolmistress for a niece. But then, he had not looked on the face of any other woman who could be called a lady—save Miss Jordan's—for nearly eight months. He was in love; he could not help it; and now this unpleasant matter added at once to his love and to his embarrassment. Even now he did not know his own mind. His ostensible object was to exchange one of the harmless novels, with which he now kept Miss Grayling well supplied, for another of the same type.

"Miss Grayling," began the curate, as he seated himself in the little parlor, "this cannot be true!"

"What is not true, Mr. Cope?"

"These shameful accusations, these aspersions——"

"Of course not; and I did not think that you, Mr. Cope, would pay any attention to them," said the schoolmistress, with quiet dignity.

"Oh, no! not for worlds!" exclaimed the curate; "I believe in you as I would in a saint! Dear Miss Grayling—Laura—I may call you Laura?—I find it difficult to say how I feel for you—and how much I long to shield you from the calumnies and troubles of the world in the shelter of an honest man's love."

As he spoke, the curate took Miss Grayling's white and well-formed fingers between his own.

"I offer you my heart and all I have," he continued, his eyes searching her downcast face. "Alas, that it is so little! I know well we cannot marry on my present stipend; but I have youth and strength on my side. Sooner or later I must get a living; and then—and—— Oh, Laura! say that you love me!"

"Mr. Cope, I feel honored and flattered more than I can say; and my heart tells me it is not indifferent to you; but——"

She paused, and the tones of the church clock striking fell on her ear.

"Mr. Cope!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her fingers as she spoke, "you are more than generous; but I cannot trust myself to give you an answer now. I must not be rash, or unjust to you. Leave me now—leave me, I beg you. I will write to you to-morrow."

Somewhat surprised at this sudden dismissal, the agitated curate took his hat and stick and departed.

Next day he received a daintily scented note from Miss Grayling, in which she said that, much as she honored him and highly as she valued his friendship, she could see that it was not for his interest to marry a dowerless girl, and she, therefore, declined his proposal. Her decision, she added, was quite "irrevocable." There was but one "r" in "irrevocable," and, somehow, this circumstance did something towards mitigating the grief with which Mr. Cope received his letter of dismissal.

The testing examination, which was to confirm or overthrow Miss Grayling's reputation, was fixed for a Friday afternoon. The School Board meeting happened to fall on the following day, Saturday.

At three o'clock on Friday Mr. Wensby arrived; and Mr. Dowthwaite and Miss Jordan went with him to the schoolhouse. The children were all there, with clean pinafores and shining faces; but Miss Grayling was absent. Miss Jordan's face wore a peculiar smile as one of the older girls informed the rector that Miss Grayling had not been at home for three days.

Miss Jordan soon set the children to work; and in five minutes the inspector was convinced, by the clearest evidence, that not one of the schoolgirls could make even a decent button-hole, much less one like those contained in the specimens.

"You had better get rid of your superior young person as soon as you can," he said to Mr. Dowthwaite, as they went back to the rectory.

Next morning, however, when the School Board met, they found a letter awaiting them from Miss Grayling, in which she said that, in consequence of the undeserved aspersions which had been thrown upon her management of the school, she felt that the course most consistent with her dignity was to resign the post which she had had the honor of holding.

The rector was indignant, and moved that Miss Grayling's resignation be not accepted; but that in consequence of the revelations that had been made, she be

summarily dismissed. Mr. Sowerbutts was not present; but the other members of the Board, who had but a very limited idea of the heinousness of Miss Grayling's offence, murmured at the severity of the sentence; and at last the rector was persuaded to let the resignation be accepted.

The following day was Sunday. It was the curate's turn to preach, the rector's to read prayers. The choir and the school-children were in their places; and Miss Jordan scanned the congregation with an approving glance from the rectory pew.

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us," began the rector.

At that moment an unwonted rustle was heard at the door, a subdued murmur ran through the assembled worshippers, and the rector, lifting his eyes, beheld the schoolmistress moving up the aisle on the arm of Mr. Sowerbutts! There could be no doubt of what had happened. The curate received a shock such as he had never before experienced. Miss Jordan forgot herself in her amazement, and stared at the bride as if she had been a ghost. Mr. Sowerbutts tramped stolidly on till he reached his own pew, and then, having duly installed his wife therein, began to say the responses in a louder tone than usual.

The bride, in a dainty Parisian bonnet, looked very pretty. Her triumph was complete. Miss Sowerbutts retired to a cottage which she owned in the outskirts of Groby; and the schoolmistress reigned over the Mount Farm and its owner, with gentle but firm sway.

When Mr. Wensby came to Little Puddington for the next annual inspection, he was proceeding to the schoolhouse in state, bearing Miss Jordan on his arm, and escorted by the rector, when the party met a pony-carriage, in which was seated a pretty and beautifully dressed woman. The lady bowed graciously to Mr. Wensby, and he, not remembering the circumstances under which he had last seen that attractive smile, returned the salute. Mrs. Sowerbutts glanced at Miss Jordan and smiled maliciously. Miss Jordan dropped her hand from her companion's arm; and the rector, stepping forward, whispered something in his friend's ear.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the inspector; "that woman! I hadn't an idea who she was, I assure you. Thought I knew the face — that was all."

But Miss Jordan had suddenly become deaf; and on the subject of the senior churchwarden's wife, she continued to be deaf for the remainder of her days.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

COMEDY IN FICTION.

THE world grows graver as it grows older, and humanity gets duller as it becomes more civilized. Worse luck! for the fact is brought home to us every day. We are busied about many things, and bothered with many cares. We think overmuch about our manners and our neighbors; we are bilious, and gouty, and dyspeptic, or at all events we ought to be, if we are judged by appearances. What can be more dreary than a great London dinner? It seems to anticipate the indignation that waits upon indifferent *entrées*. Theodore Hook would freeze up in that icy atmosphere of starched formality; and the prince regent, who was called the first gentleman of his time, would be condemned as an intolerable bore, if he were not absolved for his station. Croker, who, although snappish and somewhat cross-grained, was no bad judge, after a merry evening at Carlton House declared that Scott and the regent in their respective manners were the best *raconteurs* he had ever heard. The one kept capping the other in a swift succession of admirable stories. But stories now are as much out of date as the songs and lyrics by Moore and Morris that gave a *bouquet* to the '72 claret at dessert. Not, be it remarked parenthetically, that we much complain of that; for a story-teller holds the courteous company at his mercy, and for one who hits the mark there are scores who mistake their vocation. Nowadays at a dinner-party the best a gifted and genial *convive* can do is to make himself quietly agreeable to the women on either side of him; his wits are wasted like the flashes from a thunder-cloud, and he does nothing to brighten the general gloom. Nevertheless, as the wise Sam Slick remarks, there is considerable human natur' in every man! which is but a free American version of the familiar old classical adage. Happily a hearty appreciation of fun and drollery still lurks in many a nook and corner; and we often come across it where we should least expect it. Detesting the modern fashion of interviewing, we should be the last to intrude on the privacies of social life. But we may whisper that the merriest dinner we have lately assisted at came off in what should have been a solemn company of venerable seigneurs, in an establishment that takes for its symbol the sage bird of Minerva. The meeting at the round table was decidedly more successful than that at another "round table" which we know of.

The circumference was not very great, yet round it were assembled representatives of the benches, both clerical and legal, with a sprinkling of men of some little distinction in arms, letters, and science. The guests were of course in evening costume; but, metaphorically, when the servants had left the room, they may be said to have exchanged it for slippers and shooting-coats. The frost had never been severe, but now the ice was broken and pulverized. We need hardly say that decorum reigned supreme, for want of decency is want of sense, and the society was something more than sensible. But short of license, there was liberty in every shape; there was an incessant radiation of sparks from the contact of bright intellects, without the faintest semblance of effort; even anecdotes, by way of illustration, were freely risked by veterans of the bar and the pulpit; one happy thought suggested another; and so the hours glided by imperceptibly to an accompaniment of light-hearted laughter. When the party reluctantly broke up, latch-keys must have been generally in requisition; and, in short, as William Laidlaw remarked of a memorable meeting between Scott and Davy, "it was a very superior occasion."

That reminiscence of yesterday bears directly on the subject of fun in fiction. There is a season for mirth, as the preacher sagely remarks, but the season comes from time to time to the most saturnine of us. We naturally turn to good novels for distraction; but more or less consciously we long to be amused, and we like our fiction light and somewhat playful. It is safe to say that all the greatest novelists have shown a strong sense of humor in some shape. There are writers whom we place in the second rank, who made their mark purely by sensation; but, like Wilkie Collins, they paid homage to the principle by striving to be humorous, although unsuccessfully. Humor in fiction may take an infinity of forms, from the broadest farce to quaint suggestion; and no one has more admirably summarized the Protean aspects of wit than Bishop Butler in a passage that has been often quoted. We are inclined to attribute the decay of the historical novel to the difficulty of introducing any natural fun in it. It needs a Shakespeare, or *cum intervallo*, a Scott or a Dumas, to conjure up the Falstaffs, the Justices Shallows, the comical clowns, and the blundering peasantry of former generations; to make the mediæval men in armor shake their sides; and to catch the rough flavor of the

boisterous jests that made the rafters ring again in the baronial hall, when the flagons were going the rounds of the oaken tables. Scott for the life of him could not help being ludicrous sometimes, though even with his natural flow of sympathetic geniality the merriment in "Quentin Durward" or "Anne of Geierstein," in "Ivanhoe" or the chivalrous tales of the Crusaders, is obviously strained. Dumas, with the overflowing vivacity of a light-spirited and versatile Frenchman, was perhaps scarcely less successful than Scott in the remarkable novels in which he has romanced on the dissolute histories of the Valois and the Bourbons. And Scott and Dumas are easily first among modern historical novelists. G. P. R. James was not unfrequently picturesque and dramatic; but, so far as we remember, he seldom or never laughs; and nowadays nobody reads him by any accident, unless occasionally when some intelligent tourist in the Palatinate buys the "Heidelberg," which is published in the Tauchnitz edition. Even then we will lay long odds that the purchaser skips a full third of the stilted pages. A few of Harrison Ainsworth's earlier novels will survive, but simply because he makes the reader sip deep of horrors, in what Thackeray pleasantly characterized as his light and playful romances. His reputation, such as it is, will rest on the rack and the quartering-block, on the horrors of famine and plague, and the dark mysteries of the dungeon; for his merry dwarfs, and his giant warders, and his headsmen drawing tankards of ale when off duty, are lamentable caricatures from the comical point of view. Even the "Harold," the "Rienzi," and the "Last of the Barons" of Lord Lytton, are consigned already to comparative oblivion; while "My Novel," with such inimitably humorous sketches as the squire and the parson, and the Machiavelian philanthropist of the Casino, is likely to live with the English language. Lord Lytton could put a Riccabocca in the stocks, resigning himself philosophically to patience under the red umbrella; but it surpassed powers which were less flexible than vigorously dramatic to give us to realize the rude humor of the jovial Saxons when they were carousing in bellicose anticipation before the battle of Hastings. It is certain that the humor is not there; but it might be pleaded, had not Shakespeare taught us differently, that the novelist holds the mirror faithfully to nature when he ignores the existence of fun in these days. Like Dr. John Brown's famous

dog, people of all ranks were taking life seriously, and for good reason. The lower classes were suffering in the blackness of despair, seldom lightened by one hopeful flicker of sunshine, and their so-called betters were busily opposing them, when not fighting among themselves. A mad and a melancholy world, my masters! might have been the motto of all the mediæval chronicles.

The historical romance at its best is dramatic, picturesque, and sensational, but the fathers of modern English fiction, on the other hand, are nothing if they are not farcical or humorous. And the humor is necessarily of the broadest kind, for it aims at the close reproduction of contemporary manners and the tone of contemporary talk, when it was the fashion to call a spade a spade. We know what Sir Robert Walpole said about the only conversation he found generally suitable to the very mixed parties of guests who gathered round his hospitable board at Houghton. And if the loosest conversation, the most ribald stories, and the most licentious jests were encouraged by the prime minister, we may conceive what went on at the table of a Squire Western, or at dinner and supper in the country inns where the occupants of the stage-wagons stopped to refresh themselves. Those early novelists were the veritable realists. They painted from the life exactly as they had seen it, drawing very charily on fancy or imagination. They conformed themselves to the taste of the times, or the interested advice of the booksellers. Even the super-refined Sterne has a not unfrequent outbreak of coarseness, just as he studs the pages of his "Sentimental Journey" with what Thackeray calls "his dreary *double entendres*." But we doubt whether Fielding or Smollett even suspected they were indecent; they only copied nature as they knew her, and scouted hypocrisy and sanctimonious pretences. For, long after the accession of the house of Hanover, the reaction against Puritanism still ran strong. Indeed what is barely indelicate in one age is considered grossly indecent in the next. Readers of the "Life of Scott" will remember how he was asked by his old aunt, Mrs. Keith of Ravelston, to get her the novels of Mrs. Afra Behn, which she had enjoyed as a girl. Her dutiful nephew sent her the books, which he had procured with considerable trouble, in a sealed parcel. But before she had turned over many pages, the good lady had had more than enough. She could

not understand, she said, why she blushed as an old woman at what she had read in her maidenhood as a matter of course. The mystery was easily explained, but the story is nevertheless significant. We glanced at Mrs. Behn ourself in an edition which was brought out about a dozen years ago. We did not get far enough to be either shocked or contaminated, for we found her intolerably dull. Dulness is assuredly not the fault of Fielding or Smollett; and the more often we turn to "Tom Jones" or "Roderick Random," the more genuine is the admiration we feel for those admirable painters of manners. With Fielding especially the subtly humorous analysis of character is so cleverly disguised under an appearance of candid simplicity, that on a hasty perusal it is impossible to do it justice. There are innumerable telling touches of description which are rather suggested than expressed; but the charm of both Fielding and Smollett is, that characters are continually being brought out in the free-and-easy play of every-day action. With them all the world's a stage, and all the men and women are players. But as they wrote after the manners of the age, and made their hits by studying the likings of the audience, broad comedy is constantly transforming itself into screaming farce. Consequently not a few of the most effective situations which were always strong, strike us now as repulsive, and when they turn upon love, whether light or serious, they pass the limits of modern license. The passion of Tom Jones is sensual far more than sentimental, and even the fair Sophia, with all her delicacy, is content to accept it as it is. The key to the spirit of Fielding's love-making is to be found in the final and very suggestive scene where the lady expresses some natural doubts as to her volatile admirer's future constancy. Tom does not trouble himself to swear eternal fidelity — to declare that he has seen the error of his ways, and means to tread in the paths of virtue as a reformed character. He simply leads the young beauty before a looking-glass, asks her to cast a glance at her unrivalled charms, and then say whether it is possible for a lover to be false to her. Sophia smiles at the compliment and is satisfied — though it leaves her happiness at the mercy of an attack of the small-pox. That scene seemed perfectly natural then. Now it would be condemned, not, perhaps, altogether on moral grounds, but as an artistic mistake and an outrage on the conventionalities. And if many of the

scenes are strong, it follows that the language is full-flavored to coarseness, especially when the primitive natives break out in a passion. Squire Western never stopped to pick his words; and when in the best of tempers, after the second bottle, he scattered about such flowers of speech as are current now in the Black Country. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," and our gallant soldiers were recruited from the small farmers and agricultural laborers, who swear at large and are foul-mouthed as they habitually were in the most mirth-stirring episodes of Fielding and Smollett. Hence Fielding and Smollett are meat for strong men and for nobody else. Not only so, but we are glad to think that even modern men of the world are repelled by their antiquated grossness. For ourselves, we admire their works as we admire those plays of Shakespeare for which we happen to have no especial predilection. We recognize their incontestable merits. But we confess we come to the enjoyment of them with some sense of a task, and we should never take them up by way of relaxation towards the small hours, when the wearied brain craves innocent refreshment.

Smollett's scenes on board ship, and Fielding's story of his cruising to Lisbon in search of health, suggest sea-novels, although thereby we set the chronology of our sketching at defiance. For the best sea-novels have always perpetuated something of the license of the older writers. The sea-novelist has been bred and brought up in a midshipman's berth, far away from the strict social proprieties; if he takes pen in hand, as a sailor, and succeeds, we may generally swear that the spirit of fun has been strong in him. He begins by looking at the humorous side of the seaman's life, which says much for the buoyancy of his temperament, when we remember the hardships and miseries to which the tars of two generations back were condemned. They were knocked out of time by pressgangs, to find themselves manacled and bleeding below battened-down hatches. They were summarily separated from the wives and families dependent on them; they were shipped for interminable cruises, when they seldom had a day's liberty on shore; they might be flogged, ironed, or keelhaunched at the caprice of an autocratic captain; when struck down in an engagement, they were cut up by some surgeon's mate in a stuffy cockpit; and they were brought round to convalescence on the salt pork and weevily biscuits which bred scurvy and other dis-

eases in healthy constitutions. As for the officers, they fared scarcely better in their different degree. And moreover, unless they had aristocratic connections or patronage, they had to scramble for each step of deferred promotion, or sicken in the cold shade of neglect, till the master's mate became the grey-haired veteran. Consequently, as matter of fact, the realistic maritime novel should be the most melancholy of all reading. But look how a life at sea is misrepresented by the jovial and comical imagination of a Marryat. He skims over improbabilities by selecting his heroes among young fellows of fortune or fair expectations. Fortune befriends them, or luck steps in, and he leads them on from one laughable scene to another. They have their trials, as who has not? to parody the remarks of Mr. Guppy, when he touched gently on his mother's weakness for getting drunk. But we know all the time that those trials will prepare them for advancement, and they rise superior to them in the elasticity of youthful courage even when still feeling the pangs,—as when Peter Simple is rope's-ended by O'Brien out of the prostrating fit of seasickness which threatened to be indefinitely prolonged. O'Brien, though he chastens paternally, is by no means brutal. He knows that Peter, like a young bear, has all his sorrows before him; he thinks it best he should have a small instalment at once, which shall save worse suffering in the end. He lays it into the groaning sufferer with the knotted rope, and we do not say that it is a form of treatment which will be popular in a Channel packet. But Peter tumbles somehow out of his hammock, and painfully taking a seat upon his sea-chest, enjoys a biscuit and basin of pea-soup. How heartily a young fellow laughs at that sort of scene, although any well-intended discipline of the kind would be singularly disagreeable to himself! For Marryat administers anodynes in narrating atrocities and so he carries the sympathies of his readers along with him, which Smollett not unfrequently fails to do. So it is in the case of Mr. Midshipman Easy and his friend Gascoigne, when they have had a tussle with the crew of the Sicilian felucca, and pitched the slaughtered ruffians overboard. A civil jury, to say nothing of a court-martial, would probably have brought it in "justifiable homicide." All the same, the blood of sundry of their fellow-creatures might have been supposed to weigh somewhat on the boys' consciences. But not a bit of it. Jack and

Ned sitting the wine that was part of their prize's cargo, watching the smoke curl up from their cigars towards the lateen sail they have arranged as an awning, and congratulating themselves on the capital story they can tell the old admiral at Malta. And Marryat makes us like them all the better for it; just as we grin, though we can hardly approve, when one of Lever's joyous heroes confounds manslaughter and murder, — for cleverly managed drollery mocks at morality.

Marryat is a good man, and his novels have been preserved by the freshness of their breezy fun, while those of his contemporaries like Captain Glasscock are forgotten. Marryat is good, but Tom Cringle is far better. In fact, the old friend and contributor of "Maga" is the British sea-novelist *par-excellence*. Michael Scott was no sailor, and we believe sea critics declare that he occasionally blunders in rigging and handling his craft. Be that as it may, the innumerable land-lubbers who revel in him have accepted all his sea scenes as gospel. Tom afloat or ashore is apparently as realistic as Defoe in "Robinson Crusoe," yet everything he writes is colored with the rich exuberance of his imagination. He excels in all manner of description, and if we desire to appreciate the brilliancy of his tropical landscapes, we have only to compare them with those of Kingsley or Trollope, which were clever enough of their kind. Eclipse is first, and the others nowhere. But Tom, with the versatility of his literary gifts, had always a morbid apprehension of boring his readers. He loved to blend his descriptions with his inimitable character-drawing, and the humorous figures with which he filled his foregrounds are always ringing the changes between the grotesque, the pathetic, and the sublime. No man could sketch the negro better, and the slaves and colored folk in Jamaica and Cuba were always ready to his hand. Some sagacious governors might have done more for the welfare of the colony had they studied the nigger's idiosyncrasy in Tom Cringle's books. If we have a fault to find with him, it is that he was apt to carry fun into farce. Yet we believe he knew what he was about, and appreciated the charms of surprise and variety. One of the best tropical descriptions is the night scene, where the party are returning from Mrs. Roseapple's ball to Sally French's tavern. They are following the fragrant cliff-path between sky and sea, embowered in the fruit and foliage of the orange-trees, when the limpid brilliancy of

innumerable stars is half eclipsed by the sparkle of myriads of fireflies. Tom has absorbed himself in that enchanting study, when all at once it strikes him he has given us enough of it. And it is quite possible he might have become wearisome had he gone on sentimentalizing for another page. So we have Flamingo and Tom, bearing the drunken skipper between them, bumping his head on the flinty road, and demolishing some scores of the fireflies at each bump. Then Felix, in correct evening dress, scrambling after oranges like an ape, proposes to "make a feather-bed of the navigator's carcass" when he wishes to fall soft; and next, the comic glancing off to the dramatic, we have Adderfang pulling away to the piratical schooner. And when Tom has not a comical character at hand, he snaps the sentimental threads with a sudden interruption. He has been indulging in a long poetical rhapsody beneath the frowning batteries of the Moro, looking down into the starlit depths of the channel, with the phosphorescent flashes and the spectre-like forms of the fishes. He is not only poetical, but he fears he is verging on the maudlin — when in the nick of time the steward is at his elbow announcing supper. The volatile Thomas will soon be himself again, for he dives to the gun-room, "kicking romance to Old Nick," and "we had some wine and some fun, and there an end." Yet not altogether an end, for he takes care to add that he will never forget that dark pool, with the scenes he witnessed there by night and day.

That mingling of the grave and gay is almost invariable. The horrors of the death of the betrayed Spanish girl are brightened by the "comic business" of Transom and the pompous little medico fording the flooded river; even when the corpse lies on the bier before the altar in the chapel, the captain shoots the portly Señora Campana through the narrow window in most Smollett-like and unceremonious fashion. When the imperturbable Aaron Bang is for once looking grave over Tom's frankness as to his religious belief, the next moment he laughs away his annoyance, and is apostrophizing an impudent little duck. It is just the same in the "Cruise of the Midge," where we have Toby Tooraloo, with his ludicrous habit of misplaced laughter, figuring as a conspicuous actor in the melodramatic *dénoûment*. The more closely we analyze those old novels of Michael Scott, the higher the rank we are inclined to assign him as a humorist. The superfine may condemn some of his extravagances; but

no one can deny the humorously consistent fidelity with which he makes his heroes and their more intimate friends reveal themselves in their lighter shades, in their daily walk and conversation. Even when verging on caricature they are never untrue to themselves. We doubt whether in these days of iron-sheathed men-of-war and narrow-waisted screw trading steamers, we shall ever see another Tom, or even another Marryat. A sea life will always have its sensational side, and we have been much interested by many of the romances of Mr. Clark Russell. But if he interests, he seldom tries to amuse us, and we fear there is far less scope for sea-drolleries than there used to be.

We have gone adrift in a nautical digression. Scott succeeds to Smollett and Sterne. The novels of fashionable life, in which the insipid "Almack's" actually made a mark, are stale, flat, and unprofitable. You may smile at their follies, but otherwise there is not a laugh in them. Now we need hardly say we are not going to indulge in glorification of the Great Magician, — of the Napoleon who obliterated the old landmarks of fiction, and ruled supreme in the new world he had created. We speak of the author of "Waverley" as "the Shirra;" as the unrivalled relater of the good stories he retouched in the telling; as the Velasquez of the varied individualities he idealized; as the man who, when his health was strong and his spirits were high, beat up Highland smugglers and ex-caterans among their stills and in their glens — who made mounted raids into Liddesdale before the days of wheeled carriages — and who never missed the chance of noting a comical or characteristic trait, whether he were drinking toddy or spearing salmon with a store-farmer, sitting demurely at the clerk's table in the Parliament Square, or supping with the prince at Carlton House. Considering all he has done himself, and the work of his many clever imitators, it was a blissful moment for mankind when, in a search for fishing-tackle, he stumbled on the half-finished "Waverley." There can be no more striking proof of the sudden revolution he set agoing, or of the absolute freshness of the new and natural manner he popularized, than the impression of the first volume in manuscript on James Ballantyne. Worthy James was Scott's devoted admirer; he had decided literary tastes, and Scott regarded him as no mean critic. Yet, as he owned afterwards with shame and sorrow, he pronounced the scenes at

Tullyveolan and in the village change-house vulgar. The fact was that they were all the world apart from the artificial standard of conventional inaninity set up by the Minerva Press. We do not know that there is a greater proof of Scott's genius for humor than his success with such types as the formal Scotch baron of the old French school, and the pragmatist soldier of fortune who had followed the Lion of the North. The Baron of Bradwardine, though Morritt expressed some apprehensions, was as heartily welcomed in fashionable southern drawing-rooms as among the lairds of Perth and Angus, who had known something of his forebears. Scott was only human after all, and inclined to forget that what amused his immediate friends might be less entertaining to the great world beyond the border. His special knowledge as a Scottish lawyer was often something of a snare to him. Candid intimates hinted, for example, that Mr. Saddle-tree was decidedly a bore. But when that has been said, and when we have remarked that the shoemaker went rather beyond his last in depicting the humors of the fashionable company at the third-rate Spa of St. Ronan's, criticism or cavilling has done its utmost. Take any one of the earlier Scotch novels, for example, and say if they are not always saturated in humor. No doubt it is continually being kept in the background, while poetry, pathos, and tragedy come to the front. But it is always there, and the cheery author is always willing to send a stray gleam through the blackness. What can be more painfully dramatic than the trial at Carlisle, when the chivalrous Vich Ian Vohr, learning the vanity of earthly things, is to pay the penalty of his ambition? It was hard to raise a laugh then without outraging the canons of good taste. Yet what can be more true to Highland simplicity than the original proposal of the devoted henchman, to go down on his personal guarantee to Glennaquoich and bring up six of the very best of the MacIvors to be "justified" in their chieftain's stead?

"Waverley" was essentially romantic, but in "Guy Mannering," as it was a picture of more modern manners, humor had free play. The English stranger had his first experience of Scottish "wut" when he asks his way in the wilds of Galloway. He finds it improve on further acquaintance, when he listens to the worthy Laird of Ellangowan "maundering" away, and reproaching the silent Sampson for volubility while the lady up-stairs is in the

pangs of labor. The laird is anxious about his wife, but his involuntary jocularity gets the better of pathos. It may be doubted whether Scott ever drew anything better than Dandie Dinmont; the old Liddesdale recollections, all the memories of the rides with Shortreed, and the rough-and-ready fox-hunting and badger-drawing that had been long dammed back, came upon him with a rush. How happily he hits off the once-familiar talk and habits of thought in suggestive touches!—as in the chat with the captain about the randy gipsy wife who had given him a Cassandra's warning, and the menacing promise to MacGuffog of a sackful of broken bones the next time the jailer set his foot in Liddesdale. As for Dominie Sampson, Scott had a contemporary pattern all ready to his hand in the Dominie Tamson, the tutor at Abbotsford, just as he puts Laidlaw's "what for no" in the mouth of Meg Dods. It is difficult to realize that the same man who had done Dinmont should have drawn the misanthropic bibliomaniac of Monkbarrow with such living and sympathetic drollery. A certain old Mr. Constable of Prestonpans is said to have been the original, to which Ramsay of Ochertyre supplied certain characteristic traits. Scott may have borrowed a type and some traits, but all were transformed by the magic of his genius. Book-hunting may be an absorbing pursuit, and it has its sensations, but it seems a somewhat slow and musty business to the outsider. We know nothing much more spirited in the Waverley novels than Oldbuck's enthusiastic explanations to Lovel of how he came by the choicest treasures in his collection. All the antiquary's talk, whether of Picts or *Phocæ*, old chronicles or Scottish cookery, is flavored with the dry pungency characteristic of the man who scarcely succeeded in being either cynic or misanthrope. And the unintentional lessons he scattered broadcast, by apologue or episode, in Oriental fashion, have been laid to heart and unconsciously acted upon. Connoisseurs have been guilty of many follies, for the art of ingeniously counterfeiting even outstrips credulity. But we believe many a pseudo-antiquary has been saved from some costly extravagance by recollections of Edie Ochiltree, of the bodle and the ladle, and the Kaim of Kinprunes.

There is always abundance of spontaneous humor in all Scott's novels which approach modern times. Take "The Pirate," for instance. Magnus Troil is a most excellent character, for such hospi-

table toppers are of every age; and Claud Halcro and Triptolemus Yellowley serve as admirable foils to the Udalman. And the Cuddie Headrigg of "Old Mortality" is even better than Triptolemus, for the Scottish agriculturist was a stereotyped Conservative, drawing his thoughts and his metaphors from his absorbing occupation; and Cuddie with his pawky timidity had a rare chance of coming out strong, when tried for his life before the terrible Blood Council. But we have spoken of the difficulties—which even Scott found formidable—of introducing fun into the mediæval romance. He grappled them, of course, with his resolute versatility, and not a few of the mediæval scenes are infinitely creditable. Take two at random. The one which perhaps we most thoroughly enjoy is the nocturnal drinking bout in the Hermitage of Copmanhurst, when Sir Sluggard has persuaded his saintly host to draw on his forage-stack, his cellar, and his pantry. The other is the carouse in the Castle of Plessis, where Durward had been enrolled in the Archer Guard. The dignified Lord Crawford drops in, and being left to himself, he subsides into a seat, and devotes himself to the wine-cup. When he rises to go, after delivering much sage advice against excess, the old nobleman's gait is decidedly unsteady; so with much presence of mind, and in soldier-like familiarity, he condescends to lay a hand on the shoulder of Le Balafre, and covers a graceful retreat by whispering confidentially in his ear.

But in that respect, in our candid opinion, Scott is surpassed by Dumas. Oddly enough the brilliant Frenchman seems to keep his comedy for his historical novels and his "Impressions de Voyage." Some of the short stories in the "Impressions" are droll to a degree—that one, for example, about the home-sick dromedary broken loose from the caravan, which mistook the dusty wastes near Marseilles for the sands of its native Sahara. "Monte Christo," on the other hand, which is a masterpiece of somewhat slipshod invention, is generally as grave as it is sensational. The nearest approach to drollery we remember in it, is where the so-called Cavalcantis are presented to each other in their new relations of father and son. With the novels of the Valois period it is very different. Chicot, the court fool, makes excellent fooling throughout; and his bitter tongue has unrivalled opportunities, considering the rare sagacity he hides beneath an affectation of folly. His monkish boon-companion Gorenflot is

done in far broader style; but remembering all we have read in Rabelais and elsewhere, we do not know that even Gorenflot is much caricatured. Then there is the Captain Roquefiette of "Le Chevalier d'Harmental," a species of French version of Major Dalgetty; for Dumas, like Scott, took so kindly to scamps that he generally gave them redeeming virtues. As for the series of the "Musketeers," many of the early scenes have all the reckless *verve* of Lever's Irish novels.

When Dickens brought Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller on the stage, the farce was received with shouts of laughter; for a farce, and a screaming farce, the "Pickwick Papers" were, and the immortal Sam is a magnificent impossibility. It is not only that wit and wisdom and apposite illustrations dropped from his lips like the pearls from those of the princess in the fairy-tale; but the range of his reading had been as wide as his practical philosophy was profound. He is at home with Sterne, for he talks about the young woman who kept the goat, etc. Though from being wagoner's boy, and sleeping under the Adelphi arches, he had been promoted to boots at the Borough Inn, he is so familiar with the interiors of respectable taverns in the city, that he can warn his master to avoid a certain table with the awkward legs. But what of all that? We fear "Pickwick" loses flavor with advancing age, but we used to know many a young man who read and re-read it far more indefatigably than he ever searched the Scriptures. There was a time when it was as freely quoted at fast messes and other places where even the lightest fiction was at a discount, as in the daily journals and the magazines. The author had taken the license of the professional jester who never sticks at a trifle so long as he can raise a laugh. Mr. Pickwick and his faithful companions are as indifferent to the conventionalities of dress and the toilet as any follower of Diogenes. They go for a week's visit in a country house in as light marching order as a Matabele warrior or a primitive Christian missionary. They are always swallowing liquor, in season and out of season; and though we have no sort of sympathy with Sir Wilfrid, we are scandalized at the frequency of Mr. Pickwick's excesses. How he found his way home from the cricket-match to the Manor Farm has always been a mystery to us; and we must say that the sage in spectacles richly deserved the pillory, when he had got drunk over the jars of cold punch at the shooting luncheon.

"Pickwick" was a *tour d'esprit* that was not to be repeated, and in his subsequent books Dickens rose from broad burlesque to more chastened farce or genteel comedy. Though there was burlesque still in the picturesque characters whom Martin Chuzzlewit and Mr. Tapley fell among in the Far West, the studies could not have been altogether caricatured, or they would not have stung the Americans so deeply. For ourselves, we have laughed over and enjoyed "Martin Chuzzlewit" more than any other of Dickens's books, although the autobiographical "Copperfield" ranks higher as a work of art, and we are far from forgetting Mr. Micawber. Talking of Messrs. Micawber, Toots, Tapley, Swiveller, & Co., there can be no stronger test of the lifelike humor of those fancies than the frequency with which they have pointed the speeches of statesmen and been applied to the purposes of political caricature. Mr. Punch has made us familiar enough with chancellors of the exchequer waiting for something to turn up, and with premiers struggling with difficulties and striving to be jolly under the circumstances. Of course it would have been well for Dickens's fame had he ceased to write when he began to read in public. "Like milestones on the Dover road," the comical characters mark a melancholy and steady decline from the Flora and Mrs. General of "Little Dorrit" to the Pumblechook and Pips. Yet we not only like his last books from grateful associations, but for the fun that is still on tap, though the quality has sadly deteriorated. There is matter for mirth in the first chapters of "Great Expectations," nor is the old gout-ridden purser in the last volume by any means bad. Even the Podsnaps and Twemlows of "Our Mutual Friend" have their merits. Dickens was a genuine humorist, but it is curious to remark that apparently he kept all his good things for his novels. There is forced fun enough in the hasty notes to his friends preserved by Mr. Forster, yet hardly a fancy was funny enough to impress itself on our memory. With one notable exception, where a raven arriving to replace another, administers to the little property of the defunct, and proceeds to ransack the repositories in the back garden; and that fancy, we believe on second thoughts, was touched up on translation to "The Uncommercial Traveller."

We look back with mingled pleasure and melancholy to the days when Thackeray's monthly serials in the yellow covers were running neck and neck with Dickens

in green, while Lever in neutral and inappropriate leaden color was by no means a bad third. It has been the fashion since Thackeray's death to declare that he was no cynic, and Mr. Punch set the example in a graceful mortuary ode to his old and valued contributor. The assertion is more than paradoxical; it is untrue. Thackeray was essentially a cynic. Undoubtedly he delighted to analyze the vices, follies, and foibles of human nature, from the hero of "the Fatal Boots" to such finished scoundrels as Barry Lyndon. He made a reputation by the "Snob Papers," which search out all social weaknesses in the manner of a polite Fielding; and he established it by "Vanity Fair," with its wonderfully expressive and comprehensive title. He was a cynic, but he was a kindly cynic; and like some of the spasmodic fountains in the desert, his milk of human kindness would come in jets, the more refreshing from their rarity. As for example, when, *apropos* to good Dr. Goodenough, and in grateful remembrance of friendly services, he breaks out in heartfelt praise of the doctors, whom he has freely satirized elsewhere. That he excelled in the loving delineation of noble character, he showed in Colonel Newcome, whose very weaknesses are the offspring of virtues, making us like him all the better. So with Dobbin, where growing affection for his subject evidently forced the satirist's hand; for the uncouth and painfully embarrassed schoolboy and subaltern goes forward gaining steadily in dignity. Thackeray's scamps and his rogues have generally attractive qualities, are often treated with extreme tenderness, and are encouraged to avail themselves of opportunities for repentance. Rawdon Crawley, the dissipated heavy dragoon, is a hardened reprobate; it may be doubted if he plays on the square with cards or dice, and he shoots Captain Marker with as little remorse as a cock-pheasant. His marriage with the worst of wives does much to change him for the better, and unselfish affection for his boy does a great deal more. We sympathize when he is arranging to be revenged on Lord Steyne; we are touched by the tears in his eyes when he is talking to his kindly sister-in-law; and we feel something approaching respect for the old *roué* when he sails away to honorable exile in Coventry Island. "Honest" Costigan — Thackeray, who was much addicted to mannerisms, was fond of calling his most questionable characters honest — is an

unmitigated and disreputable old scamp. So far as debts, duns, and pecuniary base-ness go, he is a vulgarized Rawdon Crawley. Perhaps Costigan could not have helped getting drunk, but he need not have dishonored his grey hairs by singing scandalous songs at the "Kitchen" towards the small hours. His conduct is about as contemptible as conduct need be, yet the touch of genius somehow insinuates relief, and we have all a kindness for the drunken captain. Thackeray had more sympathy with a gay and gifted Bohemian like Jack than with a selfish sensualist like Jos Sedley. There is no better comedy in the novels than the earlier career of the collector of Boggley Wallah: the blushing youth in his gay garments making love to Becky; Mr. Sedley in the bower at Vauxhall inviting the public to pledge him in rack-punch; Mr. Sedley, swaggering one day in the streets of Brussels, and hurrying the next from stable to hotel, offering any money for a pair of posters; Waterloo Sedley relating his European campaigns in Hindustan, and hinting that he and the Iron Duke shared the honor of sending Napoleon to St. Helena. We like the fat old gourmand, who with all his faults was free-handed enough to his parents and his sister. But Thackeray puts his sated sensualist into a purgatory as terrible as was ever invented for the capital sin of gluttony by the realistic old Italian painters, and his end with Becky Crawley as a ministering fiend, is about as miserable as could well be imagined. There are many admirable minor touches in Thackeray which are apt to escape observation. He excelled in happy nomenclature, though we have been told that his friend "Jacob Omnium" used to help him there. "The Newcomes" is almost a more suggestive title than "Vanity Fair," and what can sound better than the impregnable fortress of Dunkeradam, which figures in the voracious narrative of Major Gahagan? We take one example at random of the felicitous finish of a sentence where the wit lurks in the surprise: where we are told that Mr. Percy Sievewright of the Inner Temple played on the piano, — "and very ill too."

Thinking of Jos Sedley and his gourmandism, of the pineapples he brought home for tiffin to Russell Square, and the chills he feelingly recommended to his innamorata, we associate Thackeray with caviare, anchovies, olives, and the piquant delicacies of refined civilization. The writings of Lever remind us, on the con-

trary, of a heady, rich, and generous vintage, which ripens with maturity and mellows with age. "Harry Rollicker," as Thackeray happily parodied the original, passes through Arthur O'Leary into the sage and caustic Cornelius O'Dowd, and the author of the more serious fiction that followed "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke." For fast, brilliant, headlong fun, for a sustained flow of buoyant and exuberant spirits, there is nothing in the world to match his first military novels. He took, as a rule, the droll side of Irish life, as Carleton, who was peasant-born, had painted it in its more pathetic and darker aspects. Lever's Irish heroes stick at nothing, as their creator laughs probabilities and chronology to scorn. And the Englishmen of a good sort who go among them, are speedily indoctrinated with the tastes and mad humors of the country. They take impossible leaps in the hunting-field on half-blown horses; they take turns on the sod at twelve short paces by way of appetizer for an early breakfast; they live in a wild whirl of gaieties; they sit in each evening at mess to bouts of serious drinking. Yet their constitutions stand the incessant strain; they seem to be continually renewing their vigorous youth, and are seldom either sick or sorry. What is more remarkable is the way they manage to live on considerably less than their modest pay, for they are all hopelessly in debt. They recognize the necessity for some circulating medium by backing bills and interviewing usurers, but they decidedly overdo the Scriptural precept of taking no thought for the morrow. Yet apparently they are justified in that blind faith in the future, for the inevitable crash is indefinitely deferred. They tempt Providence by provoking crack duellists; by volunteering parenthetically, like Mr. O'Malley, for desperate forlorn-hopes, with which they have no regimental concern; and by indulging in mad pranks upon outpost duty, which are more likely to lead to court-martial than promotion. If they are not actually shot-proof, they are virtually immortal, and they rise rapidly in the service when other men would be broken. And yet we are amused, and overpersuaded, moreover, to sceptical credulity, as in the wonderland of the Arabian Nights. For Lever has all the fecundity and fertility of the Oriental *raconteur*. His Maurice Quills, his Monsoons, his O'Shaughnessys, his jovial priests of the old school, and their frolicsome parishioners, like Micky Free, are equally rich

in reminiscences,—as all the reminiscences are illustrative of mad customs and strange manners, and point their moral, such as it is. Then look at the rich humor of the Dodd correspondence, an improved imitation of Humphry Clinker, which is saying a great deal for it. Of course Kenny Dodd contrives to live like a prince on the Continent on the hampered rent-roll of an Irish squireen; yet how wisely he discusses life and politics in the midst of his extravagances, and what capital stories he has to tell!—as the anecdote of the two "decent men" who had been delegated by a secret society to shoot him; who satisfactorily answered the question as to "how much they would take to let him live," and whom he amicably accompanied to the borders of his property, talking over the crops and the turns of the markets. As for the latest novels, they have sobered in their style, though there is always the underflow of the old drollery; but like the sermon in "Gil Blas," that smacked of the apoplexy, we have a sense that they are weighted with the gout and the gravel.

It is a very long way from Lever to George Eliot—from Harry Lorrequer to Silas Marner; and a comparison, or rather a contrast of the two, serves to illustrate the extraordinary range in the varieties of irresistible humor. In almost equal measure with Scott and Balzac, George Eliot had the Shakespearian gift of genius which enables a writer to exchange minds with his characters. Considering her age, her sex, her upbringing, and her education, we can understand her identifying herself with "the aunts" in the "Mill on the Floss." But what does astound us is the inimitable *vraisemblance* of such a Teniers-like scene as that of the rustic conviviality at the Rainbow, where the farrier, the butcher, and Mr. Macey, the clerk, discuss parochial matters in general, and the Red Durham and ghosts in particular. We might fancy she had been under the table taking shorthand notes. Assuredly she had not much in common with a Bob Jakin. Yet what can be more natural than the aspirations of Bob's early ambition, though the horizon was destined to expand indefinitely—"I'd sooner be a rot-catcher nor anything—I would. The moles is nothing to the rots. But, Lors! you mun ha' ferrets. Dogs is no good." Mrs. Poyser is a wonderful example of the power of teaching by parable and familiar metaphor. There is practical philosophy in all she says, as there are human nature and consistency in all she does.

The scene in which she gives the squire a piece of her mind is at least as good as anything in "Adam Bede." And the appropriate remark with which she caps it is as good as anything in the ludicrous scene — "I've had my say out, and I shall be the easier for it all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up forever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly like a leaky barrel." We may be pardoned for remembering with pleasure that among the treasure-troves of new and retiring talent which delighted the late editor of "Maga," the manuscripts of the "Scenes of Clerical Life" were the most delightful. They were the beginning of the long literary connection which changed, after the dropping of the author's veil, into close personal friendship. "Amos Barton," in especial, is absolutely crowded with humorous portraiture. The gathering of the clergy round Mr. Ely's hospitable table is a group by a literary Van der Helst which surpasses its companion picture of the immortal Yorkshire curates in "Jane Eyre."

We might ramble on indefinitely in Great Britain, without crossing either the Channel or the Atlantic, but we must bring these desultory reminiscences to a close. Yet it would be the height of ingratitude to ignore our familiar friend, Anthony Trollope. Speaking personally, no novelist has given us greater pleasure; for we had got the Waverley novels literally by heart at an age when the memory is as susceptible as it is tenacious. Humor is scarcely Trollope's strong point; he shines, of course, rather in the realization and idealization of domestic incident and in the easy elaboration of the every-day social types. Yet Trollope's quietly humorous face was the key to his manner of writing; and all his books, not excepting the melancholy "Macdermots of Ballycloran," are enlivened by the spirit of fun and gaiety. Even when Trollope's folks are the reverse of humorous themselves, they may be the unconscious cause of endless humorous situations, as in the case of the henpecked Bishop of Barchester, and the domineering Mrs. Proudie. So we have the sedate Mr. Harding, innocent as any child, when he comes up to London to interview his counsel, dropping in to the deserted night-house in the Haymarket, with its scent of cigar-smoke and unholy shellfish, as a suitable place to have a quiet, clerical chop. So we have the pompous Dr. Filgrave—a capital name by the way—moving mirth by his anger when worsted and humiliated in

single combats with Dr. Thorne in the sick-rooms at Greshambury and Boxall Hill. But when Trollope does lay himself out to be more decidedly comical, he not unfrequently succeeds admirably. In his gallery of celebrities there are few superior to the great Mr. Moulder in "Orley Farm," with his abiding sense of the dignity of his commercial vocation, and his patriotic predilection for doubleproof British brandy, which he possibly carries to an extreme.

Mr. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" is a wonderful book, *totus, teres, rotundus*, and all the rest of it. Though historical, the history is comparatively modern, and deals, moreover, with the manners of picturesquely Conservative counties. It enjoyed, also, the rare good fortune of founding the most improbable sensation upon actual facts. But what carries us along the Doone trail and up to distant London almost as pleasantly as the good company of the truculent Carver and the freebooting Tom Fagus, and the ferocious judge of the Bloody Circuit, is the excellent fellowship of plain John Ridd himself. His dry, native wit, his quaint colloquialisms and forms of expression, his simple and original fashion of regarding things, his shrewdly instinctive perception of subtle character, the presence of mind that never fails him, with the mighty power of thews and sinews that are in reserve behind the iron nerve, make up a personality that would seem phenomenal had we not known "Jan" as a boy and watched with Mr. Blackmore his slow but sure development. Our older friend Sam Weller is a brilliant freak of the fancy. John Ridd is a child of nature, and a genuine son of Devon, though certainly nature has been singularly kind to him.

From The Scottish Review.

THE CESSION OF HELIGOLAND.

THOSE who have been prophesying every kind of "surrender to Germany," will not fail to note in Lord Salisbury's despatch, issued June 17th, to Sir Edward Malet, that we propose to give our neighbors in east Africa considerably less than they demand of us.

Beginning, then, with the principle that we claim the land where rights have been acquired by British settlements, Lord Salisbury has made out to the satisfaction of the German government that the region towards the south of Lake Tanganyika,

between the Stevenson Road, the Nyassa Lake, and the Congo State, so far as it comes north of the eleventh degree of south latitude is to fall under our influence. England obtains a recognition of her protectorate over Zanzibar, and what is of great importance, all the Witu district to the north-east of the British East African Company's territory is ceded to us. With the possession of Wituland, England has the control westward of the Italian protectorate in Abyssinia from the first degree of southern latitude to the borders of Egypt. The Witu coast line alone is two hundred miles in length, and the protectorate had only recently been assumed by Germany. The possession of this new territory ought to quicken the somewhat sleepy activities of the British East African Company. We must hear no more of their wishing to throw up the whole business in disgust, as has been sometimes obscurely hinted of late. With free access to the northern half of Lake Victoria, to Uganda, and to the north, Sir William Mackinnon's company ought to make itself a powerful influence for good in that part of the world. At the same time, satisfactory arrangements are in progress for the final mapping out of the frontier between Damaraland and Ngamiland. Against all these advantages what have we to place on the opposite scale? Ostensibly, a small matter, the transfer of an island, one-fifth of a square mile in superficial area, to Germany. Unfortunately, Heligoland, as its name imports, is a holy island, and there is no arguing with sentiment, religious or other. In the old days the Angli used to go over to the sacred spot to offer sacrifices to the goddess Hertha, to whom a shrine was there dedicated. But in itself the connection between the little Frisian island and Great Britain is extremely slight, and is not even sacred by long prescription. Zanzibar and Wituland remain as a set-off to Heligoland. Now, the island of Zanzibar is the centre of the whole trade of east Africa, and is in constant communication with Bombay; and the possession of Wituland frees us from any European competitor in the trade routes towards the north and towards the Nile.

There is no particular reason for giving Heligoland up to Germany, so long as all that could be urged in favor of such concession was the existence of a German sentiment on the subject which was diametrically opposed to our own. When, however, we obtain such important spheres of influence in east Africa in exchange

for so small a transfer, we cannot but think that the obstinate desire to retain an island which is likely, in the course of years, to become a sandbank, is nothing more than the determination to surrender a reality and grasp at a shadow. Germany, on the other hand, has long desired the acquisition of an island which is so near the Elbe, and the price which she has now offered for it seems amply to justify the bargain entered upon by her Majesty's ministers. For it must not be forgotten that even if German resources are unequal to the establishment of a vast empire in Africa, it was almost possible for German antagonism there to hinder the development of British enterprise to an enormous, and even prohibitive, degree. All idea of this is removed by the present agreement, and in future Great Britain, the only possible dominant power of the future in Africa, may rely on the sympathy and even co-operation of the State, which is her nearest and most powerful neighbor there.

That Germany could make Heligoland a useful fortress by spending upon it about one million sterling, is probable enough, but the admission does not take us very far. Is our possession of Malta or Mauritius to depend upon the result of a *plébiscite*? If not, on what grounds is it held that our retirement from Heligoland for imperial reasons is to be conditional upon the willingness of its handful of inhabitants to release us from our duties? Care, however, has been taken to deprive the present inhabitants of substantial grounds for dissatisfaction by securing for them immunity from compulsory service in the German army or navy.

It is said that had Germany possessed Heligoland in 1870, the blockade of the Elbe and Weser by the French fleet in the early part of the war would have been impossible.

It must, to be useful in protecting the German rivers from blockade, support a naval force capable of operating against the blockaders. But then the rivers themselves are capable of doing this; and whatever naval force is stationed at Heligoland must be withdrawn from the rivers. All that history tells us about these outlying fortifications in the midst of a hostile sea, is that they fall as soon as they are attacked by the power commanding the sea. Cases strictly analogous to Heligoland are found in Goree, an "impregnable military position," which surrendered at least seven times to the power commanding the surrounding water; and the Dia-

mond Rock, six miles from the French port of Port Royal, in Martinique. This rock was seized and fortified by the British in January, 1804, and was held as long as we remained in command of the sea, but it fell as soon as Villeneuve took the command of the sea there in June, 1805.

Heligoland consists of a Rock Island, a mile long, and of a Sand Island, which can accommodate in summer some two thousand holiday-makers from the Continent. Till the year 1720 this sandy dune was connected with the main rock, but the fierce gales of that stormy winter broke down the link, or what the Heligolanders called *de waal*, and about a mile of comparatively deep water now rolls between. A tradition still exists that Heligoland and Schleswig-Holstein were in former times joined together, and that many hundred years ago people walked from Holstein to Heligoland, across the sands, in a day. Heligoland, in ancient spelling Helgoland, or Hertha Isle, had belonged to Denmark since the time of "Othère, the old sea captain who dwelt in Helgoland," in the reign of King Alfred of England; but in the general spoliation of this much-wronged country in the beginning of the present century, it was taken from the Danes by England, and together with the whole Danish fleet, converted to our own use. It was confirmed to us by the Treaty of Kiel in 1814, since which time it has remained uninterruptedly in our possession, not however without many angry and covetous eyes being fixed upon it, and many negotiations and propositions for its exchange made by a long line of German chancellors. Heligoland forms one of those Frisian islands of the North Sea which formed the cradle of our race. Most of these islands were secured by Prussia in her annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, and if it suffer the same fate, Heligoland will but go the way of the Frisian world. From the harbor of Sylt, according to local tradition, Hengist sailed to the conquest of Britain. The storms of fourteen hundred years have washed Hengist's harbor out of recognition, but the tradition has defied their ravages. There is a lighthouse on the island of Sylt, but I think it was unlighted during the war in 1864. The Föhr Islands have been, with Heligoland, the resort of multitudes of bathers from all parts of Austria and Germany for years. French visitors, often to the extent of nine hundred, come here during the season for the fresh, salt breezes and excellent bathing.

The greatest attraction of the short

season in Heligoland is the illumination of the coasts and caves, which takes place in August. The sight is said to be one of indescribable beauty, and it is witnessed by nearly the whole population, who row in procession from point to point, headed by the police boat and the governor's barge. The police are apparently retained for this duty alone, for they have little to do at any other season of the year. Fishermen, pilots, bird-skin and feather-dressers, muff-makers, together with lodging-house keepers, form the population of Heligoland. The governor is said to be as autocratic as the czar within his modest limits; and the national debt — for to be strictly accurate, the island is not wholly without one — stands at £10. The language, which is unwritten, is generally called Frisian, but is pronounced by the learned to be Anglo-Saxon; not so surprising, inasmuch as the neighboring countries of Schleswig and Holstein were inhabited by Saxons, who were subdued by the emperor Charlemagne in the ninth century.

There are neither horses nor cows on the island of Heligoland, a few goats only being kept, whose extremely unpleasant milk is sold at a fabulous price. There are no roads, but the clean little toy-like-looking lodging-houses, bright as paint and whitewash can make them, are popped down on the velvet turf anywhere, to all appearance, and without foundation. They are all of one story, and everything is sacrificed to compactness; otherwise in the fierce winds which assail and occasionally cover the island with driving sea-foam, the houses would be literally blown over the cliffs. It is the sea, the sea, and nothing but the sea, at Heligoland. There are few trees, no running water, no ruins, but an extraordinary width of sea view, seen as from the deck of a gigantic ship. There is no harbor — passengers are pulled ashore in boats. The only romantic associations are a ghost, believed to represent a person in orders and of the Lutheran persuasion, and a sort of sub-population of eifin people, who live under the Treppe, or steps that lead to the summit of the rock. Heavy storms of hurricane force sweep over the bare, unprotected island for weeks together, only to be succeeded by thick, rolling sea fog, wet as rain. Heligoland is the favorite resting-place for those vast flights of woodcock which in the month of October, leave the fast fading forests and bare rye-fields of Norway and Sweden, where they have hatched out their young and fattened the young

birds upon the resinous shoots of larch and succulent bilberries of the north. Not only do the woodcock congregate in great quantities on this island, but enormous flights of chaffinches, buzzards, hedge-sparrows, jays, and Lapland buntings.

In conclusion I would remark that Britain is giving up an island only half the size of Hyde Park.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

From Temple Bar.

CHRISTMASTIDE AT TANGIER.

IT is an almost incredible fact that within five days' sail of London one can be swiftly transported from the heart of civilization, and one may also add from the cold and fogs of an English winter, to a country where primitive Eastern life exists intact, and where pure air and clear skies speak of health-giving, health-restoring power. This bright southern spot is Tangier, and its climate is without doubt an exceptionally fine one; bracing in winter without severe cold, warm in summer without extreme heat, while long-established residents testify to the entire absence of malaria all the year round, and to the freedom at sundown from dangerous chilliness.

Sceptical as one may feel, even on landing, as to a place so highly praised — when one sees in every direction groves of oranges and lemons in full bearing in mid-winter, with bananas and guavas fast ripening in January, and when one can gather roses of the most delicate kinds, geraniums which grow like weeds and hedges, heliotrope, double violets, clematis, magnolias, gardenias, and many hot-house flowers in the open air from November to March, one begins to believe that the commendation is not ill bestowed, and that time will probably prove the opinion to be a just one.

Its equable temperature is not, however, the sole attraction of Tangier. It is also a noted rendezvous for artists; from all nations they flock to it in numbers, and the town is full of studios where pictures for exhibitions in all countries are being prepared.

Nevertheless Tangier, considered from an invalid's point of view, has very serious drawbacks, and these arise chiefly from its almost totally uncivilized condition, the want of well-built houses, and the unmade state of the surrounding country.

Roads, properly speaking, there are

none; macadamized pathways even are unknown; neither are there pavements. The streets, which are narrow and tortuous in the extreme, are simply formed by rugged stones of all shapes and sizes, that seem to have been thrown recklessly down without the faintest regard to foothold; and the absence of repair in these singular highways is one of their chief and distinguishing features.

Drains do not exist, and there are no watercourses, so that the accumulated mire, which in fine weather dries into clotted masses, is after rain converted into a greasy slime, with which the prominent and irregular stones under foot are covered, and the consequent difficulty of keeping one's balance on them can only be credited by experience. The whole town is filthy to a degree; poisonous odors meet one at every turn, and the continual exhibitions of poverty and suffering that one comes across are most distressing to behold.

In the country, sandy paths between the villages, or caravan tracks from one district to another, are the only indications of the route; and even for equestrians this absence of roads is a great disadvantage, for in wet weather the ground becomes so heavy that in many places it is almost impassable.

The only means of getting about with any comfort, however, is to ride, and residents generally keep their own horses, mules, or donkeys. Very fair barbs can be obtained from the interior, but the horses that are to be had in and about Tangier are generally at the best but big ponies, and most of them are weedy, miserable-looking specimens. The market-place is well stocked with animals for hire, but the much-worn flat "packs" of the donkeys and the high-peaked crimson cloth saddles of the mules are more characteristic of the country than suggestive of cleanliness or comfort, and one is inclined to admire rather than to commit oneself to a mount.

Before, however, describing further this strange little southern nook, so near to England and yet so essentially different from it, so thoroughly Eastern in its whole tone — in thought, manners, customs, and religion — I ought to state that our journey from civilization to barbarism was not wholly unattended with difficulty, and that the difficulties began from the civilized starting-point. Unpunctuality, that thief of time all the world over, laid the foundation of our small troubles. Our vessel, one of the French steamers belonging to

the Paquet line, which was advertised to leave Gibraltar at noon, did not sail until three hours later, and the consequence was that we did not reach Tangier till after dark, instead of arriving, as we ought to have done, in broad daylight.

It was past seven o'clock, on the evening of November 30th, when after a very stormy passage we dropped anchor in the Bay, and whistled for the sanitary officer to come and give us leave to land.

The time being over for his performing this service in the regular course of duty, we were told that it was customary for passengers in similar cases to combine in offering a fee for the gratuitous benefit rendered them; and though we felt that it was not our fault that this fee was necessary, the utter hopelessness of remonstrance, and our anxiety to get on shore, caused us speedily to acquiesce in the arrangement.

Impatiently we watched for the gleam of the lantern in the boat that should bring this longed-for gentleman to our rescue, and at last, below the many lights in the town, some uncertain rays were seen to quiver and flicker on the edge of the water, and we were told that he was coming. Having arrived, he at once gave the steamer a clean bill of health, and departed. Terms had then to be agreed upon with the boatmen who had come to take us ashore, and who, being Jews, were exorbitant, and after asking fares that were simply ridiculous, ended by extracting two dollars apiece from each passenger, which, considering the short distance they had to take us, was a bargain they did not lose by.

Twenty minutes' row, through a chopping sea and heavy surf, brought us to a primitive jetty, for which we learnt afterwards we ought to have been more grateful than perhaps at the time we had felt, as but shortly before the only means of landing had been to bestride some stalwart native, and cling tightly to his neck as he waded through the waves.

To get our baggage through the Custom House that night was out of the question; all the officials had departed, and the man left in charge had authority only to lock up our boxes until the morrow. We were allowed to take only handbags with us, and with what they contained had to content ourselves as best we could. Entering the town in the dark it was then impossible to note anything as to the outside life of the place—the narrow by-street leading to the Continental Hotel, for which we were bound, was almost deserted, and as

we stumbled along by the dim light of a dirty lantern it was difficult enough to avoid not only the many holes with which the road abounded, but the heaps of earth and rubbish which one constantly came upon unexpectedly.

Suddenly a door opened, and to our unutterable amazement a palatial mansion broke upon our view. The contrast to the gloom and semi-savage condition of things behind us was bewildering; the transformation scene was like a page out of the "Arabian Nights." At the end of a long, well-lighted corridor paved with Carrara marble appeared a brilliant hall, from which ascended a wide staircase. Servants and employés of several nations were in attendance, and the whole place was alive with well-ordered bustle and animation. Moors in scarlet jackets and white turbans waited for orders; native porters in dark burnouses and bright-colored slippers carried luggage to and fro; even an English waiter in broadcloth and white tie was seen hurrying towards the *salle à manger*, while a dapper little Jew, in Turkish costume, accompanied by the landlord, came forward to receive us.

The regular *table d'hôte* was over, but dinner was nevertheless excellently served; the cooking was first-rate and the table prettily laid out; Eastern-looking plants were used for decoration, and there was an air of comfort and refinement in all the appointments that after our long and fatiguing day was doubly acceptable.

The rooms we had chosen looked out upon the Bay, and immediately below them was the Custom House, with a long, narrow strip of shore in front of it; and the consequence of this aspect was that next morning I was awakened early by the noise of many voices, all apparently shouting, remonstrating, arguing, and quarrelling at one and the same moment. I ran to the window, and flung open the venetians to ascertain the cause of excitement. Nothing whatever was taking place but the unloading of the vessel that had brought us in the previous evening and two smaller steamers which were near her. The scene nevertheless was wonderfully fascinating.

It was the first of December, and the hour about six A.M. The sun, which had not long risen, was already a dazzling ball of glory, and blinding rays of light and warmth were pouring on to the beach.

Natives in many varieties of costume were wading backwards and forwards between the shore and the boats that had brought the cargo from the vessels, carrying bales and boxes, either piled on their

backs or poised on their heads, to the Custom House.

Some wore loose cotton shirts, and wide trousers reaching only to the knee, with white turbans or the Turkish fez on their heads. Others were wrapped in *jellabiyas* (the native Moorish cloak) with its long, peaked hood either drawn carelessly up or hanging down their backs, and all were barelegged. The wildest confusion appeared to prevail — from a distant point of view every one seemed struggling to possess himself of what another had got hold of, and how any regularity could have ensued as to payments it was impossible to imagine; yet portorage on the shore is a lucrative business, the men sometimes earning seven or eight shillings a day. When I could summon resolution to leave the window I rang for early breakfast, after which we sallied forth to inspect the town.

The sky was cloudless, but the wind was bitterly cold; and when we turned into the streets which were in shade, we could have believed ourselves to be in England on a November morning. Winter clothing would have been thoroughly acceptable, and we thought with regret of the thick coats and cloaks we had left behind, under the mistaken impression that Tangier was all warmth and glow. Picking our way through the steep, narrow streets, however, left us but little leisure to reflect even on the cold. To keep one's feet and at the same time to steer clear of the mixed multitude of men and animals that thronged the way, hustling and jostling each other, and coming with an inadvertent bump, now and then against oneself, occupied one's whole attention. Wretched-looking mules and donkeys *overladen* with wood, stones, charcoal, grain, fruits, vegetables, and every sort of marketable produce met and passed one continually, while the constant cries of "Bāh!ak" — "Take care" — from both behind and in front were perplexing in the extreme.

All up the main street, on either side the way, handsome Moors, many of them perfect Othellos, either already at work, or exhibiting their wares, sat cross-legged in their little box-like shops, whose snug pent roofs sheltered them from the outside glare — the many-colored fabrics that were exposed for sale either piled in heaps right and left or hanging in the doorway.

Leather work of all kinds abounded; shoemakers were busy with brilliantly dyed skins making gorgeous slippers — bright yellow, arsenic green, and crimson

being the favorite colors; and leather cushions too, of all hues, were being elaborately embroidered with bright silks, and gold and silver thread. In other shops Jewish tailors were braiding robes of cloth and velvet, and through the doors and windows of various bazaars the most casual glances revealed Moorish ornaments of quaint and curious design. In the midst of all these Eastern surroundings one suddenly experienced the pleasurable sensation of "one step nearer home" by coming unexpectedly upon the English post-office, and a few doors more brought us to a chemist, whose well-stocked shop reassured one as to timely aid in case of need.

Provision shops and general stores presided over by Moors and Jews were interspersed among the native haberdashers, and at the further end of the street, near a fine old Moorish gateway, were numbers of little rickety tables, so frail-looking that it was a marvel they were not continually overturned, on which all manner of awful-looking sweetmeats, that none surely but a *heathen* could appreciate, were spread out for sale.

Leaving the town one emerged, through the last and outer gateway in the south wall, into the Soko, or general market-place, a large open space several acres in extent, where twice a week, every Sunday and Thursday, the produce of all the neighboring villages is bought and sold, and on these days the Soko presents a busy scene.

Cattle strangely resembling the rough, shaggy shorthorns of the Highlands are there in dozens; and camels that have brought burdens from afar the day before stand aside in a quarter by themselves, patiently munching their scanty fodder, and waiting to be driven home again.

Poultry and egg sellers squat everywhere on the wet, miry ground — protected from it by merely a few leafy branches — with their wares spread out before them on little mats. Professional story-tellers take advantage of the crowd to relate marvelous tales that are listened to with breathless interest; and it is a curious sight to behold a tall, gaunt figure, clad in a flowing robe, standing with arm uplifted and spectre-like finger outstretched, frantically gesticulating to a riveted audience, now and then heightening the effect of his narrative by bringing down his hand with well-timed blows upon a tambourine.

I have been told that one of the cleverest faculties of these narrators is to wind up their hearers to the most exciting point,

which they then suddenly withhold until the tambourine, which at that moment goes round, returns to them satisfactorily laden, when the tale is completed.

One of the most distressing sights in Tangier, as in most Eastern places, is the number of beggars that one constantly meets; but here the painful feeling is increased by knowing that many of these unfortunate people are victims of punishments which, if not as frequent now as formerly, were very much in vogue a short time since.

The government finding it expensive to keep thieves in prison, simplified matters by burning out the eyes, or severing the tendons of the unfortunate culprits, so that they were rendered either blind or lame for life, after which they were set at liberty.

In other cases a punishment which was commonly applied to women was to cut off the nose; but this, I am told, besides being a punishment, was an expression of the wrath, just or unjust, of a jealous husband, and that many of the sadly mutilated faces I have caught sight of under imperfectly concealing cloaks, are the result of vindictive feeling, for which perhaps there was no occasion.

A remarkably handsome old man who was hamstrung by order of the judge, in the way I have described, now always sits begging on the steps of a rich Jew's house in the centre of the main street.

Directly we saw him I dubbed him "the King of the Beggars," for in spite of his being a beggar with one leg hopelessly contracted, he has a most commanding appearance and seems to live royally.

His features are magnificent, and there is wonderful power in his face, though I am bound to say that his expression is that of Mephistopheles. He wears a high-pointed fez, with a large white turban twisted round it, a blue cloak, or *caftan*, wide white trousers, and red leather slippers, and is always scrupulously clean; indeed his "get-up" is perfect. His fingers are covered with brass rings, and numerous brass chains hang round his neck. He never fails to demand alms in a loud and authoritative voice of every well-dressed passer-by, and if refused he glares ferociously, a terrible light gleaming from his dark eyes, and remonstrates lustily in injured and indignant tones. The majority of beggars, however, have anything but the mien carried by this dignified old reprobate; they are craven, though importunate, and many of them are emaciated with hunger and disease.

Among the upper ten of the Europeans in Tangier there is a vast deal of sociability, including not only an endless round of calls, and occasional *thés dansants*, but dinners, dances, and musical soirées; parties being especially frequent at Christmas time.

The energetic manner in which these evening entertainments were pursued struck me at first with much amazement; for as there are no roads, it follows as a matter of course that there are no vehicles; and the only way of going out, even at night, is to use either one's own feet, or those of some four-footed animal. The first night that I went out to dinner was as fine and bright as a night could be, but it was early in December, and bitterly cold. The stars shone gloriously and the air was crisp and keen, with a keenness that at midnight was due to two degrees of frost. I rode a capital donkey, and in a big cloak was tolerably snug, though in a thin, *decolleté* dress it was impossible to make oneself warm. We were bound for the British Legation, the residence of our minister, Kirby Green, Esq., where we passed a most delightful evening.

A stalwart guide, lantern in hand, strode ahead, and the ground being hard and dry the gentlemen of the party followed on foot. The town presented quite a different appearance from that which I had known in the daytime, and looked still more picturesque than it had done then.

Most of the shops were shut, but preparations were being made for a great festival that was at hand, and numbers of provision stalls prettily lighted by colored lamps and wax tapers were being served by Moors and Jews, who looked ghostly and phantom-like in long white cloaks and dark blue gaberdines.

The noise and confusion of the day had vanished, and although the scene was animated, there was a hushed murmur and a subdued sound of quiet business that accorded well with the stillness of the night. When we returned about three hours later, this market was over, all lights were out, and save for an occasional figure that our lantern revealed, asleep on a doorway or in some deep recess, there was no sign of life in the streets.

The next time that we went out, however, the heavens did not smile upon us as at first, and it was then that the possible difficulties of sociabilities in Tangier revealed themselves in full. The evening was very stormy; a strong wind blew, bringing up driving scuds of rain, and the ground was soaked.

The gale in fact was so high that, regardless of costumes, we were obliged to wrap tightly up, and go down to the stables to mount.

When we emerged our mules could scarcely be persuaded to start, and we had not gone many yards before they were almost up to their knees in a perfect slough of despond.

Further on, the path took us up a little hill, and there the wind, from which we had been a little sheltered in the hollow, was in full play, and the lantern being suddenly blown out, we were left in total darkness. The night was intensely black, and as the road was the roughest of the rough, and in the midst of it were several large bricked-up wells (belonging to an old Roman aqueduct), rising several feet above the ground, the probability of coming to grief by going on in the darkness seemed imminent. Our guide, however, was unexpectedly equal to the occasion. Whipping a box of matches out of his pocket he succeeded, after a few unsuccessful attempts, in relighting the lantern, and we reached our destination in safety.

Obstacles such as these, however, happily did not arise to hinder the Christmas festivities; there was a lovely fortnight of bright sunshine by day and clear skies by night, and the cold, which was unusual, was never allowed to stand in the way.

Among many and minor gaieties, the ball of the season took place at the Spanish Legation, on the 21st of December, and thither we all repaired, after elaborate toilettes, either walking or on mules and donkeys. All the world was present, and the costumes were as lovely as any that could have graced a European drawing-room.

Like all Moro-Spanish houses the Legation is built with an open square, or *pátio*, in the centre, which goes up to the roof, where it is enclosed by a skylight, and the rooms all open into a wide gallery which runs round it. From the basement to the roof this *pátio* was lighted by a pyramid of colored lanterns, whose soft light glittered in the most bewitching manner through dark wreaths and bright flowers that were used for decoration. The whole house, indeed, was a perfect bower of evergreens, the dwarf oak, with its prickly, shiny leaf, acting as a capital substitute for holly. The ball itself was a great success. Dancing was kept up with never-flagging spirit till four in the morning, a brilliant cotillon affording the greatest merriment of the evening. Supper

was sumptuous and beautifully served; and the cordiality of our charming hostess caused even strangers to feel perfectly at ease.

While speaking of the Christmas festivities of Tangier I must not forget to describe a Moorish wedding at which I had the good fortune to be present. The preliminary entertainments went on for a week previously, and two days before the final ceremony a lady friend and myself were taken to the bride's house to see what was then taking place.

We were heartily welcomed, and immediately led into the midst of the circle of guests. At least fifty women were congregated together, with (according to the Mahomedan rule) never a man among them, all squatting either on divans ranged round the room, or on matting in the middle of the floor. Everybody seemed to be jabbering at once, and the confusion was immediately increased by the most appalling music (accompanied by dancing) being struck up in our honor. Various kinds of tomtoms boomed forth, tambourines were shaken, and cymbals clashed; and to this deafening tumult several ladies of the company got up and moved slowly backwards and forwards in fantastic forms. When this entertainment had gone on for nearly ten minutes we were conducted into an inner room, where twelve bridesmaids smartly but somewhat flimsily dressed, were seated side by side on a long divan.

In a distant corner of the same room, on a large old-fashioned four-poster, half-a-dozen girls were huddled together, the bride elect among them, closely wrapped in a white cotton sheet, zealously hidden by her companions from the public gaze; and on this bed she had been obliged by Moorish custom to pass seven days previous to her marriage.

This peep at the enveloping sheet — for I cannot say we saw the bride herself — was considered a mark of especial favor, and we did our best by signs and with a few words of broken Arabic to express our appreciation of the unusual kindness.

Returning to the outer room we were entertained with tea strongly flavored with peppermint, served on a Tangerine tray and poured out into small thin wine-glasses, accompanied by cakes very much resembling plum dough. As nothing further was to transpire that day but repetitions of all that had already occurred, we took our leave, being warmly invited to return on the evening that the wedding

was actually to take place, when we should have the further privilege of seeing the bride herself.

Accordingly about six o'clock, two days later, accompanied by a couple of guides carrying lanterns, we retraced our steps through highways and byways to the same house. This time we were at once ushered into the inner room, and there on the same bed, but now arrayed in bright-colored stuffs much embroidered with gold, sat the bride, still surrounded by many of her kinsfolk. She was well chaperoned, for on one side of her was her own mother, and on the other the mother of the bridegroom, both holding lighted candles to show her off. In the course of a few minutes, when it was deemed perhaps that our curiosity had been sufficiently excited, a thick silk handkerchief which concealed her face was lifted, and we were allowed a glimpse of her beauty. In truth she was a plain girl, but her get-up at any rate was a cause of intense admiration to all who had had a hand in it. She was highly and somewhat coarsely painted, and the edges of her eyelids were blackened with kohl.

She sat motionless as a statue, her hands folded before her, and her eyes tightly shut in token of maiden modesty, nor was she supposed to open them till some hours later; though I could not but hope that when the handkerchief again descended she surreptitiously broke what must have been a most irksome rule.

About nine o'clock a huge box arrived, which was then gaily dressed with colored hangings, surmounted by a hat and mantle of her own, and into this box she was herself finally lifted. The manner in which this was accomplished was perhaps more extraordinary than any other part of the proceedings. A superstition prevails that the bride's foot must not touch the ground for a single instant, from the moment she leaves the bed in her mother's house on which she has sat in state, until she enters the house of her future husband. To prevent this, she is conveyed to the box on the back of one of her male relatives. In this instance her brother — a very tall, handsome fellow — performed the quaint office. Advancing to the bed, and turning his back to it, he squatted down at the side, and his sister got on to his back, putting her arms round his neck. He then waddled as best he could to the box, and the girl wriggled herself into it. Thus enclosed she was hoisted on to the top of a mule and paraded through the town, accompanied not only by all her

own friends but by those of her future husband, the band also — the hideous din of which could be heard for at least a mile in any direction — in close attendance. Ultimately she was taken to the bridegroom's house, and being there released from her temporary prison, the ceremonies of the week were ended. Six days after her marriage the bride was "at home;" and accompanied by some other European ladies, we went to call in state.

A vast concourse of guests was there, and as the family was rich, and one of the oldest and most esteemed in Tangier, the dresses of the Moorish ladies were magnificent. Not only were the fabrics exquisite and costly, but the wealth of jewelry was superb. Diamonds and emeralds were in profusion, and their massive settings, if savoring somewhat of barbaric splendor, were glorious to behold.

Beautifully as all were attired, three young girls, who had all been recently married, surpassed the rest in the elegance of their toilettes, and one of them was evidently posing as "a beauty." The principal places of honor among the guests were reserved for them, and we were told that this was the usual etiquette on similar occasions, for *les nouvelles mariées*.

A most peculiar ceremony then took place. In an interval during the continual handing of tea and sweetmeats, a freshly caught fish was brought in on a plate, and laid before the bride; and with her own hands, in all her gorgeous attire, she *cleaned* this fish, as a token that she was an accomplished housewife, and able to provide for the comfort of her husband.

A fortnight after our arrival at Tangier a great festival was held by the Moors in honor of the patron saint of the city — Sidi Mahomed — whose large white tomb stands on rising ground beyond the Soko; and almost the whole space between the tomb and the south wall, several acres in extent, was covered with human beings who had come in from all parts of the country to be present on the occasion.

Many thousands must have been there, and it was remarked by more than one European, that although we were looking upon a Mahomedan multitude, the appearance of the people took one back in thought to bygone Biblical times, and seemed to bring the Israelites of old forcibly before one's imagination.

The scene was not only Eastern, but essentially Old-World; the clothing of both men and women, which was almost entirely colorless, adding vastly to this

impression. The men for the most part wore the large, whitehooded jellabiyas, and the women immense woollen sheets called *haïks*, in which they were completely wrapped, one end being held in the hand and drawn over the head and across the face to act as a veil.

These were the spectators, and as the statuesque figures moved to and fro *en masse*, or squatted closely together on the ground, or formed groups apart, some sitting, others standing by them — all intent on watching the various fantasias, but all orderly and serious of demeanor — one could almost have believed one was looking upon "the Great Congregation," in the time of Moses and Aaron. The ceremonies and amusements of the day, moreover, were a curious mixture of antiquated religious rites and festivities that could only belong to comparatively modern times. From an early hour in the morning guns were fired off in all directions, and one was sometimes startled by a perfect *feu de joie*; drums resounded, and the usual wild music was to be heard on all sides. Snake-charmers gathered little knots round them and showed off their cruel and revolting tricks — the most uninviting confectionery was everywhere hawked — beggars clamored loudly for alms in the name of Allah; and in the very midst of all the crowd bullocks were not unfrequently slain at the tombs of saints, and the meat was distributed on the spot to the poor.

The chief feature of the day, however, was the "Lab el barud," or "powder play," in which performance both foot and horse soldiery vied with each other in feats of skill with firearms.

The infantry were especially active in the display of curious manœuvres with their weapons; the principal exploit being to hold their long flintlocks at arm's length above their heads, spin them round and round several times in that position, and then, throwing them high into the air, to catch them again as they descended.

One could not but tremble sometimes as this play went on, for although the men were extremely adroit, and while we were watching them never missed a weapon, we had been told that they so overcharge their arms that the slightest flaw will often cause them to burst — when serious, if not fatal, accidents are apt to occur.

After much of this gun-twirling has gone on, the excited fusiliers will suddenly turn their rifles downwards, and simultaneously discharge the contents into the earth at

their feet, after which they immediately reload, and the same thing is repeated over and over again, wild pirouettings with much bounding and leaping being carried on the whole time.

These feats are succeeded later in the day by the grander and more imposing manœuvres of the cavalry. Ten or twelve horsemen, gorgeously apparelled, mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, gallop furiously up the road leading to the tomb of the tutelary saint, for a distance of about two hundred yards, and at a given signal fire off their guns while going at full speed; they then rein in their horses and go slowly down the hill again, returning time after time to repeat the performance.

The greatest and most sacred day, however, of the Moors is the celebration of the birth of the prophet Mahomed, which with its display of mad fanaticism, and its wild and revolting ceremonies, created an impression on my mind that will never pass away.

About ten o'clock in the morning, on the 15th December, the loud booming of drums and the noise of shrill pipes, accompanied by howlings and screechings of the most dismal and excited kind, were heard from afar, and we were told that the Isawas were at hand.

These Isawas are a sect of fanatics from the tribe of Riffians (ruffians would be a more appropriate designation), a savage and untamed race, formerly living on the Riff, or seacoast, but who have latterly taken up their position in a mountainous district to the south-east, where they are almost inaccessible. Their great desire is to keep themselves wholly apart from the rest of the world, and not even the sultan of Morocco nor his soldiery dare penetrate into their territory, and the lives of Europeans would probably not be safe there for an instant.

Their hatred of the Christian exceeds that which even other Mahomedans bear us, and at the time of their religious celebrations, even when they come into the comparatively civilized parts of the country, it would scarcely be prudent to venture within their reach. We had been warned of this beforehand, and advised on no account to go down into the Soko, but to witness the proceedings of these terrible people from a distance.

Fortunately the terrace and some of the windows of the Villa de France, at which we were then staying, looked down upon the road they were to pass through, so we stationed ourselves in favorable posi-

tions and awaited whatever might transpire.

Over the hill they came in wild confusion, a mixed multitude of men and women, far exceeding in number those that had assembled for the previous festival, and, fortunately for us, in an open space just below the hotel they made their first halt.

The principal actors, between twenty and thirty, though the number varied according to the inspiration of the moment, formed themselves into a square, and commenced a frenzied dance. With heads uncovered, their long black hair waving wildly in the wind, they tossed themselves hither and thither, throwing their bodies violently backwards and forwards, keeping up a fiendish yelling the whole time, and every now and then breaking out into the wildest shouts. Suddenly they ceased, and, surrounded by all the crowd, and followed by the tomtoms and pipes, above which their voices were distinctly heard, they rushed on into the Soko, and there began the whole scene over again. I was watching them intently through good binoculars; and though I had been anxious to miss nothing, I saw, in the end, more than I desired. We had been told that it was customary to present them with a live sheep, which they tore limb from limb, and then and there, in its warm and quivering state, devoured. This seemed hardly credible, yet as I was looking, I distinctly saw, just after a great rush had been made to one spot, where previously three men had grovelled on the ground, a tall, powerful fellow in a white garment, which was dyed from head to foot with blood, hold high up above the multitude a mangled carcase, which the next instant was flung out to the raving crowd. The glance had been brief, but sufficient to assure me that what I had heard was no myth; and as the people dispersed I observed that the garments of many others were also stained with blood. This was not the only unfortunate animal that was sacrificed that day in the self-same manner, for these unbridled lunatics continued their horrid progress through the whole town, repeating their mad dances every hundred yards, and on other occasions an offering of the like kind was provided for them. They did not leave Tangier till the afternoon, and I shall never forget another scene that occurred as they came back. A woman, who apparently had not joined them before, came tearing down the hill in a perfect frenzy, and in her anxiety to be in time for some of the last

performances she rushed headlong on, at the pace of an Atalanta. Suddenly a long scarf which was wound about her waist came off and flew into the road; utterly unconscious of her loss she sped on, nearly knocking over several people in her way, and when she reached the returning throng she dashed aside even her fellow fanatics, and throwing herself into the centre of the group surpassed them all in her frantic evolutions. The madness of her movements knew no bounds; she raved like one distraught, and could only be compared to a hopeless lunatic.

Towards the close of the day, when the want of some fresh excitement perhaps being felt, some of the Isawas began to chase Europeans. A few Spaniards who in the course of their day's work, or perhaps to get nearer the scene of action, had been loitering about the Soko, were pursued by some of the dancers, who broke away from their circle, and had they not been stopped by some of their own priests or *makaddams*, who fortunately saw them, and knew the ill consequences that might ensue to themselves were any one to be injured, disagreeable consequences might have resulted. As it happened no harm was done, but it may be considered fortunate that the visits of these terrible sectarians to any of the outlying districts do not occur more than once a year.

These devotees are the followers of a Mahomedan saint who took the name of Isa, which in Arabic means Jesus; and in the name of our Lord — whom the Mahomedans, strangely enough, hold in reverence — he claimed to be able to work miracles. His followers now profess the same power, alleging that they can sever arteries, swallow glass and flint, and be bitten by poisonous snakes, without receiving injury.

We were much surprised to find after a short acquaintance with Tangier and its surroundings how eagerly land within the precincts of the town is being bought up by Europeans. The sultan, who opposes the entrance of all foreigners, will not sell an inch of his territory, but such freehold ground as is held by the Moors is often disposed of by them, and finds ready purchasers. A resident who bought a great deal of land here sixteen years ago told me that the value is now (literally not figuratively) ten times as great as it was then, and that it is still rapidly rising. The soil is wonderfully fertile, and will grow any kind of cereal without the least trouble, and water is everywhere plentiful. The great

drawback to cultivation, however, is that exportation is entirely discouraged, and in some cases wholly forbidden. The misconceived idea exists that famine would ensue were the produce of the land sent away, and the advantages of trade have not yet dawned on the understanding of the sultan. In spite of this shortsighted policy, however, European enterprise is fast making itself felt, and manufactured goods are driving native produce out of the market.

Manchester and Birmingham wares, and French and Algerian knickknacks, which are much sought after, not only by the rich Moors, but by the wealthy Jews residing in Tangier, are some of its chief imports. Mirrors of all shapes and sizes, glass and china ornaments, cheap jewelry, and, sad as it is to believe it, imitations of Moorish work itself, are largely brought into the country.

The beautiful clothes even of the Arabs, which we have been accustomed to prize as purely native, are now imitated in our own manufactories, and brought over to all the large towns of Morocco, where they are sold to the people at a far cheaper rate than that at which they could buy them if made by themselves; and the shops are stocked with goods so closely resembling Moorish stuffs that it is impossible for the ordinary traveller to know which are genuine and which imported.

The natives of Morocco, in common with most Easterns, are extremely fond of dyeing not only their hair, but their hands and feet, and for this purpose they use largely a plant called henna, which grows wild all over the country. I have frequently seen the hands of women stained in imitation of lace mittens, and their feet dyed to represent red leather slippers, the likeness to the latter being so exact, that at first sight it was almost impossible to believe that shoes were not worn.

Old people, men especially, endeavor to renew a youthful appearance by using henna to turn their grey hair red, but from the sadly unkempt condition of the head itself the result is in general quite the reverse of that which it is intended to produce.

Many colored carpets of curious mosaic patterns, the hues of which are beautifully blended, are brought in from Rabat, a town lying to the north of Mogador, and the dye being fast, the carpets can be washed with impunity; but of late years aniline dyes have been introduced at Casa Blanca, where the carpets are also made; and as these dyes will not stand water,

should the carpets become wet they are immediately spoiled. The Arabs have expressed great indignation at this base imitation of their good work, of which it is rapidly lowering the value, and they are very anxious that the sultan should forbid the importation of the dyes.

There is no doubt whatever that Morocco is a very valuable country, rich not only in possessing a most fertile and productive soil, but also much mineral wealth; and were it to come under enlightened rule it would assuredly yield a very profitable return.

It is a matter of great regret that while thirteen European nations, besides America and the Brazils, are represented by resident ministers, these civilized powers have but little or no good influence on the native government. The Legations in Tangier exist nominally to protect the subjects belonging to their various countries, but it cannot be denied that their chief though unacknowledged object is to keep each other in check, Morocco being too desirable an acquisition for any nation to contemplate with satisfaction the possession of it by another. The time, however, is not far distant when great changes will assuredly take place. The thin end of the wedge has already been introduced, and the opening of the telegraph cable connecting Tangier with Gibraltar has driven that wedge still further home, while a railway along the coast is already spoken of. The autocratic power of the sultan is undeniably on the wane, and many abuses which Europeans have, alas, sanctioned are being rapidly rectified.

C. M. SPEEDY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN
MEMOIRS.

L

MY POET.

My father was a literary man and he lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges. Things strike children so oddly, so partially, and for such unexpected reasons. They are so busy in early life with all that is going on on every side, that one person or another person, the visitor in the drawing-room, the tortoise-shell cat on the garden wall, the cook's little boy

who has come in to partake of cold pudding, all seem very nearly as important one as the other. Perhaps I should not have been so much impressed by my first conscious sight of a poet, if I had then realized all the notabilities who came to our house from time to time. My special poet was a Frenchman. I first heard his name in London, at a class which I attended in company with a good many other little girls my contemporaries, which class indeed still continues, and succeeding generations receive the decorations, the *présidences*, and the *sous présidences*, I fear I personally never attained to.

My poet was a hairdresser by profession and a barber as well. His name was Jasmin (Jaquon Jansemin in the *langue d'Occ*). He was born in 1798 at Agen in the south of France, "born," he writes, "of a humpback father and a halting mother in the corner of an old street, in a crowded dwelling, peopled by many rats, on Holy Thursday, at the hour when pancakes are tossed." The humpback father was also a poet in his way, and composed songs for the itinerant players of the neighborhood. So soon as Jasmin could walk he used to accompany his father to the booths, but what he liked better still was gathering fagots in the little islands of the Garonne. "Bare-headed, bare-footed," he writes, "we rowed across the stream. I was not alone, — there were twenty of us — there were thirty of us. We started at the stroke of the midday hour, singing in choir." In the evening the children returned as they had left, — "thirty voices chaunting the same cadence, and thirty fagots dancing on thirty heads." They were so poor that Jaques felt bitterly that his parents could not afford to send him to school. One day he was playing in the market-place when he saw his grandfather carried by to the hospital. It was there the Jasmins were in the habit of dying. But a cousin taught him to read; he became apprenticed to a barber and prospered in his vacation; he was able to save his father from the fate of the Jasmins. The good hairdresser christened his first poems "Les Papillotes," in honor of his profession, "which songs," says he, "brought a silver streamlet through my shop," and upon this silver streamlet he floated to some better fortunes than were usual to his family, so that one day in a fit of poetic ardor he broke the terrible armchair in which they had all been in the habit of being carried to the hospital. Jasmin after he became celebrated would never

abandon his home or his little shop, but from time to time he went for a journey, and would come to Paris, where he was kindly recognized by other authors more fortunate in their worldly circumstances, and he would be made to repeat his own songs by the great ladies who took him up. Chief among them was Lady Elgin, who lived in Paris then, and who was a good friend to all literary aspirants. Longfellow was also among Jasmin's admirers, and has translated some of his works.

All this I have since read in the "Biographie Nationale." At the class itself we learnt some of his lines by heart. I know I used to break down in utter confusion when my turn came to recite, but at the same time I believe I took in a great deal more than I had any idea of, as I sat there incompetent, wool-gathering, ashamed and enchanted all at once. In that long, bare room, only ornamented by a large map and a border of governesses, there came to us many of those impressions which are not dates or facts, and which don't, alas! count for good marks, but which, nevertheless, are very useful and agreeable possessions in after days. We used to have delightful French lessons in literature and poetry, and I still remember the dazzling visions of troubadours evoked by our teacher singing amid the golden landscapes of the south of France as described in the "Mysteries of Udolpho;" the poems themselves as he quoted them almost seemed to have wings and to come flying out of the well-thumbed "Recueil." We had lessons in morality and in experience as well as in literature. I can still hear M. Roche in his melodious voice quoting "de tout laurier un poison est l'essence," and praising the philosophical aptness of the illustration, which seemed to me so splendid that I was quite overpowered by it as I went home with my governess along South Audley Street. There was another heart-rending poem about an angel standing by a cradle and contemplating its own image in the face of the infant, "reflected as in a stream." The angel finally carries away the poor baby, and the mother kneels weeping by the cradle. It was a sort of Christmas card of a poem well suited to the sentimental experience of a little girl of twelve or thirteen years old, and I then and there determined that Reboul was my favorite author of all. But there were many others besides Reboul. Poor André Chenier we were all in love with, and Jasmin aforesaid held his own among the worthy recipients of that golden flower

of poesy which played such an important part in our early education, and which was (so we learnt) yearly bestowed by the inhabitants of Toulouse upon the most successful competitors in the art. I used to picture the flower itself as a radiant quivering object covered with delicate, glittering, workmanship. Perhaps nowadays I realize that golden flowers of poesy are also bestowed in the south of England, — in Waterloo Place, or Bedford Street, Covent Garden shall we say? — round golden tokens which are not without their own special graces.

But to return to my memoirs. Our life was divided between London and Paris where our grandparents dwelt, and with whom we spent a part of every year, and all these recent studies and experiences rushed into my mind one day after our return to France again, when my grandmother told me that she had been asked to a party at Lady Elgin's to meet a poet, that his name was Jasmin, and that she was going to take me with her! My heart leapt with excitement; Jasmin — the South — golden flowers — *présidences* — a grown-up party — the portals of life seemed to fly open with those of our *porte-cochère* as the carriage, containing my grandmother and me in our Sunday best, drove off into the dark streets. We were escorted down-stairs by the cook, with an extra lantern, I remember, and my grandfather in his little black silk toque waved farewell over the staircase. We started expectant, rolling over the rattling stones; we crossed the bridge and saw the dark river below us reflecting the lights — I remember no stars, but a damp and drizzly darkness overhead which for some reason added to my excitement. We reached the ancient faubourg before very long, where the oil-lamps swung by chains across the streets; we turned into the Rue de Varennes where Lady Elgin lived, and the coachman rapped at the great closed gates of the house, which opened with a grinding sound, and we walked across the courtyard. The apartment was on the ground floor of a fine melancholy old house — when I sometimes read Mr. Henry James's descriptions of mysterious French families living in solemn hotels, this one rises up again shadowy and imposing.

I followed my grandmother in her brown velvet gown and her diamond brooch into the reception-room. I remember being surprised to find the gay world so dark on the whole and talking in such a confused and subdued murmur. I had expected chandeliers, bursts of laugh-

ter, people in masks and dominoes. I had taken my ideas from bonbon boxes and crackers. But it was evidently all right, my grandmother looked greatly pleased and animated. I saw her speaking to one person and to another in her dignified way — her manners were true grandmother's manners, kind, but distant and serious. We considered our grandmother a very important personage, and I remember feeling not a little proud of her beauty and dignity as we moved along. She was not one of your "remains;" she was a very noble-looking old lady, holding her head high, and her diamond cap-pin flashed as she moved across the room.

My grandmother looked pleased and animated, and when her friends came up to speak to her she introduced me to some of them. Almost the very first person she greeted, but to whom she did not introduce me, was a handsome, rather romantic, fashionable-looking gentleman, with a quantity of dark hair, and a glass in one eye, leaning against the wall by the door as we entered. She said a few words as we passed, I heard something about "Lady Charlotte," and then we walked on, and presently we came upon another girl, younger than myself and very distinguished looking, in a plaid frock, with beautiful, shining braids of thick hair, who seemed quite at home and used to the house; her mother was a regal-looking little woman, with a fine profile and a gold crown; I can still see her in a long green velvet robe slowly crossing the room; she was a well-known person, Mrs. Chapman, the celebrated Abolitionist, the friend of Harriet Martineau, and the little girl was her youngest daughter. While Mrs. Chapman and my grandmother were talking, little Anne Chapman, who seemed to know most of the people, began telling me who they all were. A great many pages out of M. Roche's "Recueil" were present. There were all sorts of notable folks murmuring to one another in the big rooms. "Who was the gentleman in the doorway?" "Oh, he is Mr. Locker," said little Anne, "he is married to Lady Charlotte — Lady Elgin's daughter; didn't I know? — they had only come over from England the day before." "And which is the poet?" said I eagerly. "There he is, in the middle of the room," said the little girl. "Oh, where?" said I. "Oh, not *that!*" For suddenly, just under the swinging chandelier, I see a head, like the figure-head of a ship — a jolly, red, shiny, weather-beaten face, with large, round, prominent features, ornamented with little

pomatamy wisps of hair, and a massive torso clothed in a magnificent frilled skirt over a pink lining. "That the poet? not that," I falter, gazing at Punchinello, high-shouldered, good-humored! "Yes, of course it is that," said the little girl, laughing at my dismay; and the crowd seems to form a circle, in the centre of which stands this droll being, who now begins to recite in a monotonous voice.

I can understand French well enough, but not one single word of what he is saying. It sounds perfectly unintelligible, something like *chi, chou, cha, atchiou, atchiou, atchiou!* And so it goes on, and on, and on. The shirt frill beats time, the monotonous voice rises and falls. It leaves off at last, the poet wipes the perspiration from his brow; there is a moment's silence, then a murmur of admiration from the crowd which closes round him. I see the Punchinello being led up to somebody to be thanked and congratulated; my heart goes down, down; more murmurs, more exclamations. The little girl is gone, I am all alone with my disappointment, and then my grandmother calls me to her side and says it is time to come away. As we move towards the door again, we once more pass Mr. Locker, and he nods kindly, and tells me he knows my father. "Well, and what do you think of Jasmin?" he asks, but I can't answer him, my illusions are dashed. As we drive off through the streets the rain is still falling, the oil-lamps are swinging, we cross the bridge once more, but how dull, how dark, how sad it all seems! My grandmother, sitting upright in the dark carriage, says she has spent a very pleasant evening, and that she is delighted with Jasmin's simplicity and originality. I who had longed to see a poet! who had pictured something so different! I swallowed down as best I could that gulp of salt water which is so apt to choke us when we first take our plunge into the experience of life. "He didn't *look* much like a poet, and I couldn't understand what he said," I faltered.

"Of course you could not understand the *patois*, but have you not enjoyed your evening?" said my grandmother, disappointed. I had the grace to try to speak cheerfully. "I liked the little girl very much and — and — and I liked talking to Mr. Locker, but then he *isn't* a poet," said I.

I can't help laughing even now as I conjure up the absurd little dream of the past and the bitterness of that childish disappointment. How little do we mor-

tals recognize our good fortune that comes to us now and again in a certain humorous disguise. Why, I had been in a world of poets! A poet had greeted me, a poet had sung to me, I had been hustled by poets; there in the crowd (for all I know to the contrary) were Lamartine and Chateaubriand and Girardin and Mérimée, — so at least some one who was present on this occasion reminds me. And as for Frederick Locker, does not his caged music — like that of the bird of Wood Street — echo along the arid pavements with sweetest and most welcome note to charm the passers-by as the echoes of "London Lyrics" catch their listening ear? And the red face was also that of a true poet, born to sing his sweet, unpretending song from a true heart, and to bring music into humble places. "A poet of the people, writing in his dialect, celebrating public occasions and solemnities," says Ste. Beuve, "which somehow remind one of the Middle Ages; belonging" (so he continues) "to the school of Horace and to the school of Theocritus and to that of Gray, and to that of all those charming, studious inspirations which aim at perfection in all their work."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

RURAL REMINISCENCES.

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this. — ECCLES. vii. 10.

WERE the former days better than these? Few of us would, if we could, go back to them; and yet there is a strange, restful charm hanging round the past, a fascinating interest in knowing what our fathers did and how they lived, and in contrasting it with the more bustling, active days in which our own lot is cast.

Undoubtedly life could be, and was, more simple, more unsophisticated, then than now, when the aim of most people is to live up to the pace of the express trains, which have brought with them that craving for continued change, that inability to settle in one spot after the manner of our fathers; and, as they did, to live the same life, year after year, with little change or relaxation. What they call regularity we should term monotony; their peaceful quiet would be to us stagnation. The time is fast dying out when men dwelt, as it were, under their own vine and their own fig-tree; when fifty and even sixty years would be spent in one small country

village, content to be beyond the sound of the hum of the busy world in the more thickly populated towns.

A visit to London or the seaside, in the times of our grandparents in the country, was an event in their history requiring grave consideration and deliberation. I have a countrywoman's idea of the great city, given me as late as the year 1856, taken down in her own words: "Why, you know, miss, I ha'n't never been to London; I don't know nothin' at all about it. Why, lor! miss, how funny I should feel, to be sure! Why, there! I told Mr. W. the other day that if I was to get to the station at London I should stand and holler till he did come to me; for you see, miss, I shouldn't be able to vind en, 'cos I don't know as whether he've a got a bell or a knocker to his door; but I shouldn't like to go, neither, 'cos there 'ud be such a lot of people to stare at me."

Only five years ago, just before starting for the seaside with my family, I was talking to an old woman of eighty-three, who had lived all her life in her own village, about the sea. She said she hoped as how we "shouldn't be drownded," but she couldn't say as how she ever did like the sea; and on my asking her if she had ever seen it, "No," she replied; "my son always tried to persuade me to go and see it, and to please him one day when the wagons were going to M——" (an estuary of a tidal river fourteen miles from her home) "I got on the wagons and rode, but when I got there, thank God, 'twere only mud."

There were advantages in those quiet far-off times — more time for thought, less rushing to and fro to this committee meeting, that tennis party, that "delightful clergyman whom every one runs after." The hand of charity was busy and liberal enough, but it did not work through the medium of bazaars, raffles, benefit concerts, dramatic entertainments, etc. In trade, in manufactures, there was more genuineness than now — less adulteration, and more truth. The articles sold were what they professed to be; less artistic, perhaps, in some respects, but more real. What was sold as cloth was cloth, and not shoddy; and this principle more or less pervaded society generally. But it would be ungenerous and unjust to draw too one-sided a contrast. We must give credit to, and be thankful for, the enormous machinery that is so efficiently working in our day for the mitigation of some of the evils incident to the increasing population

of our country. We must not ignore the many brave lives that are consecrated to the work of rescuing and helping the suffering, the sad, and the sinful, and bringing comfort, light, and hope into their future. If the former years gave time for thought, the present time certainly shows action; and if some of the old-world customs and ideas that look so quaint to our eyes have disappeared, there is certainly a higher tone of morality struggling for the ascendancy; the coarser and more brutal sins of society are not tolerated as in former days; the great movements on behalf of temperance, purity of life, etc., are recognized by all as doing good work, and the Church and other religious bodies are waking up to greater activity in their services, and a wider sense of their responsibilities.

In the retrospect of the last fifty years many curious reminiscences occur to my mind of the Church in the peculiar phase in which it presented itself to the experiences of my childhood — the lively days of Evangelicalism, when Charles Simeon's influence was widely felt, and a high tone of spiritual life was recognized by those of the clergy who accepted his religious views.

I can see now in my mind's eye the whitewashed, one-aisled church, with rows of hat-pegs on the wall, and a gallery at the west end, where the school children sat, guarded by their teachers, each of whom was armed with a long white stick ready to descend on the head of some luckless child who, weary with some two hours' school instruction under the gallery or in the pews before service, might naturally be inclined to fidget, or to talk with his neighbor. Meanwhile, up the aisle, with the merriest twinkle of humor in his eye, and with very measured steps, paces the fat old constable, also armed with a long white wand, looking right and left at the occupants of the pews, hoping to descry a sleepy delinquent. Down comes the stick with a heavy thud on the edge of the pew where sits the poor sleeper, making noise enough, one would think, irremediably to break the thread of the vicar's extempore sermon. But the preacher is no ordinary man. The salvation of the souls of his hearers is his one concern, and so absorbed is he in his subject that no outward disturbance will affect him. He has even insisted on forms and chairs being placed in the churchyard, under the pulpit window, that mothers, with the infants who would otherwise have detained

them at home, may sit and hear as much of the sermon as their squalling babes will allow.

More curious still are my recollections of the service in the same church on a week-day evening. The dip candles, set in tin savealls, spiked at the bottom, so as to be stuck into the top edge of the pews, were presided over by the old clerk's wife, who perambulated the church to snuff them, and who, being of a saving turn of mind, and knowing that the candle-ends were her perquisites, would at regular intervals, as the service progressed, snuff out here and there a candle, so that by the end of the sermon it was indeed a very dim religious light that pervaded the building.

The long white wand reminds me of another village church, cathedral-like in its size and beauty, notwithstanding the high, square, baize-lined pews which, to our modern ideas, disfigured it, but which all have happy associations in my mind. The last four of these pews, not baize-lined, and therefore noisy, were usually the resort of the village lads, and it is not difficult to imagine their behavior when congregated in these boxes. From the organ gallery above, I am ashamed to say, it was my childish delight to watch their pranks, and great was the excitement when the old parish beadle at the bottom of the church would rise for his march up the aisle. The tittering, whispering, and nut-cracking in the lower pews would make him stop, stand on tiptoe, and raise his stick, hoping to drop it on the head of the culprit whom the high pew would prevent him from properly seeing. But the boys discern his thoughts, slip off their seats into the middle of the pew, the stick descends with a bang on the hard seat, that reverberates through the church, the mischievous grin goes round the boys' faces as they scuttle back into their places, and the crusty old man resumes his walk up and down the aisle.

The high pews of those days have, however, other memories than the idleness and irreverence they engendered. Here and there throughout the church might be seen the men, especially the old men, standing up with their elbows on the pews, in rapt attention to the sermon. The squire, too, impelled by another motive, would walk across his roomy pew and plant himself in the same position after the sermon had lasted, as he thought, a sufficient time; and his appearance at the side of the pew would be intended as an intimation that the clergyman should stop

his discourse. The squire of another church, I remember, always poked his fire vigorously after the sermon had lasted about twenty minutes, and used to tell his vicar that he thought twenty minutes was as long as one gentleman should detain another.

The abolition of the high pews was a great revolution to the rustic mind, and, like other innovations, was looked upon with true Protestant horror. I have in my note-book a conversation, dated June, 1856, between the vicar's wife and the churchwarden:—

Mrs. A. "I wish the pews were not so high, Mr. B.; one feels shut up in a box."

Mr. B. "They are not a bit too high, ma'am; I won't have none o' those new-fangled notions about low pews. It's the essence of Puseyism."

Mrs. A. "Indeed! I didn't know low pews were Puseyistical."

Mr. B. "Decidedly so, ma'am, decidedly."

It was not only the rustic mind that was exercised on the subject of the pews. I well remember attending a church in one of the fashionable suburbs of London where low pews had lately been substituted for high ones, and where the opposition had been very keen. It was very amusing to see several elderly gentlemen in the congregation testifying their feelings by walking up the aisle attended by their footman or buttons boy, who would screw on a small leather back to their masters' seats, and at the end of the service would unscrew it and take it home.

Those who enjoy the privilege of a weekly celebration of the holy communion would find it difficult to carry back their minds to the time when, even among the more earnest of the clergy, it would not be celebrated in their churches more than six, or at most eight, times during the year; in the majority of parishes it would not be more than three or four times. To illustrate the way in which this state of things appealed to the lay mind, I may quote a conversation, taken down by myself, between the aforementioned churchwarden and his vicar:—

"Sir, there's just one little matter that I wanted to mention to you. The former rector, Mr. H., he didn't have the communion but four times a year. Then there was Mr. M."—alluding to one who is now one of our bishops—"he rizz'd it up to eight times, and at last to every month. Now the people complain o' that, sir; so I was thinking if you couldn't halve the matter, and have it eight times, or, better

still, six times a year; then, don't 'e see, sir, 'twouldn't come quite so expensive" —alluding to the cost of the wine.

While on the subject of the administration of the sacraments of the Church, I find a story in my note-book which, had it not been told me by the clergyman to whom it occurred, I could scarcely have credited. Soon after his appointment to his country parish in —shire, about the year 1829, he was called on to baptize an infant. When about to take the child into his arms, he was astonished to find no water in the font, and on asking for it the clerk remarked, in a wronged tone, "Why, lor, sir! the wold maister di'n't never want na'n'a water; he did do zo" —licking his hand.

A good old clergyman with an innate sense of humor used to tell me a story of his own experience connected with the subject of baptism. It was about the year 1832, when the country population was greatly excited on the subject of the first Reform Bill. The village alehouse would be, naturally, the place where politics would be discussed, and, as is so inimitably described by George Eliot in "Felix Holt," the laborers would wax warm over their glass, as in these days they do over the newspaper. They saw in the Reform Bill the first glimpse of a possible though far-distant future for themselves, and hoped that things were turning in the right direction, and all their thoughts and interests centred in the news from London. A Dissenter brought his child to the church for baptism, from the sort of feeling that even now prevails in some rural districts that church baptism is a preservative against many evils to which flesh is heir. When the clergyman put the question, "Name this child," "Reform, sir," was the answer given. This was too much for the good old Tory parson, who said, "My good man, there is no such name. I cannot give your child such a name. Cannot you think of another?" "Reform, sir!" was the answer, in more dogged tones than before; and it ended in the clergyman refusing to continue the service, the aggrieved father marching off in high dudgeon. The following Sunday found the father returned to the charge with the baby. The kindly parson, desirous of avoiding a repetition of an uncomfortable scene, went up to him and said, "You have thought of another name for your child, I dare say." "Yes, sir," was the more courteous reply; "it's all right this time." Thus reassured, the clergy-

man began the service, and on saying the words "Name this child," the answer was "John Russell Brougham Feargus O'Connor," which string of names the crestfallen parson was obliged to give the poor infant, who, for aught I know, still lives to bear it. Whether they were all duly registered would be an amusing subject of inquiry.

Sometimes, in those now happily far-off days, the offices of the Church were discharged in a very perfunctory fashion. On one occasion the congregation in a town church were amazed to find the clergyman half-way through the service when they assembled, but were told afterwards that he had begun half an hour before the appointed time in order to catch a train. And in a country district I was told by a man in the last stage of consumption that his vicar had called the previous day and had told him to "cheer up and not to die in the dumps," and that if he felt worse he (the vicar) would be passing his house on his way to the meet of the hounds in a day or two, and would call in and give him the sacrament.

There were no aggrieved parishioners in those days to report every little breach of Church order and neglect of pastoral care to the bishop; nor would the bishops have very much cared to be troubled about them. Beyond their septennial, or in later years triennial, confirmations in the towns, a bishop was an unknown quantity in the country villages. A poor woman once remarked to me that she would have liked to be at church the day of the confirmation, "'cos them 'ere bishops are so arnshent [ancient] and beautiful." I was told by the vicar of a small town in the south of England that a servant-girl in his parish asked one day if she could be spared for an hour or two, as she was anxious to see the bishop who was coming to confirm at the church. Leave was given, but in the course of an hour the girl returned. "Well, Jane," said her mistress, "you're soon home again; you can't have really seen the bishop." "Oh yes, ma'am," the girl replied, "I've a zeed en!" "Well," says the mistress, "what did you think of him?" "Oh, ma'am, he popped and 'opped and jumped about; 'twas beautiful to zee en." The story was soon explained. Jane, in passing through the town, had seen a crowd of people collected round a dancing bear; and, never having seen either a bishop or a dancing bear, concluded they were one and the same thing.

There were many cases, however, in the dull desert of coldness and indifference that too often characterized our Church and its work in the villages of our land; many parishes where the tie uniting pastor and people was an undying one; where the vicarage-house was felt by all the parishioners to be the home to which they could at any time come for counsel, for relief, and for help of every kind. The girls would thence be fitted out for service, and helped to find their first place; the babies would be doctored, the old people's coughs cured by the never-failing remedies, only to be found in the good lady's medicine-chest at the vicarage.

Loving memories cluster especially round one who used to tell with great amusement a very characteristic story of herself, in her capacity of what she loved to be, the friend and general property of all the parishioners. Two old widows lived under one roof, and one of them broke her arm. After some days the other met the lady of the vicarage with "Why, sure, ma'am, ha'n't you aheerd about neighbor Hart, as how she've agone and broke her arm?"

"No indeed," says the lady, "why didn't you tell me? You ought to have come to the vicarage."

"Why, there, ma'am, so I towld her, but she said as how she didn't like to croach [encroach]; but I says, says I to her, 'Why, that ain't no croachin'; why, what be Mrs. B. made for but to wait o' we?'"

Sometimes the help asked would be amusing—the loan of pocket-handkerchiefs to attend a funeral, and even of the vicar's black trousers for the same purpose.

The music in our modern churches contrasts strangely with what might have been heard in our villages fifty and even thirty years ago. There are few churches now which are favored with a Nebuchadnezzar band—"harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick;" and when one remembers the hearty enjoyment of the rustics as they shouted out the repetition lines of the tunes "Lydia," "Paradise," and the like, and contrasts it with the more correct and musical standard of the present day, in which often the well-trained choir sings to the congregation, the thought will occur, did not that rough, untrained music touch the religious sympathies of the people more closely than the more melodious hymns of our modern hymn-books? and is it not one amongst many reasons that the Church

seems to have so weak a hold on the laboring man? He may feel, and with some justice, that the service is now all done for him, and that whereas formerly he could take an active share in its conduct, now he is only as it were (and often too literally) a sleeping partner in the concern. No doubt the Salvation Army and such like religious movements have recognized this, and hence probably the secret of some of their attractiveness.

Only those who have been familiar with this Church music of the past can appreciate the description, humorous indeed, but in no degree overdrawn, which Thomas Hardy gives in "The Return of the Native," and which I must be pardoned for transcribing (vol. i., page 103):—

"There was Flychett Church likewise. . . . He [Yeobright] used to walk over there of a Sunday afternoon, to visit his old acquaintance Andrew Brown, the first clarinet there; a good man enough, but rather screechy in his music, if you can mind." "A was." "And neighbor Yeobright would take Andrey's place for some part of the service, to let Andrey have a nap, as any friend would naturally do." "As any friend would," said Grandfer Cattle, the other listeners expressing the same accord by the shorter way of nodding their heads. "No sooner was Andrey asleep, and the first whiff of neighbor Yeobright's wind had got inside Andrey's clarionet, than every one in church feel'd in a moment that there was a great soul among 'em. All heads would turn, and they'd say, 'Ah, I thought 'twas he!'"

"One Sunday I can well mind, a bass viol day that time, and Yeobright had brought his own. 'Twas the hundred and thirty-third, to 'Lydia;' and when they'd come to

Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes its costly moisture shed,

neighbor Yeobright, who had just warmed to his work, drove his bow into them strings that glorious grand, that he almost sawed the bass viol into two pieces. Every winder in church rattled as if 'twere a thunderstorm. Old Passon Gibbons lifted his hands in his great holy surplice, as natural as if he'd been in human clothes, and seemed to say to himself, 'O for such a man in our parish!' But not a soul in Flychett could hold a candle to Yeobright."

Many years of my life were spent in a country village, where from time immemorial the like quaint music had prevailed; and the first sight of the church gallery

with its occupants is indelibly impressed on my mind. A tall, upright old man with black hair, very red eyes, and dressed in a grey smock-frock, was the chief bass singer, supported by two bass viols, who certainly had no pretensions to Yeobright's skill. On their left stood a younger man, about thirty, blowing a clarinet, and leading the three treble voices, in the persons of his mother and two elderly aunts. Behind this front row stood several men, singing promiscuously tenor or bass; the tenors being led by two flutes, one of whom played his notes an octave higher than the air.

As time went on, and other churches in the neighborhood became more modernized, the idea was mooted that these instruments should be supplanted by an harmonium. The proposal caused such consternation that, to soften it, it was suggested that the harmonium should be added to the other instruments; and that I should play it, and unite my voice with those of the three ancient sisters. This arrangement was approved by the singers, and the further innovation of a weekly practice was agreed to. The results at first, as may be imagined, were somewhat discordant, the knowledge of music which the performers possessed being of a most limited description. On one occasion the note played by the harmonium being E natural, the clarinet sounded E flat. I stopped and mildly remonstrated. My friend was conscious, though not in the smallest degree distressed at the discord. "Well, ma'am," he said, "I go so high as I can, my clarinet don't mark no higher." (I suppose, though I do not know, that it was dumb through age.) Poor fellow! I fear he saw his day was over, for of his own accord he relinquished the clarinet from that day, and the following Sunday his mother sat down during the singing and wept. I need not say I felt very sorry for them both, and as though, after all, progress were not *all* profit. The tenor flute offered far greater difficulty, for as he persisted in playing in a higher octave than the air, now that the clarinet had gone, it was a struggle as to which should have the predominance, my voice or his flute. The louder I sang, the more lustily he played, till at last, feeling that he was winning by sheer physical force, I suggested that he should play in the lower octave. To this he only replied, "I must play as 'tis wrote." Knowing him to be a hopeless dolt, and very pig-headed and conceited, and yet anxious not needlessly to offend him, an invitation was given him

to come to the gallery one week-day evening, where the matter could be reasoned out quietly. To this he assented, and on the appointed evening he appeared, armed with his flute, and I with the volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which contained the articles on music, hoping to appal him with the size of the book. After telling him that of course he would be interested in the opinions of those who knew a great deal more of the science of music than either he or myself, I proceeded to read as hard as possible page after page of technicalities, as unintelligible to myself as to him. This went on for about an hour, when I hoped he was sufficiently bored; I knew I was, and then said, "Now, William, you probably understand it better than if I had explained it to you." Poor William looked dazed and weary as he replied, "Well, I don't know nothin' at all about it, but so long as he do cord [*i.e.*, as it accords or harmonizes], whether he be at top, or whether he be at bottom, I don't see what he do signify." It will be seen that in the Wessex dialect the masculine personal pronoun is generally used in place of the neuter. William went to chapel for a few Sundays, but as he was courting one of the vicarage servants, love prevailed over his mortified feelings, and brought him back to church, where, if not an ornamental, he was at least a steadfast member of the choir for many years, using his voice instead of his flute.

In most country villages it was the custom for the congregation to turn to the gallery while the hymn was sung, the clerk previously announcing it by saying, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God by singing the —th hymn," which he would then give out, two lines at a time, to be taken up by the singers as they best could. Where the clergyman was not musical, the singers would often, with his consent, take that part of the service into their own hands, choosing their own hymns and tunes. Sometimes a strolling choir would visit the church, and give an anthem on their own responsibility. An old clergyman told me he found these anthems so tedious and objectionable that he resolved to put a stop to them, and on one occasion sent a message through the clerk to the effect that no anthem was to be sung that afternoon. The choir, however, defying his order, struck up one of a particularly noisy character, much to the discomfiture of the parson, who, the service ended, summoned the leader of the choir, and, in order to terrify him into

submission, threatened to put him into the ecclesiastical court. The young man was so scared on being told by his friends that the ecclesiastical court was a dungeon under the cathedral, swarming with black beetles and vermin, that he took to his bed, and died in a fortnight. It did not seem to occur to the good old clergyman that he was in any way responsible for his end; he was wont to end his simple story by saying he thought the young man must have been consumptive.

My mother used to tell a story of a curate in a Norfolk parish, where the rector was non-resident. One Sunday, just as the curate had entered the reading-desk, the rector came into the church, and sent him a note to the effect that he wished to preach, but had forgotten to bring his bands. This appendage to the clerical wardrobe was quite indispensable in those days; and the only way in which the curate could help him out of the difficulty was to untie his own bands, and hand them up into the three-decker as soon as the rector mounted. But when the time came, as ill-luck would have it, the string of the bands got into a knot, and by one of those unaccountable coincidences that sometimes occur, the singers in the gallery struck up the anthem, "Loose the bands of thy neck, thou captive daughter of Zion;" and as they repeated the words over and over again, and one part echoed another, "loose the bands of thy neck—loose the bands—loose the bands," the hapless curate became more baffled in his hopeless endeavors to untie the knotted strings, and in his nervousness supposed the anthem to be directed at him. I do not remember how it ended, but probably the amusement it caused afterwards may have more than compensated for the annoyance of the time.

The substitution of hymn-books for the Tate and Brady version of the Psalms was regarded as a dangerous innovation; and I recollect the dismay it occasioned in a fashionable town church about the year 1850, especially amongst the elderly maiden ladies, who considered it their duty to enter their protest against any change in the service to which they had been accustomed. Some of them would sit down during the singing of the hymn, and turning to the corresponding number in the Prayer-book version, would read it in a voice distinctly audible to their neighbors.

It is impossible to form any correct estimate of how far the religious services of these old days really penetrated the intelligence of the uneducated country

people. They had a general notion that to keep their church or their chapel was a passport to heaven. The doctrines of Christianity were often explained from the pulpit in far too dull a manner to arouse any keen interest, and the practical teaching of the duties of daily life was too often not thought a fit subject for pulpit ministrations. The general torpor in anything like spiritual life, and the sort of misty faith that pervaded their minds, may be illustrated by the description of a death-bed as given me by an old woman:—

"And zo I zeed as she wer' agoin' vast [fast], and I zaid to Stevens, 'Stevens, you come in here and zee Mrs. Hewish, for you 'on't zee er no more.' Zo she comed in and zaid good-bye to Mrs. Hewish. And zays I, 'Mrs. Hewish, are you 'appy?' 'Well,' zays she, 'I wish, Mrs. Cutler, that I'd a-stayed at Bath when you did beg me zo to do; I shou'n't ha' been as I be, for you know, miss, she worn't livin' altogether right. But lor! we mustn't zay too much about them 'ere zort o' things.' Howsomesoever, zays I to 'er, 'Never you mind that, Mrs. Hewish, we'se all got our failers [failures], and can't 'elp 'em; but God's merciful, and all you've got to do is to trust a Him, and then you'll do very well.' Zo she zaid no more, but laid 'er 'ed back and wagged nor 'and nor voot [foot] no more, but went off like a snuff."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH."

WHEN I first heard these words I was not highly impressed by them, or by anything at the moment except the redness of the bridegroom's nose, and the surprising manner in which one of "the young ladies'" dresses had been coerced into fitting the bride. The solemnities of the service passed, in every sense, over my head, which was then not much higher than the table at which the priest stood; indeed it was only by putting forth the fullest wriggling powers of childhood that I was able to gloat in comfort on the bride's blushes from a loophole between the turf-flavored folds of her mother's Galway cloak and the repressive elbow of my elder brother. Why the ceremony should have taken place in the vestry I cannot say, beyond that it was a custom in the little Roman Catholic chapel of which I write; just as it was in those friendly days a

custom with us to go to the marriages of the tenants, and to take our share of the blessing and the sprinkled holy water.

The accustomed gold, silver, and copper were laid on the book by the bridegroom, the portentous words were spoken, with the melancholy Galway accent adding its emphasis to them, and at the next interval the priest opened the window behind him. "Run down to Mick Leonard's for a coal," he said in Irish to some one outside, and then proceeded with a most sound and simple exordium to the newly married pair. In a few minutes there appeared in the open window a hand holding a live coal of turf in a bent stick; I can see it yet, the pale fire in the white ash of the sod, thrust between us and the blue sky, and the priest's hand put out to take it, but I cannot remember now what was its mission, whether to light a candle or incense. After this came a sprinkling with holy water with something that nearly resembled a hearth-brush; a drop fell into my open mouth as I stood gaping with the detestable curiosity of my age, and its peculiar, slightly brackish flavor is always the impression that comes first when I recall that day. There was a long business of hand-shakings and huggings, and the wedding party squeezed itself out of the narrow vestry doorway, with hearts fully attuned to the afternoon's entertainment.

At the gate some shaggy horses were tied up, and having mounted one of these, much as a man would climb a tree, the bridegroom hauled his bride up behind him, and started for home at a lumbering gallop. Shouting and whooping, the other men got on their horses and pursued, and the whole clattering, bumping cavalcade passed out of sight, leaving us transfixed in admiration of the traditional "dragging home" of the bride. For me the only remaining recollections of the day are of a surfeit in the bedroom of the bride's mother, where in gluttonous solitude I partook of hot soda-bread, half a glass of luscious port, and a boiled egg; while the less honored guests in the kitchen outside harangued and sang songs, and drank the wine of the country in its integrity.

It was not till a Sunday of last autumn that the words first heard in the white-washed vestry recurred with their original association. Within sight of the chapel stands the ruins of St. Annin's Church, with the ground inside and outside of it half choked with graves; mound and headstone and battered slab, with the brier wreathing them, and the limestone rock

thrusting its strong shoulder up between. Here in the last light of that November day the whole parish assembled for the funeral of one of its oldest inhabitants. The usual preliminaries at the dead man's house had been much lengthened by a dispute between his relatives and the priest as to the opening of his strong-box; and when the men at length began to stamp down the last spadefuls of earth their figures were black against the fading sky, and beyond them the lake was no more than a pale streak beneath its looming hill. The knots of bystanders had become thin and dispersed by the time the less interesting stages of filling up the grave were arrived at; but the subject of the strong-box was still hotly disputed by the partisans of both sides, the men who stamped down the earth using the action as an emphasis to their assertions. I was walking to the gate, thinking of many changes that had come to pass in an absence of sixteen years, when a woman came from among the graves to meet me, and called me by my name. Dark cloak and beautiful cap-frill, and worn, middle-aged face were the first impressions, and then some wraith of old association began to flit and hide about the clear features. It seemed to implore recognition while it fled, but the name would not come; the woman, with evident disappointment, spoke it herself, and the bride of twenty years ago was there under the cloak-hood.

Five minutes told the story: ill-health, an everlasting pain "out through the top of me head," a husband who takes more than is good for him (oh, prophetic nuptial red nose!), and many children left to take the place of the two whose graves have felt a few minutes ago the print of their mother's knees. The churchyard emptied, the wind was raw in the twilight, and turning from reminiscence to reality the woman folded her cloak about her and set out on her four-mile walk home. Her grave, hooded figure and quiet face had something melancholy and nun-like about them as she left the graveyard, or perhaps they took the gracious conventual suggestion from contrast with the companion of her walk, a neighbor's daughter, attired in a fashionable light coat and a towering hat, from which the wisps of emerald-grass drooped over the fierce fringe below it.

How strangely, how harshly different was all this! Instead of the broad-backed horse, galloping by the young corn-fields and blossoming bogs, with the large frieze-clad waist to meet her arms about, and the laughter and shouting of the pursuers

coming to her ear, there is an endless tramping in the darkness, with talk of guano, and geese, and pigs' food, and anxious thoughts as to how the sick child got through the day without her. The last sound of disputing and gossiping voices died in the lane, the road beyond it was grey and solitary, suggestive more of the slow-footed funeral than of the hoof-dints of the "dragging home," and the white chapel on the hill stood bare and hideous in the gloom; impervious to the life histories of its own making, impossible as an accessory to sentiment.

Next Shraft will see some more brides at its altar-rails (no confidential seclusion in the vestry nowadays), plighting their troth for sickness and for health, with probably no more thought of what may be the stress of the stipulation than had their mothers or great-grandmothers in a similar case; certainly with no better ideas than they of how to support it when such stress may fall on them. Their equipment of knowledge is a strange one, a *trousseau* worth looking into, to see what in it will wash and wear during the striving years. They can milk a cow, they can fatten a pig, they can boil potatoes indifferently, they can make up linen execrably; and for other acquirements. they can read and write fairly well, if not perfectly; have not forgotten the names at least of the higher branches of arithmetic that they attained to at the national school; and perhaps have still some parrot-like jangle and tangle of recollection of the poetry of Addison, Pope, and Milton, that they learned there. What they do not know would take longer in telling, but, for the present purpose, the list may be short. They cannot cook a piece of meat, or, if they did, there would probably be death in the pot for the ordinary digestion; they cannot make soup, they cannot make a poultice. The best that an invalid can hope for at their hands is tea stewed in the ashes, gruel of an uninviting kind, and perhaps a piece of toast, well smoked over the turf fire. As for themselves, poor props and managers of their households, when illness lays hold of them, what nauseating coarsenesses of food must they receive from the husband and children who know even less than they of the possibilities of cooking! The potatoes and cabbage will be eaten contentedly year by year, by prosperous and poor alike, health and fresh air supplying a priceless savor; but when one morning some one of the household is left lying sick and helpless in the bed from which the

others have got up, want of appetite may mean something near starvation. There is no lack of sympathy, there is often intense devotion, but neither is an efficient substitute for beef-tea.

These things have been freely illustrated during this spring, when, last of all Europe, Ireland lay prostrate under the influenza flail. Here, in a south-western corner of it, when London slums were falling back on their old friends the commonplace fevers, the pestilence ran in the sunny noonday, by furzy heights and windy cliffs, and the sick people lay in every cabin and farmhouse; going down before it like packs of cards, like grass before the scythe, like all things that are unresisting and unanimous. Even yet a belated victim is caught here and there; but it was in the March days, when the roads were white in the sun and the hard wind, and the easterly haze tempered the blue glare of the sea, that the new-fangled visitor was busiest, stepping in under all the peaceful thatched roofs out of the fresh weather. For one afternoon let us follow where those feverous footsteps made their way, and let it be in one of those strong March days, with the daffodils hanging their lamps in the shady places.

A downward scramble through the low furze, already muffing its spikes in bloom, a path down the face of a hill, where the sheep surely are holding on by their teeth and not grazing, some sheets of rock at the most slippery angle, and, finally, a potato-pot, a dozing white cur of the collie tribe, and some apathetic poultry, grouped before the door of a cabin that clings to its half-dozen yards of level ground, and turns a whitewashed gable, beautifully hung with ivy, to the unutterable widths of sea. Inside, the little bedroom is as dark as a cave to the eyes that come to it from the outer radiancy, and it takes half a minute to clear it up; the two huge beds, leaving only a narrow passage between, the distressing colored print of a sacred subject, and the white face of the invalid, a strapping youth, who lies feeble and bashful, while his female relatives recite his woes in terms of the roundest, and with voices that would shatter the average constitution.

"He's turrrible wake in himself, and he never shlept with the dhreadful pain in through his head. Ye'd think the life 'd lave him with it; an' sure we shteed a cloth in whiskey and rolled his head in it, and after all he got no aise!"

Small ease indeed must have been his,

throbbing and burning through the long hours, with the fumes of the reeking clout to soothe his pain. The fever has left him, and all who have been in its clutches will know what a pillaged, defeated creature it leaves behind, how dependent on constant and careful feeding, how drooping and sinking without it. Accordingly, since last night he has been given, as sole restorative, sips of milk and water — "For indeed, your honor, he has what I might call an exhausted shtummick." These skilled physicians are thriving people in their way, but it has not occurred to them to convert one of their chickens into broth for the sick boy, and they take the idea with a faint-heartedness that results in the chicken being eventually consigned to the hands of the cook at "the big house." The mysteries of a beaten-up egg having been practically expounded, and some quinine measured out, the admiration of the mother and daughter chooses, as its only adequate outlet, a shrill burst of scorn for the medicine supplied by the dispensary. The black nostrum itself is at last brought out with revilings, and with a sudden sacrificial ecstasy is poured out on the ashes of the kitchen fire, there to have its merits tested by the crickets and the cat; and if there be truth in the character given of it, we may wish them joy of their debauch.

The next cottage stands within sight, its thatched roof-peak showing low and grey behind a blaze of furze on the ridge of the hill; but a short cut to it, arrogantly entered on, has to be circuitously and swampily repented of before the lawful *bohireen* is struck on. It is difficult to think of anything except mere surroundings on a spring day in the country, though it is well known that heroes and heroines always take such an occasion to unpack their bosoms and spread out a choice meditation on every hedge and spring flower; but the commoner sort of mind seems rather to spend itself in a stupid and delightful staring about, like country folk at a coronation. On this day, however, the usual vacuity was occupied by no less a subject than quinine, or, rather, by the present deplorable lack of it. It is considered too expensive a medicine for the dispensaries, and consequently, at such a time as this, the people in this district, and possibly in others, have to do without it. That is to say, they would have to do without it, only that those ancient enemies of theirs, the upper classes and owners of the soil, find it still within the power of their shortened incomes to

give quinine in quantities both large and continuous to all who require it. But, as the people here say, "Let that pass."

Already the smoke from an open door is in the air, and half-a-dozen bare-legged children scurry across a quaking manure-heap, and vanish in the obscurity inside. The victim here is the mother, and she has hung for some days within touch of death, kept alive, indeed, by the beef-tea and wine that are brought to her. Her heavy, glittering eyes wander round the room, from the dirty children peeping at the door to the heap of seed-potatoes in the corner, waiting for her hand to cut them up for the sowing; while a neighbor, who has left her own house and children to come and tend her, gives an account of her state.

"We powlitced her the way your honor shown us, but afther all she gets the nights very hard, and the impression do be very savare."

"Ay, in throth," says the patient feebly; "it thravels every bit o' me between the skin and the flesh, the same as if it 'd be walkin'."

She is pressed to say if there is anything that could tempt her languid appetite, seeing that the neighbor's ideas of a delicacy for an invalid do not soar beyond a slice of "baker's bread," or cabbage stewed in dripping; but she refuses one after another the suggested puddings and jellies, as David refused the armor that he had not proved.

"Ah, think now!" says her friend; "is there nothin' ye'd have a wish for?"

"There's not a thing" — then, after a pause — "unless it 'd be the lick of a fish's tail."

"She'd have fancies that way," put in the neighbor; "but when ye'd give her the thing, the sighth of it itself 'd be enough for her. She was smothering up in her shesht all night, and near kilt with the cough and the pain in her side, an' we gev her a half-bottle of porther, hot, with a glass of whiskey in it, to reduce the impression — they'd reckon that very good — but whatever, she's very bad, the poor thing!"

A fire has been lighted on the hearth of the bedroom, probably for the first time since it was built, and the smoke puffs gamesomely down the chimney till the house is full of it. The sick woman breathes it with difficulty, but no one has contemplated the extreme measure of opening the window, and the simple method of whisking the fire itself out into the kitchen, brand by brand, is adopted.

We follow in its pungent trail, meeting outside the robust odor of the red herring with which the shy appetite is to be wooed, and having skirted the revolting morasses in the yard by a stone causeway made for the purpose, we breathe the keen air of the brows and slopes with enthusiasm.

The afternoon is long, but so is already the narrative of it, and what is gone before must be both sample and surety for what came after. Perhaps it is as well. The sick faces that were in real life so vivid and so separate in their own surroundings, might, if marshalled in order for inspection, seem only a motionless sad group, alike and indistinct, with their negligences and ignorances, and the absurdities of English-speaking that their own poor mouths have committed, set above them in heartless scrolleries. Whatever is seen before sunset on that March day, of dirt, of airlessness, of savage foods, of impregnable stupidity, may be easily massed and excused in a word. With young and old it is the same; they grope out their lives in the dark house of ignorance, and dream of no outlet from it, but, unrepining where discontent would be admirable, they cannot believe how helpless and slavish is their state.

Let us end, at all events, with a blessing. Leaving, some hours later, a house where the father, mother, and grandmother have the influenza at the same time and in the same bed, we go down to the village quay in the clear twilight, and across the coarse shingle to a cabin that leans drunkenly against the hill, and looks with a crooked little eye out over the harbor. Its single room is shared by a solitary old woman and the poultry by which she supports herself; and she sits among her hen-coops, and discourses at large of herself and her ailments, turning from time to time a motherly eye on the fowl strutting in and out of the open door.

"In throth I was very sick those nights, very sick intirely. There was one night me palate got wesht in my throath, and I come rokin' at it with the leg of a shpoon, and indeed I thought I was dead, and I alone be meself in the house. I'd hear him shtir within in the coop," pointing to a drabble-tailed barn-door cock, "and I'd say to him, 'There's not one here in the house, only you and me, Dicky, and the Lord Almighty and His Mother—that's the company I have.'"

The evening darkens while she talks on, and the fishing-boats come stealing up to their moorings through the dim reflec-

tions. The harbor becomes alive with the clank of anchor-chains; the blocks shriek as the ropes run through; and the first mast-head light shines on the water almost at the old woman's feet as she stands at her doorway to give her benediction.

"That the world may wonder at yer happiness, and that ye may have the first bed in the kingdom of heaven."

MARTIN ROSS.

From The Spectator.

A MANUAL FOR INTERIOR SOULS.*

THIS is a very good translation of one of the most striking of the Roman Catholic manuals of devotion written in the last century. Père Grou was a Jesuit, who was also in his way a man of great reality and simplicity and truthfulness of nature. He was driven out of France by the Revolution, and ended his days in a great English Catholic house, the house of the Welds of Dorsetshire. There is, of course, a good deal in the spiritual writings of the Jesuits, more especially their extreme and, as we think, unhealthy admiration for implicit obedience to human directors, with which those who are not Roman Catholics cannot at all agree; but it is an impressive thing to read the book of any one who, like Father Grou, really believed with all his heart that it mattered infinitely more whether or not he got his soul into the right order, and submitted himself wholly to the will of God with a cheerful heart, than it mattered whether he enjoyed or suffered, succeeded or failed, lived or died. Nobody can read this book without seeing that here was a man who really thought holiness the one great object of life, and who did not mean by holiness a fastidious and selfish holiness, but rather the frank willingness to do the duty God had appointed in the right spirit, whether that were to take part cordially in a social gathering, or to wrestle alone with a great temptation. Such advice as the following, for instance, is enough to make one feel that, however we may differ from Father Grou on points on which his Jesuit training had formed in him a special type of character, we are at least always sure of his sincerity and simplicity and depth of purpose:—

* Manual for Interior Souls. A Collection of Unpublished Writings by the Rev. Father Grou, of the Society of Jesus. Translated by permission from the New Edition of Victor Lecoffre, 90 Rue Bonaparte, Paris. London: S. Anselm's Society, Agar Street, Charing Cross. 1899.

The truly devout man studies to fulfil perfectly all the duties of his state, and all his really necessary duties of kindness and courtesy to society. He is faithful to his devotional exercises, but he is not a slave to them; he interrupts them, he suspends them, he even gives them up altogether for a time, when any reason of necessity or of simple charity requires it. Provided he does not do his own will, he is always certain of doing the Will of God. The truly devout man does not run about seeking for good works, but he waits until the occasion of doing good presents itself to him. He does what in him lies to ensure success; but he leaves the care of the success to God. He prefers those good works which are obscure and done in secret to those which are brilliant and gain general admiration; but he does not shrink from these latter ones when they are for the glory of God and the edification of his neighbor. The truly devout man does not burden himself with a great quantity of vocal prayers and practices which do not leave him time to breathe. He always preserves his liberty of spirit; he is neither scrupulous nor uneasy about himself; he goes on with simplicity and confidence. He has made a determination, once for all, to refuse nothing to God, to grant nothing to self-love, and never to commit a voluntary fault; but he does not perplex himself; he goes on courageously; he is not too particular. If he falls into a fault, he does not agitate himself; he humbles himself at the sight of his own weakness; he raises himself up, and thinks no more about it. He is not astonished at his weaknesses, at his falls or his imperfections; he is never discouraged. He knows that he can do nothing, but that God can do everything. He does not rely upon his own good thoughts and resolutions, but simply upon the grace and the goodness of God. If he were to fall a hundred times a day, he would not despair; but he would stretch out his hands lovingly to God, and beg of Him to lift him up and to take pity on him. The truly devout man has a horror of evil, but he has a still greater love of good. He thinks more about practising virtue than about avoiding vice. He is generous, large-hearted, and courageous; and when there is a question of exposing himself to danger for God's sake, he does not fear wounds. In one word, he loves better to do what is good, even at the risk of falling into some imperfection, than to omit it, through fear of the danger of sinning. No one is so amiable in the ordinary intercourse of life as a really devout man. He is simple, straightforward, open as the day, unpretentious, gentle, solid, and true; his conversation is pleasing and interesting; he can enter into all innocent amusements; and he carries his condescending kindness and charity as far as possible, short of what is wrong. Whatever some persons may say, true devotion is never a melancholy thing, either for itself or for others.

That is a passage eminently characteristic

of Father Grou. There is a simplicity and naturalness about his piety which distinguishes it from the rather strained and artificial state of mind which English Protestants are too apt to confound with piety, the evangelical rigor, the sanctimonious manner, the want of heartiness in social life, which so often disfigure our piety. Father Grou aims at making the whole life of the soul thoroughly unaffected and easy, and yet in the truest sense devout; and in the present day, when so much zeal is spent on reforming the outer world, and so little on reforming the inner world, there is something very striking in the book of a man whose whole faith is that nothing effectual can be done with the outer world at all without a complete revolution within. No doubt a great deal of the zeal for reforming the outer world is really due to a genuine improvement in man's inner world, but a good deal of it is only a form of fussy egotism, and not of a pure origin at all. What pleases us most in Father Grou's "Manual" is his distrust of conscious attitudes of soul, however sincere they may be, and his preference for that part of the inner holiness which is unconscious, and has not its eyes fixed upon itself at all. There is something of the truest depth and subtlety in the following short passage:—

We deceive ourselves if we think that there is no real prayer except that which is express, formal, and sensible, and of which we can give an account to ourselves. And it is because of this mistake that so many persons persuade themselves that they are doing nothing in prayer when there is nothing marked about it, nothing that their mind or heart can perceive or feel; and this often induces them to give up their prayer. But they ought to reflect that God "*understands*," as David says, "*the preparation of our hearts*;" that He does not need either our words or our thoughts to know the most secret disposition of our souls; that our real prayer is found already in germ and substance, in the very root of our will, before it passes into words or thoughts; in short, that our most spiritual and direct acts precede all reflection, and are neither felt nor perceived unless we are keeping a most careful watch for them. Thus, when some one asked Saint Anthony what was the best method of praying, "It is," said he, "when, in praying, you do not think that you pray." And what renders this way of praying most excellent, is that self-love can find nothing in it to rest upon, and cannot sully the purity of it by its touch.

Of course, as we have already said, there is a good deal in this manual with which it is not possible for any but a Roman

Catholic to agree. But even in these passages the profound sincerity of the man obliges him to make reserves which really go far towards undermining his own teaching. For example, Father Grou insists that absolute obedience to a spiritual director is almost the only sure way to obtain the blessing of God. Then he puts the objection: "But why, you may still say, 'should I submit myself to a man who after all may be deceived, and may lead me wrong?' The man to whom you submit yourself holds the place of God; you need have no doubts about it; God has appointed him to guide you in the way of salvation." But then it suddenly occurs to him that he should qualify what he has said. "I am always supposing, however," he adds, "that your director, in all his conversation and his conduct, has never given you any reason to suspect his faith, or his piety, or his good life, or his capacity, because if the contrary is the case, then you must of course leave him." But what a qualification is there! If, whenever you have reason to distrust even your director's capacity, you must of course leave him, nothing can be more obvious than that, instead of standing in the place of God to the soul, he stands only in the place of a questionable human adviser, of whose capacity the soul may at any moment be led to form an unfavorable estimate. So that, after all, the counsel of perfection comes only to this, — that you should follow implicitly the best advice so long as you think it the best within your reach, and should cease to follow it the moment you have good reason to doubt its soundness.

Of course we find in the book of Father Grou what we find even in the "Imitatio Christi," the meditations of a mind brought up for the cloister as the truest kind of life. There is the same feeling pervading the book that the deeper human affections are in some sense derogatory to religion; that there should be no competition between the love of God and the love of man; that a man is not truly religious who can be so much occupied with the state of another's soul that he would, as St. Paul said, be ready to become accursed himself rather than that that other should be lost. Yet it is, to our minds, impossible to put the love of one's neighbor in its right place in the interior life, unless every man feels that there are others for whose spiritual life he is no less concerned, if not even more concerned, than for his own, with whom he identifies himself so completely that he cannot even conceive complete rest and peace for him-

self, unless it includes complete rest and peace for them. It appears to us that in even the most spiritual of the Roman Catholic books of devotion, this state of mind is hardly ever regarded as admissible, and certainly never enters into the calculations of those who write them. The whole language seems to imply that it should be possible to every man to surrender the spiritual destiny of every one, excepting oneself, absolutely and uncomplainingly to the will of God, even though that will should be the will of an austere and justly offended judge. But is it possible that if it is the divine will really to foster the highest and purest affections in men, men should be encouraged to care less for the spiritual life of those whom they love best, than they do even for their own? There is something anti-social in the ascetic teaching of those who treat the love of all creatures as an almost neglectable quantity in the heart of a truly religious man. Surely it ought to be one of the chief constituents of the spiritual life.

From The Speaker.

THE OXFORD SUMMER MEETING.

VERILY the old University of Oxford is waking up, and is beginning to feel in earnest that it is a great national institution. The programme for the third summer meeting of the University Extension and other non-university students is now before the public; and the session which is to open on August 1st promises to be the most important that has yet been held. In plain words, it is intended that, during the Oxford long vacation, the university with its appliances and teaching staff shall be opened for rather more than a month to upwards of one thousand non-university students gathered from all parts of the country. Last summer more than this number took part in the vacation session; of these more than two-thirds were already members of one of the various University Extension movements. That is to say, the great majority of the summer students were not casual visitors to Oxford, but came up to get guidance and stimulus in a course of training with which they were already familiar. The Oxford branch of the University Extension movement has just doubled its numbers in four years, and now counts not much less than twenty thousand members. If this rate of increase can be maintained, and if the

vacation life of the university is to be as active as its term life, the university will begin to tell honestly upon the nation, and may yet become a university of the people and not an upper-class academy. Then the summer or vacation courses will be like the autumn training of the volunteers, national reserves, or second line of defence; and the University Extension will answer to the territorial army of the great Continental war organization.

Practical men have long seen with sorrow that the stately foundations of Oxford and her imposing machinery of mental growth hibernate (as Pat would say) during the whole summer, and are only at work for less than half the year. Three terms of about eight weeks each are said to use up the energies of students and tutors; and for some twenty-six weeks in the year, we are told, it is not good for either students or teachers to remain within sound of "Tom." Various explanations are given of this phenomenon, as they are given of most phenomena. The students are not, as a rule, suffered to remain a day over the full term. The tutors are usually off like the swallows to another country or even another continent. Some say that men go away from Oxford in order to read quietly, and this school of exegesis asserts that they come to Oxford to play. Some say that the pace is so tremendous during term, the examinations so incessant, and the struggle for class-list life so fierce, that all intellectual activity would be paralyzed unless students and teachers could be "got away" for a little quiet for at least half the year. An acute head of a college tells me that the Easter vacation is arranged to let the dons go to Constantinople and Athens. Your Oxford "don" is nothing if not a geographer and an antiquary; and few of them think life worth living if they do not know the museums, cathedrals, and capitals of Europe, the Alps, the Apennines, and the Carpathians, at least as well as Baedeker, or if they could not pass a local examination in Sicily, Attica, the Ægean Sea, and the Hellespont.

Whatever the cause, the fact is plain. For many generations Oxford in the long vacation has been a true city of the Briar-Rose. The colleges are silent and empty; the gardens are delivered up to children and townspeople; Cook's tourists swarm there in batches as if they were in the Baths of Caracalla or the Duomo of Torcello; but the university as a living body is no more to be seen in Oxford than are the Druids to be seen at Stonehenge. A

learned head of his college who loved research more than the unripe undergraduate, notoriously lived in Oxford only in vacation, when the town was at peace and study was possible. He used to say that he passed the larger part of his life in his own college, in the manner contemplated by the statutes of his pious founder, on whose meditative soul the undergraduate of the future had not dawned.

All that is changed. Oxford has now an academic life in vacation quite as active, if at present not so long, as its academic life in term. Somebody who represents Mr. Burne Jones's anæmic fairy prince has entered the Palace of the Briar-Rose; and the university awakes from its spell. On August 1st, the vice-chancellor himself will rise out of slumber in his chair, will call on Professor Max Müller to give his inaugural address; the tutors, professors, dons, and pokers will rub their eyes and declare that they have not had so much as forty winks; the clerk of the schools will be as busy, exact, and omniscient as ever; Mr. Jackson's beautiful Jacobean staircase will be thronged as if "greats," "mods," and "smalls" were all on at once; Mr. S. R. Gardiner will discourse about his own great-great-(to the ninth power) grandfather, Oliver Cromwell, about whom Mr. Gardiner knows more than any man now living in Europe — more (men say) than even Mr. Reginald Palgrave, the profound, judicious, impartial, and accurate clerk of the House of Commons. Then Dr. Murray will give an account of the English language, and of the English dictionary; Mr. Churton Collins will expound the poets (bar one); Mr. A. Sidgwick will enlarge on Virgil; and Mr. Seymour Haden on etching, and so forth; each man dealing with what he knows and loves. Thus the spell of vacation is to be snapped, and Oxford, during August, is to become again a living university throbbing with concentrated essence of lecture activity; the university of the people, filled by the people, and speaking to the people, or at least to any son or daughter of the people who can find, beg, or borrow so much as a five-pound note.

How does history repeat itself! In the Middle Ages, Oxford was indeed a school of the people. Every one has heard of the thirty thousand students in the twelfth century who were allowed by charter to resort to mendicity to satisfy battels and fees. And, though research, in the nineteenth century, has assured us there is as much mendacity as mendicity in the

tale, even research, the great solvent, *edax rerum*, admits that in the ages of faith the students at Oxford were far more numerous than they have ever been in the ages of criticism. And now the new idea of young Oxford is "to bring the university to the people when the people cannot come to the university." (Prospectus for 1890.) An excellent idea in itself! To that idea nearly twenty thousand persons have assented within the Oxford Extension movement alone. About as many have entered in the Cambridge Extension movement; and there are other groups, as well as the home-reading movement. That is to say, the ancient universities of the land are recognizing it to be their duty to guide the minds of the people, to organize home-reading for the masses, to systematize and furnish them with an ideal of education. The methods are these: First, an organized body of lecturers who go round the country and teach in local centres; next, to supply those who can only read at home with a methodical scheme of reading; then to bring students together and teachers together, in order to compare methods and state wants and aims; and now, lastly, to give a rapid specimen or type of actual university training, by bringing up sections of these learners to the university itself, in order to make them feel the meaning of a university, to breathe the air of its corporate life, and to see with their eyes and hear with their ears what is the mysterious process which ultimately gives a man a title to write himself Master of Arts.

The idea is a thoroughly right one, and, if the result were to prove a failure, it would be due to the ill-success of the mode of carrying it out, the shortcomings of the university system itself, and the fact that the Master of Arts himself has very inadequate views of what education means or ought to mean. Personally, the present writer is not at all disposed to maintain the omniscience of the M.A., but he has no wish now to argue to the contrary. And he does not propose to enter on this difficult and embittered question — *periculosæ plenum opus aleæ*. It is a very complex story, and most persons who care for education have their own view of it. For my part, I think that all university education is being made daily too special and too much a sort of pemmican of pounded fact crammed into pellets and thrust down the learner's throat. And four-fifths of the time and thought which should be given to knowledge are now wasted in that senseless

goose-step known as examination. Any Oxford teaching nowadays is sure to be full of special research in gobbets, and to end in examination of some kind, prizes, scholarships, class-lists, certificates, and the rest of the competition business so dear to the pot-hunting fraternity, whether at Oxford, Cambridge, Lords, or Bisley. The Oxford Summer Meeting has, of course, its measure of this; but it has the complaint in a less acute form. The *Examinator malignus* is less poisonous in August. And the great Don *Cram* has gone off to the Bernese Oberland.

Granting that everything done by any university under the prevailing system shall tend to special research as the means, and mechanical examination as the end (a question not necessary to debate further), it must be admitted that the Third Summer Meeting has been organized with singular completeness and forethought. The "British Ass," in its palmiest days, never concocted a more varied and tempting programme. T. Cook and Son, who personally conducted the British army up the Nile, could not better the programme put out by Mr. W. A. S. Hewins, of Pembroke College, the indefatigable secretary to the Oxford delegates. Let us add that it can be obtained at the office, 35 Corn Market Street (price 6d.). The meeting will be divided into two parts, and extends over thirty-three days — from August 1st till September 2nd inclusive. There will be courses of lectures in history, geography, literature, science, economics, art, besides miscellaneous lectures, sermons, debates, and concerts. Nearly one hundred lectures in the various branches are already fixed in the time-table — about four on each working-day, out of which the students can take their choice. The price of the tickets will be 30s. for the thirty-three days, or £1 for either division, with a reduction of 10 per cent. where parties take tickets together. For this sum, which is less than 1s. per day, the student will be admitted to all the lectures, concerts, conversaziones, given during the thirty-three days. The total cost of board, lodging, and all extras, is calculated at £5 for the first thirteen days, or £10 for the whole period, with a reduction where a party live together. An elaborate table of expenses and list of lodgings accompanies the programme, which has an excellent tinted map. On these terms Oxford throws open for a brief vacation term the whole of her resources to all comers. The committee of delegates

comprises three heads of colleges, and some of the most active tutors and professors. In Mr. Hewins they have found a secretary with a real genius for organization. The present government, who are in so sorry a muddle, might keep their eye on him. The lecture staff comprises some of the best names in the country: Mr. Gardiner, Professor Max Müller, Dr. Murray, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. Marriott, Professor Geddes. There will be sermons on Sundays in St. Mary's, at Christ Church, and Mansfield College; there will be concerts, organ recitals, and a *conversazione* in the museum, excursions in the neighborhood, visits to the college halls and chapels, a debate in the Union, scholarships, and prizes. The programme adds all information as to the recreations of the place: boating, bathing, tennis, cabs, and post-office. The entire organization of the meeting is a masterpiece of forethought. Of course no organization can supply well-prepared students. Nor can a university career of thirty-three days do more than suggest ideas and apply a stimulus. But if crowds of men and women fail to see what a university looks like when seen from within, it will be their own fault. And if they fail to carry away some little help to forming their own education, they must blame themselves. The danger is that, like other learned gatherings, the meeting may degenerate into a big picnic. But it is the earnest desire of the delegates to make these lectures, not literary displays, but real courses of instruction. The time-table shows every effort to offer systematic teaching, and not lively evenings with some popular talker. Time will show whether much will come of these vacation terms thrown open to the people. It cannot be doubted that young Oxford is quite in earnest in the wish to give to its ancient foundations a more truly national usefulness, without any restriction of class, creed, or academic formulas.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From The Spectator.

THE "SMART" WAY OF SHAKING HANDS.

IF there is a custom which is supposed by our neighbors on the Continent to be essentially British, it is that of shaking hands. They speak of the English "shake-hand" as if it were a practice only indulged in by that eccentric islander

whose manners and customs they affect to despise, and yet not unfrequently imitate. It is certainly the case that we are more given to shaking hands than other nations are. Where the Frenchman or the German would content himself with a comprehensive bow that includes a whole company of people in one courteous sweep, the Englishman, especially if he is country-bred, will patiently and perseveringly shake hands with every one who is present. Perhaps it is owing to a feeling that an unnecessary use of the practice is provincial, that we may trace a visible decline in it at the present day. But it is difficult to say to what cause is attributable the present extraordinary form which it takes among certain people when they do practise it—a form which is essentially prevalent among those people whose ambition it is to be known as "smart;" a term, by-the-way, which is at once curiously inclusive and exclusive, and which can only be earned by a rigid performance of certain social rites, and a strict obedience to mysterious and unwritten rules, rules that are unknown even to the rest of the world. When two members of this class, or of the far more numerous class that imitates them, meet each other, they go through a ceremony which certainly bears a faint resemblance to that of shaking hands, but is in all real essentials absolutely different. The lady lifts her elbow as high as a tight sleeve will permit her, and dangles a little hand before her face, carefully keeping the wrist as stiff and as high as possible, while she allows the fingers to droop down. The man contrives to lift his elbow a little higher, and, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, touches her fingers—that is all. That is the whole ceremony; it sounds a little awkward, it looks very awkward, and it is difficult enough to require a good deal of practice before it can be performed at all. It is a very curious development of an ancient practice; but the reason that is assigned for this, its last development, is more curious still. It is said that ladies who are bidden to court, and whose privilege it is to exchange greetings with royal personages, find it difficult to combine a curtsy with a shake of a gracious hand without raising their own hands to the level of their faces. Hence their too frequent communications with illustrious people have corrupted their good manners; they acquire a habit, and are so forgetful as to introduce it into their ordinary life and their relations with more ordinary people. It may be so; but it is strange, at least, that they should

remember to forget the curtsey, while they forget to remember to lower their hands. But a defective memory is also very often a result of keeping good company. It is the same forgetfulness that causes a butler to address his new master as "My lord — I mean, sir;" the force of habit is too strong for him, and the poor fellow cannot remember that he is not always associating with peers. Another reason that has been suggested for this greeting, as it is practised by the best society, is that they have borrowed it from the coachman. With his reins in one hand and his whip in the other, the only approach to a salutation that a coachman can make is by a sharp, upward movement of the elbow and whip hand. Indeed, this explanation is a very plausible one, for there is a kind of natural affinity between the manners of the stable and those of the very smart people. "Smart" is a detestable word, but it is the one by which they love best to describe themselves. Perhaps it would be fair to conclude that the form of their greeting has been subject to both of these influences, for it is difficult to think of any other source from which they can have derived it. It is hardly possible that the habit can have come to them from the bar-loafer of the United States, though it is certainly the custom among bar-loafers, as the Americans term them, to lift their elbows by way of greeting; but the gesture with them is merely indicative of a hospitable wish to "stand" each other drinks, and can hardly be dignified by the name of a salutation.

Wherever the habit was derived from, it is not a pretty one, and by no means an improvement upon the original custom. How ancient a custom is the shaking of hands no one can say. Mankind always employed some kind of ceremony of greeting. The oldest forms, those of kissing and the rubbing of noses, date from even

pre-historic times. Authorities declare that uncivilized men by these means either tasted or sniffed at each other, in order to distinguish their friend from their enemy. The custom of rubbing noses is still practised by the Polynesians, and some of the Malays and Mongols; but it does not appear to have ever made its way into Europe. The kiss, or salute by taste, was and is still much more extensively used; it is not unknown in England. The giving and clasping of right hands had its origin most probably in a wish to show that the right hand was unarmed, and that no danger need be apprehended from its owner. In the same way, among certain African tribes, it is the custom on meeting, not only to disarm themselves, but also to unclasp the upper portion of the body, in order to show that there is no weapon concealed. There is evidence to show that the clasping of hands was an ancient Hindoo usage in legal transactions, as it was also among the Romans in such matters as a marriage contract. As a mode of salutation, it certainly existed among the latter; for we have Horace's description of a bore:—

Arreptaque manu, "Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?"

from which we may argue that the methods of the bore in those days, and his ingenuity in button-holing, did not differ greatly from those in use now. In yet further antiquity, it is said of the heroes in the *Odyssey*, when they meet, that "they grow together with their palms,"—an energetic, a Homeric description of the clasp of hands. But these are matters of ancient history. Nor do they explain how the action of shaking the hands came in; probably this, too, in its time, was an innovation, but one that was adopted for the sake of displaying greater heartiness, which the latest innovation certainly does not.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. WESTERN CHINA: ITS PRODUCTS AND TRADE,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	515
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part XIII.,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	531
III. WATTEAU—HIS LIFE AND WORK,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	547
IV. THE SHETLAND ISLES IN THE BIRDS'—NESTING SEASON,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i>	552
V. THE SEA AND SEASIDE,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	561
VI. THE BAMBOO,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	566
VII. A VOICE FROM A HAREM,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	569
VIII. NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—TARANTULAS,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	572
IX. HYACINTH CULTURE IN HOLLAND,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	574

POETRY.

NOTES AT FLORENCE,	514	"WRITE ME A LITTLE RIPPLING RHYME,"	514
TATTON MERE,	514		
A GIRL'S HERO,	514		
MISCELLANY,			576

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NOTES AT FLORENCE.

I.

Christ rising from the Tomb (Botticelli).

CHRIST — who doth break
 For the world's sake
 His tomb, yet still in outstretched sleep is hid
 At the tomb's lid —
 Behold him to our gaze complete
 In wounded hands and feet,
 While soft his rest
 As John's on his own breast.

II.

The Vision of St. Augustine (Botticelli).

God's saint, and of his kingdom mild
 The humblest child,
 By hollow of a cool
 Sky-drinking pool:
 What shall they say, how understand
 The sweetness of the dawn-bathed land,
 Those mated souls that pause
 Under God's laws,
 And find it sweeter than the honeycomb
 Beneath their tabature to roam?

III.

Flowers at the Foot of the Crucifix (Signorelli).

A circled mesh
 Of flowers given to refresh
 Our eyes that bend
 Away from that fierce manhood's end:
 Wild little border —
 And in disorder —
 Of country flowers;
 Strawberries that link
 With spires of scarcely colored pink,
 Herb-Robert; close against the soil
 Yellow trefoil,
 With pansies, daisies; in a spot
 By Magdalen's robe forget-me-not:
 Embroidered bed,
 Shine forth beneath the shadowed head,
 And let the lizard pry
 About the dull
 Teeth-terrace of the skull
 At the crossfoot! For why?
 It is so natural to die.

Academy.

MICHAEL FIELD.

TATTON MERE.

AT dawn I passed beside a silent mere,
 So still, so smooth, it mirrored calmly here
 Its own green banks, the heavens, the passing
 cloud,
 And some grey willow with its branches
 bowed.

The day was closing ere I passed again,
 The north wind blew a fierce and angry strain;
 The cry of wild geese sailing o'er the wood,
 The plash of wavelets reached me as I stood.

The rushes bent and rustled in my ear,
 How quickly changed the lovely placid mere;
 Yet not unwelcome are the signs of strife,
 The rushing wind, the scream of birds, for
 life

Is here that slept, but now with stir and
 strength
 No more with passive heart receives, at length
 Knows the new joy of motion, voice, and
 gives
 To man the sympathy of all that lives.
 BEATRIX TOLLEMACHE.

A GIRL'S HERO.

"SHALL I ever meet him, my own true knight?
 The days are evil and cold;
 And the tender grace and the glorious light
 Died out with the men of old;
 I may learn his valor from ancient rhymes,
 His face in my dreams I see;
 But, oh, my knight of the olden times,
 Will he never come to me?"

She turned away from the poet's page
 To seek in the world for him;
 The light that flashed on a bygone age
 Shone clear where her path grew dim;
 There was one, unwearied, who fought with
 wrong,
 Though never a sword he drew;
 His deeds were told in the angels' song,
 And at last her knight she knew.

"And, oh, true knight with the steadfast eyes,
 (Said a woman's earnest thought),
 The theme of the minstrel never dies
 When the fight is truly fought;
 And hopeless captive, and trembling child,
 Shall see his armor of light;
 The strife is fearful, the foes are wild,
 But God will defend my knight."
 Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

"WRITE ME A LITTLE RIPPLING RHYME"

"WRITE me a little rippling rhyme
 Of summer prime,
 Sing of fair flowers and sweet leaves shed
 By roses red,"
 My lady said:

"I weary of your songs sublime,
 Write me a little rippling rhyme.

"Among the clouds you need not climb
 To choose your chime,
 Nor chant the woes of hearts that bled
 For love long fled,
 And rapture dead:
 You shall be grand another time,
 Write me a little rippling rhyme."

World.

From The Quarterly Review.
WESTERN CHINA: ITS PRODUCTS AND TRADE.*

WESTERN China is no longer the *terra incognita* from which, until quite recently, rare travellers alone lifted the veil at long intervals, to be followed by relapses into absolute seclusion. Since the outbreak of the great Mahometan revolt in 1856, and the subsequent establishment of a Panthay sultan in Tali-fu, up to the present day, public attention has been increasingly directed to this region, until now an extensive literature has grown up around it. Its latent resources and its actual trade not seldom form the theme of economists and news-writers, while the interest felt in the great Chinese race is now so general, that no apology is any longer needed for approaching what was once a recondite subject, and for presenting to the general reader fresh pictures of the varied regions that go to make up the empire of China. If it cannot be said literally of a lady of fashion of our day, as was said in Juvenal's Rome, —

Hæc eadem novit quid toto fiat in orbe,
Quid Seres quid Thraces agant,

* 1. *Report of Mr. Davenport upon the Trading Capabilities of the Country traversed by the Yunnan Mission: presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1877.

2. *Travels and Researches in Western China.* By E. Colborne Baber. Royal Geographical Society: Supplementary Papers. London, 1882.

3. *China. Report for the Year 1888 on the Trade of Ichang.* Foreign Office, 1889.

4. *La Province Chinoise du Yunnan.* Par Emile Rocher, de l'Administration des Douanes Impériales de Chine. Paris, 1879.

5. *The River of Golden Sand, the Narrative of a Journey through China and Eastern Tibet to Burmah.* By Captain William Gill, Royal Engineers, with an Introductory Essay by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., R.E. London, 1880.

6. *Address of Mr. Holt S. Hallet, C.E., F.R.B.S., M.R.H.S., upon Burmah, our Gate to the Markets of Western and Central China: delivered before the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce on the 26th May, 1887.* London, 1887.

7. *Through the Yangtse Gorges.* By Archibald John Little, F.R.G.S. London, 1888.

8. *China: Skizzen von Land und Leuten von besonderer Berücksichtigung kommerzieller Verhältnisse.* Von A. H. Exner. Leipzig, 1889.

9. *Three Years in Western China.* By Alexander Hosié. London, 1890.

10. *China. Imperial Maritime Customs. Returns of Trade and Trade Report for the Year 1888.* Published by order of the Inspector-General of Customs. Shanghai, 1889.

at least the spirit of inquiry is abroad, and the metropolis of the modern world is as anxious for news from beyond the pale of European civilization, as it is dependent upon these outlying regions for the daily supply of its material wants. China alone rivals the wide British dominion in populousness and in the industry and activity of its inhabitants, and every step that brings us nearer together is deserving of careful record and attention. Progress in this direction is necessarily slow, but so far it has been persistent. We cannot force the ultra-conservatism of the Chinese with a rush; we must make up our minds to a long siege, and be content to sit down before the walls watching for every opportunity, and not failing to make the most of each one as it occurs. China holds geographically a position on the Eurasian continent analogous to that of the United States on the American continent, while in actual area and in the extent of her natural resources she even exceeds the possibilities of the great republic. But her resources lie largely undeveloped, and her means of intercommunication are still lamentably deficient. With continued peace, and a consequent growth of confidence in the good-will and in the aims of the European nations that now touch her frontiers, and with whom she has only so recently become acquainted, we may expect many changes in advance in the coming generation. What has been done in this respect in the past generation is told us in the works the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article.

Of the eighteen provinces of China proper, Szechuen is the largest and the finest, and, until quite recently, was the province least known to Europeans. Marco Polo was the first traveller who gave any description of western China to the outside world, but his memoirs lay practically dormant and discredited until resuscitated, only a few years back, in the admirable edition of his travels published by the late Colonel Yule. The story of the adventurous journey of the Abbé Huc and Father Gabet in 1844 across China to Lhasa was the next to tell us of the richness and beauty of this distant land. In 1861, Captain Blakiston, in his attempted

expedition from Shanghai to Thibet, traversed the province of Szechuen as far west as Ping-shan, the head of navigation on the upper Yangtse, and incidentally gave us a peep into the wealth and populousness of the West. The late T. T. Cooper followed a few years later over the same ground, and, though foiled in his endeavor to get beyond Bathang, he has left us an amusing picture of the people in his "Pioneer in Pigtailed Petticoats." The expedition of Margary in 1875 may, however, be said to mark the era of the real commencement of a practical interest in this region, and the rise of a sustained endeavor to render it available as a field for European enterprise. In that year the Indian government, in a laudable anxiety to open up a trade route through Burmah to south-western China, despatched an expedition, under Colonel Horace Browne, to proceed *vid* Bhamo to Yunnan-fu. Margary, an officer in the British consular service in China, was deputed to meet the expedition from the China side, and to act as its interpreter, and guide it across the frontier. He proceeded through the province of Yunnan in safety, and met Colonel Browne at his halt in the wild Kakhien country, midway between Bhamo and Tali-fu, but on returning to China to announce the advent of the expedition, he was foully murdered at a place called Momein or Teng-yueh-chow, a town situated on the head waters of the Salween, some distance within the Yunnan frontier. The fact of his having been murdered by Chinese soldiers, — stabbed in the back without any quarrel or fracas, — coupled with that of the hostile attack by well-armed Kakhien and Chinese on Colonel Browne's party on the following day, which was only saved from total destruction by the determined stand made by his Sikh guard, leaves little doubt that the Chinese government instigated the opposition, leaving the local authorities to devise the means. This is an old story in our intercourse with the Chinese. The central government, driven into a corner, gives a reluctant assent to the general proposition, and then sets to work to defeat its consequences in detail. And in this case, as in many others, the tortuous policy has succeeded.

Although Bhamo has since fallen into our possession by the conquest of upper Burmah, and the British Indian frontier now marches coterminous with the Chinese, still no further steps to improve this route have yet been taken. The investigation into the facts of Margary's murder was undertaken by Messrs. Grosvenor and Baber, who, in accordance with the agreement entered into by our minister in Peking with the Chinese government, were ordered to make inquiries on the spot. This expedition gave us further valuable knowledge of the country in their journals and in the blue-books which resulted, while leaving little doubt that the murder was the result of an atrocious plot on the part of the Yunnan viceroy. The demand of our government for redress ended in a meeting to discuss the matter, held in Chefoo, between Sir Thomas Wade and the trusted counsellor and envoy of the Chinese government, Li Hung-chang. The representative of the British government, fortified by the report of the Grosvenor Commission of Enquiry, originally demanded an examination into the conduct of the Yunnan viceroy, Tsên yü-ying, in whose jurisdiction the murder had been committed, but he ultimately yielded to the representations of Li as to the impossibility of the Chinese government putting a viceroy on his trial, and accepted the compromise known as the Chefoo Convention. By this convention, which was signed at Chefoo in the summer of 1876, the Chinese paid 10,000*l.* blood money to the relatives of the murdered consular agent, and agreed to open five new ports to foreign trade, of which Pak-hoi on the west coast of Kwang-tung, Wenchow in Fokien, with Wuhu and Ichang on the Yangtse River, were opened unconditionally. Not one of these ports has, so far, justified by its trade the maintenance of the consul which its opening to British residents has been held to necessitate. The last concession, and in our opinion the only valuable one of the whole, was the opening of Chungking, *as soon as it should have been proved accessible to steamers*. This most unfortunate "condition precedent" robbed the only real equivalent offered for our abandonment

of the demand that Margary's murderers should be brought to trial, of half its value, while it opened the door to that endless quibbling in which Chinese diplomats are past masters. Such as it was, the convention was signed. The fleet that had been sent north, threatening the Chinese with reprisals should they persist in their refusal to punish Margary's murderers, was withdrawn, and in due course the new ports were opened. So insignificant are the regions which they serve, that, so far, those four new ports combined only give occupation to five resident European merchants, and of these five three are Germans. Little attention was paid to Chungking, the "condition precedent" being considered too onerous and too risky for any prudent merchant to run. In order to be allowed eventually to settle in the port, he must first build a steamer fit to navigate the rapids, then get permission for her to run, and if he succeeded in getting up to Chungking and back without mishap, he would still have to wait an indefinite time for the practical result. For thus ran the wording of this celebrated negatively worded convention:—

British merchants will not be allowed to reside in Chungking or to open establishments or warehouses there so long as no steamers have access to the port. When steamers have succeeded in ascending the river so far, further arrangements can be taken into consideration.

But what if he lost his steamer in the first attempt? The Chinese might easily assert that this fact proved the river not to be navigable, and so endeavor to dispose of the question once for all. Even if, backed up by a minister in Peking of more energy and determination than falls to the share of the average official, he should succeed in obtaining permission to make a second, or a series of attempts, where was the man of business possessed of the inexhaustible resources that might be needed? In this way Chungking was forgotten, and the convention generally regarded as one more of the many sham triumphs of a diplomacy content to rest on the practical successes of a past and more vigorous generation. At length, in 1883, a Shanghai merchant, Mr. Archibald

Little, made a journey up to Chungking, subsequently described by him in glowing colors in "Through the Yangtse Gorges," and was so much impressed with the capabilities of the region that on his return he set to work to get it opened up. A preliminary application for permission for a steamer to run up, made at Mr. Little's request to the Tsung li Yamen by the then British *chargé-d'affaires* in Peking, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, produced a favorable although somewhat indefinite reply. Mr. Little, however, felt so far encouraged to proceed that, failing to find the required support in China, he came to this country in 1885 in the hope of arousing public interest here. For, strange as it may seem, European residents in China are somewhat sceptical of the benefits derivable from new ports. They are not unnaturally wholly absorbed in their own special business, in which, too, as a rule, all their available capital is engaged. A new port in their neighborhood takes away business from many of the old-established firms at the existing ports, and often compels them in self-defence to incur the expense, risk, and labor of establishing a branch at the rival *entrepôt*. Although there is indisputable evidence that the general trade between Great Britain, her colonies, and China, besides the profits in the new carrying trade thereby opened up to British vessels, is largely increased by the admission of new regions to the gate of a privileged "treaty port;" yet much of the produce, that formerly came to the old port, may now find its way to the new, while native buyers, if they find their wants supplied nearer home, will cease to make the more distant journey to the original mart. Hence the lack of enthusiasm in progress in China on the part of those supposed to be most interested, which is a surprise at first until we remember how strong is the conservatism of vested interests, with their rooted antipathy to any change that may disturb them. But here in Britain the case stands differently: Manchester cares not whom she sells to, and the more marts are open to her wares, the more she rejoices; Glasgow, too, finds, in new ports, new routes for her steamers and new openings for her indefatigable

citizens. And it was in these centres of our trade that Mr. Little found the main support of his scheme. He formed a small company, entitled the Upper Yangtse Steam Navigation Company, which in 1887 despatched from the Clyde their pioneer steamer, the Kuling, a sternwheeler designed to navigate the rapids above Ichang, and so open out the road to Chungking. But after his return to China his real difficulties commenced. The Tsung-li Yamén, or Chinese office for foreign affairs, whether they felt themselves entrapped into their original assent by Mr. O'Connor and so determined to back out of it at all hazards, or whether they really feared the resistance of the local authorities to the carrying out of the Chefoo Convention as far as Chungking was concerned, it is needless to decide. Suffice it to say, from the day of the arrival of the steamer in Ichang, February, 1888, to the day of her sale to the Chinese Customs in December, 1889, the Chinese authorities, both central and local, exerted every artifice for delay that a crafty people could devise, or a British minister, over-anxious to stand well in their good graces, would submit to. Mr. Little was referred about from Peking to Ichang and back again without being able to get possession of the repeatedly promised permit to run. It was granted at last in Peking, subject to confirmation by the local officials, with whom it seemed that now nothing further remained to be done but to draw up simple rules for the navigation; for which ostensible purpose, certain *wei-yuen*, or deputies, were sent to meet and arrange with Mr. Little and the British consul at Ichang in the early part of the year 1889, and there to hand him formally the hitherto intangible document, which, it was alleged in Peking, had already been despatched to Ichang for that purpose.

The central government had already exhausted their reasons why the steamer should not be allowed to go. Despatch after despatch had detailed to the British minister the impediments that would inevitably be met with, and for which the Tsung-li Yamén protested in advance that they would not be held responsible. The dangers besetting the path of an explorer upon the four hundred and fifty miles, which separate the haven of Ichang from his goal, Chungking, were depicted in most forbidding language. Not alone the irate junkmen and trackers would sink the steamer by collisions, but the monkeys, on their precipices in the long gorges, would resent the intrusion of the strange

apparition into their domain by hurling down rocks on her devoted decks. All these the Chinese government expressed themselves powerless to control. Now that the "deputies," or high commissioners, had arrived in Ichang, professedly to make arrangements for the coming voyage of the Kuling, they put forward the danger to the junks as the chief obstacle, and proposed all kinds of impossible rules, evidently with the sole object of procuring delay. In order to remove all pretext for further delay, Mr. Little offered to pay the value of all junks his steamer might run down, whether the steamer were in the right or in the wrong, and to enter into a bond giving security for the payment of such sums as might be adjudicated as due to the sufferers by collision both in life and property. This offer was telegraphed to Peking, but without result. The Chinese had determined the steamer should not go; and when one pretext after another was set aside, they finally avowed that the government would not permit steamers and junks to navigate the river simultaneously. Their final condition was that two days in each month should be set aside for the steamer's exclusive use of the river, during which days the junks should be tied up to the bank. This preposterous clause would have made of the run to Chungking a three months' voyage at least. Though seriously put forward, it was, of course, never meant to be accepted seriously. In short, the proposal was so absurd that it had the desired effect of breaking off the negotiations in Ichang, and thus, after three months wasted, the farce of the Ichang Convention, so called, came to an end. The British minister in Peking, Sir John Walsham, refused to give the Chinese notice that after a certain date he should authorize the steamer to start, and that he looked to the authorities to see that she was not molested. This simple course, which would most certainly have been adopted a generation back, and which was strongly pressed upon the minister, appeared not to be in accordance with modern diplomatic ideas, and the opportunity was lost. For the more our diplomatists get involved in correspondence with an astute people like the Chinese, the more hopeless does their position become. At last the Chinese proposed to secure themselves a respite by purchasing the *corpus delicti* of the diplomatic struggle, and so temporarily putting an end to it. This solution was eagerly seized upon on all sides.

It conceded no principle; it was a purely private transaction, and it gave everybody a breathing time after a wrangle in which all concerned were worn out. Thus the proverbial patience of the Chinese triumphed over the impatience of the barbarian, and the tortoise once more got the better of the hare. The legation officials in Peking were sick of the whole business after the *impasse* they had arrived at, and the shareholders in the steamer had reached the end of their resources. The abortive congress of Chinese and British officials, at Ichang, broke up in May, 1889, and in December of that year the steamer Kuling finally changed hands; the interval having been occupied in vain attempts, by the British minister in Peking, to obtain a serious reply to his repeated request that the Kuling should be allowed to run. Lord Salisbury, we are told, pressed the Chinese to fulfil the convention of 1876 with persistent vigor, and did not fail to urge our minister in China to bring matters to a conclusion. But the Chinese are past masters in the diplomatic art, and instantly perceive how far an antagonist is likely to push matters. Having found that we are no longer likely, as in the old days, to push matters to extremes in case of refusal, they now, when an unpalatable concession is demanded, take refuge in a *non possumus* and in absolutely shameless procrastination. They have pursued this policy in the Thibetan question so far successfully, and they did the same in this upper Yangtse business. So, when the offer for the steamer was telegraphed to London to the owners, we hear that the Foreign Office, who were, of course, informed of the offer and consulted on the matter, decidedly approved of its being accepted, believing that negotiations would go on more expeditiously with the steamer out of the way. And, in truth, no sooner was the steamer gone, than a counter-proposition appears to have been put forth by the Chinese — on the one hand, to open the port of Chungking at once, without waiting for the proof of the navigability of the river, which was the "condition precedent" set forth in the ambiguous Chefoo Convention; while, on the other hand, access to the long-sought goal is denied to British steamers until the Chinese themselves have led the way. An immediate advantage, in the admission of foreign goods into Szechuen upon payment of one import duty in Shanghai, is conceded, while the implied right to run steamers forthwith through to Chungking

is withdrawn. These terms having been accepted by our government, it remains now to be seen how long it will be before Chinese steamers commence to run. In the mean time, the admission of Chungking to the rank of a treaty port, will, undoubtedly, lead to a considerable increase in the consumption of British manufactures in Szechuen and western China, as a result of the abolition of all intervening transit dues from the coast; but for the further cheapening of the cost resulting from the substitution of steam for man power, we have still to wait. That this wait will not be long is the belief of those who know China best. The thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and, from this time on, we may expect to see the revivifying effect of foreign intercourse as potent in western China as it has been on the eastern seaboard. There, as in all regions where Chinese come under our rule or influence, wages advance, and the people are better housed and clad, while a general air of prosperous activity prevails. But away from this influence, alike in Peking, the capital in the far north, and in Yunnan, the province bordering on our Burmese possessions, stagnation and decay fill the traveller with pity and bewilderment.

All the travellers, whose names we have placed at the head of this article, are unanimous on two points: one, the richness of the resources and the natural wealth of western China; the other, the rudimentary condition of its material development, and the (shall we say — consequent?) deep poverty of the greater number of its inhabitants. Taking western, or rather south-western, China as consisting of the three provinces of Szechuen, Kueichow, and Yunnan, we find it comprises an area of three hundred and forty thousand square miles, or about twenty thousand square miles more than the combined area of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. Its aggregate population is estimated at about eighty millions, or much the same number as find subsistence over the corresponding area in Europe. But in China the bulk of this population is concentrated in the fertile lowlands of eastern Szechuen, which province appears to be hopelessly congested with a population of sixty odd millions; while the two provinces of Kueichow and Yunnan are credited with barely twenty millions between them. The much-needed migration does go forward to a small extent; but it is hindered by the want of roads, and the reluctance of the government to facilitate mining enter

prise, except when organized as a purely official undertaking. Hence the settlement of these two provinces, which have been largely cleared of their original inhabitants during the past two decades, proceeds but slowly. The causes of these clearances were: the well-known Panthay rebellion in Yunnan, which resulted in the practical extermination of its Mussulman population; and the insubordination of the Miao-tse, the aboriginal population of Kueichow, which has led to their being mostly killed off from the northern half of the province; scattered remnants having alone escaped to the more inaccessible regions in the south. These interesting and by no means uncivilized peoples seem, like their Mahometan fellow-subjects in Yunnan, to have been goaded into rebellion by the exactions and breaches of faith practised upon them by the provincial officials. These men whose aim, with a few honorable exceptions, is simply to pass their three years' term of office in peace and quietness, while amassing as much wealth as can be squeezed out of their district in this limited period, are merciless in the face of any opposition on the part of the people. Held responsible for results, and at a distance which takes months for a despatch to the central government to cover, the means are their own affair; and as a local viceroy had, until quite recently, but a very limited amount of physical force at his back, he felt obliged to maintain his prestige by severity, and to crush ruthlessly disaffection in the bud—a policy usually successful. But the present instances formed exceptions to the rule; and the knowledge that no quarter would be given, compelled the unfortunate Mahometans to fight out the struggle to the bitter end. The final catastrophe was the surrender of Ta-li-fu, then the Panthay capital, and consequent extermination of its inhabitants, men, women, and children alike, by the sword, and by drowning in its lovely lake. General Yang, who commanded the imperial forces at the time, was said to have amassed six million taels—about a million and a quarter sterling—for his own share of the plunder; and we well remember meeting the ruffian, who was returning home by the Messageries coasting steamer with six wives, laid out on the cabin table, being shampooed by two of them. Consul Rocher, who is now the French representative at Meng-tse, in Yunnan (a town adjoining the Tonquin border), and who was formerly for many years in the Chinese customs service,

gives a graphic account of this terrible massacre. M. Rocher was sent to deliver in Yunnan the arms of precision, and the European cannon which alone enabled the mandarins to prevail in the end. He thus describes the outbreak of the conflict in 1856:—

This new massacre of St. Bartholomew, so anxiously looked for by the anti-Mahomedan coalition, was at length carried out on the 19th of May, 1856—at least, this was the beginning. Bands of marauders, levied and subsidized by the mandarins, entered upon the campaign, supported by a number of the populace attracted by the prospect of plunder. Notwithstanding that the Mahomedans had been forewarned, few of them took any precautions: they had allowed themselves to be lulled into a false sense of security, in the belief that their friends and neighbors of the day before could not possibly become, all of a sudden and with no apparent motive, their murderers the day after. Meanwhile the people, worked up by the authorities and egged on by promises of booty, became lost to all sense of duty, and threw themselves upon innocent families with that savage fanaticism of which one sees but too many instances in wars of religion in all countries. In regions where their numbers were few, the Mahomedans were cut down without mercy; in other places, where resistance was attempted, they succumbed to numbers, and the remnant, utterly without resources, set fire to their homes and fled. Old men and children, incapacitated from flight, found no mercy at the hands of their executioners, and the young women whose lives were spared were only reserved to be the victims of worse brutalities.

And its termination in 1873:—

The Fu-tai [governor of the province] made use of the pretext of celebrating the deliverance of the city [Ta-li] to invite all the Mussulman chiefs to a grand banquet; those who had openly fought against the capitulation suspected a trap, while the prime movers in the surrender, who had been loaded with honors by the Imperial authorities, looked upon the invitation as nothing more than an obligatory ceremony. Yang yü-ko, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, alleged illness as an excuse for not being present, and sent one of his lieutenants in his place. The invited guests duly made their appearance, and were cordially received by the Governor; but when the time came for adjourning to the dining-hall, they were seized by soldiers posted in readiness at the doors, and in less than a minute seventeen heads rolled on the floor. Thereupon the Governor ordered a salute of six guns, the preconcerted signal for the commencement of the massacre in the town. It was the eleventh day of the occupation. What followed is indescribable. The soldiers pitilessly set themselves to massacre their hosts, whose hospitality they were enjoying; and the

population, who had flattered themselves that all fighting was over, found themselves taken by surprise, and never attempted any resistance. After three days of this inhuman butchery, the city of Ta-li and its environs presented a heartrending spectacle: out of 50,000 inhabitants, over 30,000 had perished in these ill-fated days, the survivors being totally dispersed. To show that there was nothing more to be feared from the rebellion, at the termination of the massacre the Governor despatched to the capital twenty-four large hampers, making twelve mule-loads, of human ears, sewn together in pairs. This trophy of the capture of Ta-li-fu was there exposed to the public gaze, along with the seventeen heads of the murdered chiefs.

This final scene reminds us of the analogous piece of treachery perpetrated by Li Hung-chang, the present viceroy of Chilhi, when, in 1863, the Taiping Wangs, having surrendered their strong fortress of Soochow upon the personal promise of Gordon that their lives should be spared, were invited by Li to a feast where they were all ruthlessly massacred, Li posing in popular estimation as the hero of the rebellion from that time forth. It is difficult to imagine the ordinarily quiet, effeminate-looking Chinaman capable of the savage atrocities which he seems to revel in when once his blood is roused.

Mr. Davenport also tells us of Yunnan:—

I have already described the fearful depopulation of this province, and which invariably accompanies a civil war in this country. The Imperialist soldiers seem to be seized with a kind of frenzy after an action, when nothing less than the destruction of all destructible property, and the slaughter of old men, women, and children, will suffice to satisfy their "intense hatred and animosity," to use the exculpatory language of their commanders. During a short rebellion, such as visited the neighboring province of Szechuen, the great bulk of the people are enabled, especially in a moun-tainous district, to seek shelter from the soldiery, and a few years after the termination of the struggle the gap in the population is filled up. In Yunnan, however, the war lasted for eighteen years, many towns were taken and retaken upwards of ten times, while during this long period the people who had taken refuge in the mountains, being unable to cultivate the irrigated bottom lands, died of starvation or its accompanying diseases. . . .

At the census of 1812, the population was estimated at 5,561,320, and the following forty years of peace probably brought the numbers up to 8,000,000. The decrease from 8,000,000 to 1,000,000 will astonish none who have had the opportunity of seeing the country on the sea-board before and after it was devastated

by the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. As to recovery, the very few officials in the province who seemed to take an interest in the matter were of opinion that the only possible means was to institute a compulsory immigration of the surplus population of Szechuen, under the management of the Chinese Government. The Chinese are very willing emigrants, even in opposition to the laws of their Empire, to any country under foreign rule where labor is well paid for, and their lives and property, as a general rule, fairly protected; but inside the Great Wall they are very unwilling to change their habitat. In Yunnan, in particular, beside the usual dread of the authorities and the supposed ferocity of the natives of a strange province, they complain that, owing to want of roads and feasible transportation, rice and everything else they could produce would be of no appreciable value.

Messrs. Davenport, Hosie, and Rocher, all describe the vast extent of terraced hills and of irrigation works, now abandoned, that cover the whole face of the province as well as the seemingly ubiquitous mines of gold, silver, lead, iron, tin, zinc, and copper, besides jade, amber, sapphires, lapis-lazuli, turquoises, and agates. Mr. Davenport winds up by saying, "In short, a volume would be required to point out all the mineral wealth of this richly endowed province."

The province of Szechuen, literally "four streams," or, as the ideographic characters may be freely rendered, "encompassed by streams," is well named. Szechuen is a grand natural basin, watered through a thousand channels by the perennial streams that flow from the lofty Thibetan mountains on its western frontier. Artificially increased and regulated in the plain of Chéng-tu, which thus rejoices in the most perfect system of irrigation in China, one group of these streams goes to form the Min-Kiang, or left fork of the great Yangtse River, which, after uniting with the Kin-sha-Kiang (Gold-dust River) from farther west washes the walls of Chungking in a mighty stream eight hundred yards wide, with a deep and rapid current. Other streams from the north unite in the navigable Kia-ling Kiang, which joins the Yangtse at Chungking, the two streams being here divided by the rocky peninsula on which this celebrated city stands. Rain falls almost daily in this favored province, and the land being high the floods which curse the Yangtse's lower course are here unknown, though navigation is not seldom arrested for a time by the conversion of the Szechuen streams into raging torrents by the summer rains. The climate is damp and

warm, eminently beneficial to vegetation, but less healthy for man than the drier regions to the north and south. A belt of cloud and fog envelops the province during a great portion of the year, through which the sun's rays pierce intermittently, but with great force. Yunnan, which enjoys a bright and more bracing climate, although in a lower latitude, means literally "south of the clouds," thus indicating the misty character of the northern province. Yunnan, though lying between the 22nd and 28th parallels, is, owing to the average elevation of its valleys being some five thousand feet above the sea, less oppressive, and at the same time less favorable to vegetation than the hothouse atmosphere of Szechuen, situated between the 28th and 33rd parallels of latitude, but on an average level of about one thousand feet only above the sea. And the vegetation of Szechuen sets off the picturesque rocky outline of its scenery to perfection. Outside the plain of Chêng-tu, every stream and streamlet has worn its way through the soft red sandstone, and thus the rolling plateau of eastern Szechuen is cut up by innumerable glens, each one of which, with its clothing of ferns and wild flowers on the ruddy background of rock, presents a succession of pictures for a landscape painter. Where the transverse ranges of limestone, which break through the sandstone in parallel ridges of about two thousand feet altitude, trending generally N.E. and S.W., are cut through by the larger navigable rivers, we find true gorges with vertical cliffs and deep, abyss-like bottoms. All the products of the sub-tropical regions here flourish to perfection with the exception of cotton, which is always at its best in plains by the sea. In addition to the staples of rice and wheat (this latter now largely supplanted by the poppy) the land is gay with crops of beans, barley, maize, buckwheat, pulse, sorghum, ground-nuts, rape, the sugarcane, hemp, potatoes (sweet and ordinary), the tobacco plant, and the mulberry. A scientific rotation of crops, and the conscientious returning to the soil of the residue of all that is taken from it, explains the exceptional fertility. No sooner is one crop maturing than preparations are made for another, the new crop being often planted in the rows between the ripe crop yet unreaped. Groves of trees, evergreen and deciduous, surround the farmsteads which are here scattered all over the country at one hundred or two hundred yards' distance from each other, and are not so much grouped in villages

for mutual protection as in the less favored regions in the outer world beyond the mountains. Unlike the Japanese, in this utilitarian land a thrifty people grow trees for profit, rather than ornament, and except the banyans (*hoang-ko*) round the numerous shrines and sheltering the interminable succession of tea and rest-houses which line the chief highways, the groves have all an industrial value. The bamboo, which is to the sub-tropical regions what the palm family is to the inhabitants of the tropics, — food, shelter, and raiment, — frames every village prospect with its graceful, feathery verdure. On the higher slopes stand glorious woods of walnut and chestnut, while the bottoms are lined with the bright green mulberry and the delicately tinted tallow tree. The wood-oil tree and the varnish-tree yield valuable products in universal demand for home consumption, and furnishing a surplus for export as well. Sericulture is universal in Szechuen, and all but the very poor dress in silk. Every household breeds its silk-worms, which are fed not alone on the mulberry leaf but also on the leaves of the oak and of the *Cudrania triloba*; the women even go so far as to hatch the eggs in their bosoms. The district of Ya-chow supplies Tibet with the greater part of its brick tea, the quantity sent by the road of Ta-chien lu being valued at 200,000*l.* annually. Another most interesting produce of these parts, and which has been carefully examined into and minutely described by Mr. Hosie in his reports to the Foreign Office, is the insect wax — the *pai-la* or white wax of commerce. The insect producing this wax is bred in a valley situated five thousand feet above sea level, among the mountains in the south-west corner of Szechuen, which drive the Yangtse to make its great southern bend, in latitude 28°. The larvæ of this insect (*Coccus Pai-la* of Wedgewood) are here found on the large-leaved privet (*Ligustrum lucidum*) living in pea-shaped excrescences or scales; these are easily detachable, and in the end of April they are gathered from the trees and collected in the town of Teh-ch'ang, situated in latitude 27° 24', on the right bank of the Anning River.

Mr. Hosie in his book, which will always be a valuable compendium for reference on the subject, goes on to tell us: —

To this town [Teh-ch'ang] porters from Chia-ting annually resort in great numbers — in former years they are said to have numbered as many as 10,000 — to carry the scales across the mountains to Chia-ting. The scales

are made up into paper packets, each weighing about sixteen ounces, and a load usually consists of about sixty packets. Great care has to be taken in the transit of the scales. The porters between the Chien-ch'ang valley and Chia-ting travel only during the night, for at the season of transit the temperature is already high during the day, and would tend to the rapid development of the insects and their escape from the scales. At their resting-places, the porters open and spread out the packets in cool places. Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, each packet, on arrival at Chia-ting, is found to be more than an ounce lighter than when it started from Chien-ch'ang. In years of plenty, a pound of scales laid down in Chia-ting costs about half-a-crown; but in years of scarcity, such as last year, when only a thousand loads are said to have reached Chia-ting from Chien-ch'ang, the price is doubled.

In favorable years, a pound of Chien-ch'ang scales is calculated to produce from four to five pounds of wax; in bad years, little more than a pound may be expected, so that, taken as a whole, white-wax culture has in it a considerable element of risk.

West from the right bank of the Min River, on which the city of Chia-ting lies, stretches a plain to the foot of the sacred O-mei range of mountains. This plain, which runs south to the left bank of the Ta-tu River, which forms the northern boundary of the Chien-ch'ang valley farther west, is an immense rice-field, being well watered by streams from the western mountains. Almost every plot of ground on this plain, as well as the bases of the mountains, are thickly edged with stumps, varying from three or four feet to a dozen feet in height, with numerous sprouts rising from their gnarled heads. These stumps resemble, at a distance, our own pollard willows. The leaves spring in pairs from the branches. They are light green, ovate, pointed, serrated, and deciduous. In June, 1884, when I visited this part of the country, some of the trees were bearing bunches apparently of fruit in small pods; but as no flowering specimens were then procurable, there still exists a little uncertainty as to this tree. I am informed, however, that it is, in all probability, the *Fraxinus Chinensis*, a species of ash. The tree is known to the Chinese as the *Pai-la shu*, or "white-wax tree."

The wax first appears as a white coating on the under sides of the boughs and twigs, and resembles very much sulphate of quinine, or a covering of snow. It gradually spreads over the whole branch, and attains, after three months, a thickness of about a quarter of an inch.

Mr. Hosie does not fully explain why the tree which produces the insect, and the tree upon which the insect deposits its wax, should not be cultivated in closer proximity. No other people but the Chinese would incur the labor and risk of

transporting insects a distance of two hundred miles on men's backs, and by night, for such an object. The melting-point of this insect wax being 160° Fahrenheit while the animal tallow melts at 95°, explains the great value placed upon this production in a land where (the treaty ports always excepted) gas and electric lighting are unknown. The Chinese "dips," with their clumsy rush wicks, give little light, but they have one virtue, that they will burn in the open air without guttering, and it requires a gale to extinguish them. This virtue is due to their outer coating of insect wax, and accounts for its former value of 500*l.* per ton. Of late years, however, the competition of cheap petroleum from America has largely reduced the consumption of candles in China; and where these were formerly burnt in every house, their use is now mainly confined to the handy varnished-paper lanterns, which the condition of Chinese streets renders absolutely indispensable to all, rich or poor, who venture out after dusk. The price of insect wax has now fallen to 200*l.* per ton, and the import into Shanghai from Szechuen last year was only five hundred tons, valued at 100,000*l.*

Fences are rare in China, and so valuable is the land in Szechuen that each farmer plants his ground close up to his neighbor's boundary, with no intervening division. The roads were all narrow enough when originally laid out, but we have seen, in places away from the main arteries of commerce, raised footpaths between the paddy-fields cut down by the greed of the cultivators of the land adjoining to a width of five or six inches; and a considerable traffic was going on along these paths, even not excluding an occasional sedan chair. To protect their crops from the ravages of the passing pack animals, the farmers along the borders of the roads scatter feathers in amongst the growing plants. The Chinese agriculturist neglects nothing; of the poppy, which now apparently replaces all other winter crops, Mr. Little tells us:—

If it were forbidden to collect the drug, his winter crop of poppy would still pay the farmer by its other products, such as the oil produced from the seed; the lye, used in dyeing, produced from the ash of the stalk, and the heavy crop of leaves which goes to feed the pigs, which every Chinaman keeps. Nor, with the Chinese system of applying all the town manure to the fields, does the crop exhaust the ground or render the summer crop of maize any less prolific.

We see that the Chinaman has long ago forestalled us in his attention to by-products, which in this country have only begun to be properly cared for quite recently. Britain would support double its present population upon our actual resources, if every inhabitant were as thrifty as are the Chinese, both rich and poor, and its agriculturists as well informed in their own special department and as minutely painstaking.

A very fine tobacco grows largely in Szechuen, where alone it is smoked in cigar form. The ramie fibre is widely cultivated for the manufacture of grass-cloth, that indispensable material of the well-to-do Chinaman's elegant and appropriate summer clothing, and the *Fatsia papyrifera* is planted for its pith, out of which deft Chinese fingers cut the thin sheets miscalled rice paper. Dye plants are less widely sown than formerly; the brilliant yet, at the same time, soothing colors of nature — safflower, indigo, madder — are giving place to the glaring products of chemical ingenuity. Aniline dyes are fast ruining Oriental art, and it is a question whether all the good we have given to Asia by our intercourse is not counterbalanced by the destruction of the old artistic feeling, which permeates all its productions, the commonest household utensil as well as the finest fabric, and the most precious "curio" of China and Japan.

Pisciculture has from time immemorial occupied the Chinese, and most successful they are in entrapping the spawn in the rivers in springtime and transporting it to inland fish-ponds. In Hupeh in the month of May row upon row of fine-meshed fishing-nets stretched on small square bamboo frames are seen floating in the muddy stream of the Yangtse in which the ova collect; these are afterwards taken out and placed in large earthenware jars, and as soon as the shoals of minute young fish appear, they are transported to inland towns and villages for deposition in the local fish-ponds. On their long journey by land and water, often extending over several weeks, the fishlets are fed from time to time with yolk of egg. We have seen many of the final homes of these fish far away in the hill country, hundreds of miles from the river of their birth. In the enclosed courtyard, which forms the entrance of every decent house in China, a square, stone-walled basin is let into the ground, atrium fashion, and in this the fish disport themselves ready to the hand of the cook, whose cheerful

workshop frequently forms one side of the entrance yard. A small conduit of clear running water from the neighboring mountain stream is conveyed into the basin under the enclosing wall at one corner and makes its exit by another. A small village is often composed of a double row of such houses, each with its private reservoir served from the common stream. In Szechuen even the shallow, stagnant water of the paddy-fields is utilized for pisciculture, and the land not only produces the Chinese staff of life, rice, but the staple next in importance in their diet, fish. In the early spring, reeds and rank grass are cut from the hillsides, made up into bundles, then strung on bamboos and laid down in the shallow water of the Yangtse weighted with stones. Here the fish spawn and the ova adhere to the grass and reeds, which are then taken up and sown. The grass is afterwards scattered in the terraced fields, running water being carried down from field to field by small cuts in the dividing earth-banks, each of which can be readily plugged with mud, and the circulation arrested or reopened as occasion requires.

Salt, produced from brine evaporated over natural fire wells, silk, opium, and drugs, form the staple exports to the east. Mr. Little tells us of the "inexhaustible supply of drugs, huge junkloads of which are despatched from Chungking throughout the season, to enrich the drug stores and destroy the stomachs of their customers, the dyspeptic well-to-do classes;" and of the principal street of Chungking he tells us, "The whole air is redolent with the heavy fragrance of Chinese medicines, a *mélange* apparently of rhubarb, liquorice-root, orris-root, lovage (*Radix levistici*), and musk." The Chinese, wisely or unwisely, imbibe their medicines in the form of *tisanes*, and a prescription made up at one of the chemists' shops requires a special porter to transport it. The movement of drugs in bulk, many valuable, some purely fanciful, is a conspicuous feature in the goods traffic from the west, and a large proportion of the freights in the river steamers trading to Ichang is derived from the cumbrous bales in which they are packed for transport.

Of the opium cultivation, in speaking of the endless stretch of country now devoted to this enervating drug, he tells us, writing of his journey in the month of April: "The whole Pong valley was beautifully cultivated, exclusively with poppy; the brilliant dark green of the

plant, sprinkled with the white flowers, giving the hills the appearance in the distance of being covered with rich pasture, from which the sun had not yet dissipated the morning dews."

The value of the opium produced in western China is (no statistics being available) generally believed to be fully equal to that of the foreign import from Persia and India, say 8,000,000*l.*; the quantity of native-grown, which fetches only two-thirds of the price of imported, being thus half as much again as its foreign rival. Even this sum of 16,000,000*l.*, spent on a drug which, in the opinion of many Chinese patriots, as well as in the opinion of the bulk of our European missionaries, is steadily and stealthily undermining the manhood of the nation, is but a flea-bite compared with the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in this country of 120,000,000*l.* On the other hand, China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, possesses probably less accumulated wealth than do Britain's forty millions.

The Chinaman's wants are fewer, and he leads a more contented life. Yet, in their way, the Chinese are great traders, and the interchange of products carried on by Szechuen with the neighboring provinces is estimated at something like 27,000,000*l.* Of this amount only a very trifling percentage passes through the Imperial Maritime Custom House situated at Ichang, the toll-gate of the upper Yangtse. The value given in the returns for the year 1888 is 1,250,000*l.* This covers all the goods landed at and shipped from Ichang in steamers. An equal value probably passes Ichang in junks. Deducting this, as well as the value of the salt and opium (the greater part of which is carried by bye-paths overland to avoid the tax stations), from the above total, we find a trade of some 15,000,000*l.* being carried on by other routes. The principal of these are the combined land and water route from southern Szechuen, by way of the Yuan River and the Tung-ting Lake, and the northern land route to the Han River, which debouches at Hankow. There is farther an overland trade between Yunnan and Burmah, *vid* Ta-li and Bhamo, estimated at about 500,000*l.* in annual value. The French last year succeeded in running a stern-wheeler, or *monorue*, as they have dubbed this class of vessel, through their new Tonquin territory by the Red River to Laokai, on the southern Yunnan border. This is the shortest by far of any of the outlets of western China to the seaboard, but the

navigation, owing to the smallness of the stream and the greater fall in its bed, is far more difficult and dangerous than that of the upper Yangtse. It is estimated that, notwithstanding the difficulties of transit, one-fifth of the woollen goods imported from Great Britain into north China, *vid* Shanghai, go on to Szechuen, as well as one-tenth of the cottons, the figures being (1888):—

Total import of woollens into	£
Shanghai	1,500,000
Of which for Szechuen	300,000
Import into Shanghai of cottons	12,000,000
Of which for Szechuen	1,200,000

It must be remembered that the bulk of the cotton clothing of the people of western China is made from imported raw cotton spun and woven by the women of the family. Cotton being little grown in the west, it has to be imported from the outside, and, as a consequence, all the roads converging on Yunnan and Szechuen are covered with cotton in the season. We have seen the rocks on the rapids of the Yangtse strewn with cotton, and on the land roads, strings of porters struggling along under the huge, unpressed bales, like ants under their eggs in the breeding season. Mr. Holt Hallett tells us that a quantity goes over from Zimmé, in Siam, at a cost of carriage of one shilling per ton per mile, while raw cotton is the main staple of the imports from Burmah. In the woollen trade, the heavy Russian cloths take a great part; these are also imported overland, and, owing to their good quality and total freedom from shoddy or other admixture of fibres, are in large general demand, notwithstanding their very high cost.

Mr. Exner gives an interesting account of the working of the salt monopoly—a curious mean between the farming of the revenue so prevalent in old times in Europe and our modern European methods of indirect taxation:—

The salt trade of China is of special interest for us, seeing that it is in the first place a monopoly of the Chinese Government, and at the same time, in its working, a rare and interesting instance of the carrying into effect of some of the Socialist ideas now prevalent in Europe. One of the leading theories of certain political Socialists, *viz.*, that traders' profits should be regulated by the Government, is here exhibited in practice. China is, for the purposes of salt distribution, divided into, I believe, seven districts, each of which has its special centre of production. Salt may only be sold in the district in which it is produced. Any salt sold in another district is

regarded as smuggled and liable to be seized. The salt must be sold at a price fixed by the State, which for this purpose has in each district great centres of distribution, where it is then sold by the State at a correspondingly high price to so-called salt merchants. No one can be a salt merchant without having a warrant from the Imperial Salt Commissioner, and this warrant not only enables the possessor to buy salt for an indefinite time, but it can be sold again, or, what is more usual, bequeathed as an heirloom. These warrants have a high value, and although differing in the different districts can on an average be sold for from 3,000 to 4,000 pounds sterling. This license enables the salt merchant to buy about 250 tons of salt and to sell this amount at any market he pleases in the district. But he cannot sell it to any one he chooses. As he got possession of the salt through Government, so must he also dispose of it through the Government. To this end he must deliver it to the District Salt Inspector in a Salt Customs Building. There are several of these buildings in every place of any importance. The Salt Inspector then sells the salt at a proportionately higher price fixed by Government and in the order of its arrival. After it is all sold the merchant gets back his warrant, and the money for his salt, custom dues and other official expenses having been deducted therefrom. His profit in each transaction is therefore absolutely fixed, consisting only of the difference of the price fixed by Government for buying and selling, minus customs and other expenses. It varies from year to year, depending upon the merchant's sagacity in choosing the best market, and thus getting back his warrant more quickly, so as to be able to go back and buy another 250 tons.

The salt merchant's profit thus depends upon the speed with which he can turn over his warrant and recoup himself his outlay. It is not often that a warrant is turned over more than once in a year. One sees tier upon tier of junks lying for months waiting to load at the salt depôts, and again waiting their turn to discharge when, after many weeks' toilsome tracking, they have at last reached their destinations.

Mr. Baber, in his inimitable account of his journeys in western Szechuen, speaking of the country between Chungking the commercial and Chêng-tu the political capital, states that the agriculture of this district,

favoured by the comparative level, and by the exceptional possibility of irrigation from the river and its tributaries, is successful above the average, particularly in sugar. . . . The whole country is dotted over with cottages at a short distance from one another, picturesque and frequently spacious edifices composed of

a strong timber frame filled up in the interstices with walls of stone below and mud above. . . . Baron von Richthofen, in drawing attention to this broadcast distribution of habitations, remarks that, "people can live in this state of isolation and separation only when they expect peace, and profound peace is indeed the impression which Szechuen prominently conveys." Richthofen goes on to say of this part of the country: "There are few regions in China that, if equal areas are compared, can rival with the plain of Chêng-tu as regards wealth and prosperity, density of population and productive power, fertility of climate and perfection of natural irrigation; and there is probably no other where at the present time refinement and civilization are so generally diffused among the population." Baber goes on to tell us, "Another characteristic of the purely farm life as distinguished from village life, of the agricultural population is the markets (ch'ang). . . . These gatherings are the centres of news, gossip, official announcements, festivals, theatrical shows, and public and family meetings." Farther west he tells us, "Gold is found in nuggets occasionally of large size in the border country." At the turn where the highway to Tachien lu leaves the Tung, gold borings driven into the rock may be seen on the further bank. . . . The gold was offered me for sale in the shape of pills of clay, full of minute scales of the precious metal. Quite lately gold has been discovered close to Tachien lu (on the Thibetan frontier) and the rush of diggers has caused a good deal of embarrassment to the authorities.

The present inhabitants of Szechuen are nearly all descended from immigrant families, chiefly from Hupeh and Kiangsi, dating from the sixteenth century. The original population was almost entirely exterminated by the wars with which the province was ravaged upon the accession of the reigning Manchu dynasty; hence, as might be expected, no distinction is observable between the Szechuenese and the inhabitants of the more easterly provinces. Of the aboriginal inhabitants absolutely nothing is known. Striking evidence of their existence is displayed in the cave buildings cut out of the sandstone cliffs that line the rivers, roomy dwellings, highly ornamented. The peoples who executed these works are known to the Chinese as Man-tse, which means barbarians, a term sufficient to destroy all interest in them in the eyes of a native archæologist. Mr. Baber says of them:—

A persistent and plodding exploration of these interesting monuments will have to precede the formation of any trustworthy opinion respecting their design and their designers. The caves are of many kinds, and may have served many uses. They may have been

tombs, houses, granaries, places of refuge, easily defended storehouses, shrines, memorials, and even sentry boxes, according to their disposition and situation. The local Chinaman, a person of few thoughts, and fewer doubts, protests that they are the caves of the Mantze and considers all further inquiry ridiculous and fatiguing. His archæological speculations have not been greatly overstepped by my own theory which I offer with diffidence,—that these excavations are of unknown date, and have been undertaken, for unexplained purposes, by a people of doubtful identity.

This vast and magnificent country of western China is now at last opened up; its commercial metropolis, Chungking, has been made a treaty port. This great advance was quietly effected by the negotiation with the Chinese government, through our minister at the court of Peking, Sir John Walsham, of an additional article to Sir Thomas Wade's treaty of 1876. A clause to this effect, supplementary to the original Chefoo Convention, the article of which we have quoted above, was signed at Peking on March 31st last. In the words of the *Times* correspondent wired from Peking on the 3rd of April: "Direct intercourse is thus established with a large, wealthy, and prosperous province, and British steam enterprise inland is guaranteed as soon as Chinese steamers ply. This success is now achieved where the Chefoo agreement failed. This considerate negotiation promotes friendliness, and a large, healthy, and natural trade will develop, and, with the help of improved appliances, expand, the good-will of both people and government being assured, instead of their opposition.

The comments made upon this news, which was published in the *Times* of April 5th, as well by the provincial as by the metropolitan press, hardly appreciate the full value of this advance. They seem to say, "What is the use of an open port if you are not allowed to go there?" It is true that British steamers have to wait for Chinese to lead the way, and that thus steam communication with the new port appears to be indefinitely postponed, and that so far the astute Chinaman may be assumed to have scored a point against us. But the fact remains, that the long disputed haven of Chungking is actually "open," and it is needful to know what this phrase means in order to be able to appreciate the full value of the concession made to us. An "open" or "treaty" port is one at which foreign goods are admitted upon payment of one *ad valorem* duty of

five per cent., and at which native Chinese produce is exported on the same terms. In the case of an inland port like Chungking, which is situated fifteen hundred miles distant from the seaboard, all its foreign imports must necessarily pass through Shanghai for transshipment from the ocean to river steamers. Such goods, by paying duty at the customs in Shanghai, will be free from all further tax, and can now be conveyed by steamer and junk to their destination unmolested by the numerous inland custom-houses (*li-kin*) and the local octroi (*lo-ti-chuan*). Farther, after his goods have been thus safely landed in the new treaty port, the foreign merchant there can forward them on his own or on native account to more remote inland marts in communication with Chungking on payment of an additional transit tax of two and a half per cent. only, again clearing all the local custom-houses *en route*. In this way centres like Yunnan-fu and Tali-fu in Yunnan, Kuei-yang, the metropolis of Koei-chow, Chêng-tu, the state capital, and Ta-chien lu, the great trading mart on the Thibetan frontier, will be effectively reached by the foreign trader with his cotton and woollen piece goods, in exchange for which he will be empowered to take back the native productions of the country upon the same easy terms. Besides being thus placed in connection with the different *entrepôts* of the great south-west, the foreign merchant established in Chungking is further, by the Kia-ling River which debouches at that port, placed in direct relation with the less known provinces of Shen-si and Kan-su in the north-west.

It is pardonable that press-men and others in this country should have difficulty in appreciating the full advantage of adding a twentieth to the nineteen treaty ports already open in China. No one who has not visited them on the spot, and travelled in the interior as well, can know what the full meaning of the magic words "open port" really is. The open ports are oases of light and activity, in a waste of darkness and stagnation. The dark ages of Europe seem to be reproduced in many of the remoter regions of China. All our modern ideas of progress and the possibility of improving their lot, seem non-existent in the official as well as in the popular mind. A literary mandarin, who has worn out his eyesight in studying for the many examinations he has passed through, will ask you calmly if the same sun shines in your country,

and whether it is true that your men-at-arms are only invincible as long as they maintain their upright position. Even the wise Li Hung-Chang, generally and rightly considered to be the most enlightened statesman that China possesses, once alleged in our hearing, that it was useless for us to attempt to navigate the upper Yangtse, for the reason that the great Yü, when opening out the channel of the gorges, neglected to remove the rocks. This great Chinese artificer, who was kept so hard at his engineering labors, draining the marshes and embanking the rivers, that for years he never returned home, and during that time on three occasions he passed by the door of his house without going in, retired from his labors B.C. 2278. His Excellency implied that the great Yü had evidently intended no steamers should run there. Doubtless, there is a leaven at work in our presence in China, which will in time leaven the mass, and the more points of contact, in the shape of treaty ports are created, the quicker will be the advance, but to the outward eye only a small radius round each port has been so far affected. It is true that the electric wire now unites in its bonds all the chief cities of the eighteen provinces, but its use, except always at the treaty ports, is almost always entirely confined to the carriage of official despatches. As usual in all officially conducted enterprises in China (and the Chinese government acknowledges no union of capitalists for large enterprises apart from official management), little encouragement is given to the general public. In the case of the telegraph, the charges are high, averaging about one shilling a word, more or less, according to distance. This tariff is, with a thrifty people like the Chinese, quite prohibitive as far as social messages are concerned; and for business purposes its use is confined to the few wealthy merchants in the larger towns, and by them it is used very sparingly. In the less important places it is not open to the public at all, although the needful stations and operators are to be found there. At one such station, in the town of Shintan in Hupeh, we once tried to send a message. After much inquiry we at last found our way to the *tiempao chü*, or "lightning despatch office," and were shown to an old, out-of-the-way, two-storied Chinese dwelling-house. Climbing up an inconveniently steep ladder we reached the upper story, which consisted of a roomy loft, with a rickety, loose plank floor and no ceiling beneath the unce-

mented tile roof. The apartment had every appearance of not having been swept or garnished since the day it was constructed. As our eyes gradually grew accustomed to the dim light admitted through the small paper windows, we perceived in one corner a curtained trestle bedstead illuminated by a diminutive opium-smoker's lamp, in another corner a telegraphic signalling instrument with a silk cover to protect it from the dirt, and a couple of the usual stiff-backed, wooden, Chinese chairs. A few clothes trunks and a tumble-down wardrobe completed the furniture. As we entered, a man of thirty, handsomely dressed in silk, arose from the bed and welcomed us to a seat. He received us with great effusion and, to our surprise, seemed really pleased to see his haunt invaded by a barbarian. A lad of eighteen or less, also gaily dressed in silks, produced the hospitable tea, and conversation commenced. The manager could not accept my message without a card from the *taotai*, or governor, who resided forty miles distant and with which he advised me to provide myself on a future occasion. The lad, who turned out to be an operator trained in Shanghai, had merely to report on the condition of the wires, which he did daily by telegraphing to the next station the English words "all right." The rest of the English he once knew he appeared to have forgotten. As to the elder man, the manager, a sociable Soochow man, he talked of himself as an exile among savages with no society, no occupation, and no amusements; he thoroughly enjoyed a visit from one who came from the civilization of Shanghai, and seemed deeply to regret our departure. He particularly lamented his hard lot, in that having bought two thousand English words of a native teacher of English in Shanghai, at a cost of two dollars per hundred (so he expressed himself), he had now only use for two words, and had almost entirely forgotten the remaining nineteen hundred and ninety-eight. This amount of English, so expensively acquired, should have been the means of his securing a better appointment than forty pounds a year in a remote inland town. We have given prominence to this incident as it is characteristic of the enormous gulf that separates China at the treaty ports, from China uncontaminated by our presence, in all that makes up the movement, intellectual and material, of our modern progressive civilization. The electric telegraph was forced upon the Chinese by the acutely felt need of the

government in the north to communicate with their troops who were fighting the French in the south, two thousand miles away in Tonquin. A Danish company, the Great Northern Telegraph Company of Copenhagen, were the fortunate contractors, and the network of wires, embracing all the eighteen provinces, was erected by them with marvellous despatch, and handed over to native operators, some trained by themselves, some trained in America—to work.

Thus China moves, and so far wars have been her chief instigators in the path of that material progress which it is now generally conceded must accompany, if not precede, moral progress; and that there is room for and sharp need of progress in China, the perusal of every work of travel in that country cannot fail to convince the most conservative. Even those who take Ruskin literally, and sympathize with the old Chinese statesman's ideal of every man on his plot of ground, growing the food for his family and the raw material for his clothing, which is spun and woven by the women of the house, must admit the failure of the present system. The inequalities of fortune, and the inequitable distribution of the necessities and comforts of life, are all too glaring in our European cities and in our country villages; but the poorest workman or workwoman here looks well fed in comparison with the crowds of shrivelled, half-starved wretches by which one is surrounded nearly everywhere in inland China. The ravages of the most horrible diseases, which medical science has practically stamped out of Europe, are patent on all sides, and on fête-days and festivals we have seen the country roads thronged with, literally, thousands of the most cruelly repulsive specimens of rotting humanity. In the environs of the larger treaty ports we find the laborers' wages tripled, and the value of the farmers' produce quadrupled. The people are better fed, and large numbers of the sick are treated in our hospitals, so that scenes like the above are seldom seen there. Under existing conditions large regions in China, and notably the rich and fertile province of Szechuen, which has formed the main theme of our present review, are vastly over-populated, and large numbers exist there in a condition of permanent semistarvation in consequence. But resources capable of maintaining in comparative comfort a far larger population exist here as elsewhere in China. The mineral

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3674

wealth, notably coal, only requires the application of Western methods, to become a large source of revenue to the State, and of employment to the surplus inhabitants. Above all, however, means of communication are the first necessity. With no roads but narrow mountain footpaths, every impediment stands in the way of migration from the congested districts of Szechuen to the sparsely peopled valleys of Yunnan and Kweichow; and even when once there the immigrant farmer, owing to the difficulties of intercommunication, finds no outlet for his surplus produce, which, on the other hand, is so sadly wanted for the masses in the great cities. A "treaty port" established in this region means a new centre of activity, higher wages, and vastly increased employment for the laboring classes; to the surrounding country it means an increased outlet for their productions, and a steady rise in values. To the officials and gentry it means a concrete example of the gains to be derived from Western methods of progress as opposed to the stagnation involved in fixing their ideals in the past. To the missionary it means a fair field and no favor, and to the medical missionary an additional sphere of work amongst the indigent sick. To the people generally our settlements yield a specimen of order and cleanliness in a wilderness of dirt and discomfort, which they do nothing to alleviate until stimulated by our contact. As Mr. F. H. Balfour, an old resident in China, in his article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, in January, speaking of the model missionary, most truly tells us, "He lives in some dirty, crowded town, far away in the interior, where his modest Chinese house, running round a well-kept garden, and presided over by a notable English or American housewife, is not only an *oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt and stench*, but a reproach and an example to the sordid dwellings of his neighbors." Chinese cities boast no municipalities and practically no police; each man does what is right in his own eyes, and it is open to one and all to befoul the roadways at their own sweet will, while the greed of the shopkeepers is forever narrowing the crowded alleyways that, with the one exception of the capital (and this has its own peculiar amenities), do duty for streets. Our "settlements," with their broad, tree-lined avenues, magnificent quays, and garden-encircled houses, are greatly admired by the natives. At Han-

low, six hundred miles up the Yangtse, the common term in use among the Chinese for the British settlement, which is built on the site of an old swamp which has been filled up and raised by the enterprise of the residents, until its level is now higher than that of the Chinese town adjoining, is Hwa-lo, or Flowery Pavilions. Such oases are not without their influence and examples, and in the native cities at the treaty ports a marked, though very slow, advance in the direction of order and cleanliness is distinctly noticeable. Streets have been repaved, and the black slush underlying the broad stone slabs, which has a peculiarity of squirting up under the trousers of the unwary European as he treads on what the Chinese elegantly term, "swimming stones," has in many cases been dug out and removed. In Hanyang, the prefectural city adjoining Hankow, from which it is separated by the deep but narrow Han River, a tree-lined *bund*, solidly built up with blocks of red sandstone has been laid out. At some of the more recently opened ports, such as Wuhu and Ichang, which were thrown open to British trade by the Chefoo Convention of 1876, the privilege of a separate area for foreigners to reside in appears not to have been insisted upon. In the case of Ichang, the unwise abandonment, under Sir Thomas Wade, of the concession originally marked out for a foreign settlement, has undoubtedly been the cause of much sickness, and some deaths, among the few Europeans who have as yet resorted to that port, and, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a decent site to reside in, has deterred more than one would-be settler from adventuring there. Let us hope, that in the newly opened port of Chungking, in Szechuen, wiser counsels may prevail, and that the right of British residents there will not be construed merely into the right of renting (at an exorbitant rent) a Chinese house with its pestilential surroundings. At the time the older treaty ports were opened, it was looked upon as a *sine qua non* that British subjects should be encouraged to resort to them by having every possible facility for settlement offered them. Such facilities include the power to live under the conditions that health, under a sub-tropical sun and damp, rainy climate, demands; these are not obtainable in ports where the foreign residents are scattered about amidst Chinese surroundings. The foreign settlements are regarded with no friendly eye by the Chinese official; and, apparently, it is in the vain endeavor to

please this class that our ministers in China have ceased to insist upon what was, till quite lately, regarded as the necessary concomitant of a treaty port. The climate *per se* undoubtedly is healthy, as Pliny describes it: "coeli jucunda salubrisque temperies leniumque ventorum commodissimus flatus;" but, as far as unseasoned Europeans are concerned, it is not giving the climate a fair chance, when it is only to be enjoyed in the midst of Chinese humanity; while "gentle favorable winds," when tempered with the breath of Chinese cities, decidedly lose their virtue.

Few now living are likely to see railways permeating and developing this grand region of the earth's surface. These three western provinces are so cut off by precipitous ravines, steep mountain ridges, and deep, wide rivers, that the outlay necessary to make roads for the iron horse is quite beyond the means of the Chinese people or their government as at present constituted. Ordinary roads barely exist in China, and, without the aid of Western capital and science, railroads will never penetrate those distant regions. So far, only one railway exists in China—a short line of eighty miles, connecting the coal mines of Kaiping, on the Manchurian border, with the shipping port of Tientsin—finally completed and opened to traffic in 1888. This line runs through a marshy, thinly populated country, but which has the advantage of being immediately under the jurisdiction of the powerful viceroy of Chihli, Li-Hung-chang. Yet even his influence failed in prolonging the line eighty miles farther to its natural terminus, Peking. This line was built with native capital, but with imported English rails, and the rolling-stock was also imported, mainly from England. But, now it has been decreed that future lines are to be built by Chinese, of Chinese materials, and with Chinese capital exclusively (the Hukwang viceroy, Chang chih-tung, within whose jurisdiction lies the recently authorized line from Hankow to Peking, is now engaged with two German mining experts, searching for suitable coal and iron ore with which to commence operations), the progress of future railways will be slow indeed. And in a country like south-western China, even were foreign capital to be invited to construct the roads, they could hardly prove remunerative, as long as free exploration of the mineral resources of the region is prohibited. The Chinese have neither the capital, the knowledge, nor the energy, to develop

their mines seriously; and the government will not allow the small native companies, that here and there attempt mining in a most primitive old-world manner, to avail themselves of foreign assistance. With the restless European pressing in upon them on all sides; with Russia occupying the best part of Manchuria on the north, with France holding Tonquin in the south, with the British Indian frontier touching them in the west, the Chinese can hardly remain long as they are. Either they will be absorbed gradually by their more enterprising neighbors — a process which we believe to be a matter of indifference to the great mass of the people who care little who governs them as long as they have equitable rulers able to keep order; or, like Turkey, they may rub on as they are on sufferance, owing to the mutual jealousy of their enemies. The latter seems the more likely prospect; and, eventually, the time must come when Western modes of thought will have taken hold, and the present archaic system of education be reformed in accordance with modern requirements. We shall then see what a race like the Chinese, endowed with exceptional industry, perseverance, and *patience*, and with no lack of brain power, is capable of. But, unless another convulsion like the Taiping rebellion should occur (and this is by no means an impossibility), throwing over tradition bodily, as did the first emperor, B.C. 220, it will be a long time yet before China takes that place in the world to which her numbers, resources, and high civilization, justly entitle her.

From Murray's Magazine.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN.

SPEAKING generally, it may be said that towns which have a season should be carefully avoided out of that season, save by persons whose natural hilarity is so great that they can endure the sight of closed shutters and forsaken streets, and can keep up their spirits amid scenes which have all the melancholy of a desert without its grandeur and mystery. Nobody, for instance, would be in London

during the month of September if he could help it, or at Nice in July, or at Cowes in January. Certain places, however, there are which do not lose all their cheerfulness and gaiety (perhaps because they have not a superabundance to lose), when the quiet time of the year comes round, and amongst these Torquay may claim to be counted. Torquay is, of course, a winter resort. Nobody denies — nor would it be worth anybody's while to deny, in the face of the statistics which doctors and other learned persons have at their fingers' ends — that during the nine cold months of the year Torquay is a little less cold than the rest of the United Kingdom; but what is not so generally admitted, because not so generally known, is that this favored spot, besides being comparatively warm in winter, is decidedly cool in summer. It is in summer that the well-to-do residents go away for change of air; it is in summer that many of the innumerable and oddly named villas which cover its hills are to be let upon moderate terms, and it is in summer that the place acquires a beauty and charm which can hardly be said to belong to it when the sea is no longer blue and when the leaves have fallen from the trees.

It was partly in consequence of the natural advantages of the place, and principally in consequence of the annual reduction in house-rent which has been mentioned, that a certain small villa had been made ready to receive temporary tenants one fine August afternoon. The proprietors of the villa, in accordance with a common custom, had left their servants behind them, and these functionaries were awaiting, with the serene impartiality which characterizes irremovable persons of all ranks, the advent of employers who might possibly be unreasonable enough to be dissatisfied with them, but who could have no power to dismiss them.

"Gentleman's a hartist, I understand," the butler was saying to the housemaid. "I don't think much of hartists, without 'tis hamatyooors. What I mean to say, a man as gets his livin' by paintin' pictures don't take rank with the harmy or the navy. I've told cook to say to 'em as they must dine middle o' the day on Sunday or else 'ave their dinner cold. And *then* I shouldn't wait upon 'em. On'y three in family, I think you said, Mary?"

The housemaid nodded. "And bringin' no lady's maid, which sounds as if they was a shabby lot. I did hear tell as they'd been living abroad for a number of

years and was bad off. Sometimes the pore ones is more liberal than the rich, though."

The butler, a man of experience, shook his head. "Not when servants' wages is included in the rent," said he despondently. "When they goes to stay with their friends 'tis different, because then they don't want to be known for what they are, you see; but the moment there's no call to show off a hartist is a mean feller, you may depend."

In this particular instance, however, the butler was mistaken. During the twelve years which had elapsed since his marriage Cecil Archdale's nature had not changed, nor had he become more careful with regard to money matters, although he had now a good deal less money to throw away. His outward appearance, too, had scarcely altered for the worse as much as that of most men does after they have taken leave of youth and entered upon that prolonged period of middle age when looks are of small importance. As he jumped out of the fly which had brought him and his belongings from the station, the expectant servants beheld a man who was still handsome, if a trifle too stout, whose hair had not yet begun to turn grey and whose face was not furrowed by care. He might very well have passed for being six or seven years younger than he actually was.

The same compliment could not have been conscientiously paid to his wife. Marcia's dark tresses had plenty of white threads in them; her eyes had become sunken; her complexion was a thing of the past. She had grown old; the expression of her face, when in repose, showed that she had also grown sad; and as she entered the house, followed by her little daughter, a child of eleven, the listlessness of her movements seemed to afford evidence that she was out of conceit with a world which had treated her neither better nor very much worse than she had deserved. She had perhaps been more unhappy in her second marriage than in her first; yet, since she had never admitted this to herself, the point must be regarded as doubtful; for of course nobody can really be more unhappy than he is conscious of being. Marcia, at all events, had been conscious of much anxiety and distress of mind. Her husband had proved himself just the sort of husband that she might have expected him to be; he had been in love with her for almost a year after their wedding day; he had retained as much affection for her as her jealousy would

allow an easy-going, good-natured man, who hated scenes, to retain; he had seldom spoken unkindly to her and had treated her, upon the whole, fairly well, although it cannot be denied that he had more than once given her reasonable excuse for being jealous. He had, however, deteriorated during their long sojourn abroad, which had only been broken by occasional flying visits to their native land, and which to a man of his indolent, sensuous temperament had been inevitably harmful. It is quite possible that poverty and the bracing rigors of a northern climate might have made a great artist of Cecil Archdale; but he had lacked these incentives to exertion and was now past the age at which fortune and renown are likely to be acquired. In the course of a dozen years he had painted some half-dozen good pictures, and had been well paid for them, and had promptly spent the money. He had not been altogether forgotten, but he certainly had not increased his fame, and he was spoken of as having failed to carry out the promise of his youth. The worst of it was that he knew this and did not care. What he had come to care a great deal for was material comfort, and especially for that important part of it which depends upon a good dinner.

"I do trust," he said earnestly to Marcia, who was taking stock of the small drawing-room, "that these people have left us a decent cook. I never heard of anything more risky than hiring a house and servants without having seen either. Do you think it looks the sort of house in which people would live like civilized beings?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "There is no kitchen-maid," she answered, "and I should imagine that the cook's wages would be under thirty pounds a year. We can't expect to get a *cordons bleu* thrown in for the rent that we are paying, and as we can't possibly afford to give more——"

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Archdale hastily. "For heaven's sake, don't let us talk about economy; it is bad enough to be obliged to practise it! Torquay may be a very nice place for people of slender means to spend the summer in; but I don't think I should select it if I were as rich as Lady Wetherby. I wonder what she does with herself here all day long!"

"She sits in the garden and looks at the view, I believe," answered Marcia. "At least, that is what she told me in her letter that she did. I suppose, now that her daughter is out, she has more gaiety than she cares about during the London

season and is glad enough of a little rest and solitude when it is over."

"Quite so; the only difference between me and Lady Wetherby is that my daughter is not out, that she would not see much of London gaiety if she were, and that, although we appear to have a small garden, we haven't any view to speak of. Well, I suppose we shall manage to pull through somehow. The least that Lady Wetherby can do, after bringing us here, is to suggest to us some means of whiling away the time without yawning our heads off."

The responsibility which Mr. Archdale thus sought to fix upon Lady Wetherby was not quite justified by facts. Marcia and her former schoolfellow had not met for many years, though they had kept up an intermittent correspondence, and the latter had scarcely expected a chance phrase in one of her letters to be taken literally. "If you really think of coming to England in the summer," she had written, "and if, as you say, you can't make up your minds what watering-place to patronize, let me recommend Torquay. You won't find much in the way of amusement there; but, by writing to one of the local house-agents, you will easily get a comfortable villa at a low rent, and you will be within reach of an old friend who would be delighted to see you again."

Upon the strength of that encouragement Marcia had decided to delight an old friend. Since her second marriage she had made many new friends, but none who had quite filled Laura's place, and, of course, none so intimately acquainted with the story of her life. It was, therefore, with anticipations of receiving sympathy as well as condolence that she betook herself, on the following morning, to Malton Lodge, which was the name given by Lady Wetherby to her prettily situated villa on the summit of the Lincombe hill. For indeed she believed that she had every right to claim both.

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a little chilled and a little envious when a butler and two powdered footmen opened the door for her and ushered her into a luxuriously furnished drawing-room. It may very well be doubted whether the possession of two footmen, instead of one, adds much to anybody's happiness, or whether the floury appearance of these menials' heads enhances their attractiveness very greatly in the eyes of their employers; but such signs and symbols of wealth are full of significance to less fortunate people, and while Marcia, sitting

beside an open window and gazing across lawns and flower-beds and shrubs at the expanse of blue sea beyond, awaited her friend, she reflected somewhat bitterly upon the unequal hand with which the favors of fortune are distributed. It seemed to her that she had started in the race of life under conditions at least as favorable as Laura Beaumont had done; as regarded looks, at all events, the advantage had certainly been upon her side. Yet, now that she had reached middle age, she was anxious, troubled, and in straitened circumstances, whereas Laura had all that the heart of woman could desire. So she sighed and repined, as the immense majority of mankind would doubtless do if they had time to be so foolish; and probably this consciousness of having been unfairly treated had something to do with the lack of cordiality which she displayed when a stout, grey-haired lady rushed into the room and embraced her.

But Lady Wetherby was cordial enough for two. "My dear Marcia," she exclaimed, "what a pleasure this is! I made up my mind years and years ago that you would live and die in some foreign land and that I should never hear the sound of your voice again. You aren't as much altered as I expected you to be; I should have known you at once if I had met you in the street. You wouldn't have known me, though — would you now?"

"Not if I had met you in the street, perhaps," answered Marcia, a little mollified; "but I should have recognized your voice at once. And now that I look at you, I can see that you are still the same good, kind-hearted old Laura as ever. Well I dare say you have had nothing to spoil your temper."

"I have been very fortunate and very happy," Lady Wetherby admitted. "Wetherby has grown up into the best of sons, and indeed he has never given me any serious anxiety. As for Evelyn, I am sometimes told that I have spoilt her, but I can't see that the spoiling has done her much harm and I don't think it will prevent her from securing an excellent husband when the time comes. I really haven't a word to tell you about myself, because everything has gone smoothly with me; but I should like to hear how the world has treated you all this time."

Marcia had a good many grievances and was not averse to dilating upon some of them. She did not say that she had been made miserable by her husband's numerous and more or less platonic friendships

with other women; but she confessed that his idleness and improvidence had embittered her life. "And," sighed Marcia, "the whole burden of manipulating the budget has fallen upon me. It hasn't been an easy task, I can assure you. Some men — Cecil is one of them — can't live without small daily luxuries which cost a great deal of money, and I don't think I myself am a particularly good hand at saving. We haven't been specially extravagant; but somehow or other we have always exceeded our income, and then we have made some unfortunate speculations, and altogether we haven't prospered. I want Cecil to stay in England now, if he will; it is a great mistake to let oneself drop out of sight and out of memory."

Lady Wetherby hardly knew what to suggest by way of consolation for a state of affairs which certainly did not sound promising. "Why didn't you bring your little daughter with you?" she asked. "I want so much to see her. Is she like you?"

"No," answered Marcia, smiling. "Flossie is more like her father than me. She is very pretty and a dear little thing, and I don't know what I should have done without her. And yet — she isn't what my dear Willie used to be to me. I suppose it isn't possible that anybody could ever fill his place."

"And haven't you seen him all this time?" Lady Wetherby inquired wonderingly.

Marcia shook her head. "I haven't seen him and I haven't heard from him; most likely he has forgotten me. Every now and then I have had news of him in a roundabout way through friends; I know that he is in the army now, and that he is well and happy; that ought to satisfy me, perhaps. But it doesn't."

"Of course it doesn't!" exclaimed Lady Wetherby warmly; "how could it? I never could understand your consenting to part with him, Marcia; but at any rate the reason that you gave me can't hold good now that he is a grown-up man. Sir George Brett must have forgiven you long ago."

"Well, I don't know; if he has, he has never said so. But Willie is of age, and I dare say that to some extent he can please himself, and I presume that he doesn't give a strict account of all his actions to his uncle. In fact, the truth is that his regiment is quartered at Plymouth now, and that I have written to beg him to come over here and see me. Now you understand why I persuaded Cecil against

his will to take a villa at Torquay for the summer."

Lady Wetherby laughed good-humorously.

"Well," she answered, "I did flatter myself that my being here was the sole inducement; but I am very glad indeed that it wasn't, and I hope you will soon have the joy of seeing your son again and finding him all that you could wish him to be."

"I hope so," said Marcia in a somewhat despondent tone. "It will be a joy to see him whatever he may be; but one thing is certain — he won't be the Willie whom I lost. Did you ever go back to a place where you had once been very happy? If you have, you must have regretted your folly in having robbed yourself of a host of pleasant memories. I am not at all sure that I am wise in trying to bring about this meeting."

To Lady Wetherby, who was a good, motherly, unimaginative sort of woman, the selfishness implied in such a point of view was barely comprehensible. She herself loved her children because they were her children and because it was natural to do so; it would never have occurred to her to wonder whether she had loved them better at this or at that period of their lives, or to regard them as ministering more or less to her personal gratification. She was about to express something of the bewilderment which her friend's words occasioned her when she was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, slim girl who stepped through the open window from the garden.

This was Lady Evelyn Foljambe, a young lady, who, without being beautiful, or even remarkably pretty, had nevertheless been more admired than many of her contemporaries who had a fair title to be considered one or the other. Her success may have been in some measure due to the redness of her lips, the whiteness of her teeth, and a dimple which she had in her left cheek; the upper part of her head, too, was well shaped, her greyish-blue eyes did not lack expression, and her hair, of a bronze tinge, grew prettily. But it is more probable that the charm which young men discovered in her had very little to do with her outward appearance. She glanced for a moment at the stranger, and then, in an interrogative way, at her mother, who said, —

"Evelyn, dear, you remember Mrs. Archdale, who was so kind to you when you were recovering from the scarlet fever?"

"Quite well," answered Evelyn, smiling and extending her hand. "For a long time after that I used to ask periodically what had become of Mrs. Archdale, but as nobody could tell me, I gave up asking at last in despair."

She sat down beside Marcia and was very talkative and pleasant. Perhaps a shade too completely at her ease to give satisfaction to a woman of twice her age. Whether for that reason, or for some other which it would have been difficult to specify, Marcia did not take to her, and it soon appeared that she, on her side, had not taken to Marcia; for no sooner had the latter departed, than she wrinkled up her nose in an expressive manner at her mother, without speaking.

"My dear," protested Lady Wetherby, who understood what this meant, "Marcia Archdale is one of my oldest and best friends."

"Yes, mother; but she isn't one of mine," returned this impertinent young woman; "so I can form a perfectly impartial opinion of her. I won't distress you by announcing it, though. Is she going to stay here long?"

"For the rest of the summer, I should think," answered Lady Wetherby. "From what she told me, I imagine that it is an object with them to live economically; and then she wishes to be near her son, who is quartered at Plymouth with his regiment, and whom she hasn't seen since he was a little boy. I must have told you her story, poor thing!—how she had to give the boy up to his uncle, Sir George Brett, and how she was forbidden to meet him."

Lady Evelyn nodded. "And now the boy has turned into a man and a soldier, and I suppose he will come over here to renew acquaintance with his mother. That may be rather interesting. If he is at all nice he will help to relieve the monotony of this out-of-the-way place a little."

"One can't call a place that is within six hours of London out-of-the-way," remonstrated Lady Wetherby, who had never been able to imbue her daughter with any liking for Torquay as a residence.

"That depends," rejoined Lady Evelyn. "Six hours north of London is in the way. If one lived in the Midlands, or even at Wetherby, one's friends would perch with one for a night or two on their flight to or from Scotland; but as nobody goes to the Land's End, nobody ever comes here."

"Yachting people do," Lady Wetherby observed. "Mr. Mortimer, for instance, said he would make a point of putting into Torbay in the autumn."

"Well, of course that is a great treat to look forward to; but in the mean time it wouldn't be disagreeable to have a chance of exchanging ideas with some other fellow mortal. So, as I said before, I trust Mrs. Archdale's son may turn out to be nicer than Mrs. Archdale."

"He was a very nice boy," remarked Lady Wetherby musingly. "Poor little fellow! I meant to keep an eye upon him, and have him to stay with us in the holidays sometimes, and try to be kind to him; but I lost sight of him somehow or other—as one does."

"We will make up for lost time by being kind to him now, if he seems to deserve it," Lady Evelyn declared. "Was he good-looking when he was a boy?"

But it now occurred to Lady Wetherby that enough had been said about this unimportant young gentleman; so she answered rather shortly: "Oh, no; quite ordinary. If anything, I should say that he promised to grow up a plain man. Besides, it is not likely that we shall see much of him if he does come here."

CHAPTER XXX.

WILLIE AS A MAN.

LADY WETHERBY'S recollection of Willie Brett may have been, and probably was, rather indistinct. It has already been said that he was not a particularly handsome boy; yet if, on the day following that of her mention of him to her daughter she could have been transported to the Plymouth barracks, and could have seen a certain young officer, as he reclined in a camp-chair, clad in the becoming undress uniform of the British line, she would doubtless have admitted that he was not a plain man, though she might have held to her opinion that he was ordinary. For indeed there is nothing extraordinary in broad shoulders, or in a spare, well-knit, sinewy frame, or even in one of those waxy complexions which go with black hair and eyes and of which the pallor is in no way inconsistent with perfect health. Yet these things, taken in conjunction with a kindly expression of countenance and with that general air of being a gentleman which cannot be defined in words, make up a whole quite pleasing enough to meet the requirements of any member of the male sex; nor in truth would the young officer in question have

lacked sincere admirers among the young ladies of Plymouth if his tastes had inclined him towards flirtation.

But he was not at all given that way, being modest and a trifle bashful in the society of women, of whose general qualities he entertained, for some reason or other, no exalted opinion. Life for him meant, in the way of work, soldiering, and in the way of relaxation, hunting and reading. At all of these pursuits he was, if not first-rate, decidedly above mediocrity; he found them sufficient to occupy his time and keep him out of mischief, and he did not care to seek the attractions which most garrison towns have to offer.

Now, however, he was for once looking a little troubled. He had been reading a letter which lay open upon his knees and of which the contents had been such as to cause him some anxious thoughts. It was only natural that he should have learnt to regard his mother, who for twelve years had never communicated with him either by pen or by word of mouth, as virtually dead. He had not forgotten her, nor had his affection for the mother whom he had known diminished; but he had long before this taken it for granted that she must have forgotten him, and he had given up all idea of attempting to recall himself to her remembrance. His uncle and aunt had spoken of her before him every now and again. They had heard that she and her good-for-nothing artist were living far beyond their means in Venice. They had heard (although this did not happen to be true) that she treated her second husband with as much indifference as she had treated her first, and rumors which were not altogether without foundation had reached them to the effect that Mr. Archdale was a good deal less exemplary in a marital capacity than poor Eustace Brett had been. All these things they had judged it wise to mention in the young fellow's presence, so that he might see how much he had to be thankful for and from what a deplorable fate he had been saved. They did not produce precisely that effect upon him; but some effect they did produce, for they made him less anxious to renew acquaintance with Mrs. Archdale and more disposed to think of her only as what she had been when she had borne his own name. On his coming of age Sir George had thought fit to give him a word of warning.

"You are now practically your own master, Willie," he had said. "You are no longer a boy, and as you have a man's

responsibilities you may claim a man's liberty. Nevertheless, I am entitled to tell you what my wishes are upon certain points, and one of these is that you should keep yourself entirely clear of the Archdales. They have become disreputable; they have become impecunious, and it is not difficult to foresee that some day or other they will apply to you for pecuniary assistance. When that event takes place I shall expect you to inform me of it, that's all. In my view your mother has no sort of claim upon you; but that may not be your view, and I have good reason to know that you cling to your views with considerable obstinacy. I don't forbid you to meet her when she asks you to do so, as she undoubtedly will; I only request that there may be nothing clandestine about the meeting, and that you will bear in mind my wish that you should see as little of her and her husband as possible."

Willie had made the required promise without hesitation. It had never been his custom to do anything after a clandestine fashion, nor had he ever given any undertaking that he would refuse to meet his mother should she express a desire for him to do so. It was therefore no fear of arousing his uncle's displeasure that drew horizontal wrinkles upon his smooth forehead when Marcia's unexpected summons reached him. What troubled him was an emotion somewhat akin to that which his mother had expressed to Lady Wetherby and which had so puzzled that excellent woman. He wanted to preserve, if he could, certain memories of his childhood which were dear to him; he did not much want to be embraced by a stranger, the sight of whom must necessarily cause those memories to become indistinct, and he could not help feeling that the proposed interview would probably bring about disappointment for both parties to it. For, after all, there was no getting over the fact that his mother had left him to his own devices during twelve long years, and perhaps the somewhat exaggerated language of affection which Marcia had employed in her letter served rather to increase than to diminish his sense of distance from her. It was not easy to believe in the sincerity of such language. He would have preferred a more frank recognition of the truth, an honest admission that she had chosen to devote her life to her husband rather than to her son, but that she now felt eager — as she very naturally might — to see with her own eyes what sort of a man the latter had grown

up into and to hear with her own ears that he had not lost all recollection of bygone happy days. To an appeal of that nature he could have responded with all his heart; but he did not feel quite equal to meeting the demand made upon him for a renewal of the old tie upon the old terms. He had, in short, the habit of looking things in the face, and when he was asked to ignore the obvious — a request with which most women and not a few men can comply readily enough — he had no answer to make, except that it was out of his power to do so.

It was, however, within his power to obtain a few days' leave from his colonel, and evidently that was the only course open to him. As soon as he had made sure of being able to visit Torquay, he answered his mother's letter, telling her when she might expect him. His composition, which had necessitated the tearing up of several sheets of paper, did not satisfy him, for he perceived that, in spite of all his efforts, it had a cold and slightly distrustful ring; but he was too poor a hand at self-deception to be capable of deceiving others, so he had to let it go, such as it was. Perhaps, he thought, she might understand what his feelings were, and might make excuses for him which it was out of the question that he should put forward on his own account.

The letter which he despatched by the same post to Sir George Brett did not give him nearly so much trouble. In this he merely mentioned that his mother had begged him to go over to Torquay, where she was staying, and that he intended to spend a day or two with her shortly. "I don't think she will ask me for a loan," he added, smiling as he wrote down the words — for his uncle's firm conviction that what everybody chiefly desired in this world was to get hold of money had always seemed to him a little comical — "but I dare say she will ask me to go and see her again, unless Mr. Archdale objects, and I suppose you will not mind very much if I do."

Now, it was by no means unlikely that Sir George would mind a good deal; but his nephew, who was fully aware of this probability, was not in the least disturbed by it. Willie Brett had not only managed to preserve his independence, but had successfully asserted it more than once. He could not but acknowledge that he owed a great deal to his uncle, only he did not consider, and never had considered, that he owed him implicit obedience in all things.

So it was not at all of the prejudices and animosities of Sir George that he was thinking as, a few days after this, he sat pensively in the fly which was taking him from the Torquay station to his mother's temporary abode. What made him feel nervous and anxious was uncertainty as to how much would be expected of him in the meeting which was at hand, and fear lest he should fall short of reasonable expectation. He could not yet tell whether or not he was going to see once more the same mother whom he had once loved so dearly; but he suspected that all these years must have altered her greatly, and he knew that they had altered him, and he was painfully conscious of his inability to conceal his impressions.

Happily, however, it so fell out that he was not called upon to feign anything that he did not feel; for no sooner had he reached his destination than the front door was flung open and a lady rushed out to meet him who gave him no time to notice her grey hairs or the lines upon her cheeks. He felt her warm kisses upon his own and the trembling pressure of her arms round his neck, and it was the old familiar voice, broken by sobs, that whispered in his ear, "Oh, my own dear boy, how glad — how glad I am!"

Well, after that, there was no difficulty as to demeanor nor any need for pretence. The young fellow's heart — which, indeed, was a soft one — was deeply stirred; he forgot all his doubts and grievances, and when she had led him into the drawing-room, and had made him sit down upon a sofa beside her, he was able to say with perfect truth that she could not be more glad to look upon his face again than he was to look upon hers. And if closer inspection gave him something of a shock (for of course twelve more or less troublesome years must needs leave ineffaceable traces upon the countenance of a woman who has left the prime of life far behind her), yet her voice and her quick, impulsive manner remained what they had been, and he laughed when she held him at arm's length, just as she had been wont to do of old, scrutinizing him from head to foot with fond, proud eyes.

"I'm not much to look at, am I?" said he.

"Not much? — that depends upon what you call much. There must be two yards of you at the very least. I always knew you would be a tall man. And I'm sure I don't know whether you are good-looking or not; but I know that if I were a girl, instead of being your mother, I should

fall over head and ears in love with you at once. Do they generally fall in love with you? But of course they do."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," answered Willie, laughing and blushing a little. "At least, if they do they have kept it very dark so far. I don't go much into ladies' society; there are plenty of other fellows in the regiment who go in for that sort of thing, and do it better than I should."

"Yes, I dare say; I can quite imagine them. Appalling beings with waxed moustaches and loud clothes who are mistaken for men of fashion by garrison belles. What made you join a line regiment, Willie? I should have thought you would have gone into the Guards, or at least into the cavalry."

"So Uncle George said," remarked the young man, smiling good-humoredly; "he seemed to think that the Royal Devonshire Rifles wasn't nearly good enough for the nephew of a banker, though most people would tell you that it isn't a bad regiment. At all events, I can live quite comfortably upon my income in it, and I doubt whether I could have done that in the Guards or the cavalry."

"But he makes you some allowance over and above what you have of your own, I presume," said Marcia.

"No; he offered to do so, and I am sure he would have been very glad if I had accepted his offer; but I didn't see my way to it. It is best to be your own master if you can, I think, particularly when you have insisted upon taking your own way. Uncle George was dead against my being a soldier at all; he wanted me to go into the bank. But I couldn't do that; so, after a great many rows and discussions, he gave way."

"Stupid old man!" exclaimed Marcia. "As if he hadn't grubbed up money enough to keep you and all your children and grandchildren in luxury! He is just the same as ever, I suppose?"

"I don't think he has changed very much," answered Willie. "He has grown older, of course, and he has attacks of gout pretty often. Aunt Caroline is quite an invalid now."

"That can't be called a change, for she never was anything else, by her own account. I dare say she will live to be a hundred, all the same. I needn't ask whether she is still the consummate hypocrite that she used to be."

This not being a question, Willie made no reply. His aunt was certainly rather hypocritical, but there had been no hypoc-

risy about her kindness to him, and he did not feel inclined to dwell upon her failings. To effect a change of subject, he presently began to relate his not very eventful experiences as an officer in the British army, and was somewhat surprised to find how little interest his mother displayed in them.

"Ah, well," she interrupted him by saying, "the past is over and done with, and it isn't always pleasant to think of it. The best way is to make the most of the present, which still belongs to us."

Nevertheless, she could not resist narrating some of her sorrows to him, and hinting at some of her disillusionments. Willie had not very much to say in reply; but he looked as sympathetic as he could, and put in a murmur of commiseration here and there, so that she was not dissatisfied with him. About Mr. Archdale it was not possible for him to speak much, for he well remembered how he had disliked the man, and he could not say anything which might sound like "I told you so." But he was able, with unaffected interest, to make inquiries as to his little half-sister, whom Marcia presently summoned by ringing the bell.

"Flossie is a dear child and very pretty," said she. "She isn't a bit like you, though."

In truth Marcia had never felt half the love for her daughter that she had felt for her first-born, and had never made a friend and companion of her, as she had made of him. After the necessary delay required for the donning of her best frock and sash, Flossie appeared—a demure little golden-haired, blue-eyed maiden, who certainly bore no outward resemblance to Willie. However, she was very soon upon the best of terms with the latter; for he belonged to that species of human beings in whom children and dogs place immediate confidence, and her presence relieved a certain embarrassment and restraint of which both he and his mother were beginning to be conscious. Willie had taken the child upon his knee, and was listening gravely to a description of her dolls and their respective characteristics, when Archdale came in.

"Well, Brett," said that gentleman, holding out his hand, with a smile which was doubtless meant to be amiable, but which was somehow a little offensive to his step-son, "so you have found us out at last. Very glad to see you again. If I remember rightly, we weren't exactly friends in old days; but that is no reason why we shouldn't be friends now. The

times have changed and we have changed with them, in accordance with the Latin grammar and the immutable laws which govern the world."

Willie said something civil, and thought to himself that if Mr. Archdale had changed with the times he had not changed for the better. But then, to be sure, a gentleman, like a poet, is born, not made, and the bad taste of his step-father's speech was probably the result of a law of nature quite as immutable as any other. At all events, he had no more reason or wish to quarrel with the man than to become his friend. They would be able to tolerate one another for a few days, which was all that would be required of either of them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY EVELYN.

LIBERTY, as all English-speaking people are convinced, is an invaluable boon, and no doubt the possession thereof, whether politically or socially, does give room for the expansion of individual as well as national character, and is, upon the whole, favorable to the growth of virtues rather than of vices. At the same time, a little discipline is no bad thing, as a corrective and a reminder that freedom does not mean the right to be a nuisance to your neighbors. The boys of the rising generation probably get as much of it, or nearly as much, as is required at school; but it seems open to question whether the girls of the rising generation get quite enough of it at home. Lady Evelyn Foljambe, for example, had been indulged to an extent which was perhaps scarcely prudent, and which so sensible a woman as her mother would never have dreamt of permitting in the early years of the present century. But Lady Wetherby belonged, like the rest of us, to her period, and thought, as other sensible people appear to think, that education is a process which can be successfully carried through without recourse to restraints or punishments. "You cannot," the fathers and mothers of the present day say in effect, "coerce anybody into being wise or honest or sober or pious; what you can do for your children is to set them an example of decent behavior, and to let them see, as far as may be possible, what is gained by self-denial and loss of self-seeking. When all is said and done, the choice must rest with them." It is pretty enough as a theory, but in practice it is very much like asking an unfledged bird to fly.

Evelyn Foljambe, who might now be considered full-fledged, since she had been presented and had passed through more than one London season, was not a very bad specimen of the modern young lady. She was very independent, rather self-willed, and somewhat too self-confident; she knew more than one would wish — if one had any choice in the matter — that one's daughter should know; but perhaps she did not know a great deal more than the general run of her contemporaries, and as she had inherited a refined temperament, as well as some noble and generous qualities, the chances seemed to be that she would get into no serious mischief. Meanwhile, she had the reputation of being a flirt — which reputation, it must be confessed, she had done something to earn. For the rest, she was very fond of her mother, for whose convenience she often cheerfully sacrificed her own; otherwise she assuredly would not have spent, on an average, six months out of a year in a Torquay villa.

One sunny morning she had slung her hammock in a shady part of the garden belonging to that villa and was reclining therein, with her hands clasped behind her head. She had brought out a novel with her; but it had dropped out of her hand on to the grass, and it was not interesting enough to be worth the trouble of picking up again. Her own thoughts, to be sure, were not very interesting either; but such as they were, they were a little more so than the author's, so she gave them a free rein. As she lay there, gazing up through the sunlit foliage at the blue sky overhead, she was wondering how in the world she would manage to get through the summer without being bored to extinction, and amusing herself by imagining all sorts of exciting events which might conceivably happen, but were not in the least likely to happen. The first event of any importance that could be counted upon with certainty was the arrival in the autumn of Mr. Mortimer's yacht and its owner; and that could hardly be called an exciting incident, for as she had spent some time on board the yacht, and had danced repeatedly with its owner in London, neither of them possessed the attraction of novelty. Not that she had a word to say against the vessel or against Mr. Mortimer, for the matter of that. She liked the latter a good deal better than she liked most of her partners; she was perfectly aware — although she was not supposed to be aware — that her mother and all her relations wished her to marry

him, and since he was rich, well-connected, and well-conducted, there was nothing surprising or unreasonable in their wish. She thought it quite on the cards that she might accept him when he proposed to her, as he unquestionably would do before long; but she had not made up her mind, nor was she in any hurry to make it up.

And indeed the thought of this suitor was not one upon which she cared to linger for more than a few moments. She had forgotten all about him and was once more enjoying the pleasures of imaginative speculation when she was recalled to actualities by the sound of her mother's voice hard by.

"You will cut off a long piece of road by going down through the garden," Lady Wetherby was saying to some unseen person or persons. "You can't mistake your way, and you will find the little gate unlocked. Good-bye."

"Oh, bother!" ejaculated Evelyn under her breath; "what business have people to call this hour of the day? The chances are that they will see me, and full well I know that if they do see me they will pull up and hail me without the slightest compunction. The only thing to be done is to feign slumber. Unscrupulous as they are, I should think they would draw the line at shaking a person until she wakes."

She accordingly closed her eyes and became to all appearances unconscious of everything about her. But if her eyes were shut her ears were open, and the approaching tramp of a man's foot-fall upon the gravel path caused her to prick them up. The visitor, it seemed, was of the masculine gender and singular number. Furthermore, he was in the wrong case; because he had turned to the left instead of to the right, and the path which he had chosen would take him to Lady Evelyn's elbow, but not much farther. Under the circumstances, it was a question whether one ought not to conquer one's somnolence so far as to become aware of the strayed explorer and give him some friendly information as to his bearings — always supposing, of course, that inspection should prove him to be a fit object for benevolence. It was but a cursory inspection that Evelyn could make of him through her eyelashes when he came alongside and stopped short, as she had been sure that he would do, on perceiving the sleeping beauty in the hammock; but that brief glimpse must have been satisfactory, for she at once sat up and looked smilingly at the stranger.

He took off his hat and said, "I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," answered Lady Evelyn politely. "Are you trying to find your way out?"

The tall, dark-haired young man whom she addressed replied that he was. "I am not a trespasser," he thought it right to explain; "I came with a message from my mother, Mrs. Archdale, and Lady Wetherby told me that I could get out by a gate at the bottom of the garden."

"Quite right," answered the young lady; "only this path doesn't lead to it, or anywhere else, except to the heap where the gardeners throw cabbage-stalks and things which they are too lazy to burn. I'll go with you and show you where you ought to have kept straight on, instead of turning off at right angles," she added, with a deft movement which brought her feet to the ground.

"Oh, thank you, but I won't give you so much trouble," returned the unknown youth, who was much too modest to be embarrassed or to suspect that a great compliment was being paid to him.

"It isn't any trouble," Lady Evelyn kindly assured him. And as soon as she had quite disengaged herself from her hammock and had moved a few paces from it, she said, "if Mrs. Archdale is your mother, you must be Mr. Brett. We have met before, although I suppose you have forgotten it."

Willie showed his white teeth and answered, "No, I haven't forgotten it; but it was a very long time ago. I was a small boy in those days."

"Yes; and I was a still smaller girl. You were a friend of my brother's then. I think. Have you kept up your friendship with him?"

She knew very well that he had not; but she liked the look of him and wanted to make him talk to her, which he, for his part, was not in the least unwilling to do. He explained at some length and with a simplicity which confirmed her favorable impression of him, that he had not seen much of her brother at Eton, and nothing at all since he had left.

"Wetherby went to Oxford, I believe," he said, "and I didn't. I'm in the army now."

Lady Evelyn's previous acquaintance with young men had led her to the conclusion that nine out of ten of them are ludicrously vain, silly, and self-conscious. As far as a middle-aged man is capable of judging, she was wrong; but it is certain that many persons of her sex, standing,

and experience would pronounce her right, and it has to be remembered that they have opportunities of forming an opinion upon the subject which are denied to us. However that may be, she was greatly pleased with Willie Brett, who seemed to her, and probably was, quite unlike the average adolescent Briton. In a very few minutes she found out more about his tastes and views than his mother knew; she graciously imparted to him some of her own, and showed herself so amiably disposed towards him that he did not hesitate to say, —

“I hope you will join a little expedition of ours to Anstey’s Cove this afternoon. My mother sent me to ask whether you would come, and Lady Wetherby has consented for herself, but wouldn’t answer for you. Mr. Archdale has gone out there to make a sketch, and we are to follow him, and have tea on the beach. It doesn’t sound a particularly attractive programme; still, if you had nothing better to do —”

“I certainly haven’t anything better to do,” replied Lady Evelyn, “and I should like very much to join the tea-party, thank you. We shall drive, I suppose?”

Willie answered that Lady Wetherby had kindly offered to take him and his mother in her carriage, and that he presumed that the offer would be accepted. “Flossie — my small half-sister, you know — can go in a fly with the kettle and the provisions,” he added.

A few hours later this arrangement was carried into effect. Anstey’s Cove, a more or less secluded bathing-resort with which summer visitors to Torquay are well acquainted, has always captivated the artistic eye by reason of the coloring of the rocks and cliffs which surround it, as well as the sweep of coast-line which stretches away from its shores towards Portland Bill in the far distance, and although Mr. Archdale was not a landscape painter, he sometimes, when he was in the mood, painted landscapes. Being in the mood for it that day, he had transported his easel, his luncheon-basket, and the rest of his paraphernalia thither after breakfast, and by the time that his wife and her friends arrived upon the scene of his labors he had achieved results which he hoped would ultimately place a comfortable sum of money in his pocket. It was as conducing towards that end that he had learnt to value the talent that he possessed, and when Lady Wetherby, after having expressed the pleasure that it gave her to renew acquaintance with

him, scrutinized his work and praised it, he answered laughingly, —

“Oh, it isn’t worth much. One or two men have taken up this line and have got the monopoly of the market. I am not considered to be an adept at depicting nature, so I shan’t be very well paid, whether I deserve it or not.”

“But the great thing,” observed Lady Wetherby, “is to deserve it.”

“Oh, no,” returned the artist, shaking his head gravely, “the great thing is to get the pay, and the next best thing is to be able to do without it. Unfortunately for me, I am not in either of those enviable positions.”

He was in a good humor that afternoon (his good humor was no longer as continuous as it had been in former years); he left his work to assist Lady Wetherby’s rather inefficient footman in making up a fire and boiling the kettle; he evidently wished to be pleasant, and doubtless he would have succeeded in being so if the three people for whose benefit he was exerting himself had not been hopelessly prejudiced against him. Willie and Lady Wetherby could, if they had chosen, have given good reasons for their prejudice; but Evelyn, who knew nothing about the man except that he was Mrs. Archdale’s husband, could have specified none. However, it was not, in her opinion, necessary to specify reasons for liking or disliking anybody. This stout, elderly artist, who assumed some of the airs and graces of a youth in addressing her, struck her as a contemptible sort of personage, and she took but little trouble to conceal what she thought of him. On the other hand, she decidedly liked and felt interested in Willie; so, as soon as the tea and cakes had been almost disposed of, she asked him whether there were any fish to be caught thereabouts.

Willie replied that he really didn’t know, but that he should imagine so.

“Well, then, couldn’t you get a boat and some lines from that old fisherman who has been hovering round us for the last quarter of an hour? We might go out and try our luck while Mr. Archdale finishes his picture, and our respective mothers talk about whatever it is that mothers always talk about and seem to find such an inexhaustible subject.”

The proposition was referred to Lady Wetherby and Marcia, neither of whom had anything to urge against it. A shady spot was discovered where they could sit and rest their backs upon an overhanging rock; Archdale returned to his easel;

Flossie obtained permission to take off her shoes and stockings and wade in the pools; and, everybody else's tastes having thus been thoughtfully provided for, Lady Evelyn and Willie were free to consult their own. One of them, as has already been mentioned, had no great experience of or fancy for such interviews as that which now seemed to be before him; yet he was not so abnormal a young man as to dislike the idea of it, nor was he altogether unconscious of the compliment that Lady Evelyn had paid him in suggesting it.

Now, when the boat had been pushed off and the lines dropped over the side, it appeared that she did not, after all, care very much for the pastime upon which she was ostensibly engaged. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she said, in answer to her companion's remark that the weather was not very propitious for their purpose; "sea-fishing is poor sport at the best of times. Are you fond of sport?"

"I am fond of hunting," replied Willie.

"So am I; but I never have any except when we are at Wetherby. We generally stay here through half the winter, and of course it isn't worth while to go out for the sake of such hunting as one can get in these parts. Torquay is a slow enough place for a woman, but what it must be for a man I tremble to think of. How will you manage to endure existence here?"

"Oh, I think I could endure it pretty well, if I were obliged," answered Willie, smiling; "it is a very pretty place, and I am not particularly exacting. However, I shan't have time to get tired of it, for I shall have to return to duty the day after to-morrow."

"So soon!" ejaculated the girl—and he could not but notice and be gratified by the evident disappointment with which she received this news—"I thought you were away from your regiment on leave. But you will come back again perhaps?"

"Well, I don't quite know. I shall get long leave in the autumn, but whether I shall spend part of it here or not will have to depend upon other people. My real home is with my uncle, and I expect he will want me to be at Blaydon, where he lives, when the pheasant-shooting begins. Besides, I am not sure that my mother and Mr. Archdale will ask me to pay them a second visit."

As the result of some rumination over the above speech, Lady Evelyn observed, "It must be horrid to have a step-father. Don't you hate him?"

"I don't know much about him," answered Willie; "I haven't seen him since

I was a boy. It would be rather unfair to hate him for being my step-father, though, wouldn't it?"

"I dare say it would; but I should hate him for that reason, all the same. Added to which, I am quite inclined to believe that I should hate him for his own sake. And I can see by the way you look at him that you do."

Willie laughed—he had a low, boyish kind of laugh which the least experienced of human beings could recognize as that of an honest fellow. "I am sorry if I looked murderous at him," said he. "I have no right to hate him that I know of; but I wasn't very fond of him in old days, and I suppose he isn't quite the sort of man whom I ever should choose to make a friend of."

"At all events, I wouldn't allow him to stand between me and my mother if I were you," Lady Evelyn declared.

She may have made this statement spontaneously and because it was truth, or she may—for her wits were sharp—have divined what the young man's feelings were and what was the shortest road to an intimacy with him. Either way, she had no difficulty in breaking down that barrier of reticence behind which many people accused him of entrenching himself, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had confessed to her what he had never confessed to anybody else; namely, that the loss of his mother's love and companionship had been almost a heavier sorrow to him than her death would have been.

"Of course it was all right," he hastened to add. "People are entitled to marry again if they choose, and as she had fallen out with my uncle, it wasn't her fault that she had to drop me. Still, it seemed a little hard."

Lady Evelyn was of opinion that it had been very hard indeed; she also thought that only a heartless and selfish woman could have acted as Marcia had done. But she knew better than to say what she thought. "I dare say it has been quite as hard for your mother as it has been for you," was the only comment upon which she ventured, and the young man thought it a very kind and sympathetic one.

But it was not only in order to utter or listen to kindly and sympathetic speeches that they had put out to sea; and of this they were reminded when Evelyn's line, which she had been holding loosely between her fingers all this time, was suddenly twitched from her grasp.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I do believe I have caught a fish!"

She had undoubtedly hooked a fish; whether she would have caught him if Willie had not promptly seized her line is another question. However, that kind of angling can scarcely be included among the fine arts, and, after some moments of anxiety, the line was restored to her, in order that she might have the pride and satisfaction of hauling a huge conger-eel into the boat. Now, when you are in a small open boat in company with a conger-eel of fine proportions, nothing is of such urgent necessity as to kill him before he bites one of your fingers off. As he is not quite the easiest animal in the world for a novice to kill, Willie had his work cut out for him during the next few seconds, and consequently did not notice a look of annoyance and consternation which had come over his companion's face. Not until the deed was done, and he was offering her his congratulations, did he perceive that something was amiss.

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did the line cut your fingers?"

"Oh, no," answered Evelyn; "only, in pulling it in, one of my bracelets slipped over my hand, and has gone down to the bottom of the sea. It is tiresome; but it can't be helped."

"I am so sorry!" said Willie. "Is it a bracelet that you care very much about?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose it. However, we can't possibly get it back again, so there's no use in crying about it. I must console myself with that repulsive-looking monster that I have secured in its place. Can we eat him?"

"I doubt whether you would like him," answered Willie, "although I believe that he is considered eatable. But perhaps I may be able to get your bracelet back for you to-morrow. Anyhow, I'll try. We know the exact spot, you see."

"Do we?" asked Lady Evelyn rather absently.

It was evident that the loss of this trinket had distressed her more than she cared to show, and it was also evident that she placed no sort of confidence in Willie's ability to recover it. Both of these circumstances may have made him all the more determined to succeed in a somewhat doubtful enterprise; but he allowed the subject to drop for the time being, and, as Lady Wetherby was now seen to be signalling with her pocket-handkerchief from the shore, his conversational powers were not taxed much farther. He had the pleasure of driving home in a fly with his step-father, Marcia having suddenly

and at the last moment stated her intention of keeping Flossie with her.

Archdale, leaning back in the jingling conveyance and puffing at his cigar, contemplated his silent neighbor with a smile of amusement. "Really it's no fault of mine, my dear fellow," said he. "Of course you would like to be in the carriage with the ladies, and I'm sure nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you there; but I presume that, for some reason best known to themselves, they don't want you. They don't always want us, you know; but be consoled—they generally do. And, after a good many years' experience of them and their ways, I am beginning to think that it would be a happy and fortunate thing for us if they didn't."

Mr. Archdale was fond of enlarging upon that theme. He had always been a child of Nature, and he had now reached a time of life at which it appears to be one of Nature's laws that a man should derive satisfaction from futile moralizings. He went on talking, and said some cynical things as well as some which were perhaps true and a few which were almost witty. He amused himself and did no harm to his companion, who was not listening to him. What Willie was thinking was that that bracelet must have been given to Lady Evelyn by somebody to whom she was fondly attached. Possibly by her mother, or even by her brother. He had gathered from what she had told him that she was not engaged to be married; so that assuredly no man who was not related to her would have had the impertinence to present her with a bracelet. In any case, he must fish it up from the depths of the sea for her, and this he was fully determined to do. In that way he might count at the least upon pleasing her, and perhaps also upon earning her gratitude.

"I suppose, if one wants to bathe before breakfast, one can always get hold of some fellow who will take one out in a boat," he said, quite irrelevantly, during one of the pauses which broke his step-father's leisurely discourse.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

IN days gone by fashionable young ladies who were wont to dance all night seldom showed themselves to an expectant world before noonday; but the present generation, as anybody may perceive by taking a stroll into Hyde Park after

breakfast, has other habits. Some people affirm that this is because their consciences will not allow them to rest; but the theory sounds far-fetched; it is more likely that their supply of vitality is greater than that of their mothers used to be, because they have been born of a race of comparatively abstemious parents. Be that as it may, Evelyn Foljambe was an early riser, and on the day following that of the expedition to Anstey's Cove which has been described, she was out in the garden by ten o'clock in the morning.

Now, although she was a fashionable young lady, she was also impressionable (which most of them, as far as one can discover, are not); so it was natural enough that her maiden meditations should centre round the rather grave and reserved youth who had taken her out fishing and had as good as promised to restore her lost bracelet to her. It had been Willie's good fortune to interest her. She thought he had expressive eyes — and indeed she was not wrong there — she thought that his face, as well as his conversation, exhibited a strange mixture of cheerfulness and melancholy; she thought, in short, that he would repay cultivation; and there is nothing extravagant in the supposition that that was why she sauntered down as far as the garden gate and stood with her elbows resting upon it until the figure of a tall young man, clad in flannels, was discovered approaching along the road.

She was not surprised to see him; but apparently he was surprised to see her, for he started when he recognized her, and a slight flush showed itself on his cheeks as he took off his cap, saying, —

"I was on my way to your house. I found your bracelet all right, and I hope it isn't any the worse for having spent the night under water."

It did not seem to be any the worse when he produced it from his pocket. It was one of those hoops known as *bracelets de bonheur*, and only differed from the prescribed aspect of such talismans by being formed of alternate diamonds and rubies instead of plain gold.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn gratefully. "I never expected to see it again. How in the world did you contrive to get hold of it?"

"Well, I dived until I found it. That was easily enough done, of course."

"I should have thought that nothing could be more difficult. How many times did you have to dive?"

Willie did not remember, and conse-

quently could not say; but he seemed anxious to make it understood that he would cheerfully have gone on diving all day long rather than have failed in his purpose. "I was sure that you valued the bracelet for more than its intrinsic worth," he explained.

"Were you?" said Lady Evelyn, passing the circlet over her hand and smiling at him. "I don't know that I value it so very, very much; still one doesn't like to lose presents. The person who has given you the present might ask you what had become of it, and then, if you had to tell him that you had accidentally dropped it into the sea, he might be put out. It takes so little to put some people out."

Willie Brett, at all events, was not easily put out; yet he was a little put out now by Lady Evelyn's incidental admission that the donor of her bracelet had been a man. And surely it was a very pardonable curiosity on his part that made him desirous of discovering who that man might have been.

"I suppose," said he, with a most unsuccessful assumption of indifference, "it wasn't your brother who gave you the thing, was it?"

"I will not deceive you," replied Lady Evelyn gravely; "the thing was not given to me by my brother. He doesn't often give me things. Wetherby is a very decent sort of brother, as brothers go; but he has a bad memory for dates, so that he generally ignores my birthday. If you want to know who did give it to me, I don't at all mind telling you. It was a certain Mr. Mortimer, who will be coming here shortly in his yacht, and who will be certain to fix his eyes upon my wrist the moment that he shakes hands with me."

"Oh!" said Willie; and if this announcement made him feel as though somebody had suddenly planted a dagger in his heart, the reader will probably understand the cause of his uncomfortable sensations better than he himself did.

"Yes," continued Lady Evelyn tranquilly; "I had a bet with him about something — I forget what — and I won it. Even mamma, who is very particular, admits that debts of honor must be paid; so she allowed me to accept the gift, although she said it looked rather compromising. Do you think," she inquired innocently, "that one compromises oneself by accepting gifts of that kind?"

Willie hadn't a doubt of it. However, he only said, "Oh, I can't pretend to be a judge. Perhaps, if your friend Mr. Mortimer is an old gentleman —"

"But unfortunately he isn't; he is quite a young gentleman. In fact, as he was at Eton with Wetherby, he must have been at Eton with you. Possibly you may recollect him?"

Willie nodded rather gloomily. "Quite well; he was in my tutor's house. A very good-looking fellow."

"I believe he is considered so," replied Lady Evelyn, who was probably enjoying this colloquy a great deal more than she ought to have done. "Does that make things worse? If it does, you might take the bracelet and throw it into the sea again. Rather than incur your disapproval, I would nerve myself to endure that loss."

"I beg your pardon," said the young man in a hurt voice; "I didn't mean to be impertinent."

"You weren't a bit impertinent," she returned, laughing, "and I am glad to have my bracelet back, although I shouldn't have broken my heart if I had lost it, and I am very much obliged to you for all the trouble that you have taken. Will that do?"

At any rate, he could not reasonably expect her to say more. He expressed himself satisfied, and then, as she did not ask him to enter the house, he took his leave.

"We may hope to see you again in the course of the autumn, may we not?" she inquired. To which he replied that he would certainly do his best to come, if invited.

Somehow or other, he went away feeling rather dispirited. Lady Evelyn had been very kind and pleasant to him—much more so, if he had only known it, than she was in the habit of being to casual young men—but it was quite clear, he thought, that she would forget all about him the moment that his back was turned. Indeed, there was no reason in the world for her remembering him, nor perhaps any sufficient one for his desiring her to do so. He had, however, reached the point of feeling perfectly certain that he could never forget her, and of determining that he would miss no opportunity of recalling himself to her recollection. Only the thought of Mortimer discouraged and disheartened him. Mortimer was rich, handsome, and probably belonged to the social set in which Lady Wetherby mixed; whereas he himself, although rich—or at least likely to become so—was quite unknown to the fashionable world, and had no personal attractions. He was a very modest

youth, and that was the estimate that he had formed of himself. For his weal or for his woe, he had fallen in love with a girl whose rank was above his own, and everything led him to believe that she would go tranquilly on her way, without so much as noticing that she had walked over the prostrate body of a young infantry officer. Holding such convictions, he would doubtless have been wiser to abandon all idea of revisiting Torquay; but no one can be wise and in love at one and the same time. Later in the day, therefore, he asked his mother whether she would like him to spend a part of his forthcoming leave with her, and had the satisfaction of receiving an unhesitating reply in the affirmative.

"How good of you to wish it!" exclaimed Marcia gratefully (for it had not been deemed necessary to tell her anything about the loss and recovery of Lady Evelyn's bracelet). "It will be horribly dull for you, I know; but perhaps it may console you a little to remember what pleasure you will be giving to me. Won't Sir George make difficulties, though?"

"Yes, I dare say he will," answered the young man; "but I expect I shall be able to make it all right. As soon as I came of age, he admitted that I was my own master, and of course I shall put in a week or two at Blaydon."

It seemed, in fact, unlikely that Sir George Brett could find any decent excuse for giving trouble in the matter; yet before this conversation came to an end an event which that gentleman professed to foresee, and of which he certainly would not have approved, had taken place.

Marcia and her son had gone out for a walk together, and had wandered as far as one of the slopes overlooking the sea which is known as the New Cut, and has been prettily laid out with shrubs and zigzag paths and benches in sheltered spots. They had been sitting upon one of the latter for some little time before she reverted to the subject of her domestic anxieties, which, it appeared, were chiefly, though not exclusively, of a pecuniary character. That Archdale had not proved himself altogether beyond reproach as a husband Willie had already been given to understand; he now gathered that his mother's fortune had been slowly but steadily encroached upon by the demands of the establishment until it was alarmingly near extinction.

"It is useless to preach economy to Cecil," Marcia declared; "he won't understand that it is impossible to go on

living upon one's capital, and he gets impatient when I try to explain to him that we spend rather more than double our income every year. He says we have no fixed income, which of course is true enough; but if he sells a picture he always counts that as a sort of windfall and throws away the money at once upon all sorts of luxuries that we don't want. The consequence is that I can hardly pay my way from day to day. I can't imagine anything that would give me greater joy at the present moment than to hear that somebody had left me a hundred pounds."

Now, a hundred pounds is not a very large sum. At all events, a hunting man who stands over six feet in his stockings can hardly expect to find a horse that will carry him at a lower figure, and Willie, as it happened, was even now in treaty for an animal whose price was about half as much again. He thought he could do very well without that horse, and he was sure that his mother needed £150 a great deal more than he did. He therefore begged her to let him have the satisfaction of relieving her from worry in that simple and easy way.

She protested a little, but not very much or very long. After all, Willie was extremely well off for a bachelor and would some day come into a great fortune. Had their positions been reversed, she would have thought him most unkind if he had refused to let her help him, and why should she be unkind to one whom she loved so dearly? Perhaps she was an adept at self-deception; perhaps he was adroit in the methods of persuasion which he employed; or, more probably, she believed what he said because he was evidently telling the truth. In any case, she ended with the comfortable conviction that she was doing him a favor by accepting his trifling gift. He absolutely declined to call it a loan, affirming that, if it came to a debtor and creditor question, he owed her far more than that.

Possibly he did owe her more; for she had been a good and kind mother to him in his childhood, and such debts are not to be discharged by money payments. He was, at any rate, very glad that he was able to be of some service to her. He wrote out a cheque for the required amount as soon as they returned to the house and dismissed the subject from his mind forthwith.

He was, however, reminded of it in a somewhat unpleasant way about ten days later. By that time he had returned to his

regiment, and as his step-father had given him a kind and even pressing invitation to revisit Torquay in the autumn, he had written to his uncle to announce what his intentions were. Sir George Brett's answer, which arrived by return of post, was not altogether agreeable reading:—

"MY DEAR WILLIE, —

"You are aware that I am strongly opposed to your associating upon terms of intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Archdale; you are also aware of the reasons which I have for opposing you upon this point. Nevertheless, you are free to please yourself, and although it is a great disappointment to your aunt to hear that you will not be with her during the whole of your leave, she recognizes, as I do, that two old people cannot fairly ask a young fellow to devote himself solely to them. The time, however, has now come for me to speak to you seriously and decisively upon a subject which I have already mentioned to you; I mean the risk of your being eventually called upon to support your mother and her husband. Your own money you can, of course, spend in any fashion that may seem good to you; but I wish you to understand, once for all, that if you spend it, or any part of it, in loans to Mrs. Archdale, you will inherit none of mine. I have worked hard all my life, and I have no idea of allowing the fruits of my labors to be dissipated in foreign countries by a pair of spendthrifts. I can understand that it may be difficult for you to resist your mother's appeals; but you will have to resist them, and if you do not do so at once you will never do so at all. It is evident that I am not premature in conveying this warning to you; for a few days ago a cheque for £150, drawn by you in favor of Mrs. Archdale, was handed in at the bank. I desire to make no further comment upon the incident; I merely request you to take note of the fact that, should such a thing occur again, the consequence which I have indicated will inevitably follow.

"Your aunt joins me in love to you and in the hope that you will see how undesirable it is that your stay under Mr. Archdale's roof should be a protracted one.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE BRETT."

This is the sort of thing that comes of opening a banking account with one's relations. Probably Willie Brett was not the first man who has realized and regretted the inconveniences entailed thereby.

From Temple Bar.

WATTEAU—HIS LIFE AND WORK.

WE all know Watteau's pictures. There may be no work of his in our National Gallery, but in spite of that this strange artist has impressed his memory and his times on most of the European nations. Many persons are quite ignorant of his story, they even hardly know that he was called "Le Peintre des fêtes galantes," but they know these same *fêtes* from his pictures or by engravings from them. Some critics, if they belong to a certain section of high art, may talk slightly of his talent, they may criticise his coloring, his figures, they may speak scornfully of his inventive powers and of his knowledge of anatomy; but throw mud at him as they may, Watteau cannot be completely hidden by it; he lives and will live among other artists who have achieved greater results and wider fame. To wrest fame from the grudging world, a man must have something specially his own, something which he can give to his fellow-creatures that no one else can offer, and Watteau had that something, and has given it to us. He has seized better than any other artist the fleeting grace which emanates from woman in her youth and beauty. He did not give us her soul—some will deny that any of those fairy women, full of grace and graceful beauty, had souls at all; they belong, say they, to the *fêtes galantes*, they are the inhabitants of a frivolous, pleasure-loving world, or the puppets of the green-room, and pegs for fancy dresses; even his landscapes, where these coquettes trip lightly or repose in delicious idleness with their lovers' arms around them, yes, even these gardens are the result of fancy culture, of an age when landscape gardening was in its most corrupt stage, and when statues and fountains, clipped trees, and soft verdure, all had to be regulated and arranged to suit these same festive creatures, and not to increase the beauty of the world.

There is nothing of the antique remaining in Watteau's art. His modern Venus is draped, but looks infinitely less noble than her undraped prototype, nevertheless all the little folds of her silks and satins have their peculiar grace; her feet are made for lovers to worship, even though they are enclosed in tiny shoes raised on high heels; her fan is wielded by hands that are carried with real pleasure to the lips of those courtiers in powder and embroidered vests, in satin coats and silk stockings, who please her so well as she

turns her slender neck to look at them with the motion of a dove which coos softly to its mate.

At first the whole paraphernalia of Watteau speaks of love and pleasure, of dancing and music, of mandolins and guitars, of sunshine without rain, of laughter without tears, but then, suddenly we ask ourselves, "Did the painter of the *fêtes galantes*—did he give us all this out of pure love for the frivolous world and its empty pleasures, or did he see what we know was underneath it all, the ghastly death's-head, and did he hear as we do the disenchanted moan through all the ringing laughter?"

Let us turn to his life-story, and at the end of his sad, short thirty-seven years the answer seems forced upon us that this painter of *fêtes galantes* was after all a keen satirist, that he flung his airy creations on paper and panel with a lightness of hand but a heaviness of heart which makes us, as we gaze at a Watteau picture, feel our own throat tighten; we see that the shadow of the coming Revolution throws its chill already on the sunny scene—a chill which this strange, sad-hearted artist foresaw, and noting it, was not sorry to leave the world which had been able to give him so little joy in return for all the love and *fêtes* that he represented so faithfully for it.

Poor Watteau! Even when quite young you see no laughter in his face. His features are thin and nervous-looking. His eyebrows are arched, his eyes large, dark, and restless, his nose thin, his mouth sad, and there is a drawn look over all the countenance. As time goes on, all this becomes more accentuated, whilst the pictures he painted become more lively, the mad dances and love-makings and frolics more pronounced in proportion as his face becomes thinner and sadder, his eye more sunk and hollow, and nothing is left of his youth except that high white forehead over which falls the long curls of his Louis XIV. wig. He was sick to death of it all, and reading his life we experience the deepest sympathy for him, the sympathy we give to those whose laughter hides more tears than the tears of those who weep.

Watteau was the son of a Valenciennes master roof-tiler and carpenter, but the Watteaus were by no means the destitute people some have represented them to be; their name was not unknown in their own town, for Watteau *père* owned some ancient houses and had built himself a new one. On the 10th of October, 1684.

little Jean Antoine was baptized with all due ceremony, and Jean Antoine Baiche and Anne Mailton were respectively his godfather and godmother. Of course the child began to draw at once; we who have known other artistic children can well imagine him lying on the ground poring over a huge volume of "Lives of the Saints," not to study the holy records, but to draw little pictures on the broad white margin. It was time for old Watteau to give up the idea of making his son a tiler, so he placed him with a certain Gérin, an artist in the town whose drawing was good, but whose color was execrable.

Of course, too, Paris loomed on the boy artist's horizon like a new Jerusalem; already the restless spirit had begun to show itself, young though he was, and there must have been a quarrel between father and son on the subject of the exodus, for when Paris is reached (though Antoine travelled with a Flemish scene-painter who, like his companion, fancied that fortune must live in Paris) Watteau is in a penniless condition, and remains so for a long time to come.

At first he and the Flemish artist doubtless frequented the theatres, and here most likely the vision of those artificial but graceful women first struck Watteau's young imagination. This was his first glimpse of life, and, thoughtful-minded lad that he was, it must have made a profound impression upon him.

But scene-painting just then was not profitable; the Valenciennes artist returned home and left Watteau alone in that big, busy, careless city.

One willingly draws a curtain over suffering so common to all these imaginative souls that flutter round a great capital buoyed up with the hope of future success, but happily Watteau soon found employment at a manufactory—one can call it nothing else—of pictures and daubs on the Pont Notre Dame. Here was quite an *atelier* of raw youths who copied *ad nauseam* St. Nicholas or St. Somebody Else, or rather one undertook to paint the saint's head, another his hands, a third put in the high lights, and a fourth the golden aureoles. They were done by the gross for the provinces, and quantity, not quality, was required. Watteau, however, was in great request, and no wonder; he could paint St. Nicholas from top to toe without a copy, and he worked so quickly that he more than earned his fifteen francs a week, with "soup every day" into the bargain.

Imagine the suffering of an artist mind,

compelled to copy unsaintly saints or old hags consulting their ledgers; but there were moments even here of precious leisure, there were the *fête* days, and the odd idle minutes, and the nights even. What blessed moments these were for Watteau! Then he went to nature and drew and drew as he had done at Valenciennes, and in drawing from life he learnt. At last he was able to escape from bondage, and he afterwards made the remark that had he stayed longer he thought the saints would have maddened him, and now for the first time he gets a real chance of improving himself. Gillot, the artist who had given up pure art for decorative work at the opera, and restricted himself to painting scenes from the Comédie Italienne, recognized Watteau's talent, and the two fraternized at once. Watteau took up his abode with his new friend, but all too soon the pupil excelled the master. Was it jealousy, or was it that for two persons to agree they must possess opposite virtues? Anyhow, be this as it may, the two who had joined company with pleasure parted with joy. Lancret, the artist afterwards well known, was in this studio and left it at the same time—it is said at Watteau's instigation, believing in his friend's advice to "go and copy nature." Strange that in spite of the fancifulness of Watteau's theatre surroundings, in spite of comedies, powder, patches, and conventionalities, his one cry was always this, "Go to Nature, and follow her."

There must have been something very taking about this same Jean Antoine, for notwithstanding his restlessness, his gravity, his uncertainty of action, he found and retained devoted friends. After leaving Gillot, he was received by Andran, the keeper of the Luxembourg, and a decorator of ceilings. This new friendship was a glorious chance for Watteau. In the palace were real old masters to look at, to study, and to strive to imitate. Rubens's work especially fascinated him, and then, when saturated with art, he could step out into the pretty garden, then kept in a more natural condition than the grounds of Versailles, and here he could draw and paint from nature. Watteau wanted backgrounds for his theatre children, he wanted also landscapes *d'après* nature, he required "a marriage of nature with the opera," and here he could get it all. Rubens taught him color and the gardens taught him his landscape, such as it was; and so this must have been one of the happiest times of his life—

times which we, alas! can but too easily number for him.

Was it jealousy again that brought about the next separation? Certainly there must be two to quarrel, but the fault may be all on one side. One day Watteau showed Andran a picture he had just painted. The master recognized its merit, but fearing for his own reputation, said lightly that Watteau had better not waste his time over such puerile work. Watteau, however, was not deceived; he knew good work from bad now, and this injustice decided him to leave Andran and the Luxembourg and the Rubens which he loved. But there was always something noble in Watteau; so now, not to appear ungrateful, he invented an excuse, and said he must go home to Valenciennes.

Home, however, was not to be reached without money, so the young man took his despised picture to Sponde, an artist friend, and Sponde took it to M. Sirois, a private gentleman, who at once took a fancy to it; sixty livres was the sum asked, and the bargain was quickly concluded. The picture was found to please, and that was the first great step; so with his sixty livres in his pocket off he started for the old haunts. We can imagine his pleasure at coming back to his people and his town with a new power in his possession, or rather the old power developed and strengthened.

At Valenciennes he was not idle; here was plenty of military life to study, for this frontier town was the scene of constant coming and going of troops, and Watteau made good use of his opportunity. We shall see pictures, such as "Pillement d'un village par l'ennemy," framed on these recollections, where all the figures are alive—they have the real go of life, the true movement which comes only from close study of nature.

But very soon the siren Paris wooed him back. He also turned his eyes towards Rome, for of course all ambitious artists tried for the *prix de Rome*, and Watteau followed suit. In 1709 he obtained only the second prize, but not the journey money, and so he had to be satisfied with Paris and what it could give him. In truth he was already the child of Paris, its interpreter, its painter of *fêtes champêtres*; why go to Rome and study the severe and the classical, which good things, study as he might, he would never have acquired?

Watteau must, however, have been very conscious of his own power or he would

never have tried in such an original manner to get the ear of the Academy. The truth was, he could not get Rome out of his head, he wanted also to study the Venetian pictures, he wanted more knowledge, he longed for quicker progress, so, taking two of his pictures, those already sold, he managed to get them hung in the corridor through which the Academicians often passed. The ruse succeeded. M. de la Fosse, a celebrated artist of his time, caught sight of them, examined them, was much surprised, and made inquiries about the unknown artist. The answer was easy to give: "They were painted by a young man who wanted to get the king's prize to go to Rome." De la Fosse immediately had the young man called in, received him graciously, told him the journey to Rome was unnecessary for him, and that he had only to take the needful steps, and the Academy itself was open to him. All honor to De la Fosse!

Imagine the great and sudden jump into fame these words meant for this young man. And now a little later we can picture to ourselves the worthy Academicians voting for the new genius, we can see him giving his hand to M. Coypel, "the first painter of the king," and taking the requisite oath. As for the money gift that was expected of the new Academicians, we are told that it was lowered in this instance—for what had Watteau but his brush and his canvas?—and so he was asked for only a hundred livres.

But this sudden fame did not elate Watteau. He was clever enough to know that he had many faults—besides, he disliked show and pomp, he knew his own merit and demerit, and above all he was never satisfied with himself. Money did not win him over. He would even snatch away a finished picture, and with the price of it lying by his side he would ruthlessly efface it. He wanted to reach something beyond what people praised, and besides this a spirit of almost morbid restlessness was fast laying hands upon him.

And what did fame bring him? What it brings to all famous people who also become fashionable—a crowd of importunate, so-called friends, greedy men who wish to acquire something for nothing, needy fortune-hunters who are as willing to rob a genius-mine as to thrust their hands into a money-bag, and Watteau was just the man for them. Keen in seeing all their meanness, yet incapable of snubbing it; strong on one side of his nature and weak on the other; so generous him-

self, so little capable of base thoughts or ideas of greed, and yet so intensely capable of suffering from these sins when exhibited in others—at once caustic and simple, Watteau had no chance in this world, where philosophy must have no heart and where simplicity is looked upon as wisdom of the fool.

But now and then, when Watteau was in the company of one or more of his own congenial friends, then a period of good humor and merriment would reveal itself, and then how delightful the artist could be, and also—how contrary!

Another friend in need now appears. M. Crozat, a great collector, offered him a home in his beautiful house, where he had brought together such exquisite pictures and drawings that for the time Watteau was immensely happy. He could feast his eyes on Van Dycks and Titians, and he could pore over drawings of Giacomo Bassano. His friends—a wonderful man for friends, as we have said, was this sad Watteau—M. Henin and the Count de Caylus, who afterwards wrote his life, here gathered round him, and they would take copies of these rare drawings for him, and, better still, they tried to keep the rogues away. He, Watteau, wanted to possess these copies of the old masters' drawings, but he wished to have also the masters' touch reproduced, and everything was to be done quickly. From this time that spirit of impatience which belongs to nervous, artistic temperament constantly peeps out, a spirit which is often judged severely by the phlegmatic dunce. In truth, besides the artistic temperament, Watteau had, doubtless from the early hardships he had endured, contracted the seeds of consumption. Ah well, the "peintre des fêtes galantes" was not to be envied, even though the *beau monde* dressed *à la* Watteau, walked and lounged and feasted *à la* Watteau, and as for Watteau himself, why, he brooded *à la* Watteau too!

This same curious temperament made him dislike any long labor. He must throw his idea on canvas as quickly as possible, never mind a dirty palette, never mind rules about oils, mediums, and colors, how this or that special color has to be kept clean in order that it may last till eternity. All this might do for the old masters, but Watteau himself wanted to go on, on, on quickly. The fever was in his veins, the special pose must be caught in a moment. And so—well, we get those delicious gestures which Watteau, and no one else, can give us, and also be-

cause of this we get his exquisite chalk drawings.

With regard to the latter it is a comforting thought to remember that his pictures might disgust him, his painted *fêtes* weary him, but give him his peculiar red chalk, then the poor Watteau was happy with his *pensées à la sanguine*, as he called his drawings.

He loved these same drawings—they might be destined for nobody and nothing, but he could not tear himself away from them, and the result is something so exquisite in touch and feeling that we are lost in admiration, and we cannot but agree with the critics who have declared that France has produced no greater draughtsman.

Few persons know, however, that in our British Museum we English possess over twenty of these exquisite drawings, each of which must delight even the most critical. The Louvre possesses one great picture of his, his Academy inaugural masterpiece, the "Embarkation for Cythera, the Isle of Love," which he did not finish till five years after he became a member; also in the Louvre there are thirty-one of his drawings; but we in London, as we have said, need only go to the British Museum to study his thoughts in red. Looked at from one point of view, these drawings seem to us more valuable than his pictures, from the reasons mentioned above. They are his true inspirations, the breadth of his genius; they are touched in so lightly that we can trace the influence of the old masters; also—with no irreverence to them we say it—Watteau put something in his drawings which none of them could have done so well. He fixed on paper the lightest of light-fitting emotions—a woman's smile—almost a woman's delicious breath.

But let us finish his short life-story. It need hardly be said that with such a man money was quite a misunderstood quantity. Calculations were not for Watteau; sometimes his friend the count snatched something from the earnings that seemed to possess wings, and tried to put it by for a rainy day; but in vain, sermons and advice on this head were wasted upon the artist. Watteau sometimes put ridiculously low prices upon his work, but often it was difficult to get a picture from him at any price; his usual impatience of imperfection stepped in, and his don't-care spirit was most annoying to the friends who thought of his future.

Once Watteau was moved to give them this answer: "If the worst comes to the

worst, isn't there the hospital? They refuse no one there?" There was a sad pathos in these words which shows plainly his hopelessness and his weariness of life. Love had failed him; he had loved and still loved unwisely and without return; health had failed him, and he sought in vain for relief from the doctors; sometimes even his friends failed him, because he wearied of them, not they of him.

For instance, the time came when M. Crozat's paradise made him feel dependent, and so he left it; and, from that time he tried sometimes a lodging or sometimes again a friendly roof. At one time it was with a Monsieur Vleughels, who afterwards became head of the Academy at Rome; but once again he left his friend to wander about much in the manner of our own English artist, the great Turner.

One day a new acquaintance praised England, and immediately Watteau's restless spirit seized upon the idea. So in 1719 the painter of the *fêtes galantes* started off to visit the foggy shores of England; but his peculiar temperament required above all things sunshine and cheerfulness, and thrown among people whose language he could not understand, and enduring ill a climate the very worst that could be for his consumptive constitution, he soon grew much worse. Indeed, this year in England was his death-blow, for though he worked on bravely he only longed to be at home again.

There is an etching done by him whilst he was in England, and engraved in 1739 by Arthur POUND, which speaks with silent eloquence of his depressed state of mind. The picture represents a certain "Docteur Misaubin," a French refugee in England, who professed to cure every ill with a quack pill, but who himself was in a miserable and starving condition. "Physician, heal thyself," was what Watteau meant to express, giving vent to his bitter irony against the profession, which in those days professed much, but could not even alleviate his suffering.

He had still energy enough, however, to creep back to France at the end of the year—enough even, though his fatal illness was gaining upon him, to settle at Nogent, near Vincennes, where the good Abbé Haranger, M. Julienne, and others tended him with affection. But all in vain. Death's cold fingers were grasping the hands that had painted so much of life's sunshine; yet, before the darkness fell, Watteau had something to repent of.

In the midst of an irreligious world Watteau had not lost his faith, his con-

science was tender, and he could not forgive himself for having behaved unkindly to his former pupil and fellow-citizen Pater. Most likely it was his usual impatience (which impatience was chiefly from physical causes) that had been the reason of his getting weary of teaching young Pater, and that had therefore made him dismiss him hastily. Now, however, in order to make amends he sent for him, he even confessed to his friend Gersaint that some jealous feeling had been mixed up in the transaction, and that he must now make up to Pater for his previous unkindness—make up, at least, as much as lay in his power.

Pater then came to Nogent, and the dying man exerted himself to teach him all he knew. For one month this sublime effort was made, and the pupil attributed all his after success to this death-bed teaching. The old grudge was forgotten, and the devoted pupil could never in after years speak gratefully enough of Watteau's goodness.

Yet one more picture the painter of the *fêtes galantes* was to paint, and this time it was not the departure for the Island of Love, not the flirtations of the courtiers and the sports of soulless maidens, but a picture of the dying Christ upon the cross, for the good curé of Nogent. He who had painted joy for so long now at the last hour showed his true spirit, and drew with trembling fingers what he understood so well—physical suffering borne in heroic silence; but around the dying Christ he placed a choir of angels, just as round Watteau's suffering life hope was visible.

And even whilst dying, and in all the sadness of that terrible weakness, Watteau believed in beauty. The distorted and hideous crucifix held before his dying eyes by the good curé of Nogent, pained him. "Take it away," he said, "it hurts me; why have they so maligned my Master?"

Strange to say, even at this juncture the dying artist had one more idea of a last flitting, but this was not to be. Pencil in hand, the painter of *fêtes galantes* passed away on July 18, 1721, when only thirty-seven years old.

In the exhibition at Burlington House in the beginning of 1889, the English public were able to study some beautiful and rare Watteaus. They could note the soft coloring, a coloring peculiar to this artist; they could study his landscape, which is now recognized as beyond his time, and is only lately appreciated by critics—all this was visible in these examples of our

Watteau, but all of them belonged to his mature style. At first Watteau was much influenced by Flemish tradition; one can trace in his early work the dry, minute touches of the smaller Flemish masters, but after his residence at the Luxembourg, where he deeply studied Rubens, the dry touch disappears, the true old master spirit reveals itself in him — he learns the meaning of broad touches and pure color. Next, the glow of the Venetian work seized his imagination, and he threw off the influence of Flanders and adopted his own true personal type, without which individual touch no man can expect to make a lasting name.

We must go to the Louvre and study his greatest picture to get the best idea of his power as a colorist, but to understand the magic touch of Watteau we need go no further than the British Museum, and there turn over his red chalk sketches. Being the clever, poetic, morbid, generous, impatient Watteau that he was, he loved his drawings best, and was happy when his mornings could be given up to them, and when the chalk was not hard, and would move as swiftly and as easily as his eager mind.

As to the Louvre picture, the mere description of the "Embarkation for the Island of Cythera" cannot convey the charm of the coloring. On the right, near a statue of Venus, from which flowers are trailing, and a bow and quiver are suspended, one sees a pilgrim, who with his staff on the ground kneels by a woman who is sitting down. Her head is bent, and a fan is in her hand. (What volumes do not Watteau's fans express!) On the other side is Cupid reposing on his quiver, with bare legs and shoulders, covered with a black mantle. He is gently pulling the woman by her skirt, he wishes to woo her to thoughts of love, no very hard task in those days. Close by, another pilgrim is hurrying away with his love, who looks back somewhat regretfully towards the last group. A dog follows them, one of those delightful, silky, spotted dogs Watteau touches in so charmingly. Below the mound where these figures are placed, one sees on the left hand men, women, and cupids, who are all making their way towards a gilded barge guided by two men. In the background one perceives a winding river, down which the ship of love will soon be floating between lovely wooded hills. It is all a beautiful, unreal dream, but it has also the germs of a beautiful truth. The autumn tints of the trees retain and allow

the golden sunshine to pierce their branches, the smiles on the little faces are smiles of love and pleasure, the folds of the dresses are soft and yielding, the color of the draperies are of every beautiful shade of pink, yellow, and blue; and the sunshine is real sunshine, not merely white nothingness.

Truly all is glow and all is glowing, and life is happiness, and joy is a truth, and we thank the "peintre des fêtes galantes" for painting it, even if it is all unreal, because even in this nineteenth century a few of us love fairy-tales, and believe that there is a world where love and joy and sunshine live, surrounded, doubtless, by a circle of magic land which only the few can cross, but which having once visited, we often dream of again with unbounded delight.

And Watteau, who painted this, realized the charm of the enchantment. He knew well enough that he was giving us unreality, but he did it with a purpose. To the misanthrope he wanted to teach a lesson of harmless joy, and to the frivolous he showed how powder and patches, fêtes and fashions, never lead to anything nobler, but that, in spite of this, beauty is a truth, and above all, that art must be beautiful if it is to be a mighty influence in the world.

ESME STUART.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE SHETLAND ISLES IN THE BIRDS'-NESTING SEASON.

THERE is a story of a little boy who used to feel sick when he sat in a carriage with his back to the horses. So long as he was small enough to sit on his mother's knee, or as a third on the front seat without crushing his sister's frock and making her a figure, his weakness did not much signify. But when he grew too big for this, his mother told him he must try to be a man, and get over it. He wished to please her; and, having a fairy godmother who helped him when she saw he was trying in earnest, succeeded so well, that soon he had learned to travel backwards as no other boy before or since has done. Often he would shut his eyes and spin back at first for hundreds, and then, as he grew more accustomed to it, thousands of years, until one very hot steaming day as it seemed to him — though at home it was cold enough for a fire in the schoolroom — as he skirted, with boots very wet with

red mud, a wood of overgrown mares' tails, he nearly trod on a pterodactyl, which he had not noticed in a reed bed till he was close by it. It snapped at him as it rose at his feet and frightened him. After that, excepting in his mother's carriage, and sometimes in the train, he would not go backwards any more, but began to go forward instead, and when he went to school was soon head of his form.

The feelings of the little boy in the story in his backward journeys must have differed in degree only from our own when, on Whit-Tuesday last, with the din of London scarcely out of our ears, and recollections of flowers and uniforms and ladies' dresses on the Foreign Office stairs fresh in our minds, we found ourselves on a remote promontory in Shetland face to face with living examples of life, under circumstances which almost everywhere else in the British Islands have long since passed away.

The green of the turf at our feet was broken with patches of thrift and pink campion, and starred in all directions with dwarfed blue squills in full blossom. On the opposite side of the sound, to our left as we looked southwards, a mile or so off, lay the island of Mousa, with its almost perfect broch in full view. To our right lay a little land-locked bay, a perfect anchorage for a viking's boats, with deep water, still as a pond, though a stiff breeze was blowing, and both open sea and sound were white with breakers. On the narrowest point of the isthmus were the ruins of a second broch commanding the promontory and bay; and on the mainland opposite, within twenty yards, stood a crofter's homestead, built with stones from the broch, not many degrees removed from the beehive huts, of which the outlines, and in more than one case the stone foundation walls, clustering round the castle, were still to be seen.

We leant against a corn tub with a roughly chipped disk of stone for lid, which might have passed muster in a museum as a relic of pre-historic days, and chatted with a kindly old lady, wearing "revlins," the most primitive form of shoe known, made of untanned cowhide with the hair on, fitted to the foot while "green," to the use of which, writes Professor Mitchell, "John Elder referred in his famous letters to Henry VIII. of England (1542-43), when he wished to show the extent of the barbarism of the 'Wilde Scotcs.'"

We had surprised her by expressing a wish to see a quern in working order, and

she took us through a gate, swinging on a stone socket, into an outhouse to see one belonging to her uncle and herself. The door was so low and the walls so thick that we had to stoop almost to "all fours" to get in, and having done so, found ourselves in the dark until our hostess had found her stick—a precious possession where there is no native grown wood—and opened the shutter by knocking off a sod which covered the only window, a slit in the turf roof. The sun at the moment being clouded, and the light, even when the shutter was down, not very brilliant, our friend left us to fetch a lamp. We were quite prepared to see her return with a Shetland "collie"—the double iron pan with pointed spouts like a jug (the one to carry the melted blubber and wick, the other to catch the drip) which, until whale oil gave way to paraffin, was the common lamp of the country—and were almost disappointed when, instead, she brought a contrivance of scarcely less primitive design, not unlike a battered tin teapot with a twist of unspun wool in the spout for wick. In spite of the cloud of smoke it threw up, and the rather troublesome attentions of a small calf which had been shut up in the room to keep it from its mother, we were able by the light it gave to examine, underneath the wooden tray on legs, fastened to the wall, on which the grindstones were fixed, the simple but very effective contrivance* for regulating the coarseness of the meal to be ground.

We felt as we crept back into the open air much as we might have done if, on crawling down the rocks outside to look for the nests of the black guilemots which swarmed on the lower ledges, we had turned a corner and come upon a great auk sitting on her egg.

Perhaps the sense of far-backness was all the stronger upon us, because, since we had left London, a veil had been dropped between us and our past existence. The weather as we left Aberdeen had been perfection, with just enough air stirring to freshen the colors of the sea, and carry the smoke of the funnel clear of the deck. The sun set "smilingly forsworn," at twenty-five minutes to nine, and as the long twilight, which brought

* A full description of the mechanism of a quern, with illustrations, with much other interesting information with regard to the survival in Shetland of implements, etc., of patterns of very early date, will be found in the Rhind Lectures, delivered in 1876 and 1878, by Dr. A. Mitchell, professor of ancient history to the Royal Scottish Academy, quoted above, published in 1880, under the title "The Past in the Present."

home to us that we were getting northward, set in, sheerwaters — which in their habits are the owls of the sea, living for the most part in their holes on shore by day, and coming out at dusk — shot past us, one or two at a time, with quick, gliding flight, on their way to their feeding-grounds, the long, sharp wings closing at each stroke backwards, until the birds seemed to have forked tails like swallows.

Perhaps if our experience of local weather signs had been larger we might have seen a warning of what was before us in the curiously angular shape of the sun as it dipped; but ignorance was bliss, and we "turned in," happy in what we thought the certain prospect of a quick and pleasant voyage, and woke to find ourselves anchored for five-and-twenty hours in a dripping fog, somewhere near, but no one could say how far from, Kirkwall Bay.

The interest of our trip lay more in the present than the past; our object in coming so far having been not so much to look for antiquities as to see the birds which in the summer gather by myriads to breed on the rocks and islands of the Shetlands. Some which are common here, nest in few, if any, other places in the British Isles. When we started we had indulged in dreams of visits to Fair Island, and perhaps to Foula, which lie, the one — reported to be more beautiful than any island in either Orkney or Shetland — half-way between the two groups; the other — the wildest and most precipitous in either — in the open Atlantic, some twenty miles or so to the west of the mainland of Shetland.

But twelve days, or at most a fortnight, was all that we could conveniently spare, and of these three had already gone before we set foot on shore in Lerwick on Sunday evening.

It is only in very calm days that a landing can be effected on either Fair Island or Foula, and as the weather, which for the fortnight before our arrival had been unusually warm and still for the time of year, had broken, and the Beltane Ree, of which before leaving home we had read with some misgivings in Dr. Edmundston's "Glossary of Shetland Words," as "a track of stormy weather common in the islands about Whitsuntide," was to all appearance upon us, we were obliged to give up all notions of anything more ambitious than a visit to one or two of the more easily accessible of the chief breeding places, and to the castle of Mousa, which we were especially anxious to see.

The welcome breeze which had blown

away the fog, had, since it first sprang up on Whit-Sunday, been steadily freshening, and by Monday morning, when we started for Noss, an island lying outside Bressa, half a gale was blowing.

It was some little time before we succeeded in getting a boat to carry us over the Sound, but at last one was found, and by eleven o'clock we were landed on the other side, with luncheon in our pockets and clothes comparatively dry. A pleasant walk of three or four miles leads from the landing-place to the point of Bressa, opposite the shepherd's house in Noss, where there is a ferry between the two islands; and half-way across, as we sauntered along, interested by such un-Londonish sights as women harnessed to harrows, or carrying heavy loads of peat from the hills in straw baskets hanging from their shoulders, knitting as they went, we were delighted at seeing for the first time, near a fresh-water lake, a party of Richardson's skuas — the birds which more than any others were responsible for bringing us over land and sea eight hundred miles and more from London. We knew that they bred regularly in Mousa, some fifteen miles to the south, and on some of the more northerly islands, but had not expected to find them in Bressa or Noss; and the first sight of their long, thin, sharp-cut, angular wings, and the two unmistakable long pin feathers springing from the middle of the tail, and the powerful, graceful flight of the birds as they circled round, playfully chasing one another, or lit on the water to rise again the next moment, had the charm of a welcome surprise.

Noss is separated from the larger island by a narrow cut. The channel is not many yards wide, but in certain states of wind and tide cannot be crossed without danger. We had been warned in Lerwick, that with the wind blowing as it had done for some thirty hours, it was not unlikely that we might find the ferry too rough to cross. But this time fortune favored us, and though the sea close by to the north was white and thundered ominously, we got over without any difficulty.

From the landing-place, where the shepherd's cottage, the only one on the island, stands on level ground not many feet above the sea, the land in Noss rises westward, steepening at first gently, then more and more rapidly, until, at the split, sugar-loaf-shaped point of the Noup, the short, flowery turf ends abruptly in a precipice.

Not far from the highest point is one of

the many little inlets known locally as Geos, Voes, or Wicks, according to their size and shape, which give much of its picturesqueness to the coast scenery of the Shetlands; and from the promontory at the farther side we were able to get a good view of one side of the sea face, which seems to be built up of thin, horizontal layers of sandstones and conglomerates, alternately hard and soft, which, weathering with curious regularity, have given the precipice in parts very much the appearance of a gigantic bookcase, on every shelf of which, as we saw it, were tightly packed masses of sea-birds, of every shade of white, black, and grey.

We had been told that to do justice to the Noup of Noss, it should be seen from the sea. It may be so. But if the view from below is more impressive than that on which we looked down from the summit, it must be one of extraordinary grandeur.

The waves were rolling in, and breaking into foam on the rocks six hundred feet below us. Puffins, guilemots, and shags shot in and out by thousands. Gulls in numbers incalculable sailed round and round or hung motionless in the wind — so near some of them that, without any need for glasses, we could see the ruffling of each little feather, and the expression of eyes turned on us — and faded in perspective as we looked down into a living milky way of birds.

To make the picture complete, a peregrine falcon, monarch — in the absence of the white-tailed eagles, which have usually an eyrie either on Noss or Bressa — of all he surveyed, looking, far up in the blue, scarcely bigger than a fly, screamed in notes, which rung out clearly above all other sounds, defiance to the world at large.

Nothing that ever has been or ever will be written of such scenes, will make the reader see them with his own eyes for the first time, or for that matter for the hundredth, without a sense of almost dazing amazement at the numbers in which the birds collect.

A couple of hundred yards or so from the south-west of the Noup, lies the Holm, a corner of the main island, cut off by a chasm, through which the sea runs. The Holm some years ago was connected with Noss by a rope bridge, put up by a reckless cragsman who lost his life on returning after the work was completed. It is now inaccessible, and was, when we saw it, crowded with nests of the lesser black-backed and herring gulls, which

here, as elsewhere, breed socially together.

In the remoter islands something of the old spirit of the Norseman, who believed that the only safe road to Valhalla was across a bloody battlefield, still survives in the idea that the most honorable death-bed for a Shetlander is "on the banks;" but on the more comfortable mainland, so far as we could learn, there is very little cliff-climbing done by any but adventurous boys; and, excepting when, as hundreds are misguided enough to do, the birds tempt fate by laying on the flat, they may most of them reckon on bringing up their families without human interference.

As we stood by the Holm, continuous flocks of small gulls, either kittiwakes or sea-mews — the two are in appearance so much alike, that unless very close indeed it is impossible to say which is which — flew over us, all in the same direction, coming from the north-west. Every bird, in all many hundreds, had a bunch of something in its mouth. We tried to find out what the attractive morsels were, but all our efforts to make one of them drop his load were useless, and we could only guess from the general appearance and size (very likely wrongly) that they were parcels of sand eels or sand worms.

From the Holm we strolled over to the lower ground, where in the morning we had noticed more than one anxious pair of Richardson's skuas, and were absorbed for the rest of the afternoon in watching them. The skuas, of which there are four kinds classed as British, are the connecting link between the gulls and hawks. The Richardson or Arctic skua is the commonest. It is a slender bird with a body scarcely bigger than a pigeon, but with a powerful cutting beak, and great powers of flight and courage. They live, like all their tribe, almost entirely by robbing larger gulls, and fly at birds three times their own weight and size as fearlessly as a sparrowhawk flies at a lark.

As we lay on the side of the hill, looking down on the hollows which are their favorite breeding-places (they make no nest), a skua, for no other reason apparently than that our continued presence too near its eggs had put it out of temper, dashed savagely at a gull which looked nearly big enough to swallow it, and struck it now from above and now from below with a crack which sounded as if the blow had been given with a riding-whip. The poor bird attacked made one or two attempts to get back to the two eggs in a nest on the grass beneath us, from which just before

we had driven it, which was all it wished to do, but in the end had to give it up as a bad job, and flew off with a protesting wail.

There is nothing in nature more beautiful than the "heaven taught art" with which most birds which breed on the ground in the open lead away from their eggs and young. The oyster-catcher (perhaps because he feels that it is hopeless for a bird dressed in staring shepherd's plaid, with red legs and beak, to hope to conceal himself) loses his head completely, and betrays his nest by shrieking despairingly over it the moment it is approached. But he is only the exception which proves the rule. We saw in one place, within a yard or two of our feet, what looked like a sand-colored mouse, crawling slowly and stealthily close to the ground, down a little hollow, following the indentations of the ground where the sand, which had drifted between tussocks of grass, exactly matched its color. It was a little ringed plover, afraid, if it rose as shyly as at any other time it would have done, of betraying four pointed eggs, evidently hard set, arranged, points inward, as a Maltese cross, in a saucerful of little scraps of sandstone and speckled granite, carefully chosen to match their coloring.

But for the knowledge that almost all birds, if their nests are disturbed at all early in the season, lay again, the prick of conscience, without which an egg which the bird has been at so much pains to conceal cannot be taken, would be too dear a price to pay, even for the pleasure and interest of a collection, with the refreshing recollections it can awake of "thick groves and tangled streams" hunted in boyish days, and island-dotted lakes, moors, and marshes, and sea-beaten headlands, since visited in intervals of sterner occupations.

Most sea-gulls, certainly the herring and lesser black-backs, whose eggs are largely collected for food wherever they are at all common and easily got at, have very considerable powers of egg-production at will, though the ordinary "clutch" when undisturbed is seldom more than three or at most four. The only difficulty seems to be with the coloring material, which is apt to run short, and the more eggs are taken, the paler as a rule becomes the ground color, and the less clear the markings.

It is a fairly safe assumption that an egg unusually strongly marked or highly colored is one of the first of the season which the bird has laid, and it is not an

uncommon thing, at least with gulls, to see the pitch of color in a nest containing one or more of such smart eggs brought down to the average by an unusually pale egg or two in the same nest.

The scoutie ailen, as the Richardson's skua is called in Shetland, carries the ordinary arts of deception to as great perfection as any bird. It can limp like a partridge, and drop as if shot from the sky, and lie on its side feebly flapping one wing. But if the stories told by the shepherds are true, and certainly our own experiences strongly confirmed them, the bird is not content with such tame devices as these.

In Flaubert's wonderful book, "Salammbô," when Hamilcar learns that as a last hope for the city a sacrifice of first-born to Moloch has been decreed, he hides the little Hannibal in dirty clothes in the slaves' quarters, and struggles with the priests, who tear from his arms a jewelled and scented slave boy.

The scoutie, with the true spirit of the noble Carthaginian slave-owner, when hard pressed, deliberately leads on to the nest of the gulls it despises, and then goes through an elaborate pantomime of distress. Again and again we made sure that at last we were to see the true skua's eggs, and as often found ourselves looking at the nest of some common gull.

But, before returning to Lerwick, we were to be treated to an even more amusing specimen of the cynical humor of the scoutie. One of our party had for some time watched a bird, which evidently had eggs close by, and at last, when its suspicions seemed to be lulled to sleep, saw it light on a rough spot not very far off. There it stopped in ostentatious concealment, every now and then cautiously lifting its head and peering over the grass in his direction. He marked the spot and walked straight up to it; this time pretty sure that he had got what he wanted. When he was almost there the scoutie rose with a derisive chuckle from a black-backed gull's nest, where, as he had been slow in coming, she had whiled away the time by sucking one of the eggs.

But for skuas, as for prouder potentates, "there is no armor against fate." We brought home, as a remembrance of an enjoyable day, the tail of one which had bowed to higher power and been eaten by a hawk.

The great skua, which is three times the size of Richardson's, breeds still on one or two of the northern islands, and on Foula, but is every year becoming scarcer.

We did not see it ourselves in the Shetlands, but in the autumn, a year or two before, had fine opportunities of studying its habits, and realizing the appropriateness of its scientific name, *Lestris catarrhactes*—the pirate who makes his descents with the dash of a waterfall—when, in company with three yachts and humbler sea-fowl innumerable, one of these magnificent birds was driven by stress of weather outside to run for shelter to Loch Broom.

The day after our visit to Noss, when on the point of No-Ness, fifteen miles or so south, we were taken to see a perforated rock, like a double arch of a submerged cathedral, which for many years had been the nesting-place of a pair of the great black-backed gulls, worse tyrants, if possible, than even the skua. The great black-back is a solitary bird, bearing, "like the Turk, no brother near his throne," dreaded and shunned by other birds, whose eggs and young he destroys.

Macaulay, minister of Ardnamurchan, and historian of St. Kilda, a great-uncle of the historian of the larger neighboring islands, writing in 1758, says:—

It is hardly possible to express the hatred with which the otherwise good-natured St. Kildans pursue these gulls. If one happens to mention them it throws their whole blood into a ferment. If caught, they outvie one another in torturing this imp of hell to death. Such is the emphatical language in which they express action so grateful to their vindictive spirit. They pluck out his eyes, sew his wings together, and send him adrift. . . . They extract the meat out of the shell of his egg and leave that quite empty in the nest. The gull sits upon it till she pines away.

From the cliff where we lay down to watch them we could see three little birds—offspring of the feathered Cain—just out of the egg, lying on the short heather which covered the top of the rock, while the parent birds, whose consciences, perhaps, made cowards of them, hung near enough to watch us, but far enough off to have been well out of gunshot if we had had any murderous designs, which was not the case.

On the following morning, with a spanking breeze behind us, we sailed across to Mousa. The castle, which stands only a few yards from the shore, on the west side of the island, is probably the oldest building in the British Islands in anything like a complete state, and is of almost startling interest.

Ruins of squat round towers, known as *brochs*, built of stone without mortar—the connecting link, according to Sir Walter Scott, between a fox's lair in a cairn and a human habitation—of which nothing is known, excepting, perhaps, that when the vikings made their first descents a thousand years or more ago they found them standing and took possession of them, are scattered plentifully on the cliffs of the mainlands and islands of the north of Scotland.

The Broch of Mousa is the only one in existence which still stands, in all essential particulars, as in all probability it stood when originally occupied. It is a circle of stone wall about forty feet high, shaped like a chess castle with the battlemented top cut off. The outside diameter is about fifty feet at the base, and thirty-eight or forty feet at the top. It is bearded on the outside with a venerable growth of grey lichen, and tapers gradually from the bottom, until, within a few feet of the top, it slightly widens again, so that the actual top almost imperceptibly overhangs.

Unless, as is not impossible, the walls have been nipped by settlements, the Picts, or whoever else they may have been who first designed the castle and burrowed their dwellings in the green slope behind it, must have been a race much smaller than the better-fed man of the nineteenth century. It was only at some risk of being set fast, like a too keen fox-terrier in a rabbit's hole, that a pair of shoulders of not much more than average breadth could be pushed a little way through some of the most roomy of the galleries.

They, poor people, and the Norsemen who robbed and exterminated them, have their successors now in the rock pigeons, who have made a dovecote of the castle, and the falcons who prey upon them. In the enclosed court lay the clean-picked bones and feathers of a pigeon killed a day or two before our visit, and just inside the entrance to the staircase, in a hollow under a stone, a naked nestling lay dead beside a cold egg, in which was another young bird, which when the mother left the nest to return no more must have been within an hour or two of hatching. In the corner of one of the chambers crouched a pair of young birds almost ready to fly. As we climbed the stairs a second pair, full grown but still uneducated, fluttered before us, and as we came out on the top of the tower, a peregrine poised himself for a moment, and circling once or twice without any visible movement of the wing, sailed off magnificently to the north-west,

probably to join his mate on the Noup of Noss.

There is a herd of Shetland ponies on Mousa. They are kept for breeding purposes only, and lead a life as free as the mustangs of Mayne Reid's stories. All the mares, with a single exception, had, when we saw them, foals beside them, and were kept well in hand by their shaggy lord and master, who, when he thought we had looked long enough, gave the order to move off, and when one mare lingered behind the rest with a tiny foal not many days old, which skipped about like a lamb, and looked scarcely bigger, he cantered down and at once drove her up. The stallions' place as they move is last in the herd. The standard height for a Shetland pony is forty inches, and the present value of a fairly good one not taller, from £15 to £20. Many of them, poor little creatures, leave their island to spend the rest of their lives in coal-mines; but there has lately been a considerable demand from America, and many now go there.

On leaving the castle we made a circuit to the south-east, gathering a few common eggs for cooking, and crossing a beautiful bay of shining sand composed entirely of powdered shells of every shade of white, pink, yellow, and blue.

The cliffs here are very irregular. In places little caves, running in some way, have been bored by the waves and loose rocks, and as we walked near the edge, from underneath our feet came uncanny sounds — whisperings of young starlings, and underground rumblings and boomings of the sea, as if Trolls and imprisoned giants still lingered on the island.

Once a lark rose close by us from a nest so well concealed that we looked without finding it, until as if by magic four king-cups — the wide-opened orange mouths of as many little birds just hatched with chins touching and necks stretched out till they looked a single stalk, shot up from the short heather and burst into full blossom at our feet. A few yards further on we picked up a baby lapwing, which was doing its best to hide under a tussock of grass. But it was getting late and the wind was against us, and pleasantly as another hour or two might have been passed on Mousa, we were obliged to tear ourselves away. It was not until we had tacked six times that we found ourselves on shore again at Sandwick in time and with appetites for an excellent dinner.

The teeming bird life of the Shetlands is confined, during the breeding season, mainly to the coast line. In the drive of

five-and-twenty miles from Lerwick to Sumburgh, the last half of which we took the morning after our visit to Mousa, and in our walks across the island to and from Scalloway, we were struck with the comparative scarceness of birds when out of sight of the sea.

Wherever there were buildings, the ubiquitous house sparrow was of course to be seen, but not in anything like the numbers it is usually found elsewhere, and once, not far from Sandwick, we certainly thought we saw a pair of tree sparrows. But a treeless island is scarcely the place to look for a bird so named, and as we afterwards failed to find any mention of it in Dr. Saxby's "Birds of Shetland," and were too modest to suppose that it had been reserved for us, in a week's visit, to make an addition to his list, we were obliged to conclude that to our eyes, more accustomed to the smoky color tones of London, the clean head feathers of a spick and span house sparrow in wedding garments had seemed the chocolate cap of the smaller and rarer bird.

The smaller birds we noticed oftenest inland were mountain linnets or "twites," which, though scarce farther south, here take the place of the common linnet, which is seldom or never seen in Shetland. The two birds are very much alike, the only points of difference of any importance being that the beak, which in the common linnet is a blue black, is yellow in the twite, and that the pink which is a conspicuous feature in the summer plumage of most of the family, instead of appearing, as it does in the linnet, on the head and breast, shows itself less strongly in the twite on the back near the tail.

Every now and then what we took to be a raven flew over, high up, or a plover rose and wheeled round us, the hen bird waiting, as in Shakespeare's day, till "far from her nest," to cry "away," and trying to mislead us by doubling signs of anxiety, probably, as we walked away from her treasures.

We noticed a few larks and pippets, and occasionally a pair of wheatears, who, like other visitors from the south, evidently appreciate the softness of Shetland wool, and were usually to be seen busily collecting it for a nest hidden in some snug corner under a rock not far off.

The value of Shetland wool in eyes other than those of breeding birds varies with the color, the shade most highly prized being a cinnamon brown, known as *Mur*; no unlike the color of the back

of a ruddy sheldrake — for which as much as half-a-crown a pound is often given before it is spun.

We felt a little as Moses must have felt on Pisgah, when, on reaching the top of the last hill before dropping down to Sumburgh, we saw across the Roost the outlines of Fair Island, looking, in the clear shining after the rain, not half its real distance and tantalizingly near.

Calm though the water had looked from the top of the hill, it was too rough to allow us, as we had hoped, to explore "the Head" from the sea, or to attempt anything with a small boat in the open.

But between Sumburgh and the towering precipice of Fitful Head, at the entrance of Queendale Bay, there are two islands well worth a visit. By the kindness of the owner, Mr. Bruce, of Sumburgh, a boat had been sent for us overland on a cart to a sheltered corner, and after a row of half an hour, during which we were objects of great interest to a party of seals, who popped up their heads and lifted themselves breast high to stare at us, we managed to reach them with clothes comparatively dry.

We had expected to find on the Lady Holm a fine show of gulls' eggs and one or two nests at least of the eider duck, of which a few pairs commonly breed there. But, unfortunately, we were a day too late, a boatload of boys having, as we afterwards learned, effected a landing the night before, and made a clean sweep of every egg that could be carried off. Parties of gulls stood in disconsolate attitudes by empty nests in every direction, and oyster-catchers and smaller waders rose piping in a half-hearted manner to tell the tale that they had nothing left to lose.

The only birds which seemed thoroughly contented and happy were the black guillemots, whose nests are very hard to find, and often, when found, as hard to get at. They rode peacefully at anchor in parties of ten or a dozen in every little bay, rising and falling with the swell of the water, one or other, every now and then, rousing himself just enough to lift a carmine leg to scratch the back of his head, or peck at some little fish or other tempting morsel which happened to float within easy reach.

But the interest of the islands is not dependent only on birds' nests. On the smaller of the two are still to be seen the traces of a little chapel, probably, like many others in sites as lonely and picturesque, first built as a retiring place by

some long forgotten culdee who has left behind him the only record of a saintly life in the name — Cross Holm — which the rock still bears. The beauty of the larger Lady Holm, on the west side a heap of huge bare boulders, tossed up by the Atlantic rollers, which in winter gales half sweep the island, on the other side a level sward of sea-pinks, would alone have paid us well for our splashed jackets. But Lady Holm has a special interest of quite another kind.

The Shetland Islands seem, in the days when the world was being fitted up for human habitation, to have been used by nature as an experimenting ground, and raised and submerged and raised again, heated and allowed to cool on no intelligible principle, scoured with ice, sometimes this way, sometimes that, until, as it now exists, it is hopeless for any but the most specialized of specialists to pretend to understand anything of the general geology of the group.

But a few things seem to come out fairly clearly. One of these is that once upon a time the promontory of Fitful Head must have been much bigger than it is now, and that, during this time, it was violently cracked, and that through the crack melted rock from very far below boiled up to the surface and hardened there.

Lady Holm seems to be a part of the original promontory as it existed at the time of the crack, which held its own when Queendale Bay was scooped out. The line of the intruded rock which crosses Fitful Head, if prolonged runs through it, and accordingly we find a little island built up, in two clearly divided and nearly equal halves, of widely differing rocks. The wild western side is granite, and the gentle, richly flowered eastern slopes are sandstone.

Three or four miles from Lerwick the south road divides; one branch zigzags along the coast towards Fitful Head, the other strikes across the island to Scalloway. On our return from Sumburgh we left the carriage at the parting of the ways, and sending it on to Lerwick with our baggage, walked across to Scalloway. The road undulates between hills covered with peat. Though it is in a way picturesque, there is nothing very striking to be seen, until, on the top of the last rise, the little port, with its beautiful land-locked harbor, lakes, and ruin, with the grand outlines of the hills of Foula in the distance, comes suddenly into view. The castle, which is unroofed, is of the common Highland,

sixteenth-century type—a tall, square building, with high-pitched gables, oriel windows, and round corner turrets. There is a coat-of-arms over the doorway, and conspicuous on the highest point of the western gable the iron ring from which tradition says that the founder, Patrick Stuart, of infamous memory, was in the habit of hanging neighbors who disagreed with him as to the fair price for their estates.

It is not difficult, without any greater mental effort than is involved in looking up the index references in the published registers of the Privy Council of Scotland, to draw for oneself a fairly distinct picture of the man and his times.

Patrick was a grandson of James V. Robert Stuart, his father, had been prior of Holyrood, but exchanged his priory with Adam Bothwell, the first Protestant bishop of the see, for the bishopric or temporalities of Orkney.

The union of Robert Stuart's father and mother—the latter a young lady of high degree, who afterwards married a Bruce—had not been blessed by clergy; and perhaps, on this account, the new bishop seems to have considered himself absolved from any oppressive obligations to the Church. He persuaded the king to make the bishopric an earldom, and at once set to work in his own fashion to increase his estates in Orkney and Shetland. If Church matters were managed now in Scotland as they were then, Dr. Cameron might be pretty sure of a majority when next he raises the question of disestablishment.

Robert, the father, had chastised with whips. Patrick, the son, was to chastise with scorpions. In the Council Registers of the last few years of the fifteenth and first few years of the sixteenth centuries are entered constant complaints from poor Orkney men and Zetlanders of oppression, such as had never before been "hard of in ony reformed cuntrey subject to ane christiane prince."

Earl Patrick steals Sir Andrew Balfour's sheep, cows, butter, and seed corn, and "refts from him and his puir tenentes, twenty-nine whales, which at grite charges and expenses," they had driven on shore on Sir Andrew's own land. He besieges and takes away Sir Patrick Belenden "(he being 72 in a wand bed), and delivers his ho us to Keipers, and all because he would not despone his londs to him," and so on until "no man of rent or purse might enjoy his property without his speciale favour, and that same day"

bought, filchit and forgit faults being so devisit against many of them that they were compellit by imprisonment and small reward to resign their heritable titles to him . . . gif not life and all besides."

It is not difficult to understand why, after most entries of the kind, we read, "Wanting probation the earl is assoilized," as at least ten times in a single volume of the register appear such entries as the following:—

"*Sederunt*, Cancellarius, Orkney The-saurius, collector, etc."

"*Sederunt*, presente Rege, Lennox, cancellarius, Angus, Orkney, Mar, etc."

But Lord Orkney trod once too often on the toes of his royal cousin, and in 1613 Lord Carew,* writing to give his dear friend, Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to the Great Mogul, the last gossip of the London season—that Sir Moyle Finch is dead, leaving the richest widow in England, that Lord Berkeley and Lord Fitzwalter have married the two pretty daughters of Sir M. Stanhope, that a ship fitted with provisions for nine months (the forerunner by two hundred years of Sir John Franklyn's ill-fated expedition) is just starting to find a north-west passage, and that there is much talk at court of the "rising fortune at court of a young gentleman 'of good parts,'" a Mr. Villiers, etc., is able to fill a corner in his letter with the news that "the Erle of Orkeney in Scotland is beheaded and his lands and honour escheated to the Kinge."

As we left behind us the beautiful scene of so many iniquities, a raven, big and hoarse enough to have been a survivor from Patrick's day, when ravens' food was cheap in Scalloway, flew close over us, croaking an appropriate good-bye.

It was a farewell to the Shetlands, as well as to the castle.

On reaching Lerwick we found at the quay a steamer which was to sail that night with a cargo of fish and cattle, direct for Aberdeen, and as the weather was still broken, and there was little more that we could see, we put our things on board at once, and three days later had crossed the Forth Bridge, the first day it was opened for general traffic, and were in London again.

For those of us, especially whose place in the procession of the generations happens just now to be among the workshops on the table-land of middle life, it is wholesome to be reminded every now and then

* Letters of Lord Carew. Published by the Camden Society.

that time is a created thing, and life possible without its limitations.

It is a pleasant reminder of the kind to look back on a holiday trip into which the impressions of twelve months seem to have been crowded, and to know that while one has been away from home the sun has only risen and set on as many days.

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE SEA AND SEASIDE.

THOUSANDS of people go to the seaside with feelings which can hardly be called mixed, for they distinguish sharply between some of those which it is capable of arousing. They like to see, smell, and possibly (within reach of a bathing-machine) feel it; but, while they have the courage of their convictions, they decline to interpose a boat between themselves and the waves. The sea, indeed, is not only "cruel," but the promoter of social and domestic cruelty. A good boy, *e.g.*, is no more likely to repress uncomplimentary reflections at the spectacle of a parent's agonies than a bad one; and the *reductio ad absurdum* of a head master is a process which no young scholar would like to miss the sight of, even though he should be compelled to share in it himself. The sense of degradation would be mitigated by that of, at least, passing equality. I honor the moral courage of those who, having had reason to justify their refusal, decline to accept invitations for a "sail," whether proceeding from a tarry and covetous native, disinterested friends, or affectionate children.

Many who delight in the seaside — though with stubborn rejection of seductive proposals to enjoy all that it offers — hardly realize the secret of their enjoyment. That is not wholly caused by an escape from work and a shifting of their surroundings, but rather by a unique contrast which the sea provides to any change from the streets to the fields. The sight and presence of that wonderful border which is provided by a beach kindles thoughts which no scene that shows only another portion of solid earth can ever stir. I don't refer to the "common objects of the seashore," however unquestionably interesting and instructive they may be. The claims of these are sometimes so insistently urged by people who would have us improve our mind, at low

tide, in grubbing after things for which they have no liking — except, perhaps, in the shape of shrimps — that we miss the larger impressions which can come as we stand upon a cliff, or even pier, and gaze upon the world of water. These are so strong as, with many, to survive the degrading influence of the accompaniment with which offensive entertainers defile them. They are not always obliterated by the presence of donkeys, goat-carts, or even negro melodists. We talk of messages from the sea, and these can invest an old soda-water bottle and a scrap of pencilled paper with the deepest pathos. Nevertheless, we seldom realize the manifold fulness of the tale which the sea is always telling, nor the inexhaustible teachings of the difference between land and water. Man wanders over both, but while he scores one with his marks he leaves none upon the other. Behind us, as we look seaward from the beach, lie the records of history, young and old. There are ruins, boundaries cities, roads, countless monuments of the past which are still to be seen, and growing fabrics of to-day which demand our immediate notice. But before us the last human impress made by the mightiest engine of commerce vanishes in a moment. After the pause needed for the melting of a few bubbles we could not tell whether a thousand men had passed, cutting a furrow thirty feet deep, or a gull had struck the surface of the water with its wing. Besides a tower which lifts its warning from a rock, a lightship which points out a channel or a shoal, or a pier which breaks the force of a few inland waves, man has made no marks upon the sea whatever. Those indeed of which I speak rest upon, or are anchored in, the soil. They cling to the land, or they could not be there for an hour. We blast granite, tunnel mountains, dig mines, and lay down jealous lines between this and that possession, but the sea submits itself to no boundary besides the beach and cliff. The moment we reach the limit of these we encounter wholly new conditions of life and permanence. The continent has its kingdoms and revolutions. The ocean has none. We give it names, we divide it by latitudes and longitudes. We map it, but prick our course upon its chart without making a dent or drawing a line upon its skin. We sound it without leaving behind us a well into its depth or a pin-hole in its surface. Nothing is more permanent than a mound of "earth." That which was raised by prehistoric mourners

on the sky-line of the windy downs is seen as clearly as the last in the church-yard below. Let a child make a heap of only a dozen spadefuls on a level sward, and, if let alone, it will assert itself for centuries. But there is no "water-heap" beside the wave, which no sooner rises than it sinks, and which refuses to rise at all by aid of any tool, however man may try to pile it up. As, indeed, we approach the sea the earth itself loses its retentive power, and the waves which quickly flatten down the children's hillock of sand are only hints of their refusal to retain any impression made by the hand of man upon the ocean which they fringe. True, we read of billows mountains high, and may see valleys of water in Atlantic gales; but, while the Alpine ranges of the land are fixed, these mountains and hills of the sea are incessantly brought low, and level plains soon take the place of ocean heights.

Then, too, however continuously men may make their tracks from one great seaport to another, there is no beaten highway on the sea. It lies the same before the hindmost ship in the procession of thousands which have followed one another. There is no recovery of his lost path for the ocean traveller by seeking for the footsteps of those who have gone before. Each must use the same process for a discovery of his road. He must ask the sun in the sky above his head, not the signs beneath his feet, in order to find out where he is. He must consult the metal compass, not the guidance of the pointed waves, to know in which direction he shall go that he may be at the haven where he would be. The land voyager follows the trodden road, the last seaman who seeks his is no better guided than the first.

Then, too, there is the widest contrast and divergence between the respective inhabitants of the ocean and the solid earth. We stock our ponds, and clever men help in populating rivers with useful fish, but when once the sea is reached man's power to direct or use them is limited by the line and net with which we dip for such as we can catch, and though we talk of deep-sea fishers, they are, after all, comparatively shallow waters in which they ply their craft, or upper strata into which some monsters rise from the depths below. Who shall tell of those that roam thousands of fathoms beneath the sailor's feet? Some, they say, spend their unrecorded lives in sunken regions so dark that they are blind from birth, and never leave a home in which they need no eyes.

Even when we think of such as have them, we hear of watery beasts which the experience of centuries leaves among the fables of those that go down to the sea in ships. Landsmen laugh at the stories of the sea-serpent, but it is difficult to assume that they are all the work of imagination, and that real hints have never been given of monsters which no naturalist has been able to class among the living creatures of the globe. Here and there a hideous kraken has flung its arms around a boat to suck its men down to a death more horrible than any agonies of drowning, and museums show limbs which have been hacked off by such as have been able to escape its foul embrace. But the tales of these encounters, however verified by slimy records of the battle, are by many only half believed. There remains only a persuasion, firmly held by such as have seen some wonders of the deep, that it holds unknown and frightful forms of life which people its recesses and rarely show themselves to mortal eyes.

Then, too, think how untamable are the beasts of the sea. Some gentle scholars may fancy that they are recognized by the carp in a college pond, while they are only observing an appetite for sure and periodical ground-bait. Or a man like that unique naturalist, Thoreau, may be able to dip his hand into the water and lift a submissive fish. But none has ever been tamed or used for any purpose beyond ministering helplessly or reluctantly to the needs of man. Some are eaten, others squeezed or cut up for oil. Some yield bones or pearls, others provide a serviceable skin, but none have been pressed while living into the service of man. We capture and train elephants; how convenient it would be if we could save coals and sails by yoking whales to ships and guiding them from port to port! We might keep a steady and well-broken animal stabled and fed in a dock till the cargo had been stored and we were ready to drive him about the ocean again at the rate of thirty miles an hour. But the elephants of the ocean know no harness, and have hitherto declined taking any part in promoting the conveniences of commerce and civilization. The porpoise plays around the ship, and flying-fish show notable adaptability to air as well as water, but the swimming creature has yet to be found which will lend itself to the convenience of the sailor. There has been discovered no point of contact between the intelligence of men and fishes. We join issue with the horse and dog, we

plough with oxen and ride upon the ass, and yet, though man's ingenuity is ever being exercised in devising modes of transit over the sea, its inhabitants, who best know its ways and traverse it with native facility, help us only when they are eaten, cooked, skinned, or cut up.

Again, though the ocean has been so explored as to provide us with maps which define the borders of the earth, how very small a part of it is really visited in our days! The excellence of navigation, which has fixed the situation of continents and islands, is in itself a check upon the wanderings of man. When once he knows the shortest course from port to port, and how best to use prevailing winds, he diverges as little as possible from his watery track. In old days, when the circles of sailing had not been determined, mariners sailed into unknown waters, and went where they never think of going now. The lines of ocean traffic are already laid down, and a ship which is driven out of them, and then deprived of sail or steam, is in danger of being wholly lost in those great regions of water which lead nowhere and are crossed by no keel. The result of science has been to discover the shortest route between point and point, and this is followed by the merchantman with the greatest closeness that he can command. The rest of the ocean surface is a desert of water in which no ship is ever to be seen, unless it be helplessly driven there. I can conceive no apprehension more dismal than that of men so lost and unable to return into the belt of traffic. Nothing is more helpless than a great ship deprived of its power to move, and left to the scant mercy of strange currents and winds. Boats, indeed, can be rowed, and thus vessels driven out of a recognized track can search or send for help as they themselves toss about apart from the roadsides of the ocean. But a ship which has none left, whose machinery is quite broken down, and no material remains to replace masts and spars that have been lost, is about as hopeless a spectacle as can be seen. Unhappily it cannot be seen when it has drifted into the wilderness of waves where no sail is ever sighted nor any passing funnel ever smokes. Who can tell how many of those which have been reported as "missing" have thus missed their way and been unable to recover it again? They are not "wrecked," but in a very true and fatal sense "lost." Their place in the navies of the world may be so unobscured that no special search is made

for them. No one knows when or where they were caught by the dismantling hurricane and thrust apart, impotent but surviving, from the ken of their fellow mariners.

The dangers of the sea are indeed lessened by the fact that ships follow recognized courses, and thus any one in distress is likely to be seen and relieved unless driven too far aside. But this processional persistence brings its special perils. The vessel is "abandoned," being thought about to sink. But sometimes it obstinately floats. Well if it be soon blown out of the frequented track, and does not lie, like a fatal reef of iron, full in the path of the next comer, which strikes upon it in the night. How many a brave ship, which sails away and is never heard of again, has been suddenly wrecked while far away from any shore or hidden rock on which to strike. Think, too, of icebergs, the unmanned navies of the ocean, which yearly sail away from their frozen shores and block the trade of man. It is true that the latitude in which they may be found is generally known, but landmen hardly realize the regularity with which these icy fleets set forth and sweep a portion of the sea, till they slowly yield to warmer air and disappear. But while they cruise and shrink, another flotilla is being silently prepared in its inexhaustible Arctic shipyard, ready to be cast loose when the time of sailing shall come round again. Some time ago when I was crossing to Canada the captain of our boat showed me a series of charts in which the successive positions of the annual squadron of icebergs were marked. This is sometimes greater or less, but it always keeps fairly together, and floats slowly in the same direction till it melts. Meanwhile, it moves across the trading track, some separate masses showing in the distance like tall white sails, though others are no higher than half-sunken hulls. All are cruelly hard, and fatal to the eager ship for which friends and owners wait till hope is gone, and another score of living men have sunk under the perils of the sea.

We may not think of this as we stand upon the sunny beach and watch the children build their mimic walls against the summer wave. Their gleesome dismay at the dissolution of their work stirs no thought of the cry which rises when the lonely ship sinks out of sight, but the little finger of the sea which flattens down the sandy beach is moved by the same power that brings the worst disaster to

the distant crew, and the pleasant chattering of the pebbles as the wavelet sucks them back are only whisperings of the thunder on the rocks which is heard by those who are fighting for deliverance from an iron shore. Then, too, there is the tide; plain to the pupil-teacher, and yet full of perplexity to some grave thinkers, who have said and sought to show that it is caused, not by a rising of the water, but a sinking of the land. And observations made by barometers on shore, or by the side of tidal rivers, have given strangely notable results which have half bewildered those men of science who have made investigations in this direction. There are, moreover, islands surrounded by a great expanse of ocean which ought to be submerged every day, on the supposition that distant bodies such as the sun and moon have an invariably unchanging power to lift the water towards themselves. Anyhow, whether lunar or solar attraction is mixed up with other mysterious impulses complicating the forces which produce the tides, the wonder of their rise and fall is often dissipated by our familiarity with this phenomenon. Though the compilers of our almanacs are able to print the hour at which it will be "high water at London Bridge" a year in advance, we ought not to be satisfied with this prosaic comment on or application of the movements of the cosmos. And it is at the seaside that, if we will believe it, we are brought into a nearer apprehension of these, and stand face to face with the mysterious heavings of the globe. It is perhaps the unrealized presence of mighty forces which helps to stir the feelings with which we look upon the sea. This both makes and marks its contrast with any other scene. The ocean is illimitable. We know that it reaches, ever changing and yet unchanged, beyond the furthest boundaries of sight. Its waves fall and sink with the same plunge and rise on sun-heated tropic strands and amid the icy bays of unreached southern and northern poles. There is no barrier between the pier-head with its brightly painted pleasure-boats and those darkened depths in which sightless monsters roam. A lake across which we can see is a poor pailful of water; it belongs to the land, and is counted with the hills which surround it. It can be wasted by heat, possibly drained, or, may be, dismissed through the bursting of a dam. It can be claimed by the owner of acres round its borders. We know all about the fish it holds, and change their breed with buckets of spawn or ova brought by carts. But

the sea is no man's. We hear, indeed, of littoral and fishing rights. The crown claims them within certain limits, and yet there is a sense of resentment at any one asserting ownership, even in the fringe of that ocean which is common to the world, and carries the pirate, the slaver, the merchantman, and the yacht alike. It has one law for all. Just as the wind never asks the nationality of the flag which it waves, so the catholic sea floats opposing navies with equal buoyancy, and swallows up the weakest without caring whence he comes or enquiring into the justice of his cause. It recognizes only strength and skill, and wrecks the lifeboat itself when these have failed.

Perhaps it shows its most unfeeling face with ships on fire. Then the water holds up the blazing hull, and quenches its flames with a hiss only when the last hope has departed. This is the very paradox of disaster and mockery of cure; the safety which the sailor seeks is only one degree less perilous than the danger from which he flees. On shore we run or leap out of our burning house, but at sea we stay within it while there is any remaining hope of its being saved. On shore neighbors flock around to save at least our goods; but there, if any come to see, they are only the cold fish or eager sharks which await the end of our distress. And if we do escape it is only to realize one of the worst changes which the sea can bring about—when we step, perhaps, from the luxurious saloon into the fragile boat. There the nearness of additional disaster overrides the sense of that never fully detailed discomfort which follows when the forecabin and ladies' cabin are emptied into a little space within which every word is heard, and all are only thankful when they are permitted to live together for a week, by night and day—so dear is the bare life.

Possibly it is the undefined sense of danger which gives force to the longing of the inexperienced boy to "go to sea." Though he is moved by the thought of that seeing of the world which a ship provides, the books which he has read are always full of wrecks, and it takes some time for him to realize that the worst provision for acquaintance with strange lands is imprisonment on water. The sailor's knowledge of foreign parts is found to be the most limited of all. The landsman, who is carried from point to point and then left to explore the country he has reached, can tell us something of its ways and sights; but the sailor, "pure and simple,"

only touches the rind of the fruit which the other eats, and, after wandering for years over the surface of the globe, has no more knowledge of the earth than he can get by looking at the outside of that which he is not permitted to enter. We measure a sailor by what he is on shore, and when we talk of his gleesome humor we may be reminded of that buoyancy and gladness which often strikes us in the company of the blind. They are glad of our mere presence, though they see us not. How fares it with them when they are alone, and have no one with whom to speak, and can only think, or realize that limited acquaintance with books which comes with artificial touch, and renders any glance over the news of the day, or study of the last well-known work of fiction, travel, or science, a tantalizing impossibility? When we talk of the success with which the blind are taught to read we are apt to forget what "reading" means to those who can see. Thus, in some measure, we judge of the sailor's acquaintance with the world by his merely outward contact with what it has to show; and his boisterous mood when we meet him on land is often simply an indication of his relief from the monotony which marks incessant voyaging and a continuous repetition of the same wearisome routine through which he passes day after day, in the enforced society of the same companions from whom he has no escape. When he "speaks" a passing ship there is no interchange of thoughts, or often even words, but only a dumb dipping and waving of flags, or at the best a solitary shout from a trumpet's throat, with subsequently scant language and the shortest reply to a short question. The catechism of nautical intercourse seldom gets further than the first inquiry, "What is your name?" Then the voyagers part, without having really met, till another set is seen and dismissed with a hoarse "Ahoy!"

The coasting ships, whose sails jag the horizon or chimneys leave a streak of smoke upon its edge, may seem to move in company, but they are so many that even the brief salutes and questions which I have just referred to seldom pass between them. Perhaps the brig has to beat for days against a tiresome wind, crossing and recrossing others in its zig-zag course, which is all the more narrow for being "up channel." She can take no long "legs" during which her sails are not shifted, but her scanty crew is subject to the perpetual demands of the inexorable ropes. Besides the men at the look-

out, and the wheel, which cannot be left for a moment day or night, others are kept on the alert to brace the swinging yards at quickly recurrent intervals. And when we sit at ease on the shingle and sweep the horizon with our glass we hardly realize that the course of the ship at which we glance, though often pointing towards the shore, is virtually as tiresome as that of one which crosses ocean waters far away from land. It must be a dull life then to creep against the breeze which ought to help the sailor freely on his way, and the spectacle of his tedious progress must help us to apprehend better the contrast between the pleasures of the sea and the seaside. Perhaps it sounds unkind thus to accentuate the sense of the rest we are enjoying, still it may be that the perception of our repose is quickened by thus seeing the toil of those that labor on the restless sea.

When, however, we think of the way in which many people refresh themselves during their holiday on the coast, it seems a pity that more do not consciously apprehend the manifold differences between the water and the land which are so close together, and yet so widely apart in respect to the calling and interests of those who seldom set foot upon the solid shore, and are inexorably shut off from that which mostly fills the life of men on earth. Few, possibly, think of all this, but seek their chief accompanying recreation in pursuits and entertainment which might be found if they were far inland. Of all the demands likely to draw our thoughts from those which a sight of the ocean can kindle, the most offensively distracting is, perhaps, the presence of negro-melodists on the beach. How can we enjoy that unique and soothing sound which comes from the drawl of the retiring waves, how can we watch with undefined pleasure the "caves of glass" which fringe the beach, when a man with blackened face and artificial grin offers his battered hat for our appreciation of his hateful performance? It is true that some potter among the slimy weeds at low water under an impression that they are realizing an opportunity to enlarge their knowledge; but Leech's picture of "the common objects of the seashore," wherein every head is bent down and every eye searching the ground, truly hints at the limited use which is made of such a spectacle as the ocean, and which might move us better, though we stand only on its edge, if only we would let ourselves think of what it has to say.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BAMBOO.

"Even the sun himself, with all his power, cannot throw light into the dark hollows of the bamboo."—*Burmese Classic.*

"THE friend of man" is the title which the affection of mankind has given to an animal whose faithfulness surpasses that of more intelligent creatures, who bestows on his human master a more absolute devotion than on any creature of his own kind, and who, for his blind love, which not even ill-treatment can lessen, has been raised almost to the level of humanity, and has earned a recognized place by the side of man.

The creatures of the vegetable world are separated from us by too wide a gulf for any such relations as this. Men have been known to kiss the flowers for their beauty; and nothing can exceed the tender care they receive from man, or the charm of their living response to his kindness. But the link of simple life which binds them to ourselves as kindred members of the commonwealth of living things, is too slight for our rough apprehension, and must ever remain a mystery:—

If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal, no man knows.

Yet if anything short of intelligent will could deserve a special distinction such as that which has been assigned to the dog alone among dumb animals, then in the vegetable kingdom, too, there is a living creature which may aspire to the dignity and title of the friend of man.

There is a plant which, wild as it is, and sown broadcast over whole continents, yields to none in a graceful beauty, which rises at times even to grandeur, yet whose nature is so versatile, whose homely uses are so many, that to it has been given a wholly exceptional power to influence the life, and even in some ways to determine the character, of the people who live under its shade. Throughout vast regions of the eastern hemisphere the bamboo is truly man's familiar friend. There are countries where it seems to supply almost every human requirement, and where the feathery masses of its foliage, drooping like the weeping-willow over road and river and village, bespeak an ideal of life beyond the reach of less primitive communities. Here man is unspoilt by artificial wants, untouched by the march of thought or of science, and nature unsolicited supplies with lavish hand his simple needs. It is an ideal

which it seems almost sacrilege to disturb, and in presence of which the highest aim of the foreign intruder should be to preserve its primary conditions intact. No better example can be cited of the land of the bamboo than one of those Indo-Chinese provinces, of which Burma is the best known to Europeans.

Like the fir in northern climates, it is the bamboo which here gives an unmistakable stamp to the rural landscape, while it is literally the framework and foundation of nearly every work of man. It is no exaggeration to say that the same jungles which give cover to wild animal life of every form and tribe, exert a beneficent influence also on every step of the life of their human inhabitants.

The Burmese child plays with bamboo toys in a house of which roof and walls and floor are for the most part made from the same generous plant. Through boyhood and manhood and old age this helpful comrade is ever by his side. On land or water, in peace or war, in the homes of rich and poor, in art and manufactures, in the market and the field, at feast and funeral, this is the substance of all that man most needs and values for ornament or use. Towns and villages are built from its stems and leaves; the fisherman's rod, and float, and raft; the hunter's snare; it bridges the torrent, bears water from the well, and irrigates the fields. It is food and medicine for cattle, and even for men; and there is music, too, not only in the rustle of its leaves, but in its woody heart, from which more than one musical instrument is made.

Let a brief tribute here be paid to the outward beauty of this strangely gifted plant. In all the vegetation of the tropics, among palms and tree-ferns and towering forest-trees, nothing will be found endowed with a more attractive grace than the bamboo grove, such as shadows mile after mile of the Burmese country-road or creek. Springing from the earth on either side in closely serried clusters, the smooth green stems, jointed at regular intervals, taper upwards in an arc which can hardly be seen to leave the perpendicular, till at the height of perhaps a hundred feet they are lost in a tracery of delicate foliage, where the branches meet overhead and cast a dense cool shade on the roadway below.

It is impossible to traverse these living gothic aisles without a deep impression of their grandeur. Often in sight of some dazzling sunset, of crystal cave, or rainbow among mountain lakes, — thought can find expression only by comparison with

building or painting or pageant of the stage; and to me the silent statelyness of the bamboo grove has always most recalled the sense of vastness, of symmetry, and of incomparable finish which, in such a building as St. Peter's at Rome, strikes the mind with unfeigned and unexpected awe.

And as the face is the index of mind, so the external beauty of the bamboo forest covers a train of characteristics by which every unit of which it is composed is adapted to practical utility in a thousand ways.

To note something of the physical structure of the bamboo, and a few of its most common uses, will be to give some conception of the wealth of its resources. In observing its nature, the difference between the male and female plant will be at once noticed. In the male bamboo the substance of the stem is solid throughout, and, light though it is, there is no stronger or tougher staff than that on which the old man leans in Burma or Siam, or that with which in these countries men take the law into their own hands and administer the summary punishment known as "bamboo backshish."

But it is from the far more abundant branches of the female plant that the wants of mankind are so bountifully supplied. Built like a modern man-of-war in water-tight compartments, each joint of the stem is separated from the next on either side by a thick solid partition; and it would be hard to describe how this simple construction adapts it to practical use, or how much may be manufactured with ease from a single stem. To make a water-bucket, for example, it is only necessary to cut off a length of the branch near the root, where the girth is large, leaving the bulkhead at one end untouched. With a handle easily made from the higher part of the same branch, the bucket is complete,—finished and polished by nature, lighter and probably more water-tight and better fitted for rough usage than any manufactured rival. In the same way, at the extremity of the branch, are to be found—almost ready-made—thimbles and pipe-bowls and pipestems of any size required.

The same tubes, if split perpendicularly at regular intervals without being cut through, may be flattened out so as to form an almost level flooring for boat or cottage. Endless other illustrations may be given of the marvellous way in which the bamboo, by its generous and ever-ready help, seems to court the friendship of man.

If the houses in a Burmese village are largely built of bamboo materials, nearly everything within them seems to come ultimately from the same source. Beds and furniture, matting and sun-shades, bird-cages and baskets, fans and umbrellas, all owe their chief substance to the bamboo; while in a land where lacquer so largely takes the place of earthenware, the same material is conspicuous as the groundwork of unnumbered household vessels—from the laborer's rice-platter, bought for a few pence, to the costly vase or betel-box of pliant texture and finest polish. In all alike the lacquer, which gives to each vessel its charm of color or finish, is laid over a framework of fine bamboo wicker. Then, if we leave the house for field or river, we are everywhere met by the same ubiquitous material. It is this which, either as stout railing or living hedge, encloses the garden or field. With this the villager climbs the toddy-palm in quaint shoes made for the purpose. His shelter in the country cart, in his boat it is transformed into masts and yards, and decks and awnings, and forms the main part of the permanent structures in which whole families live for months together on a Burmese river.

In war, too, no less than in peace, the bamboo holds an honorable place. The main strength of many a formidable stockade is the *chevaux de frise* of stout pointed bamboo. It serves for flag-staff and spear-shaft and sword-sheath, and even for one of the most telling weapons of offence. In front of every position of the enemy in a Burmese war, among mimosa-thorns and grass and scrub, the ground is sown with invisible caltrops in the form of simple sharp-pointed lengths of split bamboo—a weapon inflicting deep, poisonous wounds, and which proves more harassing to infantry, whether in skirmish or charge, than any valor of the enemy or any natural strength of earthwork or stockade.

But it is not for the natives of the country only that the favors of the bamboo are reserved. As the sun shines on the evil and on the good, so the bamboo is the faithful servant of the foreigner no less than of its own countrymen.

It is a well-known characteristic of Burma, as compared with most Indian provinces, that the traveller in rural districts has no need to burden himself with tents. This is partly owing to Buddhist liberality, which gives free shelter in monasteries, and in frequent rest-houses, built as works of religious merit. But no less

thanks are due to nature also, which plants at every turn the inexhaustible bamboo groves, from which, with no other aid than a woodman's knife, may be made all that the traveller needs for use or comfort. Owing to the universal presence of this invaluable plant, there is no country where barracks and hospitals, houses and offices, stables and outbuildings, can be so quickly and cheaply, and even substantially constructed; and there is not an emergency great or small in which in the Englishman's house, in such a country, the services of the bamboo are not the instant and effective resource.

If temporary shelter is needed for man or beast; if unexpected visitors descend with a host of followers, in a few hours they may be as comfortably housed as if they had been long expected. If fuel is wanted for cooking, stakes or trellis for the garden; if a tobacco-pipe has to be cleaned, even if needles and thread are exhausted, — the bamboo will supply what is wanted with a readiness which would hardly be believed.

Truly a wonderful material it is, lending itself by every quality of its nature to the special service of man. Its larger stems combine strength and lightness in a manner equalled by neither timber nor metal. Its lighter branches bend to carry the laborer's baskets. Its joints invite the manufacture of cups and buckets. Its toughness and polished smoothness provide the carver with material admirably suited to his art. Its hollow tubes seem made for water-pipes, its dry, fibrous leaves for thatch. Its lightness adapts it for ladders and scaffolding; and the ease with which it splits, into layers of any thickness, for the weaving of matting and for basket-work of every kind. Lavishly as iron is strewn under the feet of more hardy nations, there is thus provided for the Oriental in the wildest jungles a no less abundant store of simple wealth, suited to his special requirements, responding readily to the slightest effort, and encouraging the exercise of every form of ingenuity.

A striking illustration of the influence of the bamboo on the ways, and even on the character of the people, may be found in observing one of the most frequent incidents of Burmese life — a house or village on fire. In a country where the smoking of tobacco is limited neither by age nor sex, nor time nor place, and where houses are thatched, and for half the year dry as tinder, it will be understood that men become familiar with the phenomena

of fire. It is less easy to realize the comparative indifference with which such a visitation can be received, or to credit the truth that to the easy-going population of this primitive region even fire itself seems robbed of its terrors.

When we think of what is meant by fire in house or village in Western countries, — to be turned out of doors to the mercy of the elements; to lose at a stroke the investments of a scanty capital, or the stock of household furniture which can ill be replaced; to run terrible risks, even of life itself, — it is hard to understand that there are countries where such incidents form no part of the accompaniments of the most destructive fire. At a spark from cigar or pipe a Burmese village is ablaze, and in a few hours whole streets are in ashes. But in the flutter and excitement that ensues, we look in vain for any such evidence of ruin or despair as a similar calamity elsewhere brings inevitably in its train. Loss of life at a Burmese fire is almost unknown. The simple household stuff is quickly emptied from the single-storied cottages, and heaped under the trees by the roadside; to a people who live habitually an outdoor life there is no hardship in passing the night under the open sky; and when the fire has once gained an irresistible hold, it is a sight for philosophers to see the calmness of the villagers as they sit and smoke quietly in groups watching the progress of the flames. In a few days the ephemeral city rises again in clean and orderly streets, and beyond a few main supports of timber, or in the houses of the leading townsmen, from end to end of the street, and from floor to roof of every house, the bamboo from the jungle hard by has supplied, at the cost of labor only, the principal material of which it is built.

My sketch may fitly close with the mention of a phase of Burmese national life than which none is more characteristic, and which may be said to depend on the bamboo for its very origin and maintenance. In the easy round of Burmese existence, there is no occasion too trivial or too grave for the display of a form of native skill unique in kind, in harmony with the national mind, and specially attractive to the foreign observer. This is the art by which, with marvellous dexterity, they delight to manufacture every fantastic form of figure and structure which the popular mind of an imaginative people can conceive.

In no city of the empire does the Indian viceroy make his progress through

triumphal arches of such exceptional taste and quaintness as those which adorn the Burmese capital. Nowhere in the world is the funeral pageant at once so solemn and so free from the dismal gloom by which the ceremonies of a Western burial are so commonly disfigured. The coffin, overlaid with gilding and rich mouldings of brilliant color, is borne on a gaily decorated car, shadowed by golden umbrellas and studded with figures of angels and mythical creatures of many forms. The triumphal progress of the funeral is at least in outward accord with the spirit which breathes in our own burial service, which thanks God for the deliverance of the departed, but which with us seems too often contradicted by the sombre indications of a hopeless grief at variance with the professions of our faith.

But the lightest pretext is enough in this country to set busy fingers to work weaving in endless succession, to the dictation of a wild fancy, the mythic dragons and angels, the airy palaces and castles, monasteries and pagodas of fantastic beauty, tigers and elephants, boats and rafts, princes and clowns, which give so rare a charm to the spectacle of Burmese marriage-feast or religious procession, and especially to that of the popular drama. And again in every scene alike, at the foundation of things, the cause and essence of art and its expression, is found the same living substance. It is this, as we have seen, which has furnished material for the houses of both players and spectators, and for almost all that they contain; and it is from the wands and strips and pillars of the ever-present bamboo that even the fanciful creations of Eastern imagination are woven into tasteful and tangible existence.

P. HORDERN.

From The Nineteenth Century.
A VOICE FROM A HAREM.

SOME WORDS ABOUT THE TURKISH WOMAN
OF OUR DAY.*

So many English ladies have lately visited the Turkish harems, and learning our language have been able to write the truth about us, that it is really difficult to say something new about a country whose cus-

* This paper is absolutely genuine. It is the first attempt at writing on the part of its authoress, a young lady who has been shut up in a harem for ten years. — Ed. *Nineteenth Century*.

toms are as well known to every one as to ourselves.

Naturally also the curiosity and interest felt for everything Oriental has gradually faded away as, the veil being literally lifted, the mysteries of Orient appeared little by little before the world, and were found wanting in the element of beauty which had been ascribed to them.

In a description of Constantinople written as late as in 1840, the Turkish woman was spoken of as a mystery which it was dangerous to unravel; whilst Thackeray, in his "Voyage from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," tells us of a lady who was tabooed by all true believers for having dared to drive in her own carriage to a mosque. What the shades of those true believers would say if they came back to earth now is difficult to decide. I suppose they would think that Turkey had been given over to those Giaours, whom they hated and we imitate. Of our old customs, as well as of our old faith, very little remains, and it is only in the lower orders or the most secluded harems that some vestiges of them can be found. At Constantinople women hardly hide their faces, and think it no shame to appear before the public in habiliments which would be hardly considered decent with the lowest dregs of European society. This, however, is natural, for it is impossible for a reaction to occur in a country without its rushing to the opposite evil. On disencumbering ourselves from our old chains we are apt to forget that man cannot walk entirely alone without stumbling in some way or other. However, this will soon pass; give us time to understand that we need to be withheld, and we will soon forge ourselves new chains which, without binding us as hard as the old, will still retain us in the bonds of decorum.

The reason of this sudden reaction may be traced to the better education we have given to our boys. Brought up in Paris or at Oxford, they have learnt that woman was destined to be protected, not tyrannized over. They have learnt that, when her intellect is not crushed by continual fear and impotent ignorance, woman can become the helpmate and support of man. The view also of the cheerful homes existent in Europe has taught them that one wife is better than twenty slaves; and, as the Turkish girls are better adapted by nature to second their views than the Circassians, it is to them that they turned for help.

It needed but little time to teach the Turkish mothers what was needed at their

hands, and where before a little French was the maximum of learning acquired by a Musulwoman, she was taught to read and write in several languages, to play the piano, to draw, to paint, in a word, to have as complete an education as any young lady destined to appear in society. This system included of course novel reading, and in them the young girl, who before believed that the highest happiness for her was to be tyrannized over by a man she did not know, in common with five or six rivals, suddenly saw opened before her a long vista of unknown bliss which to her dazzled eyes seemed more beautiful than anything promised in Paradise. She heard of balls, *fêtes*, parties, where women spoke openly with men who were not doctors or cousins; she heard for the first time that a woman is considered as highly as a man, and may even claim from him the homage which till now she thought had been exclusively his prerogative; she saw in them the descriptions of happy homes where one wife alone possessed the love and confidence of her husband; and little by little the poison imbibed circulated through her veins. She felt she had a right to a part at least of these privileges; but fearing to be the first to claim them, she would perhaps have continued for some time still to bear a yoke now become hateful, if she had not been surrounded by counsellors who pushed her on, and these counsellors were not chosen from the best part of society. Effectually the worst part of it all was that the movement originated naturally with the highest classes, who were surrounded, by the fact of their rank, by a legion of base Armenians and Greeks, the very scum of their nations, who were ready with praise the instant they saw a possibility of recompense, and whose example was hardly able to give them a high idea of the European fashion of life.

The life she had led in a harem had not prepared her for the sudden change which was to occur in all her customs. She had never known that there are other chains than those inflicted by the tyranny of man, and that life might contain higher aims than the mere fact of living for self; in fact, selfishness is a virtue in harems, which all must follow who wish to live, and she had never thought that it might be possible to think of others before thinking of herself. On the other hand, the mothers are not entitled to teach their daughters those pure and high principles which every woman in Europe thinks it necessary to inculcate in her children. In fact she has not sufficient influence over

her child to do it. The mothers are usually slaves, and as such are never considered with the tender reverence which a European mother may command. Every child has a different mother by whom he will stand by party spirit, and whom he will defend against her rivals, but whom he will never respect, and whom, alas! he has no reason to respect, for she has never taught him anything but the one principle of selfishness, and she does not practise any other virtue herself. Each one for himself is the motto of harems, and this once learnt the children are permitted to grow according to their different characters, neither checked from wrong nor taught the right.

Some time ago I saw an English paper, in which the author hotly denies that the morals learnt in a harem are worse than those taught in some parts of European society. It may be true, but it is not to such places that a European gentleman usually sends his daughters to be educated, whilst it must be remembered that the harem is the home of thousands and thousands of young girls who learn there their first ideas of right and wrong, and who can hardly do so whilst surrounded by examples such as the slaves give them. A Turkish girl of fifteen knows as much of life as a European of forty, and it is unnatural that it should be so. Of course a girl cannot be modest under such circumstances, and it was not surprising that, when the reaction set in, she should have reached the extremes to which she went.

The leap from ignorance to knowledge was too sudden for the Turkish woman; she was dazzled by the bright glare which suddenly surrounded her, and having very dim ideas of what was right or what was wrong, it is not surprising that she should have missed her way. At such a crisis she needed a strong arm to support her, and from that the very position she held deprived her, as no pure or honest woman from the European society could live in a harem without either leaving in disgust, or being obliged from self-preservation to do at Rome as the Romans do.

Though the duty that man owes to his fellow-creature is hardly ever mentioned in our religion, what is owed to itself is too well depicted there, and its laws are too strict for the Turkish girl not to feel, after her first excess, that she was debarred from heaven. "Whoever imitates Christians counts with them" is written in our laws, and thus, when she first strove to be like the Europeans, she knew she had

counted as one of them. Knowing that it was too late to retrace her steps, she preferred advancing. And, having once indulged herself in braving the opinion of the Turks, she soon learnt to indulge herself still more in braving that of those Europeans whom she wished to imitate. From folly to vice there is but one step, and in this case it was soon passed, let us hope to be soon repassed again. Already there are examples of ladies, well educated and having resided many years in Europe, who live perfectly free from the ancient trammels without for that abandoning the code of honor existent in every country; and it is high time their example should be followed. When this has occurred, when Turkish girls will have learnt that no well-educated Christian lady would make signs to a man she did not know, that no woman with the least atom of self-respect would answer a man who addresses her in the street, that in all the world divorce is disgraceful when it occurs from any shortcoming on the part of the wife, and that all women divorced from such a cause lose their caste, she will be really progressing, and we may at last hope to be happy, honored, and free, like those women whom we wish to imitate.

All this, however, is a secondary question. What we need the most, what we must strive for with all our forces, is the abolition of polygamy, and to that we must help ourselves by enfranchising our slaves. As long as slavery continues to exist, polygamy will reign in our harems in its worst form. Leaving out all question of humanity, slavery is a worse bane to us than to themselves. With slavery non-existent no Turkish girl will agree to occupy the second place in a husband's home, and we will live without the perpetual jealousies, the thousand worries which are the real causes of our unhappiness. It is not well understood, I think, in Europe that a harem very rarely contains more than one legitimate wife, who is sometimes a Circassian, but usually a Turkish girl. If a Turkish girl, when she marries she comes to her husband's home with ten or twelve slaves who count as part of her dowry; whilst, on the other hand, if a slave herself, her husband buys them for her, which comes at the end to the same thing. For however civilized our husbands may be, there is too much of the Turkish nature latent in them to keep them from casting longing looks in the direction of those girls, and none of them are too shy or too backward to reject his

advances. Evidently they know that it is the only chance they have of gaining a high position in society, and they can hardly feel for a mistress who has never felt for them. They usually do attain their wishes, the mistress remaining powerless to prevent it, as her husband has the law on his side. If she is an energetic woman, she sometimes sells the slave — which, by the way, she cannot do now — or she goes back to her father's house; in either case, however, she is usually defeated, as the husband soon begins again with another slave, and the father, who himself has perhaps five or six wives, cannot but give reason to his son-in-law. In the course of time the slave, being an odalisque and having children nearly as old as those of her mistress, becomes as powerful in the household as the original lady; but still it must be well understood that her contract is not written, and that she is still considered a slave. Of course it would be impossible for a Turkish girl to accept such a position, whilst, on the other hand, no man would care to really marry two wives; and thus in striking slavery we strike polygamy at its very roots, and it is obviously for our good to do it.

Against this, however, many objections will arise, as was shown when the English government took the matter in hand in Egypt. It took many bloody battles to rid America from slavery, but none of the arguments urged there would be of any use here. The Americans used slaves as chattels, they were to them the source of immense fortunes and nearly indispensable, as can be proved by the list of those proprietors ruined during the war. In our case, slaves are an expense without which we could easily do. Let us, however, grant that, except Armenians and Greeks in Constantinople and fellahs in Cairo, we can find none to serve us. But is not that a little because we do not want to search for others?

Are there not at Constantinople thousands and thousands of the poorer classes who are dying with hunger, and who, if they were educated for it, would make excellent servants? It may be objected that the poor of Turkey are too proud to serve as servants, and that it will be well-nigh impossible to bring them round to my views. But that is only because they do not know better, and the first step would be to give them the opportunities to attain those lights we have reached ourselves; taking care, however, to educate them so as to avoid those shoals against which we were

shipwrecked ourselves. This a few free schools, conducted by enlightened directors and where the teachers are chosen amongst the pure and kind-hearted women who abound in Europe, would do easily. Once this step gained, progress would soon teach them that servitude is no shame, and that it is better to work than to starve.

I think I have proved that slavery is not really necessary, and that it would better our condition to end it. We pretend to be civilized, and we only imitate the vices of Christians without learning what is good in their customs; seeking only our liberty, we neglect to think of our comfort, and forget that whilst slavery is breaking the spirits of thousands of our fellow-creatures, we have no right to complain of being trammelled. Our first duty to ourselves and to them is to erase the greatest blot in our fame, greater still because not even countenanced by our religion; and little by little, by showing by our conduct that we are ripe for it, we may hope to obtain the rights refused to us.

Without this every act, instead of tending to the aggrandizement of our privileges, only serves to show us in a more despicable light to the eyes of the millions who gaze on us. ADALET.

From The Saturday Review.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—TARANTULAS.

IN June last we remarked parenthetically, in our notice of the praying mantis, that a tarantula had been received by the Society, and was then in the Insect House. This animal, however, was very short-lived, dying within a few days of its arrival. We are, therefore, glad to say that the loss has been much more than repaired by the arrival in Regent's Park of not less than five of these gigantic spiders, which, though all known as tarantulas, belong to two different families, Mygalidæ and Lycosidæ. There is a solitary specimen of the former, and four specimens of the latter. They are respectively labelled as "Brazilian Tarantula, *Mygale* sp.?, Brazil," and "Deserta Tarantula, *Lycosa nigra*, Deserta Grande, Madeira." The first of these was purchased by and the others presented to the Society, the last, at least, being, we believe, "new to the collection."

The Mygalidæ have a considerable range; but the larger of them, which are truly gigantic spiders, are found only in the warmer parts of the world—tropical

America and the West Indies being specially favored by them. Among the smaller species which are found in Europe are the well-known trapdoor spiders, specimens of which are generally living in the Zoo, but, owing to their burrowing and nocturnal habits, can rarely, if ever, be seen; and also one species found in England, principally in the south, which constructs a curious dwelling consisting of a silk-lined tube or gallery, which takes at first a horizontal and then a vertical direction, the mouth being covered by a curtain formed of a continuation of the silken lining. At present, however, we are only concerned with the large American species. These, as a rule, do not burrow, but live in crevices in the bark of trees, and in hollows among rocks and stones, where they make a sort of silken case as a home. They are generally nocturnal in their habits, pursuing their prey in the evening and during the night, and appear to be by no means particular what they attack, though, no doubt, insects and other arthropods form the bulk of their food. According to the older authors, however, they are much given to destroying and feeding on birds, whence their name of bird-catching spiders, and the specific name of *Avicularia* given by Linnæus to one species. Mme. Merian figured and described one of these spiders which she declared was in the habit of surprising small birds on their nests and sucking their blood with avidity. Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the River Amazons," tells us that, though he found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents on the banks of the Pará River, he was able to "verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genus *Mygale*, in a manner worth recording." The following is his account of what he saw: "The spider was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds—finches—were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by

the monster. I drove away the spider, and took the birds; but the second one soon died." This author also gives the following particulars of these spiders, which he describes as "quite common:" "Some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them Aranhas Caranguejeiras, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterwards. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the creases of the skin. After this description it is curious to find that the Indian children make pets of these creatures. Yet Mr. Bates relates that one day he saw some Indian children "with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog." In confinement these tarantulas are fed principally on cockroaches and meal-worms. The specimen now in the Zoo is a large and sufficiently terrible-looking spider, though it is, we believe, by no means full grown. It is of a deep glossy black, with the exception of its abdomen, the longer hairs on which are a rich orange red; it keeps itself concealed during the day, for which purpose it is supplied with two small flower-pots and a quantity of moss, but if disturbed, it shows considerable activity and every desire to attack the intruder on its privacy.

Like the Mygalidæ, the Lycosidæ or wolf-spiders, to which family the *Deserta tarantula* belongs, have a very wide range, and the different species vary much in size, though none of them are so large as the larger members of the former family. Still many of them, especially those inhabiting the warmer parts of the world, attain a very considerable size, as indeed may be seen by any one visiting the Zoo at the present time. They differ from the Mygalidæ, however, not only in size but also in general appearance; as, for example—a point which will strike the least observant—they are by comparison hairless and, indeed, generally more spider-like, though, be it observed, they are by no means destitute of hair. They are wandering, preying spiders, capable of running with considerable swiftness, and, like the Mygalidæ, many of them are noc-

turnal in their habits, wandering about after dark in pursuit of the insects on which they feed. They live in holes, under stones, and in crevices in rocks or walls, and some species are fond of the water, on which they run in pursuit of insects. The most famous of all the wolf-spiders is the tarantula of southern Europe, *Lycosa tarantula*, about which most extraordinary stories were told by the older writers, many of which still cling to every spider that can be called a tarantula, thus causing the unfortunate animals to bear a much worse name than even they deserve. As a fact, the bite of the tarantula is painful, but not dangerous; yet it was fully believed to be the cause of a sort of hysterical dancing mania which appeared in an epidemic form in Italy in the fourteenth century, and spread all over the country, reaching its height in the seventeenth century, after which it gradually faded away. The following extract from Brookes's "Natural History" gives in detail the symptoms which were supposed to result from the bite of one of these spiders: "In the summer months, particularly in the dog-days, the tarantula creeping among the corn in the fields bites the mowers and passengers. . . . The part which is bitten is soon after discolored with a livid black or yellowish circle, attended with an inflammation. At first the pain is scarcely felt; but a few hours after there comes on a violent sickness, difficulty of breathing, fainting, and sometimes trembling. The person who is bit after this does nothing but laugh, dance, and skip about, putting himself into the most extravagant postures; but this is not always the case, for he is sometimes seized with a dreadful melancholy. At the return of the season in which he was bit his madness begins again, and the patient always talks of the same thing; sometimes he fancies himself a shepherd, a king, or any other character that comes into his head, and he always talks in a very extravagant manner. These troublesome symptoms return for several years successively, and at length terminate in death. . . . this odd distemper is cured by a remedy altogether as odd, which is musick; for this only will give them ease, and they make use of the violin in particular." The effect of the music was to make the patient dance sometimes for three or four hours, until he was "all over in a sweat, which forced out the venom which did the mischief." Dr. Hill, however, whose book was published earlier than that of Dr. Brookes, evidently doubted the truth of

the stories which were current about the effect of the tarantula's bite, as he passed over the subject with the remark, "As to the effects of the poison they convey into the wound they make, there seems yet room for much explanation about it." The *Deserta tarantulas* are, as we have said, much smaller and less hairy in appearance than the Brazilian; they are also differently colored, being black in ground color, spotted and striped with a light grey and white. Those now in Regent's Park have no means provided for them to hide themselves, except a small plant in the middle of each case, and can therefore nearly always be seen, each of them sitting, generally in one of the corners of the glass cases in which they are confined, apparently screwed up into the smallest possible compass — as, indeed, is the habit of most spiders when at rest. They are, however very fond of the sun, and when it shines they spread themselves out to enjoy the warmth, and at such times are full of life and vigor, and constantly on the lookout for prey, leaping with great agility on any unfortunate insect that may come near them.

Considering the fierce and brigand nature of all tarantulas, it is, perhaps, needless to say that they are each confined in a separate case, the five cases being placed on the stand at the east end of the Insect House. It is by no means an uncommon event for a tarantula, or even tarantulas, to be exhibited at the Zoo; but the present specimens are particularly noticeable as belonging to uncommon and, so far as the Society's collection is concerned, new species.

Pepys mentions the musical cure for the bite of the tarantula. "One Mr. Templer, a great traveller and an ingenious man, and a person of honor he seems to be," with whom he dined at my Lord Crewe's, after telling him a wonderful story of a "serpent" and a lark, the scene of which was laid in the "waste places of Lancashire," speaking of the tarantula, informed him that "all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung."

bright-colored spikes, even before spring has "come o'er the mountains with light and song," is the source of much wealth to our friends the Dutch. At the present time there is in Holland a tract of land equal to about one thousand English acres used for the cultivation of hyacinth bulbs, and it is estimated that nearly forty thousand Dutch folks are directly dependent on the trade for their livelihood. Many millions of the bulbs are annually exported, Great Britain and the United States of America being their best customers; and Dutch hyacinths are now household flowers in all parts of the civilized world.

The mother-species of most of the cultivated hyacinth race is *Hyacinthus orientalis*, a native, as its specific name implies, of the East. It is found wild in abundance on the shores of the Levant, in Cilicia, where it grows seven thousand feet up the mountains, and eastward to Mesopotamia. The year of its introduction into Holland cannot now be determined. It is very probable that, like *Ranunculus Asiaticus*, it was carried into Italy by some returning Crusaders, and thence introduced into western Europe, where, towards the end of the sixteenth century, it found a congenial home on the moist, sandy flats of Holland. Some authorities fix the date as 1585, others 1596. We know, however, that hyacinths were grown in the Botanical Gardens of the city of Leyden in the year 1600, as they are mentioned in a catalogue still extant of plants cultivated in these gardens in that year.

In another plant catalogue dated 1602, several varieties of *Hyacinthus orientalis* are specified, which shows that some progress was being made in hyacinth culture even in these early days. The color of the first cultivated specimen is doubtful. It may have been white, blue, purple, or pink. All the wild specimens of it in the Herbarium of the British Botanical Gardens at Kew have blue flowers.

The tulip mania early in the eighteenth century seems to have withdrawn the attention of the Dutch from the hyacinth, as the historical facts recorded regarding it during the continuance of that unreasoning craze are very meagre. Yet it cannot have been entirely neglected, for St. Simon, in an interesting book on the hyacinth published in 1768, enumerates as many as two thousand distinct varieties which were then grown in Holland.

Like many other plants, after being

From Chambers' Journal.

HYACINTH CULTURE IN HOLLAND.

THE hyacinth, which beautifies our homes and gardens with its graceful

under cultivation for some years, the hyacinth showed a tendency to produce semi-double and double flowers. These in the early days of its culture were regarded as monstrosities, and treated accordingly. Whenever one revealed itself among the seedlings, it was destroyed. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, double flowers which had escaped detection, and were thus allowed to come into full bloom, were seen to possess a distinctive beauty, and soon attained great popularity. A famous double variety named "King of Great Britain," with elegant rose-colored flowers, was sold for one hundred and twenty pounds sterling soon after double varieties became popular. In 1734, when the tulip mania had somewhat abated, the stock of a new double blue variety named "Non Plus Ultra," which consisted of one large and eight small bulbs, was sold by public auction for £133 8s. 6d. One single bulb of a new double red variety brought eighty-three pounds to its fortunate raiser in 1815. Such extraordinary prices show that the Dutch of those days had faith in the hyacinth. Its value now to their descendants fully justifies their faith.

The bulb-farms are nearly all situated on the sandy flats between the cities of Haarlem and Leyden. The former city is the centre of the trade. There the dealers and larger growers have offices and stores. The soil in which the hyacinths are grown is a light, fine sand, which is generally dry on the surface, but immediately below moist and cool. It matters not how dry and hot the weather may be, there is always plenty of moisture, a few inches beneath the surface, which keeps the bulbs sweet and healthy. Should a period of wet weather set in, the superfluous water easily percolates through the fine sandy soil, and the land soon regains its normal healthy moistness.

The ground is very heavily manured every two or three years with cow manure, which is brought from all parts of the country, and is a valuable source of profit to the Dutch dairymen. This manure is kept in heaps until it has become thoroughly decomposed before being put on the ground. The farms are all similar in appearance. Tidiness and order in the manner of culture are almost invariable. The fields vary from five to twenty or twenty-five acres in extent, and are cut up into patches by canals and ditches, which intersect the whole farm, and cross each other at right angles. The canals are wide enough to admit of the passage of a good-

sized boat, and consequently require to be bridged wherever communication between the plots is necessary. The ditches are narrow enough to be stepped over. Water being always present in these cuttings, the irrigation is perfect. The surface of the fields is usually about two feet above the level of the water. All the farms are connected with the extensive canal system of Holland by means of these private canals, this arrangement enabling the farmers to draw their supplies of manure and the other necessities of their trade from all parts of the country, and to send off the ripened bulbs to the shipping ports. The canals running through the farms are quite green in summer with the little aquatic plant, the lesser duck-weed (*Lemna minor*); and when a boat passes along, all the water the visitor sees is a small triangular bit at the stern, which is soon green again as the little plant floats back into place.

The custom, in the early days of bulb-growing, was to plant the same ground only once in three years. Now, however, the Dutch find that hyacinths and most other bulbs do very well if planted on the same ground each second year. The land is divided into two portions, one of which is planted with the bulbs, while the other is dug and heavily manured. The latter portion is allowed to lie fallow, or is planted with a crop, such as potatoes, suited to prepare the soil for the bulbs.

Every bulb, even the smallest, is lifted and planted once a year. September and October are the planting months. The bulbs are placed in rows in large beds, each variety being kept separate, and carefully labelled with a wooden label containing its name or number stuck in the ground at the beginning. The large bulbs are put in first, then the smaller ones. This arrangement mars somewhat the effect of the beds at flowering-time, as strong growing bulbs are seen blooming side by side with much weaker ones. However, utility, not ornament, makes the rule, and after all, it does not matter much, as the flowers are only permitted to open far enough to allow of their being proved true to color or name, and then cut off. This cutting off of the flower-spike lets the leaves develop to their fullest extent, and helps to strengthen and enlarge the bulbs.

As soon as the planting is finished, which is always by the end of October, the ground is covered to the depth of four inches by reed-grass or straw, to keep off the frost, which is there much more se-

vere than in this country. In the milder days of spring, when the growth begins to appear, this covering is gradually taken off.

The flowering season is generally about the end of April; sometimes not till well on in May if the season is late. When the flowers have been proved, the spikes are cut off, and the plants left in this condition to mature.

Towards the end of June the leaves are well withered; the bulbs are then lifted, the foliage cut off down to the neck of the bulbs, and the roots carefully trimmed off. They are then carried into sheds and placed on dry shelves, where they remain from four to six weeks. Packing and exporting then begin, which duties engage the attention of all the workers on the farm till September arrives, when the planting-time has again come round.

For the export trade, the hyacinths are generally made up in four sizes or qualities. First: the largest, soundest, and best-shaped named bulbs. Second: second-size named bulbs. Third: bulbs suitable for bedding-out purposes. These are usually made up in colors, and are unnamed. Fourth: the smallest size, and badly shaped bulbs.

The methods employed to increase the number of bulbs are various and interesting. The oldest and most natural way is to leave the bulb in the ground after it has reached its full development, when a number of offsets are formed round the parent bulb, which then decays. Another method is to hollow out good-sized bulbs so that the lower part and a portion of the inside are taken away. After being planted, a number of bulbils are formed inside this shell between its several remaining layers. Still another way in which propagation is effected is by making several deep cuts across the bottom part of the bulb, the cuts crossing each other near the cen-

tre. Soon after planting, young bulbs are formed in these incisions.

The second and third methods are usually adopted. Some varieties are found to produce better results when hollowed, others, when cut. When hollowing is the process used, the young bulbs take six years to reach maturity; when cutting is employed, they mature, as a rule, in four years. However, by hollowing, a larger number of bulbils is produced, which result compensates for the longer time required to grow them to marketable size.

The farmers have many enemies to contend against. The worst of these is a disease called "the rot," which is caused by a fungus. Sometimes the whole stock of a variety is destroyed by it in one season. To protect themselves from its ravages, they divide the most valuable varieties into two or more lots and plant them in separate fields. In this way, should one portion be attacked by the fungus, the other may be safe. In the larger farms, during the growing season, workers are detailed whose duty is to go round the beds and watch for any appearance of the "rot." As soon as a bulb is seen to be attacked, it is pulled out and burned. Rats and mice are also very destructive. These vermin find shelter among the dry grass protecting the bulbs during winter, and sometimes exterminate whole beds of fine bulbs.

Many efforts have been made in this and other countries to obtain a share of the hyacinth-producing trade, but hitherto these attempts have been almost fruitless. Whether the means employed were at fault, or the climate conditions unsuitable, it is difficult to say. When spoken of on the subject, the bulb-farmers of Haarlem say that they have no fear of competition from any direction, as the natural advantages they possess in soil and climate place them beyond its reach.

WE extract from *La Nature* of July 26 the following facts relating to exceptional seasons in past centuries. They have been collected by M. Villard, of Valence, for France especially, and for Europe generally. In 1232 the winter was so mild that cornflowers were sold in Paris in February. New wine was also drunk at Liège on August 24. In 1408 the winter was so severe that nearly all the Paris bridges were carried away by the ice. Ink froze in the pen, although a fire was in the room. [A similar fact is quoted by Dove as

occurring at Sebastopol on December 13, 1855.] All the sea between Norway and Denmark was frozen. The summers of 1473 and 1474 were disastrously hot. In the winter of 1544-45 wine was frozen in barrels all over France. It was cut with hatchets and sold by the pound. In 1572-73 nearly all the rivers were frozen. The Rhone was traversed by carriages at various places. In 1585 the winter was very mild; corn was in ear at Easter, but the third week in May was extremely cold.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. POLITICAL AND SOCIAL LIFE IN HOLLAND,	<i>National Review,</i>	579
II. EIGHT DAYS. Part II.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	588
III. ON THE RIM OF THE DESERT,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	595
IV. HELIGOLAND — THE ISLAND OF GREEN, RED, AND WHITE,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	606
V. OLD LORD KILCONNELL,	<i>Murray's Magazine,</i>	614
VI. FISH AS FATHERS,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	622
VII. HOGARTH'S TOUR,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	629
VIII. THE NOVELS OF WILKIE COLLINS,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	632
IX. AMELIA OPIE,	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i>	635
X. THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD,	<i>Globe,</i>	639

POETRY.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA,	578	TO A LOST LOVE,	578
EVENING,	578		

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THE GIFT OF THE SEA.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

The dead child lay in the shroud
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.
"I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
"What more can ye do to me?"

And the widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
"That lay against my heart."
And "Mary, smooth your crib to-night,"
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And, "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;
"'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.
"'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin.
For why should the christened soul cry out,
That never knew of sin?"

"Oh, feet I have held in my hand,
Oh, hands in my heart to catch,
How should they know the road to go,
And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt,
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And, "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,
"'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed,
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull,
Hlave ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,
The grey gull follows the plough.
'Twas never a bird the voice I heard,
Oh, mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still,
The child is passed from harm,
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark,
And, "God forgive us, mother," she said,
"We let it die in the dark!"

English Illustrated Magazine.

EVENING,

Now night begins to fall;
The swift fern-owl is gliding
Around the oak-tree tall;
Forth flutter, one and all,
The bats, from dusty hiding
In barn and crannied wall.

Within the ivy brakes,
The solemn wood-owl sitting,
From his day-sleep awakes,
And drowsy hooting makes;
Great dusky moths are flitting,
Like soft, breeze-tossed snowflakes.

Through rushes tall and lank
Sadly the wind is sighing,
O'er bending osier bank,
And reed-bed green and dank;
A soft grey mist is lying
Where grass grows thick and rank.
Leisure Hour. C. J. L.

TO A LOST LOVE.

OH, thou art cold! In that high sphere
Thou art a thing apart,
Losing in saner happiness
This madness of the heart.

And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel
A passing breath, a pain;
Disturb'd, as though a door in heaven
Had oped and closed again.

And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,
The solemn hymns shall cease;
A moment half remembers me:
Then turn away to peace.

Academy.

From The National Review.
POLITICAL AND SOCIAL LIFE IN
HOLLAND.

SINCE increased facilities of communication between the two countries yearly add to the number of English people who visit Holland, some of whom afterwards publish their impressions of the land and of its people, it is hoped that no apology is needed for the writer's attempt to explain some aspects of Dutch life from the Dutch point of view and in the light of past history. True, "there is a mystery in all affections which rise above vulgar instincts; it is thus with the love of country. . . . The patriot sees in her more than can be seen by those who are without." (Aubrey de Vere.) This primary difficulty is increased by the fact that Holland is isolated from the rest of the world by her language, which is as little known beyond her frontiers as Hungarian out of Hungary, and which few foreign residents take the trouble to learn. However, though the present writer does not expect to make foreign readers "see what only the patriot sees," partial success may be attained in removing some prejudices, enlisting some sympathies, and awakening some kindly interest.

It is not unnatural to expect that English people should feel an interest in the country that gave them one of their greatest kings, and in the nation to which their own Bentincks and Keppels belonged only two centuries ago. Besides, no one who is at all acquainted, either through Motley's eloquent pages or otherwise, with the history of Holland, can doubt that a people that accomplished such great things in a not remote past must be possessed of those very qualities which Englishmen admire most: patriotism, the love of liberty, courage, endurance, tenacity of purpose, perseverance. Indeed, no continental nation has equal claims to the sympathy of Englishmen, if, at least, resemblance of character is a ground for sympathy, which between individuals is not always the case. It is a fact that the two nations have much in common, not only the qualities just mentioned, but many other characteristics, such as honesty in the widest sense of the word, dis-

like of mere sentimentality and of every kind of humbug, a practical and utilitarian turn of mind, impatience of aimless speculation, a desire always to arrive at fixed conclusions, the predominance of the reasoning over the imaginative faculties. They are alike in a reserved manner, often covering real kindness of heart, in the love of home, in the depth and constancy of family affections, and, as far as the majority is concerned, in the possession of a faith which acknowledges no human authority. Of course these statements must be taken very broadly, and admit of many exceptions in Holland as well as in England. Of late years a good many books and magazine articles have been written about Holland in different languages, but they are generally written purely from the tourist's point of view. Many of them abound in charming descriptions of town or country; indeed, the foreigner often has more appreciation of the peculiar beauties of the Dutch landscape and of the old Dutch towns than the native to whom they are familiar from childhood. Not all Hollanders would have agreed with the remark made to the writer by the late custodian of the famous collection of drawings at Vienna, known as the "Albertina," who, when looking over some old Dutch drawings by Van Goyen and others, full of the mysterious charm that is due to the watery atmosphere of Holland, exclaimed: "Give me your skies, and I will give you all our Alps!"

When the foreign writer, however, attempts to draw a picture of manners and customs, or to give an insight into the national mind and character, the result is frequently more or less of a caricature. The separate statements may be correct, but the conclusions drawn from them are often utterly false. It is always difficult to generalize, it is doubly so where, as in Holland, there is so much variety in such a small compass. For instance, an English visitor goes to stay with some family in a small provincial town; he or she cannot possibly judge of the social status of that family, but naturally takes their own estimate of themselves as representative of the "upper classes" in Holland, and goes home to write an article full of petty

gossip and domestic details, which may be quite true as far as that particular family and their friends and that special town are concerned, but which certainly do not apply, for instance, to life at the Hague or in the châteaux of Utrecht and Gelderland. For obvious reasons, we do not intend to match these pictures with others of the same kind. We would rather endeavor to give the reader such insight into Dutch life, in some of its aspects, as will prevent him from believing the one-sided accounts of imperfectly informed travellers, and may perhaps help him to understand what he sees in Holland, if perchance he should visit that country.

No people can be rightly understood without a knowledge of its history; this is particularly the case with the Dutch people, and as we dwell on the striking differences between them and either their Teuton or their Belgian neighbors, we are carried back again and again to remote historical causes.

Though the republic was anything but a democracy, and the distinction between the governing classes and the governed was never more clearly marked than in Holland before the Revolution of the end of the last century, yet the spirit of independence which made our forefathers carry on the eighty years' war against Spain is alive still among high and low, and shows itself in the absence of anything like obsequiousness, in a sturdy determination to judge and act for oneself, often, it must be added, in an impatience of even legitimate control. This spirit was noticed among the peasantry at a time when their class in Germany and France were in a state bordering on serfdom; it was certainly partly the result of the comparative material prosperity which they enjoyed. The French ambassador, Aubery Du Maurier, writing in the early part of the seventeenth century, relates an incident which, slight though it be, is very much to the point. While the banished king of Bohemia, son-in-law to James I., was living in Holland as the guest of the States, it happened that when hunting one day he forgot where he was in the excitement of the chase, and trespassed on the property of a farmer; immediately the

man and his servant appeared armed with pitchforks, and the king was obliged to apologize and beat a hasty retreat. It is no wonder that the French ambassador thought the story worth telling in his memoirs.

Not less strongly marked is the national love for the house of Orange. That love was born in the dark night of deepest national distress; it grew amid perils met together and victories won under the leadership of her princes; it was often checked by unpopular acts and even grave faults on the one side and by jealousies and party spirit on the other, and it was apparently drowned by the tide of revolution, but even then there were many who clung to the beloved house with a romantic attachment surprising in a matter-of-fact people; and at the present moment there is no doubt as to the loyalty of the nation as a whole. The deaths of the king's sons were national sorrows, and the young princess, born in 1880, our future queen (whose mother, the king's second wife, is sister to the Duchess of Albany), naturally appeals to the chivalrous instincts as well as to the loyal feelings of the nation.

A very brief review of the past relations of the house of Orange with the Netherlands will not, we trust, be deemed out of place here.

The Dutch people are not likely ever to forget the debt they owe to William the Silent and to his sons Maurice and Frederick Henry, who are well known to most English readers by the brilliant pictures drawn by Motley in his "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "The United Netherlands." Frederick's son, William II., died at twenty-four years of age, too early to fulfil the promise of his youth. After his death, in 1650, his wife Mary, the daughter of King Charles I. of England, gave birth to a son; but, as the stadtholdership, though it had been held successively by the four first Princes of Orange, was not hereditary, the States of Holland, who had all along been jealous of the power and influence of the house of Nassau, eagerly seized the opportunity to abolish the office, tacitly at first, formally in 1667 by an edict which they presumptuously called "eternal."

The edict was repealed five years afterwards, when the terrible invasion of Louis XIV., coinciding with a war against England, brought the country to the verge of ruin, and made men look out eagerly for a leader, who could be no other than the Prince of Orange, at that time twenty-two years of age. After a fearful outbreak of popular fury, which culminated in the well-known murder of the De Witt brothers, the prince was named "captain-general," or commander-in-chief of the army. He scornfully rejected the terms of peace proposed by Louis, which were most humiliating for the republic, but offered William the sovereignty over the United Provinces; to the ambassadors, who predicted the certain ruin of the country if the king's terms were rejected, he made the haughty reply, "I have a sure way of not being witness to that ruin, *i.e.*, to die in defending the last bulwark!" These brave words were followed by brave deeds, and before the end of the year the prince had carried the war beyond the frontiers. For sixteen years his country enjoyed the sole benefit of William's services, both in the field and in the government; and it is well known how faithful he remained to the land of his birth and to the friends of his youth after his accession to the throne of England.

With William III., the eldest and most illustrious branch of the house of Orange became extinct in the male line. Then followed the second "stadtholder-less" period (1702-47), as it is called in Dutch history, though the term is correct only as far as the chief provinces are concerned. In the northern province of Friesland, a younger branch of the house of Nassau, descendants of one of the brothers of William I., had ruled as stadtholders in uninterrupted succession. It is to this branch that the two latter stadtholders, known as William IV. and William V., and our present royal family belong; through a female ancestor they are, however, also lineal descendants of William the Silent.

In the first years following the death of William, the government was carried on with energy and success by the able statesmen who served the republic in various offices, but the evils inherent in the

complicated form of government — to which we shall allude presently in another connection — soon became more and more apparent, especially since, from a variety of causes, a serious decline had begun in the national life itself. The Austrian War of Succession, in which the Netherlands were involved as allies of the empire, found the country but poorly prepared, and when the army of Louis XV., after conquering a great part of the Austrian Netherlands, crossed the Dutch frontier, the hopes of the country were again fixed on the house of Orange. The stadtholder of Friesland, whose father had inherited the title of Prince of Orange from William III., was proclaimed stadtholder in all the provinces (1747), and the office was shortly after made hereditary in both the male and female line. The war did not, however, take the alarming proportions of that of 1672, and was ended in the following year by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Neither William IV. (1747-51) nor his son William V., who succeeded him after a long minority (during part of which, till her death, in 1759, his mother, Anna, daughter of George II. of England, was regent), were equal to meet the difficulties of the times. They were lacking in the statesmanlike qualities of the great princes of their house, and William V. had to cope not only with his hereditary enemies, the proud oligarchy that looked upon the stadtholder as an entirely superfluous person, but also with the large party of so-called "patriots" who had caught the revolutionary fever from France. He was, like Louis XVI., incapable of timely concession or of firm resistance, and, when the French army invaded Holland in 1795, and found, alas! too many sympathizers among the revolutionary party, the prince had no choice but to leave the country. The family remained in exile till 1814.

Meanwhile Holland reaped the bitter fruits of her alliance with France. The Batavian Republic was succeeded in 1806 by the Kingdom of Holland under Louis, brother of Napoleon, who abdicated in 1810, when the country became a part of France, and suffered — more directly than hitherto — the humiliation and tyranny of Napoleon's iron rule. After the Russian

campaign in 1813, the hopes of the old Orangist party not alone, but of the whole nation, revived, and, owing chiefly to the prompt and decided action of three men, Count Van Limburg Stirum, Van Hogendorp, and Van Der Duyn, the French rule was overthrown. When the hereditary Prince of Orange, son of William V., landed at Scheveningen on November 30th, 1813, he was hailed by all parties as a national deliverer. It was felt, however, by the more enlightened even among the old stadtholder party that the past must not be revived, that the sense of national unity which had arisen of late must not be lost again in provincial narrowness, and that the Prince of Orange must become the head, not of a kind of federation, but of a united people. He was proclaimed "Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands," and was to be called William I. Thus the revolution gave the death-blow to the republic, and led to the establishment of a monarchy, in which the democratic element made itself felt as it never had in the republic. It is well known that the Congress of Vienna ratified the nation's choice, and created the kingdom of the Netherlands. Thus ended the chequered fortunes of the house of Orange.

Great as was the rôle of her princes in our national history, its importance need not however eclipse the fame of the men who ruled the republic with them, or, as we have seen, for two long periods (1650-1672 and 1703-1747) without the wholesome check of their influence and authority. A brief description of the origin and nature of the government under the republic is necessary to understand the position of these leading men, and also that of their descendants at the present day, though all that now remains to the latter is the prestige of belonging to a "historical family." That prestige has certainly survived the political changes of the last century, not only in the minds of those belonging to these families, but also in the estimation of the nation at large, though the fact is sometimes proved by a certain amount of jealous dislike. Only the other day, we came across the following sentence in a recent Dutch publication: "We burghers are only half just towards the nobility. Can it be that we envy the real, the historical nobility that priceless inheritance, their name and their blood, which gold cannot buy, which nothing can replace, which no human power can deprive them of?"

Five centuries of feudalism preceded the republic; all the old noble families

took rise in that time, as there was no fresh nobility during the republic. Most of the nobles were vassals of the petty sovereigns, who in their turn were feudatories of the empire; only a very few were "Imperial vassals," and "exercised exactly the same jurisdiction in their respective domains as the sovereign counts or dukes did in theirs;" among these few were the Keppels, the ancestors of the Earl of Albemarle (see "Fifty Years of My Life," by George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle). In process of time, by force of circumstances irrelevant to our present subject, provincial parliaments or states came into existence, in which the nobles and cities were both represented, the nobles, however, being by far the most influential. The war against Spain changed their relative positions. The nobles suffered severely; large numbers of them lost their lives on the battlefield or the scaffold; some kept their adherence to the old faith and retired to the "obedient" provinces. The nobility furnished many brave soldiers and able statesmen to the republic, and among them were found most of the members of the so-called Orange party, but their political influence as a body was insignificant compared with that of the municipalities. These were close corporations, which elected their own members; the burgomasters and magistrates only were named in some towns by the stadtholder, whose choice was limited to one of two candidates proposed by the municipality. The towns had each one voice in the provincial states, though they might send several delegates. Eighteen cities were represented in the States of Holland, each possessing one vote; the nineteenth vote belonged to the nobility. The States of the Seven United Provinces named the States-General, in which Holland from the first acquired a decided preponderance, for the simple reason that she practically held the purse strings, as she contributed more to the national budget than all the other provinces put together. The executive power was vested partly in the stadtholder, partly in the Council of State, but it frequently happened that there was no stadtholder, and the functions of the Council, always ill-defined, in course of time became more and more limited, so that virtually the chief, often the sole masters of the country were the States, and indirectly the municipalities, of which they were delegates.

Amsterdam naturally took a chief place among the latter. The Hague was not a city at all, but as the seat of government

and the habitual residence of the stadtholders, it of course was the resort, at least for a great part of the year, of the leading men and their families, many of whom made it their headquarters.

From the above it will readily be understood that the government fell into the hands of a certain number of leading families, who were called patricians in imitation of ancient Rome. As time wore on, the more important ones ceased to be mixed up with commerce; and in 1672 Sir William Temple, in his "Account of the United Provinces," speaks of the class of regents (as they were termed) as distinct from the merchant class in education and manner of life. Some of these families were remarkable for almost hereditary ability, and for generations they filled the highest offices of the State. Members of the old nobility, which had always held aloof from commercial pursuits, often entered the town councils and largely intermarried, especially in the province of Holland, with the patrician families. Together they formed the aristocracy of the country and rendered her great services, but their altogether exceptional position, unbalanced as in other countries by royal power, or, as one would expect in a republic, by some form of popular representation, ended by having bad results both for themselves and for the country at large. Their pride grew to grotesque proportions; as an instance, we were told that an old lady belonging to the *crème de la crème* of the Amsterdam Regent families, and who is remembered by people still alive, once said: "In my youth, when a prince of the empire came to Amsterdam, we did not consider him quite as good as ourselves."

The oligarchy could, of course, not stand against the flood of revolutionary ideas that swept over Holland at the end of the eighteenth century, and which might have been far less destructive, if the governing classes had been less selfish and more patriotic.

Though a century has passed since the old form of government became extinct, and time is daily bringing changes of all kinds, yet the division of classes which was so marked under the republic has not yet disappeared, and accounts for the various strata which may be observed in Dutch society, and for many small phenomena in social life which are in strange contrast with our democratic age. Most of the patrician families were ennobled by King William I. Comparatively little importance, however, is attached to the

mere possession of titles, and, except in writing, little use is made of them; but good birth is still an undoubted advantage. In fact, too much importance is attached by many to a good name in this sense; but, on the other hand, this feeling is a wholesome safeguard against the vulgar worship of mere wealth. Foreign nobility is a constant puzzle to Englishmen, and they find it difficult to dissociate the idea of a nobleman with the wealth and political privileges which are its usual accompaniments in England. In a country where all the members of a family remain "noble" (though the title of count or baron is sometimes only borne by the head of the family), and where property is divided equally or nearly so among both sons and daughters, there can be no question of an aristocracy in the English sense. But it is a matter of fact that, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, families do keep up wonderfully and comparatively few fall into decay. This is due to several causes, principally to a prominent Dutch virtue, which certainly is not romantic, not always very pleasing, but is an exceedingly useful one, and does not lack its heroic side; it is the virtue of economy. It may come perilously near to stinginess; but, on the other hand, it is generally associated with strength of character, self-control, and foresight. Respectable Dutch people—especially those who have children—generally live well within their income, and are able to make provision for them all, often, it is said, leaving each child an income equal to the parental one. People are very reticent about money matters, so that the latter statement is based on hearsay; but it is undeniable that thrift is a characteristic of respectable people of all classes.

The comparative simplicity of life, and the general dislike of mere display, make the practice of economy easier than it is in countries where the style of living among rich people is very extravagant. This, too, appears to have been a feature of Dutch life in past times, at least in the earlier days of the country's prosperity, for Sir W. Temple, who was on intimate terms with John De Witt, the famous grand pensionary of Holland, was struck, not only with his powers of mind and simplicity, and openness of character, but "scarcely less by the modest dwelling and frugal table of the first citizen of the richest State in the world" (Macaulay's "Essay on Sir W. Temple").

We say advisedly comparative simplicity, for in comparison with poorer na-

tions, the solid comfort of the houses of the upper and middle classes, enhanced by perfect order and neatness from garret to cellar, might pass for great luxury, and there are a few establishments which would be considered large in any country.

Here we may be allowed to suggest that to the Dutch lady, whose domestic habits have sometimes been sneered at by foreign writers, belongs a great share of credit for the preservation of family property. If our grandmothers had thought it beneath them to look well after the ways of their households, and had left the plate, china, and linen, which are heirlooms in most old Dutch families, to the sole custody of careless servants, if they had been extravagant and fond of display, it is not likely that there would be many homes in the Netherlands, in town and country, which have the nameless charm that only belongs to things connected with past generations, as is the case now, despite the constant subdivision of property and its present heavy taxation.

The Dutch all live in what the Scotch call "self-contained" houses, except some of the poorer classes in the towns, and the love of home in its ideal sense is united with a strong attachment to the place itself.

There is no law of entail in Holland, but great efforts are made to keep landed property in the family, especially in the case of old families. Still, it will often happen that the very *château* from which the family has its name has long since passed into other hands, while the family exists in numerous collateral branches. Thus the fine *château* of Keppel, the ancestral home of the family of that name, had become the property of another family before the time of the first Earl of Albemarle, who, on the other hand, was in the possession of other *châteaux* by the marriage of his ancestors with heiresses. It is clear that division of property makes it difficult to keep up an estate well, for when the eldest son has the family place he has so much less money than his brothers and sisters.

The Dutch are very clannish, and families generally very united. The smallness of the country is an advantage in this respect, for it enables sons and daughters who have scattered to meet frequently in the parents' home, or, if that has become a thing of the past, in the home of one of the brothers. Often it is a birthday that furnishes an occasion for the family gathering, for birthdays are great days in Hol-

land, where people think it a piece of affectation to conceal their age.

Our forefathers certainly set us an example of the lesser virtues that are profitable for this life, but it is a very prosaic and incomplete picture that leaves out the higher side. The glorious traditions of the past, on which the younger generations are being constantly fed, are indeed wholesome food for their young minds; and a nation may well be grateful for a history such as ours. True it is not wanting in dark pages, but what national history is? And who can balance the darker pages by more glorious ones than are written in ours? Among the pleasant recollections of the writer's childhood are the history lessons of an old Dutch master, whose patriotism and intense love of the house of Orange would kindle him into fiery eloquence before the small audience of our school room. The *naïf* and unconscious partiality of his historical judgments now seem in humorous contrast with the critical spirit of the age, and we fear the type noble despite its faults, has passed away. Such teachers could not fail to point out to their pupils the deeply religious spirit of our ancestors, and indeed no candid historian can ignore the motive power that made them so strong. Motley says of the revolt against Spain: "The religious question swallowed all the others. There was never a period in the early history of the Dutch revolt when the provinces would not have returned to their obedience, could they have been assured of enjoying liberty of conscience or religious peace." The southern provinces, which had precisely the same political grievances as the northern ones, showed by their speedy return of allegiance to the Spanish crown how it was the religious motive, absent in their case, which nerved their brethren for their unequal contest with Spain. Nothing is more remarkable, all through the early history of Holland, than the sense of utter dependence on Almighty help that characterized these early defenders of their country; their example in this respect may serve, with many others, as a strong refutation of those who see in such dependence a sign of moral weakness, and a thing that paralyzes human energy.

Contemporary histories record many spontaneous outbursts of simple thanksgiving in the very moment of deliverance from danger or of sudden victory, and also special national thanksgiving days appointed by the States on different occasions. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying some lines of a fine

page in Motley's history, which describes the general thanksgiving after the relief of the siege of Leyden.

The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of Kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn; thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food, and for relieving the sick, were taken by the magistracy.

In those times few religious minds were free from a tendency to subtle theological disputes. Readers of Dutch history, in the early part of the seventeenth century, are familiar with the violence of these disputes, and the lamentable consequences in the divisions to which they gave rise. The Dutch mind still has this theological cast; it is most marked, perhaps, in the peasant class. In some villages the very air seems impregnated with theology, and men and women discuss the old problems of freewill and predestination with much the same ardor and heat with which their fathers argued them in the time of the Synod of Dort. We have been told this is a trait they have in common with some of the Scotch peasantry.

As relics of a past age so unlike our nineteenth century, these village Roundheads are most remarkable specimens of humanity; but apart from this, there is an interest and dignity attaching to these humble people, to whom the things unseen are of such vast importance, which in our estimation is lacking in those whose thoughts are merely earthbound.

One more feature of Dutch character in the past claims our brief attention. Liberality to the poor is an old Dutch virtue. As early as 1612, a certain Scultetus, who passed through Holland on his way to England in the suite of young Frederick of the Palatinate—afterwards king of Bohemia—says, after descanting on the commercial greatness of Amsterdam: "To tell the truth, I was most struck with the exemplary care taken of the sick and

poor, the aged and orphans, in buildings of such an imposing kind that I hesitate whether to call them palaces or almshouses."

The law of Holland does not acknowledge a legal right to relief drawn from the rates. On the contrary, it lays down as a rule that the relief of the poor is left to the various Churches and to private institutions, but it admits of exceptions in the case of those who cannot obtain help through these agencies, and who are in absolute destitution. The local government (we cannot use the word town council, because towns and country districts have precisely the same governing bodies) every year sets apart a sum of money for these uses. Also, in all the larger towns, there are hospitals for the sick, supported by the rates, to which the poor are admitted free of charge. In some cases subsidies are given by the authorities to charities managed by the Churches, or by private individuals, but only when it is clearly proved that the ordinary resources are not sufficient. It follows that secular and church committees must act in concert, and are bound to acknowledge what is being done one by the other. Except in the case of children, and of old or otherwise helpless people, idiots, etc., only out-of-door relief is given. The State, however, has so-called "working colonies" in the open country, to which beggars and vagrants can be sent by the magistrates, and where they are compelled to work for a small pay.

To return to the system of relief by the Churches, it must first be briefly stated that the Reformed Church of the Netherlands, which may be called the Established Church, though all recognized religious denominations (Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Baptists, etc.), are subsidized by the State as well, covers the entire country on the parochial system. The form of government is Presbyterian, and the care of the poor is the duty of (lay) deacons. We need not add that this is, of course, an unpaid office, filled by men of all ranks of society, generally, however, of the middle class, who have little time to spare. Cynical people say they find some compensation in the dignity of their office, but it is more charitable and more true to seek the clue to their disinterested and often wearisome labors in a real love to their neighbor. The wife of a young head gardener who filled the office of deacon in a large country parish told the writer that her husband took the interests of the poor so much to heart that he lay awake at night

thinking of them, and that the attendant worry almost made him ill. The deacons, as a rule, are in high estimation with the wealthier classes, and numbers of charitable people think it wiser and safer to give through their agency than directly themselves. The funds are derived partly from these spontaneous gifts and from endowments, partly from the proceeds of collections.

Every Sunday, in all the churches in town and country, two bags go round, one for the poor, the other for church expenses. Besides these, other collections are held at regular intervals. The traveller may have noticed a man with a plate-bowl going about from house to house, generally preceded by a boy from one of the orphanages, who rings the door-bell for him; this man is making the usual yearly collection at every house, irrespective of the creed of its inmates, for the poor of his church, or for its orphanage and almshouse. It is characteristic of the liberality of feeling which has always co-existed in Holland with much narrowness and intolerance that these collections are held by all the religious denominations, even by the Jewish community, and meet with some response from most householders, though, of course, the amount of the gift differs very widely according to the sympathies of the giver with the particular object in view.

Notwithstanding all this well-organized work on behalf of the poor, there is abundance of room for private effort, and it is more and more acknowledged that official relief, however wisely and kindly bestowed, can never take the place of other personal intercourse with the poor, nor of individual sympathy with their special wants and sorrows, as well as on the ground of a common humanity. Of late years, new methods have been tried of meeting the needs of the masses and of raising them to a higher moral level. Many of these are an imitation of those used in England; some of the latter have proved successful, others have failed because they were adopted wholesale, without enough regard for differences of habits, feelings, and ideas.

The situation is, in fact, widely different here from what it is in most other countries; there is much in the condition of our poorer classes to call forth the deepest feelings of pity, and to stir the energies of all who take a real interest in their welfare; the "labor question" is more and more coming to the front, and among the "unemployed" too many fall an easy

prey to designing Socialist teachers; still, owing to many causes, and among them we may justly count the national habits of industry and thrift, to which we have already alluded, the "social problems" that call for solution are not so terrible as elsewhere.

To return to the past, though we do not pretend to give an exhaustive description of all the links that bind it with the present in Dutch life, there is one more that must not be omitted; we mean the presence of a large number of originally French families, descendants of the Huguenot refugees, who from time to time, especially at that of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, found shelter here, as many others did in England. As is the case there, they have amalgamated entirely with the people of their adopted land, and are found among all classes; even among the very poor one comes across such names as *Chef d'Hôtel* or *Carrière*. These refugees were for the most part a real acquisition to their new fatherland, and amply repaid the kindness and generosity showed them. No exact estimate of their numbers can be made, but they must have been very numerous, for in the year 1688 there were no less than sixty-two French or "Walloon" churches in the Netherlands. The so-called "Walloon" churches (which name now designates all the French churches in Holland) had an earlier origin; they were established by Protestant refugees from the Walloon provinces of the southern Netherlands, who settled in the north to escape the Spanish domination. From them, it may be mentioned incidentally, some of our best families have sprung. Seventeen Walloon churches still exist, with twenty-five pastors, and they are considered as part of the Established Church. Except in the larger towns, they no longer have any *raison d'être*, and there is something rather ludicrous in a Dutchman — as is often the case, for few of the ministers are French or Swiss — preaching in very different French to a congregation most likely entirely composed of Dutch-speaking people, while it must be weary work for the boys and girls from the church orphanage — who, in their quaint, old-fashioned costumes, will at once attract the stranger's notice — to sit out the long sermon in a language they know but imperfectly.

Besides those mentioned above, there are a few other traces of foreign extraction among the Dutch. Here and there small colonies of dark-haired, brow-

skinned people are looked upon as descendants of Spanish soldiers who settled in the enemy's land. A good many officers and privates of the Swiss and Scotch regiments that were in the service of the States at different epochs remained in Holland and left their names to numerous descendants. We take a few Scotch names at random from the "Hague Directory:" Bruce, Douglas, Hamilton of Silvertonhill, MacDonald, MacEvoy, Mackay, MacLeod.

It may be that to this mixture of foreign blood it is due, at least in some measure, that the Dutch are on the whole good linguists, and are very familiar with foreign literature. It would be, indeed, a very foolish and narrow patriotism that would limit the intellectual food of a small nation like the Dutch — or, indeed, of any nation — to its own productions, however excellent these may be, unmindful of "the brotherhood" so beautifully described by Ruskin, "Not of equality, nor of likeness, but of giving and receiving; the souls that are unlike, and the nations that are unlike, and the natures that are unlike, each receiving something from, and of, the other's gifts and the other's glory." Generous acknowledgment of the intellectual debt due to other nations is common among educated Dutch people. For those who do not know foreign languages, or do not know them well enough to enjoy reading them, there are translations of most classical or popular English, French, and German authors.

Of course this acquaintance with foreign books must influence the national mind, but it would be a mistake to suppose that its peculiar bias is thus destroyed. The characteristics of the Dutch mind, both good and bad ones, are too strong and too firmly rooted in the past to be effaced, or even materially altered, merely by contact with foreign minds. But it is equally true that, while preserving the national type, Holland is being powerfully affected by the "spirit of the age." As has been well said, "The thought of our own time, in its evolving phases or folds of varied hue, bathes us like an atmosphere" (Tulloch). Subtle, almost mysterious as this influence is, it must necessarily be very difficult to determine its nature and extent. While much remains that is still very distinctive in Dutch life — much more, indeed, than can be conveyed to foreign readers without making indiscreet demands on their patience, and also without lifting too much of the veil of privacy which no one cares

to remove from the family and social life to which he or she belongs — yet every year takes away from this distinctive character, and colors life and customs and thought with more of the cosmopolitan hue which is fast covering the civilized world. Even those whose memory does not go back much farther than about twenty-five years, can observe many changes in great and small things which all point in this direction. A mere straw will show the way the wind blows, and, to mention one of these changes, the village maiden's scornful rejection of the snowy lace cap and simple costume that became her mother so well, and her adoption of a vulgar style of dress in rude imitation of the fashions of the day, is one among many indications that the influence of the "spirit of the age" is felt in every nook and corner of the country.

It will, of course, depend on a person's point of view whether he welcomes these changes or not. In the eyes of some, railroads and tramways, telegraphs and telephones, cheap education and competitive examinations, and the great extension of the franchise in 1888, all these factors in the social revolution which is daily going on, are pure and unmixed blessings which only prejudice can see in any other light. Certainly no one, however conservative his habit of mind, can look back with regret to the narrowness and mere *esprit de clocher* which limited the horizon and dwarfed the sympathies of former generations, and which all these causes, working in various ways, are more and more tending to remove; but, on the other hand, it is not possible to listen without respectful sympathy and partial assent to those among our seniors who fear that the national character will gradually lose in stability and thoroughness, in faithfulness (in the sense of the German word *treu*) and depth, rather than gain in other respects.

Yet, compared with other countries, the clock of time moves comparatively slowly, except perhaps in the great commercial towns of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The rush and hurry and bustle of modern life, the struggle for existence, the thirst for excitement, the comparative neglect of home duties and home pleasures, the lack of "time to mourn" and of "time to mend," the shallowness of so-called friendships quickly formed and as quickly dropped, the general deterioration of manners in society, these "signs of the times" are not wanting in Holland; but, if we are not mistaken, they are not to be compared

to what can be observed in larger countries, where the conditions of life are necessarily different, and people are compelled to live faster, and where, the current of public opinion being stronger, the individual power of resistance is less great.

Comparisons, however, are dangerous things, and we abstain from getting on such perilous ground. The days are past when, as a political power, points of comparison between Holland and other nations offered themselves in plenty to the most superficial observer; but, though she no longer plays a leading part in the "council of nations," the secondary part which is hers now is not without importance for the world at large as well as for herself. The popular imagination of our times is not easily struck, except by huge proportions and tremendous effects, and it is not only in America that the figure of speech known as hyperbole is becoming general. In Holland its use would be a little more ridiculous than elsewhere; but that fact need surely not rob that country of interest to the thoughtful spectator. The stage is comparatively small, the actors are comparatively few, but that is no reason why the drama should be less stirring, or the qualities displayed less lofty and less worthy of admiration than on the larger stages of the world. Happily, the Dutchman feels this to the very core; his patriotism is not damped by any hampering sense of the smallness of his country, nor his ambition to serve her quenched because he knows that, whatever his claims to greatness, he can never aspire to the world-wide fame which falls to the share of great men in great countries.

S. T.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER III.
THE SNAKE.

ALONG one of the paths of the Ghilani Bagh advanced a group of natives, having in their midst an Englishman, over whom one of them holds a huge red canvas umbrella: this is Major Fane. He is making his usual morning inspection of the garden. He stops to observe the work of one of the coolies employed in it, and not

approving, he turns to the orderly behind him and says, "Maro" (*i.e.*, Beat), and then turning round again towards the coolie he points his long gloved forefinger solemnly towards him and says in his quiet, drawling voice, "isko" (*i.e.*, him), and the culprit is beaten (*i.e.*, cuffed), not very severely, and the major passes on.

Major Fane is a man with a tall and elegant figure — Beatrice had probably derived hers from him — and moves with an easy, sauntering gait. His dress exhibits an elegance of cut not common at that time in India. His clothes are evidently London-made. He wears gloves, a thing not usual in India, at all events not at that season of the year. But Lucius Fane had dressed well from his youth upward. From his boyhood had he been distinguished for his calm, quiet, self-possessed manner, for his elegant bearing and his lofty carriage. As a child of eight his bow was stately; at school he was called "my lord;" at Addiscombe he was called "the duke," or, rather, "the dook."

Dismissing the garden people, all but the umbrella-bearer, of course, Major Fane saunters up towards the watercourse, and mounting the bank, here a somewhat high one, moves along it to the corner where the girls are seated. He salutes the fair concourse with his usual stately, courtly air.

"Oh, ah, haw! how vewy cool it always is heeaw!" he exclaims as he gets within the far-spread shade of the banian-tree. The difference of temperature between the sun and the shade is always very great in tropical lands, more especially in the summer time.

"Delightfully so," says Maud Hilton, the only one standing on the pathway.

"Oh, ah!" says Major Fane.

The exclamation is not appropriate. It seemed as if he were doubting the delightfulness of the place, which the tone of his own speech showed that he did not mean to do. But "oh," "ah," and "haw," or oftener "haw," were mere interjections, mere sounds with him. We all have our favorite, meaningless, recurrent phrases and exclamations, such as "By Jove!" and "By Jingo!" and "Bless my soul!" and "Golly!" and so forth — mere mechanical utterances. But with Major Fane they were more indicative of character than they usually are — indicative of a certain slowness of thought as well as a slowness of speech.

"I saw 'the Wogue' being taken home vewy wet," he says to Agnes Hilton, whose style of beauty, clear cut, aristocratic,

somewhat hard, is much to his taste. The Rogue is the name of Agnes's handsome, troublesome horse.

"Yes, I gave him a good gallop round the racecourse."

"Hah!"

While they were speaking an addition is made to the party.

In each generation very nearly a million of people die of snake-bite in India. There are many causes for this. Snakes multiply excessively. A religious prejudice, founded on fear, prevents the people from killing them. The natives do not wear shoes or stockings. They live in huts with earthen floors, and thatched roofs covered with gourds and creepers, in which reptiles love to lurk. They sleep on the ground or on low bedsteads, from which the thrown-out hand or dangling leg or arm touches the ground. Then man walks the surface of the earth perpendicularly on his feet; the snake glides over it horizontally on his belly; the head and the heel are constantly coming in contact; the man's eyes are very high up in the air.

The unexpected addition to the party is that of a snake, a snake of the most venomous kind known.

The girls have all been looking towards Major Fane, and the most subtle of the beasts of the field has come down the pathway towards them unobserved. Maud Hilton feels a sudden pressure on her foot, a gliding motion across her instep, a sudden, cold, horrid, indescribable sensation there; she knows instinctively what it is, even before she glances down and sees. Her first, almost uncontrollable, impulse is to throw up the foot, so as to cast the venomous reptile from her; but she is quick of thought, firm of will, courageous; by doing so she may only throw the snake on to the girls before her; she may only entangle herself with him, cause him to turn on her. She has a wonderful self-command, a wonderful self-possession; she becomes neither mad nor paralyzed with fear, and so she remains quite still — really the safest thing she can do — her eye a little brighter, her cheek a little paler, her right hand grasping the little slender riding-whip a little tighter. Her courage is put to the fullest proof, for the snake is a very long one and is moving slowly, and takes some time passing over her instep. But at last the horrid pressure is removed, and then she calls out, "The snake! The snake!" Then there is a sudden commotion, loud shrieks and cries. They have all seen the enemy

of mankind, Agnes Hilton sits quite still with her eyes fixed on the venomous, gliding reptile, not because she is frozen or fascinated or deprived of all power of motion, but simply because she is not made afraid. Beatrice Fane has run behind the bench; May Wynn finds herself standing on it by some sudden, unconscious, mechanical action; while Lilian Fane throws up her legs so violently as to tumble over into the seat, head downward, a comical element in the scene which no one near her has eyes to notice.

"The snake! The snake!" shouts Maud Hilton to Major Fane, who is standing right in the way of the death-bearer.

"Oh, ah!" says the major, lifting his eye-glass — he wears an eye-glass — quietly, and fixing it quietly into his right eye.

Disturbed by the cries and movements the serpent has quickened his pace; the curves in his body have become shorter and move faster from side to side.

"The snake, Major Fane!" "The snake, father!" shout Maud Hilton and Beatrice Fane in one breath.

"Hah!" says Major Fane. That the exclamation is "Hah!" and not "Haw!" indicates a certain degree of excitement on his part. But still he keeps his ground, though it is evident that the snake means to pursue his course down the pathway, is advancing straight at him, and there is now but a short interval between them. The coolie has all this time been still holding the umbrella carefully over his master's head; that is to him a paramount duty — he would have continued to fulfil it in the face of a battery of guns; but the interval has become too short for him; the fear of the serpent is very strong in the human breast, and so he tumbles down the slope of the bank, by the edge of which he is standing, umbrella and all. Be it remembered that the man's feet were bare and his legs naked. And to get out of the way of a snake seems the natural thing to do. This is what the girls expect Major Fane to do, but he doesn't. They all know his quiet, calm, deliberate way; that he is never hurried in his rising up or his sitting down, in his walk or in his talk. But this, surely, is not the moment for lofty leisureliness.

"Run, father!" shouts Lilian from the top of the arm of the bench on to which she has scrambled again.

"Jump!" cries Maud Hilton.

One great difficulty in story-telling is that of conveying a just impression of the passage of time. What has occupied a long time in happening is described in a

few words which convey the idea of briefness, while that which happened in a few seconds may need a detailed description which conveys the idea of length, of duration. "Ten years passed away," "A sudden flash of lightning," one reads as fast as the other. What has now taken the reader many minutes to read had passed in a few seconds.

Snakes do not generally attack men. They do not bite the heel unless they think it is about to bruise the head. They only give the fatal nip to hand or foot when they find these in the way, feel them upon them. They would rather avoid man than assail. They do not appear to bear about with them a constant sense of the enmity engendered in Eden. Their attack is more often defensive than aggressive. But it so happens that this snake has his dwelling-place in a hole in the bank a little distance beyond where Major Fane is standing. He evidently thinks that the man is purposely barring the way to it, of course with hostile intent, and so he prepares to frighten him out of the way, or exercise on him the power of killing which in the case of birds and small animals he finds so immediately fatal. And so he has reared himself up, and expanded his horrid hood — so making manifest that he is a cobra da capello. His forked tongue is darting quickly in and out; he is slowly swinging his hooded head from side to side preparatory to launching himself forward to administer the fatal stroke and nip. The girls look on with horrified eyes, some hardly seeing; but Agnes Hilton's steady grey eyes quietly trace the distinctive spectacles on the expanded hood.

"Oh, ah!" says Major Fane. He has in his hand a thin Malacca cane, a clouded cane, for the nice conduct of which he was famous.

"Oh, ah!" he exclaims, and a sudden, swift blow of the cane across the neck and the cobra is knocked over; a sharp cut across the back and he is paralyzed; a fortunate stroke across the little flat head and he is dead, and Major Fane has put the point of his well-cut, English-made shoe under the body of the dead reptile, and heaved it into the watercourse, and it has sunk and disappeared. The orderly has rushed up the bank and is holding the huge umbrella over Major Fane's head as before. The whole thing has passed like a dream.

"Tell your mother, Beatrice," says Major Fane, "that I do not want my breakfast to be sent up to the Magazine

this morning," and putting his well-gloved fingers to his hat, he lifts it with his usual easy grace, and saunters quietly away.

"It has made me feel quite faint," says Beatrice.

"How my heart is beating," says May Wynn, putting her hand to her side.

"Well done, Major Fane!" cries Agnes Hilton, clapping her hands. "The snake must have passed very close to you, Maud?"

"He passed right over my instep," says Maud quietly.

"And you did not move!" exclaims May Wynn, in an admiring, almost awestricken voice.

"I should have shrieked and kicked out, and jumped a yard high in the air," cries Lilian Fane.

"If she had kicked out she would have sent the snake on to the top of us; that is why she did not," cries Agnes, with quick understanding, and looking at her sister with proud, fond eyes, and with a glow of admiration on her face.

"It would be a fine sight to see your father in a great city at the time of an earthquake," says Maud quickly, turning towards Beatrice Fane. "I can imagine him sauntering down a street where the houses were shaking on either side, and looking up at them quietly with his eye-glass in his eye."

"Himself unshaken while everything else was shaking," says her sister Agnes. "I like a man like that."

"It was a cobra, and a very big one too," she goes on to say; "the spectacles were enormous."

A train of thought has arisen in Beatrice Fane's mind, and she says, "I wonder if one *could* put one's mouth to a snake-bite and suck the wound, as I believe was done by somebody."

"Why, of course, at once, if it was any one you loved — cared for," says Maud Hilton, in her deep, bell-like tones.

"Surely for any one — if one only could," says gentle-hearted May Wynn.

"A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound," says Shakespeare. The deepening color on the cheeks betray the ears that have first heard the fall of the approaching footsteps. Maud Hilton's cheek has flushed first. Her eyes turn, as if drawn perforce, towards the pathway by which Major Fane had approached, and then, as if by a sudden effort of self-control, are turned away again. The color has risen, red and bright, into May Wynn's soft, womanly cheek too. In Beatrice Fane's hair lies the gold of the sunset, and

now on her cheek appears the flush of the morn; it proclaims the coming god. But Lilian Fane continues to dangle her feet unconcernedly; Agnes Hilton casts a quick, sudden glance at her sister, but that is all.

Three cheeks have flushed, but only two men appear.

Of one of them you would say, "What a handsome young fellow!" of the other, "What a grand man!" But with regard to the latter as with regard to Maud Hilton — whose cheeks have paled, and whose hands tremble at the nearer approach of the men as they had not paled or trembled when she had felt the weight of the death-dealing serpent upon her foot — it was of the inward and not of the outward, of the light within and not of the tabernacle that you first took cognizance. It was a grand face, a majestic form; but it was the expression of the one, the carriage of the other, that first impressed you. The features of the face were as finely cut as those of an antique statue: a straight nose well set on, a well-cut mouth and magnificently moulded chin, a splendid forehead, broad and high, on which "sparkled plain the star of greatness," to borrow a line from "The Rose Garden" of Sheikh Sâdi of Shiraz, eyes dark grey like those of an eagle; but it is the look of power, of stern command, the noble, royal look, that first engages your regard. Your eye will follow with attention the details of that splendid, manly form; the wide shoulders, the deep chest, the lean flanks, the great height — but it is its majestic carriage that will strike you first. That pale, commanding brow, those eagle eyes, that firm-set mouth — you know that you look upon one destined for great things, born to be a ruler among his fellow-men, and though he is quite a young man that is already beginning to appear. Philip Lennox, who is only a captain in the army, though he has held higher local rank, has already attained a foremost place among the famous soldier-statesmen of our latest conquered kingdom — province they call it in India — of the Punjab. He has shown a conspicuous capacity for affairs, civil or military. He has shown that he has in him the qualities of a great administrator as well as of a great general. Placed in charge of a wild, turbulent, newly acquired district on the Punjab frontier, he had introduced law and order into it, founded cities in it, and intersected it with roads. He had, at the same time, made it secure against the incursions of the wild frontier tribes; had worsted those strong,

fierce mountaineers in many an engagement; had stricken an awe into them such as they had never felt before. A man of enormous strength and courage, an accomplished swordsman, he had met their foremost champions in single combat, and overcome them. How skilful and cunning his arrangements for the fight; how well combined the movements; how fierce the assault; how terrible the long, indefatigable, unsparing pursuit. That pursuit in which their best and bravest fell along the way, many under the force of Lennox's own arm, for he was ever foremost in it, was what struck most terror into those border raiders. He was a terrible man, terrible in the battlefield, terrible in his office chair. He exacted an implicit obedience, the utmost tale of work. He was an indefatigable worker himself. His enforcement of a full pull at the collar, his imperious, unbending will, his reserved nature, which seemed to expand and become genial only on the battlefield, made ordinary men think service under him hard and unpleasant. That was the only thing that could be urged against his civil rule. But his name was a name of power.

Such had been the effect of his fine presence, his strength of intellect, his force of will, his fearlessness, his constant command of success, of his strict justice, and, it may be added, of his plain, pure mode of living, that he had actually to exert all the power of his authority to prevent himself from being deified, for a sect had started up bearing his name, of which he was to have been the god, the object of worship.

His companion does not walk the earth with such commanding footsteps, but with a lighter, gayer tread. You might have said of the two, "Here comes Richard Cœur de Lion, with a handsome, bright young squire." Though there is really not much difference in age between the two, the latter looks much the younger man, because his face is more gay and bright, not so severe, and because it is so smooth, and fair, and hairless. It is a handsome face, and he has also a very well-built form, light, and strong, and graceful. It is a good face, with clear, bright, honest eyes, and a pleasant, smiling mouth, with a look of almost feminine delicacy and refinement. There is a look of shrewdness, too, in the eyes; a canny look, which with the rather high cheek-bones proclaim his Scotch nativity. But notwithstanding the somewhat high cheek-bones the outline of the face is oval; the forehead is broad and upright if not very

high, the grey eyes, somewhat small and deep-set, have in them a shrewd, kindly, thoughtful look with an oft-coming humorous twinkle; the nose a delicate aquiline; a firm-set, well-cut mouth, expressive of shrewdness, firmness, kindness, gaiety; a well-moulded chin. This young man is also in the army. He belongs to the 76th Regiment of Native Infantry. His name is William Hay. He is the William referred to by Beatrice Fane; he who would not have his marriage put off until December, but insisted that it should take place immediately after the setting in of the rains. With all his feminine air he does not look like a young fellow who would be either a "laggard in love or a dastard in war."

CHAPTER IV.

"I WISH I HAD."

THESE girls are all fresh out of England, as their clear, bright, healthy looks unmistakably show. They have all come out "from home" during the past cold season — some earlier, some later. Their arrival had, of course, produced a great commotion in Khizrabad. Young Englishwomen did not flock to India in those days in such numbers as they do now. During the past two years the only spinster in the place had been the Miss Lyster about whom the girls have talked, and who, though still very graceful, yet was no longer young; her life was devoted to the nursing of an invalid mother, and was bound to be so devoted so long as that mother lived. The advent of four or five only commonly good-looking, attractive girls would have been deemed a great event, and these were uncommonly good-looking and attractive. Their coming had added greatly to the gaiety and joyfulness of the place. There had been a series of balls, and dinners, and picnics, and other social entertainments. There is a very great difference between a solitary ride and a ride with a pretty girl. The deeper emotions had been stirred. To use the old-world phraseology, which science had not yet superseded, Cupid began to dart his keen arrows around. Now arose before the men visions of love and marriage, of sweet courtship and happy wedlock. There came a sudden stirring of the strongest passion in the heart of man. Khizrabad passed into the condition of the earth in the days of Noé, when they thought of nothing but marrying and giving in marriage. There arose in it a turmoil of love-making, in which every

one took a part, either as performer or spectator. The progress of each "affair" was watched with the keenest interest. Nothing else was talked about. "He is a 'gone coon,' or, 'Will he 'come to the scratch'?" said the users of slang. Bets were made in *chicks* and bottles of champagne. "Will she accept or refuse?" "What will her mother say?" Each courtship, or faintest shadow of a courtship, produced an immense amount of excitement, of watching and observation, of gossip and talk and comment, of prognostication and prophecy; and two or three of them were going on at the same time. The sporting doctor of the 66th had made Agnes Hilton a prompt, confident proposal, and had been met by a swift, disdainful refusal. Agnes was passionately fond of horses, but not of horsemen. Then old Dr. Brodie of the 76th, the hunks and miser, the founder of and chief shareholder in the Khizrabad Bank, had afforded immense amusement by falling in love with the child Lilian, forty years and more his junior. How ludicrous had been the antics of the toothless old wooer with his appropriately gold-mohur-hued face! He had thought that he could descend on the fair one in a shower of rupees, one may say, though he was liker to Vulcan than to Jove. "He thinks that his lakh of rupees will make up for his lack of everything else," said Major Penn, a writer for the press and a man of wit. "It is a good thing for us that Old Brodie has fallen in love," said some fellow in his regiment; "it makes him pleasanter to sit by, now that he has a new suit of clothes. He has worn that old *putoo* suit of his for the past twenty years." "No, I thank you, sir!" it was rumored had been Lilian's English reply to Dr. Brodie's offer of his big hand and little heart in very broad Scotch.

"Marry *our* daughter! *He* — the son of a blacksmith in the Highlands!" said Mrs. Fane to her husband. She was excessively indignant. It was a personal insult. She carried her feelings with regard to Birth — she always spelt it in her mind with a capital letter — to an excessive height.

The beautiful Beatrice Fane had, of course, been the cause of a great stirring of the feelings, of a great arousing of curiosity. Who was she likely to marry? She had half-a-dozen silent, hopeless adorers. But William Hay had at once openly avowed himself a candidate for her fair hand. He had begun to pay her attentions at once. But Mr. Melvil was the

man of highest rank and position in the place. He was in the coveted civil service. He might rise — was in fact certain to rise — to higher honors yet. The girl marrying him would at once attain to a very high social position. He had a very large income; he had a splendid house, a splendid establishment. He was a man of birth and breeding, of a very polished address, with many social gifts, much liked and popular, good-looking, and in the prime of life. He was a friend of the family, an especial favorite with Mrs. Fane. Her preference, of course, would be for him. Mr. Melvil not only held high rank in the special hierarchy of the East India Company, under which his family had held high official positions and attained to fame and fortune, but could claim a good place in English social circles since his uncle (Lord Melvil, the colonial governor) had been raised to the peerage. "That is enough for her," said those who did not like Mrs. Fane. "The red-book is her Bible. Of course she will marry her daughter to the nephew of a lord." But Hay had entered the field at once and pressed his suit with vigor. He had secured the first fancy of the girl. The immediate surrender to her charms of a young man of such excellent qualities, of so high a character, of such a winning address, so cheerful and gay, though of an open and pronounced piety, and of such an attractive personal appearance, who might have looked for success in the wooing of any girl, at once recommended him to her favor.

And so it soon began to be whispered about that it was only the mother's opposition that was likely to prevent William Hay from being successful in his suit. And it certainly spoke very highly for his personal qualities that he was successful, notwithstanding that Mrs. Fane could not make out that he was in any way connected with the Marquis of Tweeddale. His father was only a factor. But he was in the army. He had a promise of civil employ in the Punjáb. He had all the qualities that command success. He was a young man of highest principles and character, strictly religious — and Mrs. Fane did not fail to remember that that was greatly in his favor, even in regard to his worldly interests; there was then a great uplifting of the Christian flag in India; the Clapham sect was very powerful, both in the Board of Control and in the Board of Directors (of the East India Company) in England; the last ruler of these provinces had been the son of a

missionary; the present ruler of the Punjáb was an Irish Protestant; it was desired to make the government of India of a distinctly Christian character; missionary effort was favored (all of which, doubtless, had its influence in bringing about the coming Mutiny); men in high official positions professed — in the religious meaning of the word — Christianity, and promulgated it; piety was in favor in high places; prayer paid.

Then Hay had that gentlemanly address which Mrs. Fane so greatly valued. He was very good-looking; he was very "nice." And though the wife of the grandson of an earl, herself the niece of the chairman of the Board of Directors, Mrs. Fane was also a woman. Here was a case of true love, of love at first sight. It was soon to be seen that Hay's immediate and vigorous love-making had had its effect. Her opposition might not be of any use. And so with William Hay and Beatrice Fane, the course of true love had run smooth, and was now nearing the wished-for end. It had now ceased to have any great personal interest for the good people of Khizrabad, except, of course, in connection with the coming ceremonial and the wedding breakfast. That interest was now concentrated on another love affair.

Captain Lennox belonged to the Punjáb Commission, but he was just now on special duty in a neighboring independent State. He was cousin to William Hay, and often came in (to Khizrabad) to stay with him. There was no doubt that he had been greatly attracted by Maud Hilton. He greatly sought her society; it was certain that she was greatly pleased with his. They were great friends. Had a warmer feeling sprung up between them? Was it likely to do so? They were not either of them of the class of persons who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, and so even the women — lynx-eyed, sharp-nosed, unscrupulously prying and obtrusive as they are in such matters — were at fault. About the great liking and the friendship there could be no doubt. He had singled her out from the very beginning as William Hay had singled out Beatrice Fane. He was in a position to marry, of course. He was about to return to his lonely station, his place of "watch and ward," his "marquisate," on the Punjáb frontier. What more likely than that a man returning to a lonely frontier station, especially a man of Lennox's character, should desire to take a nice, pretty English girl back with him? Would he propose? If he

did so, would she not be certain to accept? How could a girl refuse a man like him?

Then May Wynn arrived on the scene, and there was an alteration in the position of things, which raised the general excitement to the utmost pitch. Captain Lennox was greatly taken with her; her attraction for him must have been very great when a man of his self-controlled, reserved character allowed it to be so visible. Is it not in love as in electricity (perhaps they are the same thing), that the unlike attracts and the like repels? The man of a strong, commanding character may admire a woman who has the same qualities, but many prefer to marry one of a softer, more yielding nature. The clever man may like to talk to a woman who is as clever, but prefers to marry one who is not so. Two exactly similar natures would only clash. Two circles can only meet at a point. Prominences fit into hollows. With two similar natures there would be a redundancy of the same quality. Dissimilar natures supply the defects in either, supplement one another. The man prefers the feminine qualities; the woman the masculine. As Lennox was a man of men, so was May Wynn a woman of women.

"It is now six to four on Miss Wynn," said stout old Colonel Barnes. It is strange to reflect how what is of utmost import to ourselves may be a matter of sport and jest to others.

This is the explanation of why three of the girls were excited, though only two men appeared.

"Oh, William!" cries Lillian Fane, with girlish eagerness, as the two young men get near to the bench, "we have all nearly been bitten by a snake."

"All of you?" says Hay, smiling his pleasant smile.

"Yes, all of us. It went down the pathway here, close by the bench, right in the middle of our feet."

"If your feet were where they are now *you* were not in much danger," says Hay. Then "*You* were not in danger?" he says tenderly to Beatrice Fane.

"*You* were in no danger?" says Lennox, with eager solicitude and an unusual softness in his voice, to — May Wynn.

The crimson tide rises high in May Wynn's soft, tender cheek, ebbs low in Maud Hilton's more firmly but as exquisitely moulded one. Among the others there is a sudden, quick awakening of interest; a concentration of attention, a rustle of excitement and expectation.

Lillian Fane, still perched on the arm of the seat, gives a little convulsive kick of her legs. Agnes Hilton glances quickly from May Wynn to her sister. She by no means relieves but adds to the tension by her quick, sharp speech.

"It was only my sister who was in any sort of danger. The snake passed right over her foot."

"Yes, and she never moved!" cries Lillian, her astonishment at that fact still strong upon her. "I should have jumped a yard high. I never could have kept still with the cobra passing over my foot; I must have kicked my foot."

"Maud did not do so because that would have sent the snake on to the top of one of us — of Miss Wynn, perhaps — sent it among us. That is why she did not do so," says Agnes Hilton, in her firm, clear voice.

"It was very brave and noble of her!" cries May Wynn, with eager, generous warmth.

"Grand!" cries William Hay, clapping his hands.

Despite all her efforts, Maud Hilton's eyes seek Lennox's face. But a hasty indifferent yes is all that comes from him. He does not turn his eyes towards her. He exhibits no concern about the danger she has run; utters no word of praise of her self-control, of congratulation at her escape. He seems to be thinking more of May Wynn's words than of what has given rise to them; of May Wynn's generous warmth of approval than of her own coolness and courage, of her risking of her own life and saving that of some other. Agnes watching her sees a slight tremor pass over her frame, a slight spasm pass across her face, both so slight as to have escaped any other but her own angry, excited, solicitous gaze. Then the usual predominant expression of calm self-command comes over the face and she says quietly, —

"The only one who was really in danger was Major Fane. The snake attacked him. He killed it as quietly with his cane as if he were squashing a fly with a flapper."

"Did he?" says William Hay.

"The only thing that has suffered is Lillian's hat."

"Oh, it is not damaged," cries Lillian, pulling it quickly off her head and looking at it with anxious looks. She was very careful of her adornments. And this was a hat just out from "home," one of the latest fashion.

"There was really more of comedy than

of tragedy in the whole affair," goes on Maud, with a little laugh. "The way that Lilian tumbled over into the seat, and the way that Major Fane's orderly tumbled down the embankment, umbrella and all!" and she describes the two incidents in a way that makes them all laugh — the more readily, perhaps, because of the tension of their feelings.

"But I really thought that father would be bitten," says Lilian, as she eagerly relates the details of the affair; "he took such a long time screwing his glass into his eye."

But now the actual physical atmosphere has begun to thrill, too. It is past the usual time for being indoors; it is nearly eight o'clock. They must now hurry away. They go down together to one of the gateways where the young men have left their horses. Here the girls must separate for their respective homes. They are all walking, for they all live very near, which is the reason that those who have been riding have sent their horses away.

"We shall all meet again at Mr. Melvil's to-night," said Beatrice Fane.

"Yes," says May Wynn.

"Yes," says Agnes Hilton.

William Hay must see his betrothed one home, of course. Maud Hilton and Agnes have to go up one side of the garden only in order to reach their home, the Bank House, whose grounds are coterminous with those of the Bâgh. And May Wynn does not live much further off, though her father's bungalow is immediately under the city wall, the north wall of the city. It is natural to suppose that Lennox will accompany Hay to Major Fane's, and that they will then ride home together. It is the natural supposition, what they all expect. Or rather, there is no supposition, no expectation at all in the matter, any more than there is with regard to the Fane girls going to their own house, the Hiltons to theirs. No thought was given to the subject, it was a matter of course. So there is again a sudden thrill of excitement when Lennox says to May Wynn, —

"I will see you home, Miss Wynn."

"Oh, no, thank you; no," replies May Wynn hurriedly, with a rush of blood to her cheek. "There is no need to. It is only a step. I go through the church compound. I am home when I get to the churchyard gate."

"Oh, yes, I will see you home. I can go round that way. I dare say I shall be at Major Fane's long before my cousin is ready to leave."

"Good-bye!" "Good-morning!" "Au

revoir!" and the three parties go their several ways.

Maud and Agnes Hilton walk on for a while in silence. These two sisters love one another very dearly. But Maud's profound reserve has always set somewhat of a barrier between them. The common is the best, after all. Uncommon, higher, nobler natures must have more of isolation. The very excess of sensibility, that makes them so capable of love and sympathy, so desirous of them, makes them shrink from any great display of them, prevents them from attracting them. The excess of feeling prevents its free flow.

"You are very brave, Maud!" says Agnes, at last, when they are very near home. There is a double meaning in her words; Maud looks at her with hard, stern eyes.

"I mean to say," exclaims Agnes hastily, "that it was very brave of you to stand so still with that snake, that cobra, on your foot. It might have bitten you."

"I wish it——" and she stops — "had," she was about to say. The word had almost leaped forth from her mouth. She tightly compressed the lips that had almost betrayed her thought. But she is content with having stopped it. She disdains to give her words another turn, to falsify the sentence by giving it another ending, though her quick mind had instantly presented her with one — "had not been so heavy."

"To stand still was the safest thing to do," she adds quietly.

From The Nineteenth Century.

ON THE RIM OF THE DESERT.

THE recent opening of branch railways through the Atlas Mountains into the desert of Sahara has brought within reach of London a winter climate, almost as superior to that of the Riviera or Algerian littoral as these are to our own; indeed, if time-tables were strictly adhered to, it is even now possible by landing at the port of Phillipville, one hundred and fifty miles east of Algiers, to reach the oasis of Biskra, which is well out into the desert, in little over three days from London. If the Algerian trains could be persuaded to travel at the modest speed of twenty miles an hour, this would be accomplished with ease. Although Biskra is barely one hundred and fifty miles south of the coast, the traveller has there left behind him the mountains which attract and

condense the moisture of the Mediterranean, and, after the beginning of January, he can almost count on perennial sunshine, except when—and this is seldom—a high wind fills the air with a dust-fog almost as impermeable to the rays of the sun as a watery cloud.

The climate was not, however, the chief attraction which drew me thither with two companions in January of the present year. On the arid side of the ranges, which immediately overlook the desert, there exists, the whole way from the Atlantic to Tunis, a certain wild sheep, called by naturalists the *Ovis Tragelaphus*, or the *aoudad*, by Arabs the *aroui*, and by the French the *moufflon à manchette*, from the long pendent mane, if that is the correct term, which the animal carries on the under side of its neck and shoulders down to the knees. It is a large sheep, scarcely inferior to the bighorn of the Rockies, and of a dull rufous yellow color, well calculated for concealment on the red and yellow cliffs which it inhabits. Though not extremely rare, it is, for reasons which will subsequently appear, exceptionally difficult to find. True, the kids are occasionally caught by the Arabs, and, as the *aroui* breeds freely in confinement, it has been distributed from the Jardin des Plantes to other collections, including our own.

Why not, then, be content to examine him at the Zoo? Why should one want to kill the poor beast? I have no defence to offer, except that rather mean instinct which forces up dodo's eggs, uncut folios, and foreign postage stamps which have ceased to be useful, to fabulous values. After numerous inquiries, I had failed to hear of any English sportsman who had successfully stalked the animal, though I know of two, one ten years and one twenty-five years since, who had tried in vain. A French book in my possession, "Ren-seignements sur la Province de Constantine," which gives a description of the fauna of the province, does not mention the animal. An accomplished traveller told me that it was scarce, "but not quite so difficult to get as an Algerian lion." A friend who had travelled through the southern ranges of the Atlas admitted that he had never heard of it. Can it be wondered at that I desired to secure so rare a trophy, and incidentally to use it as a peg upon which to hang a fresh series of experiences, to wander among mountains rarely visited, to pitch or strike my camp when and where I pleased, among a people who daily do the same?

Our expedition began with some misfortunes. The great January storm in the Channel had blown down some telegraph posts, and so delayed our arrival in Paris that we missed the Marseilles express, and consequently the Algiers boat. At Marseilles we received a telegraph from my dear old *chasseur*, Celestin, who, on his way to meet us there, was seized by the fashionable complaint, and lay halfway from his mountain valley helpless as a log. He did not join us till ten days later, but I had a second very efficient string in Andreas, a blacksmith and chamois hunter.

Our first point, reached after two days spent in the train, was El Kantara, sometimes called the Gate of the Desert. Here a ridge of red rock, nearly the last outwork of the mountains, rises for eight hundred feet above the plain. Through this ridge the little river, at times a rock-shaking torrent, has opened a gap, admitting the passage, for many ages past, of the converging caravan routes from the south, and for the last few months the railway from the north, which now terminates at Biskra, thirty miles further.

As we took our evening stroll through the gap, its contorted red rocks were lighted on the east side into a fiery glow by the setting sun. At the far end of the gap one comes suddenly on the first oasis, a wealth of grey-green foliage, and the waving plumes of sixty thousand palms finely contrasting with the thirsty rocks. A few of these have established themselves in the very gorge itself, as though struggling for the first drink. Some of the palms are tall and upright as a ship's mast, others bending over the stream which has undermined their roots. Among the black columns and shaded aisles white-robed figures flit about—for you never hear an Arab walk—or lie coiled under mud walls. A month later the greenery was varied by pink clouds of apricot blossom, but this was not yet. That which strikes one most is not the sight of the palms, but the sound of them. The waving plumes respond to the breeze by a low, monotonous hiss, as distinct as possible from the rattle and quiver made by the clashing of deciduous leaves. Seen from an elevation, these oases look black on the plain, like nothing so much as huge leeches sucking at the juices of the mountain.

But we were not thinking much of these things that night. What sportsman does not remember the first eager hope with which he examines the new hunting

ground? Are the wild animals we have come so far to seek still to be found in those cliffs? I knew that they were there ten years ago, but men of knowledge had assured me that the railway must have driven them away, and that I must go further afield. We had yet to learn that it is not the habit of this old-world sheep to run away from civilization. He has other means of protection.

Behind the little inn at the north end of the gap was a sandy ridge, which offered a good spying point. From this our telescopes presently scanned the cliffs of the Djebel Metlili, the highest point in these parts, which rose to the north from a little plain to the height, I should judge, of five thousand feet. There was no doubt about the broken character of its cliffs. Their appearance, at any rate, justified our hopes.

Two very dirty and ragged Arabs, Ali and Abdullah, had been fetched from the mountain itself with a view to being retained as guides, and while we supped they interviewed us, squatting on their hams on the tiled floor. These ragamuffins gave an edge to our appetites by asserting the undoubted presence of *feshstal* as they call the old male of the aroui, in the cliffs we had been examining, and the more eager we showed ourselves, the higher rose their terms. We finally settled with them for three francs a day, at which price they proved distinctly dear.

G. started at a very early hour with Andreas and old Ali to try the nearest and most precipitous part of the range. The rest of us, after the delays which generally accompany luggage, got off an hour later with the mules and camp train, and had not gone far across the plain when we saw my son and his companions still on a neighboring rise. We went across and found a somewhat mixed altercation proceeding, which, as neither of the three could speak the language of the others, was not surprising. Old Ali was at the bottom of the mischief. He declared that it was impossible to go up the mountain except by the path, but as there was obviously no difficulty he was made to understand that he could take his choice between going as he was bid or returning to the tents of his fathers. This imp of mischief elected to go, and it would have been better if he had never been born, for on this very first morning such a chance offered as did not soon recur, and he spoiled it. They had scarcely got well into the ravines with which the range is seamed, when they spied some moufflons, one of

which, a large ram, lay in a position most favorable for a stalk. They were so eagerly engaged in determining the best line of approach, which was by no means difficult, that they did not pay any heed to their follower. Looking round, to their horror they found that he had gone off on his own account. His intentions were no doubt innocent, but the result was disastrous. He probably thought that the Englishman could not possibly get near the game unaided, and would be much pleased if the game should come to him. It was about a hundred to one against this happening; still he would try, and, slipping off, he succeeded, in about ten minutes, in showing himself and giving the wind at the same time. Twenty minutes later he arrived at the rock where the quarry, which was now far away, had been lying, and began to throw rocks down. He finally rejoined the strangers, but appeared to think that he was being congratulated on his spirit. Later on, yet another was spied lying favorably placed on a cliff, but when the spot was reached he had gone, having probably heard the nailed boots on the rocks. This was a difficulty which we afterwards found it very hard to avoid.

In the mean while the rest of us, with the mule train, followed a well-engineered path constructed by the French to give easy access to their tower of observation on the highest point of the mountain. After three hours of steep ascent, we halted at a convenient plateau a little short of the summit. This was a most attractive camping ground, but I saw at a glance that, with uncertain weather, it would be far too exposed, especially as one of our tents had been temporarily lost on the railway, and our men would be very imperfectly sheltered by the makeshifts we had brought from El Kantara.

It commanded, however, a marvellous view. The Metlili is the highest point for many miles, but to the north we were slightly overtopped by the cedar forest ranges near Batna. To the east the great mass of the Aurès, crowned by the highest point in Algiers, the Chellia, now white with snow, rose perhaps three thousand feet higher than where we stood. But to the south who can describe the wonderful expanse of the desert which lay four thousand feet below us? To my mind there is no panorama so interesting as a bird's-eye view over a plain from a considerable height. The plains of Lombardy from Monte Rosa, of Spain from the Brèche de Roland, have this human interest, but in both these cases subsid-

iary, but still lofty ranges, serve to break the contrast. But here we were on the top of a great, craggy wall which rose straight from the plain. True, the latter was seamed by three low, rocky ridges which lay parallel to one another between us and Biskra, but they were completely subordinated and looked like small purple islands rising out of a golden sea. Over them one took in the whole plain, every inch of it, to the very horizon, clear cut and level as the sea itself. To the east, perhaps thirty miles off, lay a large *chott* or salt marsh, but whether its shining surface was due to water or half-dried salt I could not determine. The sunsets and sunrises from this and similar elevated camps were of marvellous interest and beauty, especially when a sea of cloud clung to the mountains, as sometimes happened in the early morning. In the foreground ragged-edged peaks, with deep purple shadows, pierced the luminous mist; beyond, the shadowless, illimitable plain. The nights were not less beautiful. In still weather the air was so clear that the stars shone with scarcely diminished brightness down to the horizon itself, and one seemed even to look down on them.

All the southern slopes of the Atlas are singularly waterless, and the Metlili is no exception to the rule. Every drop for our use had to be brought up in barrels on mule-back. I wanted to send the barrels back so as to have a fresh supply the next day; so I poured the water into two of my canteen baskets, which are lined with waterproof canvas for the purpose. Now the wear and tear of many camps had told upon this lining, and no sooner had the mules departed with the barrels, than we found that the baskets were leaking badly and would presently be empty. Here was a pass, for, though we had some wine, the Arabs would of course not touch that, and for ourselves cooking would be impossible. An inspiration seized me, and I hastily fetched my new waterproof and with it lined the third basket. That held a part of the water. Another happy thought; the vaseline pot! I smeared the yellow grease about the chinks and angles of the now empty basket, and lo and behold! it held the rest of the water splendidly. True, the color was repulsive and the flavor pungent, but the Arabs were not deterred by their scruples from drinking it. Indeed, the climax of nastiness was reached when the ugliest and dirtiest of them on his arrival at camp, hot and thirsty, plunged his whole face into it and drank freely.

As soon as we had squared this and other matters in camp and pitched our only tent, W. and I started for an exploration on our own account. Though the best of the day was gone and we saw nothing, we found some fresh tracks; and the tracks of the aroui are calculated to rejoice the heart of the hunter, for they are as large as those of the red deer; and as G. arrived late in camp with an account of what he had seen, our expectations were raised to the highest point. We had not yet realized that it was one thing to catch a glimpse of the animal, and quite another to put salt on its tail.

The next morning I went with Andreas to the steepest part of the mountain. It is cut into a series of deep ravines which score the slope from top to bottom. At right angles to these run long lines of upright strata from which the softer limestone is worn away, leaving enormous slabs; the biggest slab of all forms a cliff several hundred feet high and two miles or more long, which runs along the face of the mountain. Just outside this is another similar slab or series of slabs, only a few yards in front of it, and almost as tall as the cliff itself, and seeming from a little distance to form part of it. Between the two is a deep, narrow trench, barely accessible here and there where the outer battlement is broken down. Lesser plates of rock project all over the mountain side and afford splendid shade and hiding-places for the aroui. Here and there are ragged bushes of thuja and clumps of halfa grass, like the pampas grass of our gardens but of smaller growth. So rough and broken is the ground that only a minute fraction of the surface can be covered with the grass. We traversed the ravines, spying each with great care. At midday I heard a shot in the adjoining hollow and hurried to the ridge which commanded it. After a long search I spied an Arab with a gun, far below and on the other side of the valley, evidently lying in wait for something. Presently he began signalling to another who was below us, but invisible. I thought they must be after partridges and did not pay any particular attention. I was just settling down to luncheon and had laid aside the rifle when I saw the head of a moufflon passing along the rocks not more than twenty yards from me, and wholly unconscious of our presence. Before I could get the rifle in hand he had passed, offering a splendid chance if I had been ready. I ran forward, making sure that I should get another view, but he had succeeded

in putting one of the above-named upright walls of rock between us, and I never saw him again.

The experiences of these first days had given us a tolerable notion of the appearance and habits of the animal which we hoped to secure, and the difficulties of the pursuit, and I will now endeavor to describe them and to impart the secrets of the craft, together with such "tips" as subsequent adventures suggested. Herodotus mentions "asses with horns" which inhabited these ranges. True, in the same sentence he describes "monsters with dogs' heads, and others without heads who have eyes in their breasts," and I should like to possess specimens, but asses with horns is a description which aptly fits these wild sheep, with their long and rather dull faces, like most African animals, and in marked contrast with the bold and high-bred expression of their smaller namesake of Sardinia and Corsica. The pendent mane and sandy color I have already referred to. On the knees he has patches of bare, callous skin after the manner of a London cab horse, which I suppose enables him to kneel and reach his food on steep places and in the crevices of the rocks. The Arabs say that these animals do not drink more frequently than once in five days, and this enables them to traverse long distances on these thirsty slopes. They are unknown nearer to the coast, as for instance, where the climate is moist enough to support the cedar forests, nor do I believe they are ever found out of sight of the desert.

The knack of keeping himself out of sight, and getting out of it when surprised, is the most obvious characteristic of the animal. The habits of the Arabs, continued from countless generations, have helped to form the habits of the aroui. These nomad tribes pitch their tents necessarily within reach of one of the scanty springs of water. Here at night, within the circle enclosed by their black geitouns and a small zareba of loose thorn bushes, they corral their flocks of goats. In the early morning numerous thin columns of blue smoke mark the positions of such camps, generally placed for shelter in dry water-courses. With barking of dogs and shouting the flocks move off up the mountain, and as the day advances they work up and over it, so that no cliff or corrie is safe from their intrusion. The wild sheep have no means of escaping from them, as every mountain within reach of water is similarly infested. They are constantly

within sight and hearing of the Arabs and their goats, and have developed the art of hiding themselves to an extraordinary degree, while their confidence in their own invisibility is unlimited. A practical illustration of this occurred to me one evening when I had sat in one place for twenty minutes carefully spying the surrounding country. My coign of vantage was a knoll which commanded a small shallow hollow, in which there was not a vestige of cover except the few thin tuja bushes, which looked as if they could not hide a rat. It was not till I rose to shift my position that a female aroui and two yearlings started from these bushes. They had been lying within sixty yards of me, and must have been fully conscious of my presence. In this and other respects the aroui is very like the Pyrenean ibex, which lives in similar steep, broken rocks and scrub, and which also relies on concealment in preference to flight. It has, moreover, the same inward turn of the end of the horns to enable it to creep through the bushes. The horns of the Alpine ibex, which lives among bare rocks, have no such inward curve.

This habit of observing you while he believes himself hidden is highly inconvenient to the sportsman. If the sheep thinks himself unobserved, he remains till the coast is clear. If a bolt is necessary he watches for the most favorable opportunity, and, like a woodcock, puts a rock or a tree in a trice between himself and danger. From this it arises that one views the game much more frequently than shots are obtained, and many of these are snap shots. My own experience is suggestive. I hunted on twenty-three days, being nearly always out from before sunrise until sunset. During that time I saw sheep about a dozen times, but I got shots at only four — two of which I secured and lost a third severely wounded. It was quite a rare event to discover them with the glass, and this sickened our chamois hunters. Celestin was constantly exclaiming, as he closed his glass with a snap, "Cela n'amuse pas de rien voir," while the more phlegmatic Andreas in despair would dreamily search for camels on the distant plain. But if one did happen to get a distant view of a band in an undisturbed condition, the difficulties were not over, owing to the fact that the animal is constantly shifting to avoid the goats and their Arab owners. Nor was this the only cause of restlessness. Though it is forbidden to the Arabs to carry firearms we frequently saw them prowling about

with their long flintlocks, which seem to have run to barrel at the expense of the stock. They are seldom successful, but the game is not the less disturbed.

Of another difficulty we very early became aware. Visitors to Egypt will remember how many of the ancient monoliths ring like bells. So here the dry rocks are resonant to a degree of which I had no previous experience, and to walk silently in nailed boots is almost impossible. The Arabs who wear sandals of alpha grass move noiselessly, and Andreas, for a time, adopted the native fashion with tolerable success, but our Alpine nails clashed and rang, step one never so delicately. The difficulty is, except for one defect, completely met by thick india-rubber soles. Indeed, not only are they very silent but they give quite a new sense of power and security in climbing rocks at a steep angle, provided these are perfectly dry. The defect is that these sharp-edged rocks ruin the best attachments in about two days, and repairs are not always possible. Boots were not the only article of attire which suffered. A single flat crawl down hill made ribbons of the toughest Harris tweed. I was very soon scarcely decent, but G., with true filial piety, abstracted two large patches from one of W.'s coats, and sewed them on to the sitting place.

During the first few days the weather was treacherous, and it was clear that our first camp was untenable as long as our men were so badly protected. The poor linen-clad Arabs looked especially miserable, and it was melancholy to see them scrape a small hole, fill it with hot ashes, and squat over it, making a sort of open-air Turkish bath by spreading out their burnouses, and this at the best could only have cooked one end. So we had to make arrangements to remove camp to the foot of the mountain until the weather improved and we could recover the missing tent. It was well we did so, for even three thousand feet lower, and well under the lee of the mountain, our tent pegs with difficulty held the ground. The wind drove the dust through the flaps, and snowstorms were frequent. The mountain was covered with wreathing storm clouds, and the position at the moment was so hopeless that we again sent for the mules and pulled out for El Kantara.

Ali and Abdullah took this opportunity to strike for higher wages, which was not surprising under the circumstances; but as we had no hope of hunting that day it was a badly chosen opportunity, and we

told them to go to the — landlord and be paid off. They went, with their burnouses between their legs, and returned crestfallen to their geitouns on the hill. I was not sorry to part with Ali, who was a Radical and leveller, if not a Gladstonian, and had poisoned the mind of his companion; but we missed Abdullah, who was teachable. Like most Arabs he was gifted with wonderful eyesight, and a day or two later he spied me on the hill, and came racing across it, dragging his wife, who was rather a good-looking young woman, and these mountain Arabs have no nonsense about covering their faces. She came to plead for him — at least I gathered that that was the upshot of their jabber — and when I took him again into my service I was rewarded with grateful glances.

The weather mending, we again moved to the mountain, and this time we determined to camp in the watch-tower itself which is built on the highest point. At the top a curious and tantalizing thing happened. We were close to the tower, and the mules and nearly all the men had already reached it. W. and I were in the rear of the line when two fine ram mouffions appeared within a few yards of the path. It was blowing a gale of wind, and I suppose that this and the fact that the ground was covered with snow had prevented their hearing the tramp of the mules. As usually happened our rifles were not to hand, and the animals passed, as we found by their tracks, within six yards of the tower without any one there being aware of it. Again, an hour later, just as it was getting dark, I saw from the tower another mouffion cross an opening scarcely two hundred yards off. I rushed out, but there were numerous bushes to hide him, and, the darkness coming on and clouds blowing up, I could not sight him again.

What light there was after our arrival we used in stuffing up the loopholes of the tower as well as we could with pieces of wood, tent covers, etc., as the wind literally screamed through them, and in sweeping out the snow which lay in fine powder on the tiled floor with extemporized brushes of huja bushes. This building was devised solely for observation and defence, but it has been disused by the authorities since they have carried the telegraph to El Kantara, and the Arabs have taken advantage of this to loot the place as far as they could, and especially to remove all the locks, so an entrance was easily effected. It is a solidly built

stone structure, two stories high, each of which is approached by ladders only, which can be withdrawn through trap-doors. At the top, angular projections of iron pierced for musketry command every side in case of attack. Each floor is also loopholed. On the top story is a little stove, and there we established our cook and canteen. We inhabited the first floor, and our dinner had to come through the trap-door and down the rickety ladder, which was rather critical for the soup. Our two Arab hunters camped on the ground floor, and made a good fire in the middle of it. As the bullet-proof tiled floors were very cold to the feet, we spent a good deal of time by their fire, and watched them plaiting the alpha grass and weaving the plait into sandals. They turned out a good working pair in about twenty minutes.

From what I have described already, it might be thought that the aroui abound to such an extent that you could hardly throw a stone without hitting one, but, though one or other of us saw some almost daily, it was not till the sixth day that any of us got a chance. That evening, on his return to camp, G. got a very long shot in the dusk and severely wounded a good one. The poor beast lay down three times in two hundred yards, but finally got into such broken rocks that, darkness coming on, the search had to be abandoned. We scoured those cliffs nearly all the next day, but the maze of rocks and bushes defeated us. That he lies dead there somewhere I do not doubt. The truth was, as we discovered too late, G.'s little [.360] rifle is not powerful enough for so large and tough a beast. For a week we had worked hard and lived hard, and here was a crowning misfortune.

But our luck turned at last. It was in what we called the Big Corrie to the west of the tower that G., who was accompanied by Abdullah that day, scored the first success. Quite early in the day he spied, at the bottom of the corrie, the head of a moufflon sticking out of a bush. The animal was so bad to see that, when he took his glass off the spot, he could not refind him for a quarter of an hour. Soon after this he made out four others with him. The approach was not very difficult if they could get over a certain space which had to be crossed in view. He himself went first, moving with extreme slowness and caution; but when Abdullah came to follow, his patience was not equal to the strain, and when half-way across he started up and ran the rest of the distance.

The sheep of course saw him and moved to a far more impregnable position high up the opposite side. The hunters were, moreover, now fairly caught, being in full view, and there they had to stay for four hours till the sheep began to feed. They then slowly crept back the way they had come, and, making a great circuit of the corrie, came down upon them from above, and got at length within one hundred yards. There was a good ram with them, and G. thought he had picked out the very hair that he desired to hit. The beast, however, went off with the others as if nothing had happened, and the running shot, as usual, had no effect. Fortunately the hill was nearly bare in this part, and as the ram followed the opposite face, he could be kept in sight. Seen through the glass, when he had run three hundred yards he showed signs of distress, and finally rolled over dead. The shot was exactly in the right place, having entered behind the shoulder and passed out at his throat; but this animal might well have been also lost if the ground had not favored keeping him in view. As soon as he fell, Abdullah, after the manner of his kind, set off at full speed. G., who was a university runner, wholly failed to catch him, and before he got up, the beast's throat was cut from ear to ear, to the great damage of the specimen. There was great rejoicing in the tower that night. Until this success we had begun to think that we had lost our time and broken our hearts over Djebel Metlili in vain, and now that the mountain had yielded a single trophy, we were quite ready to try fresh scenes.

A low mountain of a light cream color, half-way to Biskra, which our telescopes had shown to be of a singularly broken character, and therefore likely for sheep, had attracted our attention. This is the Salt Mountain of which Herodotus says: "There is another hill of salt, and water, and men live round it, and near this salt is a mountain which is called Atlas. It is narrow and circular on all sides, and is said to be so lofty that its top can never be seen, for it is never free from clouds, either in summer or winter." This ridge of rock salt lies close to the small oasis of El Outaja, on the Biskra road, and though it seemed rather too near civilization, we had already proved that the circumstance was not necessarily incompatible with the presence of moufflon.

Our first care on arrival at this place was to call on a certain wealthy Arab, Acl . . . Driz by name, a retired cap-

tain of Spahis, reputed to be a mighty hunter. He courteously showed us, among other live animals, a pair of baby aroui, which he was trying to rear, and which settled the question of the presence of that animal in the neighborhood; also a female *edmi*, or mountain gazelle, which had been snared by some Arabs when feeding at night in their barley fields. It is about twice the size of the common gazelle of the plains (*Gasella Dorcas*), and differs from it in the long, upright, and straight horns, as distinguished from the lyre-shaped horns of the smaller species. The *edmi* has long, pointed ears, and very large and prominent black eyes. This beautiful animal excited us greatly, but, from what we were told of its rarity and the difficulty of finding it, we had not much hope of securing a specimen. I was, however, destined to become acquainted with it. Captain Ben Driz's enthusiasm for sport, as is the case with most of the better-class Arabs, was centred in hawking. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of seeing this characteristic pursuit.

Our movements were governed here, as elsewhere, by the scarcity of good drinking water, and we finally got leave to spread our mattresses in some spare rooms at the railway station, to which a fresh supply of the precious liquid was daily brought by train.

The foot of the Salt Mountain is distant about two miles across a stony tract of desert. We were told that its intricacies were so great that it was impossible for a stranger to find his way, but there was no real difficulty, and we should have done better without the Arab whom we took with us, as he was both stupid and lacked the keen sight of most of his race. The mountain has the appearance of having been dropped from above and broken in the fall. Its chaotic character is due to the solubility of the salt. Every storm which washes it carries away a portion from the interior, so that it is honey-combed with hollows inside and out. The surface is disintegrated salt and earth, with a white saline exudation which makes the mountain contrast strangely with the red rocks and yellow plain round it. From a distance there is nothing extraordinary in its appearance, but the traveller who scales it is met by huge trenches and fissures, and wild confusion of form. Circular craters abound where the soil has fallen in, and here and there we came, with startling suddenness, upon clean-cut perpendicular shafts, with walls of green, semi-transparent salt, closely resembling

the *moulines* of the larger glaciers of the Alps. These were of all sizes from a foot to ten feet in diameter, and of many the bottom was lost in gloom a hundred feet or more below. They are dangerous places without care, as there is a crumbling verge which frequently overhangs. The ground gave back a hollow sound in many places, but it was easy to see where one could go with safety by watching for the gazelle tracks, which were frequent. Little grows on the saline soil except a plant like samphire, and another fleshy-leaved plant; but flocks of blue-rock pigeons, which breed in the clefts, gave some life to the scene. Bright-colored earths, pink and purple, crop out here and there. On the top there is a less broken part, and something of a plateau, with a little vegetation, and here we hoped to find game, of which we soon saw plenty of tracks.

After our Arab had disturbed three gazelles by his noisy walking we separated, W. taking one side of the mountain and I the other. Soon after I made a good spy of three mouffions on a red cliff, which faced the other end of the Salt Mountain, at some distance. We had hardly started for the stalk when a curious and painful accident happened to me, which afterwards had unfortunate consequences. Slipping up, I brought my hand down on an edge of salt so sharp that it ripped the whole of the skin from the ball of my thumb. The mishap nearly caused me to faint at the time, and gave me great pain for several weeks afterwards.

It took us an hour or more to reach the top of the cliff, under a ledge of which we had seen the mouffions lie down, and creeping down with extreme caution, for the slope was covered with loose stones, we reached the rock which commanded the spot, and there we waited for them to rise and show themselves. For nearly four hours we lay broiling in the sun, but our patience was in vain; for they had really changed their position before we arrived. At last a great rattling of stones above us told only too well what had happened. They had moved to the left while we were making our stalk, but, a herd of goats entering the valley, they had returned, but above instead of below us, and, getting our wind, quickly took leave of that range. We returned in a despondent mood over the Salt Mountain, and followed the most beaten track I could find, where I expected to see nothing. Going round a corner we nearly stepped on a splendid feshtal. I snatched the

rifle from Andreas, and should have had an easy running shot, but the handkerchief which I had wound round and round my wounded thumb came in the way of the alignment of the sights, and before I could tear off the miserable rag he was round the corner, and easily kept himself out of sight in the maze. Was there ever such fatal bad luck for so despicable a cause? After this I generally carried my rifle at full cock, hung by the strap on one shoulder — a perfectly safe position.

The next morning I partly retrieved my fortune by killing my first moufflon. Beating the ground like a trained setter and with rifle in hand, for it is impossible to spy the numerous hollows, we found some very fresh tracks, and following these came upon a small band of moufflons, who, as usually happened, had seen us first and were going hard. They were in deep shadow while we were in bright sun, and the shot was a long and doubtful one, but, waiting until they paused a moment, I picked out the one which seemed to be the biggest, and had the satisfaction of seeing it tumble backwards. The herd presented a much better chance when they stopped, for several seconds silhouetted against the sky, but owing to my damaged thumb, and partially left-handed condition, I fumbled over the hammer and so failed to get the rifle reloaded in time. So exactly the color of the rocks are these animals that when I went up it was quite a long time before I could see my beast, though it lay there in full view within a few yards of me. To my disgust it proved to be a female, and there was a good ram in the herd, of which I should have been pretty sure if I had been ready for them on the sky-line. The chances of war had heavily been against us so far, and continued so to the end; but I think our mishaps reached a climax at the Salt Mountain. The sportsman who complains of his luck usually stands as self-condemned as the workman who complains of his tools, but I certainly think that all the bad luck which I ever deserved, and did not have, was concentrated on this trip.

While at El Outaja we made friends with the sheik of the village, a very dignified and courteous personage, who invited us to dinner, along with the station-master and a French gentleman who had lately arrived to try an experiment in vine culture. We were received in a windowless room, with a handsome carpet and a good deal of furniture of a plain kind. His secretary sat at another table writing most

of the time, for the village sheiks exercise magisterial functions. After a preliminary course or two of rather highly spiced viands, served in European fashion, the *picce de resistance* came on. The table was cleared and a flat iron dish, a yard in diameter, was placed there, and two servants bore in a half-grown sheep roasted whole on a wooden spit. This was deposited on the dish and the spit withdrawn. The sheik then proceeded to pull off the choicer parts with his fingers and place them on our plates, after which we were expected to help ourselves in the same "go-as-you-please" fashion. The meat was roasted very brown and crisp, and was not so nasty as it sounds. After this followed the great national dish of *cous-cous* — flour moistened and rolled by the hand into tiny balls like sago, then steamed and served with different sauces or raisins. A wife is valued, to a great extent, according to her ability to make *cous-cous*. We had lots of Algerian wine, which the sheik did not disdain to drink himself. Dates and pomegranates finished the meal.

The language was a difficulty, but we learnt something about the palm-growing industry. It all depends on the water-supply, and a water-right costs about 16*l.* per acre, which is a great deal more than the land itself is worth, and conveys a perpetual right to irrigate every three days. A palm-tree comes into bearing about five years after it is planted as a sucker, and when once it is in full bearing may produce to the value of ten francs per year. The owner has then little else to do but to open his sluices and sit in the shade.

Our next move was to Biskra, which has been often described. It is redolent of the desert, for the Arabs from the country, which may mean two hundred miles south, come here to buy and sell. The sights and smells of the market-place are curious. Huge packages of dates jammed into one solid mass are the leading commodity. The public letter-writers sit in the sunshine, while their customers whisper their correspondence into their ears. Another functionary bleeds the Arabs in the head, which they think improves their eyesight. The subject, wearing a solemn "having my hair cut" sort of expression, squats on the ground; the performer, similarly seated behind him, makes incisions, and "cups" him on the back of the head.

The flesh-pots of civilization did not detain us, but we struck out again for

the Ahmar Khadou range, a ridge of the Aurès mountains, two days' ride from Biskra. These mountains are inhabited by the Chawia, a branch of the Berbers, the original owners of the land, but dispersed by the invading Arabs, and driven into these fastnesses. They are a stationary race, and build themselves stone villages, and wherever a hollow in the hill has accumulated a little soil they roughly terrace it and grow barley. To keep off birds and beasts they build a little pyramid of stones painted white, to represent a crouching Arab. Their villages harmonize so closely with the rocks that in a bad light you may stumble on one, and fail to see it is a village at all. On one occasion such a mishap did occur to two of our party. We had moved camp to the village of Hammam, of which they knew the approximate position, but they missed it, and slept supperless on the hill. We pitched our first camp by a little *ain*, or spring, the threadlike trickle of which was sufficient for our wants. Here, or hereabouts, we spent a week in a position even more commanding than the Metlili. Though we got two more sheep, our hunting adventures did not differ greatly from previous experiences. We varied our bag, however, by stalking a very large boar in the open, a somewhat uncommon experience, as those animals rarely leave the cover by daylight.

A goatherd, with whom we carried on a pantomimic conversation on the hill, after describing the way in which the aroui hide themselves, and then sneak away when you are gone, had told us there were immense quantities of boar in that part. "Halouf bezef, beze-e-e-f!" he repeated, screaming out the last syllable, and waving his arms.

As we were returning to camp I saw between us and the setting sun the dim outline of a large animal, which I took for a donkey, of which there were several about. G. confirmed my impression, as he said he saw it wag its tail. We walked on, but presently I thought better of it and took out my glass, when I found it was a large boar. "Chutt! Sanglier!" and my companions dropped like pointers. It was odd that he had not seen us, but he was too busy with his supper, or rather his breakfast. There was no time to lose, as the light would soon be gone, and we crept towards him in full view, relying on his obtuseness of sight and preoccupation. At last we lost sight of him in some rough ground, and approached more quickly; then he reappeared, coming towards us,

and we again dropped to the ground. He fed down below us in a hollow, and we began to fear that he would get the wind. He was snouting about and at last got his head behind some bunches of halfa grass, though the rest of his body lay exposed. It was necessary to risk something, and, trusting that he would not raise his head, we jumped up and ran down into a little ravine, under the cover of which we quickly got to close quarters. G. took my rifle, as being more powerful than his own, for he really was as big as a donkey in the body. The light was now very dim, and all we could see was a great arching back. As a matter of fact G. mistook the shoulder for the other end. At any rate the shot was *very* far back. However it knocked the pig clean over, but he recovered himself with a loud "ouf," and made off. I missed him as he ran, but he seemed to realize for the first time that he had an enemy. He faced round towards us, and stood with his head high in the air. A steady second shot from G. laid him flat, and his death struggles made the dust fly. Celestin and I hurried off to camp for a mule, while G. completed the obsequies, and made a fire of dry scrub to show the spot. The brute was enormous, and taped from the tip of the tail to the snout six feet two and a half inches, fair measurement, without stretch of string or imagination.

The Arabs, to whom he was the accursed thing, did not at all approve of having to handle him. One of them piteously exhibited to me a spot of blood on his clothes, apparently thinking that his injured conscience should be compensated. I told him to wash it — I mean his burnous. He seemed to think this was adding insult to injury.

On the last day on this range we watched a curious phenomenon. A high wind began to blow from the south, and columns of dust, hundreds of feet in height, marched in stately battalions across the plain. Though we were three thousand feet above it, the air gradually thickened into a fog, dense enough to blot out everything a quarter of a mile off, so fine as to be quite impalpable, though in time it settled as a delicate bloom upon everything in the tent.

Returning to Biskra, our next expedition was to the eastwards, to El Gattar, a pretty camp in a river bed. Although for the most part dry, a small stream rose a short distance below, and fell into a natural bath of white rock fringed with maiden-hair fern. Dense masses of oleander sur-

rounded it, and were the nightly roost of countless desert sparrows. We pitched camp under a low white cliff from the cranies of which miniature owls looked out. Our Arab followers thought there was something uncanny about the place, and tried to dissuade us by saying that the cliffs would fall upon the tents, or that the floods would come and wash us away. Nothing would induce them to sleep there themselves. The Arab whom we picked up here for a local guide was the best specimen that we encountered, Achmet Ben Saâd by name, a good-looking gentleman with a Scotch face and courteous manners. I suppose that he had never been in the company of Europeans before, for he took an intense interest in all my proceedings. Whenever anything happened he seized my hand and bowed his head over it; as, for instance, when I slipped and recovered myself, also when I failed to do so; again if I understood what he said, or equally when I did not. Most effusively of all when I offered him some tobacco and thin paper which I happened to have in my pocket; the climax being reached when I lighted his cigarette with my sun-glass. But this was a forbidden joy which he would have piously refused if any of his friends had been by. When luncheon time arrived I was very hungry and particularly anxious not to share my store with Achmet. I knew he had brought nothing with him, for they are the most abstemious race, and I hoped that his scruples would prove stronger than his appetite. With some confidence, and with a great show of politeness, I handed him my slices of meat, well knowing that he had seen them frying in grease. This was of course rejected, and bread also. A biscuit he nibbled with extreme caution, evidently in terror lest some fragment of fat should poison his soul. There remained the *bonne bouche* of my luncheon, a handful of luscious dates. So far I had got all the credit of my generosity, without having lost any luncheon. Grown over-confident, I chanced it, and handed the packet to him. To my horror his eyes glistened with eager joy, his lean fingers outstretched and clasped the whole brown mass, gathering it together to the last fruit. These same dates of Tuggurt were a joy and consolation to us throughout the trip, but they had their troublous side. They had an awkward habit of getting loose among the clothes, and especially the blankets, and there dispersing themselves, till there was nothing left but the mere skeleton of a stone. There was no

remedy except the Arab plan, to rub over the greasy stain with a handful of desert sand. Dry dirt is their only soap, and it is not ineffective.

From the adjoining range of Bou Arif we again took sportsman's toll, but the old patriarch ram for whom we lusted eluded us to the last. Only on the last day, on our way back to the railway and civilization, did a real bit of unexpected luck fall in our way.

Once on the Ahmar Khadou range I had caught a glimpse of a herd of gazelles, which from the length of horn of the leader I believe to have been the large mountain kind. I was shifting camp and riding one of the mules, when twelve of these handsome animals crossed the track. Of course the rifle was behind, and by the time I went after them I found an Arab with a gun as long as himself in front of me. He had already succeeded in showing himself to them, and further pursuit was useless.

We thought there was little chance of obtaining this coveted trophy, but between our last camp and El Outaja there is a long red ridge called Ben a Chouf, on which we were told there were some of these edmi. We were very sceptical, as the ridge was a low one, and there were Arabs all over it, for we could see their fires on it at night. Still it lay on the way, and we would try a drive.

Going forward to a point about two-thirds of the length of the ridge we climbed up it, and posted ourselves on the rocky crest, while our men drove it along. A small herd of the common gazelle were seen to take to the plain, but nothing came to the guns. Climbing a high point which commanded the remainder of the ridge, we sat down for a careful spy, and Celestin presently made out four gazelles, which were assumed to be the common kind, on a stony plateau far below us. An Arab woman was gathering brushwood for fuel in the same field of the telescope, and though really at a lower level of the mountain, this added a further spice of excitement, lest they should get her wind.

My companions, as they always did, wished me to take the chance. They stayed at the top, and there are few more interesting things than to watch the approach from a station which commands both the stalker and the stalked. Before starting we arranged a code of signals by which the watchers could indicate the direction of the animals if they should move during the progress of the stalk, a common practice with chamois hunters,

but one, in my experience, often leading to mistakes.

We disappeared from their view, and after the lapse of half an hour were seen emerging from the gully some hundreds of feet below and apparently close to the gazelles. They saw that I reached the appointed spot, and laid the rifle for the shot, but no shot was fired. The fact was that the distance, foreshortened to them, was too great for a certainty, and I waited for the beasts to feed into the next ravine. This they presently did, and we crept forward to a mound from which we should see them reappear. Here we waited in suspense, and at length turned an inquiring telescope upon our companions. They were signalling that the animals had gone up the ravine. They had seen one do so, but the others really remained opposite to us. The mistake nearly cost us dear. Our steps on the loose rocks were heard. We saw three bounding forms, but they had heard and not seen us, and paused on the other side long enough to give me the desired chance. I thought I was steady, but to my disgust I heard the bullet clink on the stones. They went off with a rush, and my second shot went anywhere. They had run a hundred yards, when one lagged, and Celestin said, "Mais il est bien touché!" The next moment his heels were in the air, and a "whoop" went up to those on the top, to be answered by a similar pæan from them. When I examined my beast and found that it was a fine buck edmi, "scarce and little known," as an able naturalist describes it, the shouts expressed still greater triumph. My first shot had passed through his heart and out at the other side.

This was a good finish, and made up our bag of large game to seven head; not a murderous one, but sufficient when the rarity of the trophies is considered.

Six days later we were in London.

E. N. BUXTON.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HELIGOLAND — THE ISLAND OF GREEN,
RED, AND WHITE.

THE name Heligoland suggests to most people such ideas of distance and difficulty of access that it may be surprising to know that even in winter it is only some thirty-six hours' journey from London *via* Flushing, though it is true so rapid a flight can only safely be ventured on when one has made a careful study of

time-tables, for the winter communication between the island and Hamburg is limited to twice a week, and an unwary traveller might find himself stranded for three days or more at Cuxhaven. It was a dreary night on the last day of February last year when the writer arrived at the Pariser Bahnhof; all day long the train had travelled through the deserted winter fields of the Netherlands and north Germany, where snow, league after league, lay dull in a murky light. In Hamburg the cold was intense; the streets were heaped with snow; and every one who could afford furs was wrapped in them to the nose. Very unlike the mild and humid weather of our country, where spring had already made half-a-dozen furtive starts; and had the severity of the cold been anticipated, no chronicler might then, at all events, have made acquaintance with winter on the North Sea. But once in Hamburg there was no use hesitating about going further, and next morning I was on board the Rostock when it turned its sharp prow from Cuxhaven harbor to crash through the acres of hummocky ice which lay widespread outside. The air was cold, but not unpleasantly so, and the experience of grinding through ice made one feel half an arctic voyager.

The sea was calmer than many a time in summer, and by three o'clock I saw my faithful boatman at hand, and in five minutes received a warm welcome on the little pier of Heligoland, and in another five minutes was settled in comfortable rooms.

Familiar as one may be with Heligoland in summer, with its glittering sea, its gay *cafés*, its operatic fishermen, its medley of princes and *Kaufleute*, of grand-duchesses and humble tourists, he can form no idea of what it is like in winter. I had heard many accounts from Heligolanders of their peculiar life in winter and of their pre-Lent festivities, and yet coming with some anticipation of what I was to see, I was more than surprised and interested. Not a *café*, not a shop seemed open. The little bay, in summer crowded with boats, had now but two or three. All the other boats were drawn up on the shore, and even along the sides of the picturesque but extremely narrow street which leads from the pier. Snow lay everywhere — not the snow of dwellers in town, but the clean, powdery, dry snow which flits with every puff of wind, and knows no traffic save the occasional feet of the pedestrian. It need scarcely be said that in Heligoland there is no cart nor horse nor other animal

save sheep—and the sheep are housed and out of sight. The sea was calm; the air was clear, and during most of my visit the sun shone with effect altogether dazzling on the constant mantle of winter. The people bear out entirely the opinion of Oetker, the island's best German historian, who spent a winter among them. In summer they are agreeable, but certainly reserved until one knows them well; but in winter they are the most charming of hosts. "We are in winter only one big family," said Frau Jansen to me; and this is entirely true. In summer the Heligolander tries, and naturally tries, to make as much money as he can, though no one could say that his prices are fancy prices; but in winter there are no strangers, and no occasion for much exertion until the fishing season begins towards the end of March. So life is spent in enjoyment of the simplest kind; and the difficulty the writer felt was rather to avoid trespassing too much on the Heligoland's hospitality and their desire to make his stay enjoyable, than otherwise.

On the evening of the first of March the great fancy-dress ball took place. Ordinarily the Heligoland's dance in one of two wooden buildings on the Oberland, built originally for the use of the legion raised abroad during the Crimean war. But to-night the Conversations Haus, where *Badegäste* usually dance, was *en fête* for the natives. By nine o'clock this large room was lined three deep by rows of chairs filled with Heligoland wives and girls, who were not going to be masked. Between the central pillars stood a crowd of Heligoland youths, all in their best—and a stalwart, healthy, hearty set they are. In a gallery was the band. Soon the masquers began to come in—and for half an hour or so in ever-increasing numbers they marched two by two round the room. They were all without exception Heligoland lads and maidens; they were all (as every one is in Heligoland), if not poor certainly not rich, yet the variety and tastefulness of their costumes was such as would have done no discredit to any fancy ball in Great Britain. The ball is of course no novelty; the Heligoland's are passionately fond of dancing (like all islanders; were not the St. Kildans also, until the minister put a stop to it?), and they have, besides their many week-day dances, a dance every Sunday and at least two fancy-dress balls each year. This familiarity at once enables the dancers to wear their grotesque costumes with ease of manner, and stimulates them on each

occasion to new flights of millinery. Of course most of the costumes are the work of those who wear them. Sailors, and ideal representatives of all nations (even of Scotland, so far as a short and rather theatrical plaid went) were there; and the humor of the occasion was intensified by the antics of two enormous "women," who wheeled a perambulator in the supposed manner of fashionable summer visitors. Every one came to be pleased, and *was* pleased; everybody knew everybody, and no more amusing or friendly dance can well be imagined; there was excellent music, and all the band were Heligoland-ers.

The following day being Saturday, there was as usual no festivities of any kind; from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon is practically the Sunday of all the North Frisian islands. There is an excellent reading-room in winter for the people, amply stored with newspapers and books, and this is crowded from about five o'clock each day to eight o'clock. Up-stairs on the Oberland there is in Jansen's Bier-Halle (well known to summer visitors) what is practically a Heligoland club for the older men. There Klaus or Hamke will come, say twice or thrice a week, to drink a glass of beer and play a game of cards with his cronies. Each party of four has its own table. No one would think of sitting at a table which by prescription is reserved for another; and each evening from twenty to thirty gather for their customary amusement. In its stillness and order this room much more nearly resembles the card-room of a West End club than it does any restaurant known to dwellers on the mainland. In an adjoining room younger Heligoland's play billiards—Königsspiel, pool, Carambole, etc.—with rather more noise, and with that lusty chaff and good-humor which are among the most attractive features of their character. Several of them play very well indeed. Such amusements as these surely do credit to the people of this remarkable little island. There are few people of any race who get more pleasure out of life for a trifling cost than does a Heligolander. Of course he does not get daily letters or newspapers, but he does not miss them. His world is a very small one, but it has abundant interests of its own; he has unlimited opportunities for flirtation, and takes advantage of them; while the knowledge that everybody has of everybody else's position (and indeed actions) makes conduct of any seriously improper kind practically impossible.

Public opinion punishes more severely than could any judge a breach of the universal good faith; for to anybody who transgresses the social decorum, such as it is, there is but one course open — compulsory self-banishment — and to leave Heligoland forever is to its sons more bitter than death. Crime there is none, for the like reason, — and for another, that no criminal could possibly escape except with the connivance of practically the whole population. This difficulty of escape was amusingly illustrated last year. Two housebreakers from Hamburg came across on a professional visit. They had a highly successful evening's work; every door stood open; they had only to watch when no one was by, step boldly in, and carry away what they cared for. They got altogether a very handsome booty. But they had forgotten one little detail. *There was no steamer leaving Heligoland the following day till two o'clock in the afternoon.* Long, long ere then the thefts had been discovered, the robbers lodged in prison, and the stolen property restored to its owners. When escape is impossible, villany of any kind can hardly flourish. So the Heligolandians are honest whether they like it or not; but long custom has made them honest by choice as well as by force. It is one of the rarest things for the little Heligoland prison to have any inmates; when it has any, they are there for very trivial offences, and occupy themselves in singing (as Heligolandians will always do when they get a chance), and their friends stand outside and sing in unison, to keep them company. As I have mentioned elsewhere, a Heligolandian, if arrested, will go to the prison by himself, ring up the warder, and tell him he is in custody. Altogether the island is in its ways so peculiar and unconventional that this procedure is regarded by any accidental delinquent as only natural and proper.

On the three days preceding Ash Wednesday the Heligolandians danced every night on the Oberland, and besides, there were various singing parties in one or other of the restaurants. Among the dances, I was privileged to see one of the genuine old Frisian dances, never danced during the season for fear of the scoffing of tourists. I cannot describe its many movements, but at intervals the dancers form a ring and simultaneously *duck*, — I know no other word to describe the movements; subsequently, at another marked point in the music they go down on their knees for a second; and lastly, and most

curious of all, at another momentary pause they not only go on their knees, but bend forward until their noses touch the floor, then in a second they are again on their feet in a rapid waltz. This is called the "Spring-danz," or jump dance. Although "Sling mien Moderken" is claimed by the Heligolandians as their typical national dance, I am inclined to think that it *may* be borrowed from the Scotch reel; and strange to say, it seems a greater favorite in summer (when visitors pay for the music being played) than in winter, when the dancers could have it for the asking.

Wild-fowl shooting and skating are among the minor amusements of winter in Heligoland. Skating-space one could scarcely look for in an island that is only one mile long, but Heligoland boasts itself complete in everything, and the skating-pond is not lacking, though it is only a somewhat circumscribed depression in the Oberland. Here, protected from the wind by high banks, young Heligolandians skate about all day to their unqualified satisfaction, and if they want a change they can almost as easily skate up and down the streets of the little town on the Unterland. All around is snow, no earth is visible — snow on red roofs, on green palings; and all around as far as the eye can reach is the North Sea, a dazzling blue in this clear March sunshine, that makes every particle of snow gleam and shine as though sprinkled with diamonds. The air is absolutely still; no sound of traffic or of noise can reach this sequestered isle; there is nothing to do, and every man, woman, and child — save, alas! the school children — knows there is nothing to be done, no money to be earned, no visitor to go a-sailing, no ship will arrive, no post can come. Isolated as Heligoland seems in summer, it is now trebly lonely. But the loneliness is not incompatible with contentment, and not contentment alone, but real lively enjoyment of all the good things their prudence and industry in summer has enabled them to enjoy in winter.

This is the time, too, when most of the wooing is done. No real fishing begins till the middle of March, so for the first three months of the year, the Heligolandian's heart, rather anticipating the spring, lightly turns to thoughts of love. All the summer long he will flirt with the German *Dienstmagd* who come over for the season; but it is comparatively rare for one of these alien maids to become settled as a Heligolandian's wife. The Continental maiden is apt to weary of her island home,

and the Heligolander, with the practical foresight which distinguishes him throughout his life, prefers to flirt with the Germans, but to choose his wife from among his own people — to win some girl baptized at the same font as he was baptized, taught on the same benches as he was taught, confirmed within the same old church where he was confirmed — some girl who will be like his mother in all her knowledge of Heligoland household ways, accustomed to simple fare, not too proud to carry nets, nor take her wifely share of the humble joys and sorrows of the fisherman's life. The women of Heligoland are, generally speaking, small and gracefully formed, and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates. The female loveliness is unfortunately somewhat transient, no doubt owing in large measure to the inferior fare and rough work with the nets. No idea of female suffrage is ever likely to enter a Heligolander's head. His idea of the relation of the sexes is the old one that the man is the head of the wife, and that women, take them as you like, are an inferior order; they are kind and courteous to their women in all respects, but there is no doubt who is lord and bread-winner. The patriarchal system has scarcely died out. Each lusty, broad-shouldered son, though he may have passed his twenty-first birthday, requires to give all or nearly all his earnings to his father so long as he lives in his father's house. When he marries, and takes up house for himself, then only does the *patria potestas* come to an end. Heligolanders as a rule marry young; there are more women than men, and it is not difficult to find a mate. Housekeeping is not an expensive job, and there is plenty of money to be earned, if a man is intelligent and industrious. It may be some time before the young husband has a boat of his own, for a boat costs £25 (they are all built in the island), but he can always hire one, paying for its hire about thirty-five per cent. of the payment he himself charges; and often he has the luck to get the present from some rich and frequent visitor, who has known him probably since he was a youngster playing at *gröschchen in d'grave*, of money to buy a boat, conditional on the donor always having the first right to its use. Heligolanders get many gifts, and it is to their credit that as a race they are so little spoiled. A regular visitor stands in a peculiar relation, however, to his boatman. Daniel or Tönnies will not

engage himself in the morning to any visitor until he knows if his regular patron requires his service. He sees to coats, and fishing-tackle, and bait, and everything needful, and is ever ready with good-humored joke or gossip. Thus far he is as other boatmen. But in the evening he is also your friend. He does not exactly shadow you, but he is ever at hand, as companion or guide or adviser. His is the first hand you clasp as you land on the little pier; his is the last bright, sun-tanned face which bids you adieu as you leave this charming island. It would be absurd to credit the whole race with angelic virtues; like every other people they have faults; but three virtues they may claim: honesty, courtesy, and cleanliness.

The winter passes at last; with March comes the fishing, but this industry has greatly decayed. Heligoland has no proper harbor, though one could be easily constructed. For fishing as it is now conducted, boats that have to be hauled on shore cannot compete with larger vessels, and the trade is passing away. No doubt the Heligolanders do not feel the lack of fishing so much, because they make plenty of money in summer from the easier work of attending on visitors; but the summer season only lasts at the very utmost ten weeks, and if only as an occupation, the fishing industry should be encouraged. Further, it need scarcely be pointed out that if anything occurred to affect the attractiveness of Heligoland as a bathing resort, — if, for example, the Düne were swept away, or at the very least if a succession of cold summers greatly diminished the average length of each visitor's stay, — the position of the people might be a very serious one. Fishing, whether of cod, lobster, or oysters, should be regarded as the Frisian's main source of livelihood. Fishing, to parody Sir Walter Scott's saying about literature, is the fisherman's crutch, — summer-junketings may make an excellent cane. Everything that can help the fisherman legitimately to earn his livelihood by his own proper work is commendable, and it will be an unfortunate day for this fine people when they become mere gillies of the sea and lackeys of Hamburg Jews. Sometimes (so few can find suitable employment in proper fishing-boats nowadays) the Heligolander will go away for a voyage in winter. This is an old custom of his neighbors the natives of Sylt, and has saved that island from becoming a Frisian Skye.

When these people make money abroad they come home to spend it, or rather to save it; and this, too, though in a much less degree, is true of the Heligolander. With work in winter at fishing or in the merchant service, and attendance on the army of holiday-makers in summer, the dwellers in the lonely North Frisian islands should never know what poverty is,—and, it is fair to add, they very seldom do.

Turning from these prosaic details of Heligoland life, we find undoubtedly among the most interesting of Frisian legends those of the neighboring island of Sylt, which relate to a vanished race. Just as the Picts of Scotland are credited with all manner of marvellous feats in the way of buildings, etc., so the Ondereersken, the Unterirdischen, or Underground Folk, are the subject of many a weird tale. There are several subterranean or earth-houses in Sylt, so that the name given to the people who lived in them is appropriate enough. Indeed there are probably many of these curious houses waiting to be discovered. At a time when the more intelligent people began to discredit the stories of dwarfs and brownies, the fashion seems to have crept in of explaining the curious mounds and hillocks which one finds all over the island by saying that they were the graves of heroes or giants of old times. Investigation has proved how true the old legends were; how untrue the modern. There were many elves; there were no giants. For example, near Keitum, in Sylt, there is the Tipkenhügel, with a fine view of the north, east, and south corners of Sylt. This was, tradition says, the grave of heroes who fought against the Danes in the reign of Waldemar IV. The hill was opened in 1870, and a great heap of stones was found, but no trace of human remains. South-west of Keitum lie the Oewenhügel and Klöwenhügel. There, tradition said, lay the great sea-heroes Ow and Klow—Klow in his golden ship; but when Professor Handemann opened the mound, there was no trace of any human remains. On the other hand, we know that these mounds were the favorite trysting-places of the witches, and there they held their midnight revels. When a Sylt witch met another on their eerie errands abroad, or stumbled upon a Sylt sailor in foreign lands, the question to put to them was ever this: "Steit Oewenhoog; steit Klöwenhoog; steit Stoppelstien noch?"—Stands yet the hill of Ow, the hill of Klöw, and the Stoppelstein? And the answer as

the eerie ones fled was, "Da hebben wi so mannige bliede Naght gehat"—There have we had many a blithe night.

But if the giants cannot be traced, the dwarfs can.* The Dänghoog, near Wenningstedt, was opened by Dr. Wiebel of Hamburg in 1868. An undeniable dwelling of underground folk was discovered. It was approached in old times by a passage from the south, twenty-seven feet long and about two feet high. The central chamber is seventeen feet long, ten feet broad, and five feet high; a fireplace was found, and the bones of a little man, clay urns, and stone weapons. Externally this dwelling is merely a swelling great mound, that no one would particularly notice. It is entered nowadays by a trap-door in the roof. The visitor descends a steep ladder and finds himself in a capacious enough chamber, lined by twelve huge blocks of, I was informed, Swedish granite, though how it got there I cannot imagine. One has the strangest feeling in the world in thus visiting the undoubted home of a race that has vanished as completely from the world as has the mastodon. Put a fire in this artificial cave, and you have the very home, not indeed of primitive man, of a man far indeed from primitive, but one who knew how to construct a most ingenious and far from uncomfortable dwelling, particularly well fitted for the inhabitant of a storm-swept island. The *Archæological Review* for January, 1890, contains an interesting diagram of the earth-house known as Maes-how in Orkney. It closely resembles the Dänghoog, except that Maes-how has cells off the central chamber, and is larger in every way. Maes-how is, or rather was, approached by a passage fifty-three feet long, and for the most part two feet four inches to two feet six inches in height. The central chamber, when complete, was about twenty feet high in the centre, and is fifteen feet square.

How such dwellings as Maes-how and the Dänghoog were lit, whether there was a hole in the roof (to allow smoke to escape and air to enter), except in times of danger, we know not. Such houses are found all over what may be termed the region of Scandinavian influence; but the people who built them are certainly not the Scandinavians of history. Dates in investigating matters of this kind are mere guesses; but it is interesting to find in

* In the Krockhügeln Professor Handemann of Kiel, however, found the skeleton of a man of six to seven feet: in the larger Brönshoog a skull, and in the smaller Brönshoog some human bones.

Mr. M'Ritchie's valuable article above mentioned that Maes-how "is believed to have been invaded about a thousand years ago. It was entered in the twelfth century by some of those Northmen who were on their way to the Holy Land; and these early tourists have incised various inscriptions on its inner walls. But at that date it was empty, and had been rifled many centuries before. One legendary tale places the date of its original despoliation as far back as the year 920; and states that 'Olaf the Norseman,' was its invader; and that he encountered its possessor, whom he overcame — after a deadly struggle. And since 'the common traditions of the country [up to the year 1861, when it was reopened] represented it as the abode of a goblin, who was named "the Hog boy," it would seem that the prevailing blood of the country-people, in that district, is akin to that of this 'Olaf the Norseman;' and that, therefore, in this instance, the popular memory reaches back for nearly a thousand years, with the most perfect precision."* This observation is even more true of Sylt than of the Orcadians, — for century after century for what must have been a thousand years, the story was handed on from sire to son of a race of wild men, one of whose dwellings was the Dänghoog, a story only proved to be absolutely correct in 1868, when the Dänghoog — more fortunate than Maes-how — was for the first time opened, and its ancient tenant found on the floor of his prehistoric home. Singular indeed is the tenacity of man's memory.

But, it may be asked, if tradition so truly spake of long-forgotten homes, does it tell us nothing of the people who lived in them?

Undoubtedly it does. But here we meet a difficulty of which archæology, in the strictest sense, knows nothing. We verify the tradition of subterranean homes by going down into them and seeing for ourselves the very places. But when Hansen tells us a story which he heard from a very ancient *sehr gescheidten und gemüthlichen Frau aus Braderup*, that the underground folk sang and danced in the moonlight on the mounds above their houses, but were thieves, deceitful and idle, we know that to us it will not be given to find a red cap which these Puks, as they are called, have worn, nor will the most unwearied watcher see a midnight revel on the Dänghoog. Yet the tale is

not absolutely incredible. The old woman said these folk had stone axes, and we know they had, for they have been found. Nor is it in the slightest degree probable that the underground men were killed all at once by the invaders. Indeed Frisian history revels in accounts of the wars between the giants and the dwarfs — *i.e.*, the Frisian invaders and the indigenous population; and long after the race was conquered, in the lonelier portions of an island that was always lonely, the remnant of the people would still live in the houses that their conquerors did not envy them; would steal, since stealing was the only possible reprisal; and when they sought the air by night on the green mounds that concealed their dwellings, they may easily have been seen when they thought themselves unwatched. Although as a race the dwarfs were long extinct, small families of good folk may well have survived, curiosities in the museum of man's history, and have become by rumor the brownies and fairies of mediæval Europe. Fairyland lies nearer our doors than we think. When the British Isles were invaded from the fens of Holstein and from Sylt itself, it is not difficult to understand how the legends of goblin and sprite, of wee men, and uncanny powers were brought into our islands; while Scottish travellers from the Orkneys and Perthshire, where there are numerous traces of underground houses, could confirm the tale. Indeed, while Alfred ruled England, it is not impossible that a solitary red cap or two still sat in the moonlight on the white sand-hills of Sylt, the last of a vanished race, already living anew in the minds of men as gnomes and fairies. The development may be said to have taken this form: we have (1) a race living chiefly, or at times of necessity, in underground houses; (2) the race conquered — the survivors living perforce in these houses for safety; (3) the race almost exterminated — those who still live are regarded, for the most part, as wicked, impish, or mischievous — but with some exceptions in the case of those who may have rewarded protection by faithful if somewhat mysterious service; (4) the race quite exterminated, living in tradition, partly (a) as a vanished people, but for the most part (b) as demons or fairies.

It is curious to find that even in this century traces of the little people are supposed to be found in words and rhymes in children's games in Sylt — words meaningless in themselves, but ascribed by

* *Arch. Rev.*, vol. iv., p. 403.

tradition to the old race. If this is really so, then children again do here prove themselves the true folk-lorists. I have often doubted whether the folk-lore, and, we may add, traces of the speech of the past, are really handed down, as the saying goes, from sire to son; and I am rather inclined to take it that the links are much nearer and closer in the chain of tradition than father and boy,—it is rather the children who tell each other; the little maid of thirteen or fourteen who tells the boys of nine and ten, who again, as they grow older, pass on the same stories and the same rhymes in a very conservative way. Grown-up people have an unhappy habit when telling tales of their youth of embellishing the narrative with the aid of the experience which life has given them since they first heard the narrative. Children happily don't read much; in Sylt they could not, because there were no books,—to the present day no book has been printed in Heligolandish; and if they romanced a bit, it was only a little, for the very scene of every Sylt legend was near enough for any child to visit, and literal accuracy of detail—where such accuracy was, in fact, impossible—was probably the greatest defect of that primitive folk-lore society, the children of Sylt.

Hansen unfortunately does not seem to have noted the exact words of which he spoke; but he gives the following tale, first in German, then in the Sylt dialect.

Once upon a time three witches were belated at a midnight dance. One of them, called Glühauge, sat upon a sand-hill, and gazed at the glow of the approaching dawn; when lo! she beheld two other witches speeding towards her, one known as the "Lame Duck," for she waddled about as she came; the one behind was called the "Wild Cow," for she ran fast over the plain. Glühauge called out, in banter, to the Lame Duck: "Run, run Lame Duck; I'll back you against the Cow, though she ate the lout" (*zur Wette mit der Kuh, die den Rekel [grossen Kerl] ass*).* But as she spoke, at that moment uprose the sun, dispelling the twilight, and making the hill all shining. "Huh! what was that?" cried she, affrighted, and—fled to the devil: the game was done.

In Syltish:—

Gleesooge seet up Stinkenbarig
En glüüret ön de Daageruad.

* This is somewhat obscure, unless *rekel* has a special meaning.

Jü terret höör Sester
Laap, laap, lam Enk,
Hur de Kü rent,
Diar Rekel eet!
Hu! wat wiar dit?
De Daageruad spleet;
De Barig bruun önder.
Gleesooge floog naa de Hinger.

And here may I mention that evidently the Sylt witches knew their rights as to time a great deal better than do the people who write shilling shockers about them. Witches and ghosts are nearly always represented nowadays as fleeing at the midnight hour. This is a very modern notion. The witches of olden times had a much longer time to themselves—clearly up to sunrise. It was certainly

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
stane,

before Tam o' Shanter set out on his way home; when he beheld the witches' revel it must have been nearly one, and Burns knew the superstitions of his countrymen too well to make a mistake in his folk-lore. On Christmas eve, indeed, English ghosts seem to have fled when the last sound of the midnight bell died away. But otherwise witches and ghosts had from sundown to sunrise for their cantrips and witcheries. In short, the idea of an *early closing hour for ghosts* is a purely modern one.

Who were this people who conquered the underground folk? The story common in the North Frisian islands is that they came from the East in the Mannig-fuald, and landed between the Schelde and the Riperfurt. There are many versions of this story. One tells of a people of the Levant who, in consequence of great tumults or pressure, were forced to leave their native land and seek a new home, under the leadership of one called Uald. All seafaring people, they chose rather to journey by water than overland, and in one great ship—or in a flotilla of small ships, as is much more probable—they set sail. For some days all went well; then arose quarrels about many matters—the rule on board, the course of the ship, etc. Happily a great storm arose, which made them note how important it was for their own safety that they should be of one mind. The simplest way of securing this end, and of pacifying the angry sea-god, was obviously to throw the troublesome members of the crew overboard, and this was done with the most satisfactory results. Scarce had the last

Jonah gone when the wind fell; the clouds melted away, and in the pleasant night sky Orion, the *Mori-Roth* of the Frisians, was seen, and his belt or *peri-pikh* showed the way to the west. All was peace and joy after the storm, when, as our novelists say, "a strange thing happened." There was a plashing at the bow, and on the prow appeared the figure of a pale man with long hair and garments dripping wet.

No word did he speak, not a glance did he throw on the awe-struck seamen, but leapt at once into the darkness of the ship's hold. No one followed the stranger, but all waited in awe for his reappearance. Then from the deepest recesses of the ship came strange and awful sounds, and every man held his breath. It was as if the stranger were pleading with the spirit or god of these travelling folk for pity, for safety, for deliverance from their great sufferings. Then clear and distinct came the answer: "Hear my voice, and be obedient to my words. Justice, unity, and hope are all-essential for the good of the folk, so long as they are on the earth." The warning words of Uald (who now seems not so much captain as spiritual leader, or ship's spirit), "Justice, unity, and hope," echoed through the ship; every man heard them, and in each man's soul they sank deep. Three days and three nights was this strange conversation repeated. Then one day the stranger disappeared as marvellously as he came, and, as they passed a jutting rocky point, the mariners saw in the twilight the pale figure of their intercessor for the last time.

When morning broke, the bravest of the party sought the *Spintje*, as the lowest hold was called, and sought for any traces of the mysterious stranger or of the ship-spirit, and were rewarded by finding a *Ziegenhaut*—skin or parchment—with these words: "To become a just, united, and happy people ye must have laws and judges; so long as ye are on this pilgrimage, or in danger, ye must bear the yoke of a king, and do what he bids you. When ye come to land, this ye must do: settle yourselves in peace, and forget not justice, love, and hope shall dwell with you, and of them have ye the signs." And when the skin was quite unrolled, three little golden figures of these virtues were found thereon.

Many hundred years later, says our Frisian story-teller, one would find in most Frisian houses and on the ships representations of the same virtues—justice as a woman, with sword and balances; unity

or love, a woman with three babes, one nestling in her bosom; hope, with one hand on her anchor and with the other holding a bird. These were carved on walls and cupboards, or worked in metal.

The reader of the writing was Freso, and he the wanderers chose to be their king, or visible Uald. But their troubles were by no means at an end, and they had many adventures before passing through the Pillars of Hercules, which the Frisians call *dit Nau*. Then they entered the Atlantic, which they call "the Spanish sea." There they found great storms and thick mists, and thought they had reached the end of the world; but the courage of Freso, and of his brother, who was steersman, pulled them through. At last they saw a sail, which they took at first to be a spectre, followed it, and passed through the English Channel. Freso landed at last at *Vlies* or *Flushing* (and if we believe the chronicler *Heimreich*, it was in autumn, 313 B.C.); *Saxo*, his brother, went to *Hadelen*; and *Bruno*, another leader, fixed on the *Weser*, and founded *Brunswick*.

It is difficult to know what to make of this strange tale. I am inclined to think it is made up of two or three stories of very varying dates. The oldest part probably relates to the arrival of the Frisians from over the sea, led by their god, who in later times was, by euphemistic process, turned sometimes into Uald, the old or elder one, sometimes into Freso; that the vessel came from the East, and passed through the Pillars of Hercules, is purely mediæval embroidery, when it was the fashion to trace the descent of every people from fabulous Eastern travellers. *Where* the people came from I am not concerned here to inquire, the more that, according to local tradition, the islands were nearly depopulated at the time of the invasion of England, and were taken possession of by Jutes, whose traditions, especially as to their race's origin, may well have got mixed with the traditions of the Frisian Islanders proper. Now Jutland, we know, has its legend in the younger *Edda* of *Odin's* long pilgrimage from the East, and how he came to "*Reidgothland*, which is now called Jutland, and there took possession of as much as he wanted."* It is at the least a possible theory—I claim no more for it—that the Jutes may have imposed the legend of an Eastern origin

* Rydberg, *Teutonic Myteology*, 1889, p. 27.

upon the simple Syltist's tale of the island's conquest by tall men from over the sea.

I have given this rambling tale at perhaps too great length. But there is a substratum of truth in it. The Frisians or invaders, call them what we will, were strangers to the low-lying marsh-lands and islands which they occupied, and they came over sea, and not over land. "Frisia" is an expression so confusing that I do not intend to pursue a subject quite foreign to this paper and try to define it, and shall simply assume that a band of hardy sailors landed in one or another of the North Frisian islands, and finding the fishing good and the bays convenient for boats, proceeded to slaughter the inhabitants, the small people, active but unskilled, of whom we have already heard. There are many legends of the fights; they were like all other battles, very bloody and very glorious — to the winning side. I think most of the accounts are entirely apocryphal. One or two points, however, are interesting. The head of the dwarfs was King Finn, and the underground house he lived in can still be seen. Finn is a very interesting name. Grimm says: "Fin is spoken of in the 'Traveller's Song,' as ruler of the Frisians — 'Fin Folcwalding weold Fresna cyne' — which confirms the statement of Nennius that his father's name was Folcwald (or Folcwalda). Again Fin appears in Beowulf. It is side by side with Fin that Beowulf introduces Hengist, a great name with the Kentishmen; must not they have been a Frisian rather than a Jutish race?"* This may be quite true; the Kentishmen are probably Frisians, but Sylt was in all likelihood populated by Jutes after the exodus to England, and then it was that Finn became head of the dwarfs — *i.e.*, of a vanished, or at least conquered and vanishing race.

Heligoland is not so rich in legends as is Sylt. The Heligolanders have, however, several quaint songs which are worth attention. One or two of them have been recently printed, but he will be a remarkably clever tourist who gets a Heligolander to sing them. The Heligolanders are very agreeable to casual visitors, but they keep their old customs, their legends, and their songs, for the winter time, when none but their own kin as a rule are nigh. They know their green island, with its red rocks and white strand, is a quaint corner of the world, and they would fain keep it so.

* Deutsch Mythologie. Stallybrass, iv. 1723.

From Murray's Magazine.

OLD LORD KILCONNELL.

LORD KILCONNELL was a very old acquaintance of mine, but I had never been thrown into any special relations of intimacy with him until the autumn before last, when the following little succession of events occurred, which I have at present to relate.

I had gone to spend a few days with the Carrolls, kind friends of mine of long standing, who possess the most delightful little home conceivable upon the shores of Queenstown Bay, upon the edge of one of its long, fiord-like arms. All sorts of wonderful things grow in their garden: eucalyptuses and aloes; cassias and yucas; begonias, making a glory of lichen-covered walls; a jungle of bamboos along the edge of a pool; palms — or I believe palmettos; nay, in one sheltered nook a tree-fern, which had survived two winters, although its fronds, I am bound to add, were beginning to look not a little shrivelled and sorry for themselves. Up to the edge of all this sub-tropical luxuriance the salt waters of the bay would come curling and crinkling in, salting the grass, and leaving behind them long streamers of oily-looking seaweeds, which clung to the edges of the bank, and peered up in all directions upon the lawn. I used sometimes to wonder what they and those fine acclimatized creatures in the flower-beds thought of one another!

It was autumn — an Irish autumn at its best. The sun shone with a sort of mild and sleepy benevolence upon the reluctant falling of the leaves; upon the grass, touched at the summit with a trail of brown, as though fiery fingers had been carried along it, but fresh still and green below. Standing at the window of my friend's sitting-room the morning after my arrival, I could see a rush of small wavelets carried in upon the shoulders of the tide, and gradually filling up all the sinuosities of the little channel, each wavelet drawn out in a long, fanlike tail like the train of a comet, and getting thinner and thinner, until recruited by another rush of water, which swept it round the flanks of the next green headland, over the sand and the slush, until, its impetus exhausted, it wore itself out amongst the grass and mosses at the top.

Unlike the greater part of Ireland, where the original woods have been pared to the stump (early Irish colonists like some modern ones regarding the largest attainable clearing as the source of the greatest pride), the shores of Queenstown

Bay are fairly well off for verdure. Immediately opposite to where I was standing, a house with ugly, ornamental chimneys showed upon a piece of rising ground, the Great House *par excellence* of the neighborhood. For all its ugliness, it was a stately looking abode in its way, with a great sweep of wood behind, and two wide-spreading wings linked to the main body by colonnades in a pseudo-classical fashion. Big as it was, and really magnificent as was the reach of woodland carried up upon the shoulders of the hill, there was something just then to my mind at once pitiful and lugubrious about its aspect, a lugubriousness which even the glow of generous sunlight under which it lay failed to correct.

In front spread a terrace with vases ranged at intervals; then the path suddenly narrowed, and dipped into a hollow amongst the trees, where it remained a long time invisible, re-emerging at last in the form of another terrace stretching for some distance along the shore, from which it was only divided by a balustrade, also adorned at intervals with vases. Why it was I hardly know, but the whole place seemed to me to have taken on an air of decadence, almost of out-of-elbowness, since I had seen it last; the woods had grown thicker; the vases, which at this season used to glow with geraniums, were empty; the windows of the house shut, and only a barely discernible thread of smoke was rising languidly out of one of the great chimneys.

"Is Lord Kilconnell at home?" I enquired of Kitty Carroll, who had just returned to the room from an excursion to the kitchen regions.

"Yes, he is there," she answered, joining me at the window, and looking out across the channel at the opposite woods. "He has been there, in fact, ever since we returned in July. Poor man, it is so piteous to see him!" she went on. "He has grown to look so old. Some one maintains that getting old is a question not of going down an inclined plane, but of running down-stairs — very uneven stairs — a jog, then a pause, then another big jog. If that is the case, Lord Kilconnell has gone down two or three steps at a time lately. He has never held up his head since Dermot died. He potters about the place, and has his dogs to keep him company, and sees after the eagles and seals, and the rest of the queer menagerie which poor Dermot brought together, but one can see that his heart is broken. Anything Dermot cared for — Dermot whom

he is by way of never having forgiven — *he* cares for, but nothing else."

"What was it, I forget, that happened exactly to Dermot?" I enquired. "I was abroad at the time, and one gets so hazy about everything when one is at a distance."

"Oh, it was a bad business, and it is getting an old one now," she answered rather curtly. "Poor Dermot! what a pleasant creature he was, to be sure!" she went on in a different tone, "with all his father's charm of manner, and that delightful boyish spontaneity of his own! To see him come into a room was to feel in better humor, to realize that the world was really, after all, an enjoyable sort of planet. How he came to be the brother of that dismal prig, Lord Sagart, is inconceivable! No wonder his father liked him the best. The Sagarts are the two dullest people in existence, it would be hard to say which is the most so, and do you know they entirely decline to be considered Irish. For the matter of that they might safely do so, for no one would discover it from their wits; conceive, though, a man whose name, though he happens to be called Lord Sagart, is really Patrick Murrough, declining to be considered Irish!"

"But do tell me what happened to Dermot," I persisted, for not being freer from the vice of curiosity than my neighbors, it was naturally tantalizing to be put off in this fashion. "He ran away with an actress, or a ballet girl, or something of that sort, and married her?" I added, by way of helping her on.

"An actress? Oh, no, it was worse, much worse, I am sorry to say than *that*. It was a girl down here. A girl belonging to their own property."

Kitty Carroll had left the window, but now came back and stood beside me, her hand resting on the ledge.

"There never was anybody so popular as poor Dermot was," she went on musingly. "The people about here literally adored him. Not being the eldest son, and having nothing therefore to say to the property or any of the disputed points, of course helped his popularity. After Lady Kilconnell's death he and his father spent nearly the whole of the year here, and there was always something going on. When he was not getting up pony races, or regattas for the fishermen, he was having laborers' dinners, teas for the women, bran pies for the children, I don't know what all! He used to offer prizes for the best pig, for the best rick of turf,

for the best jig dancer—for anything and everything. He once offered a prize for the man who would get first to the top of a hayrick with his hands tied behind his back! His father adored him, and let him do as he liked. You remember that summer you were last here, when we all went out to Inishgowan, how you declared they were like lovers? It was always so. They agreed in their tastes, or else Lord Kilconnell made his own tastes suit Dermot's. They were both devoted to yachting, and used to make excursions together to all sorts of places, and bring the yacht back full of strange beasts and birds. Of course Dermot ought to have had a profession, but somehow he was one of those people whom you never think of requiring to do anything definite. And he was never idle, always happy, and occupied about something. All went well, in short, until in an evil hour he fell in love with this girl, Mary Delaney."

"She was simply a peasant, you say?"

"Yes, sister of a right-hand man of Dermot's—Phelim Delaney—you may remember he was his prime aider and abettor; used to look after his hawks and eagles, and helped him to dig out that cavern at the bottom of the garden. He is there still, though I fancy it must be pain and grief to Lord Kilconnell to see him. This girl was very handsome, and Dermot saw a great deal of her one summer, and got into the habit of walking about with her, and going out to meet her of an evening. He was dreadfully weak about women, always falling in love with some one in a head-over-heels sort of way. It had gone on for some time, but at last her brother discovered it. You know how anything of that sort is regarded in Ireland? The girl's character, at any rate, was gone. Poor Dermot was at his wits' end, what with shame and remorse, and his own affection for her, and the reproaches which he knew would be heaped upon him from all sides, and the end of it was that he took her off to Cork one fine morning, and married her there before a registrar."

"And his father found it out, I suppose?"

"Of course. Such a thing couldn't but be found out sooner or later. At first he was simply indignant. But when Dermot told him that he was married to her—to a girl, remember, who had run about the place barefoot, weeded the walks and picked the gooseberries, married to a Murrough, perhaps the proudest people

in Ireland, and the vainest of their blood—there was a frightful scene. Both men had violent tempers when once they were roused, though no one would have expected it from seeing them on ordinary occasions. It ended by Lord Kilconnell ordering his son out of the house, and by Dermot retorting that he would never set foot in it again if his father went down on his knees to him to do so. He left that very night with his wife and took her abroad, though where they lived, or how they lived, no one knew, for he hadn't a farthing except an allowance from his father. Lord Kilconnell's anger prevented him from writing for a long time, but at last the silence frightened him, and no doubt he was yearning all the time to be friends again with Dermot, for he tried to discover the young couple's whereabouts. Whether he found it or not I don't know, but one morning, about three years ago, he received a letter telling him that Dermot was dead, he had died after a three days' illness of typhoid fever in some small town in France—Caen, I think."

"Poor man! Poor man!" I ejaculated, looking across at the woods in all their autumn glory, at a little sailing boat just rounding the next green point, thinking of the face that used to be the brightest thing in all that smiling scene.

"How did he take it?" I asked.

"He was found by one of the servants half an hour afterwards, fallen with his head upon the hearth-rug under Millais's big portrait of poor Dermot, which in spite of his disgrace always hung over the fireplace. He nearly died, and when he came to himself and began to get about again, he was feeble and almost childish—seemed to have grown twenty years older in that one miserable fortnight. He is better now, but his memory is very much impaired, and he cannot rouse himself to take an interest in anything."

"And the widow?"

"Money was sent to her, and she was told, I believe, that a certain yearly sum would be hers, but that she was to keep away from the place, or it would be immediately stopped. There was no boy, happily, perhaps, but I am told that there was a little girl, though to the best of my belief Lord Kilconnell has never enquired and knows nothing about her. He kept away from here for a year, since then he has come down from time to time, generally without being expected, and this year he has spent nearly the whole summer here. He is one of the very few people in this part of the county who has

never had any difficulties with his people. They pity him — and in Ireland that goes a long way. ‘He’s been cruel hard sarved, th’ould lard has, God hilp him!’ a woman said to me not long since, and that seems to be the general sentiment. Now, too, that Dermot is dead, all their old affection for him has revived, and they feel kindly towards his father for his sake. Lord Kilconnell comes to see us now and then, and we try to get him to stay for dinner; but he is very shy, and disinclined for society, though he used to be so sociable. Now, however, that you are here I will ask him to come again. He will be glad, I am sure, to see you, and you can talk to him about old times in Italy and elsewhere.”

“Do,” I said, “I shall like to see him again.”

A few days later, Lord Kilconnell came across the sound in the course of the afternoon, and was induced, not without some little difficulty, to stay for dinner. He was indeed greatly changed since I had seen him last. Then, though no longer young, he had been a striking man, noticeable in the youngest company for his good looks, in the brightest for the quick flash and flow of his wit. Now he was bent, old, enfeebled, I might say extinguished. It could not be said that his faculties were any of them actually gone, but the first blur of age had perceptibly passed over them. You might have compared him to a singer who had lost her high notes, his memory had not failed, but the power of perspective was no longer there; the quickness of his perceptions, too, had gone, and his mind moved slowly, and chiefly in old and long familiar ruts.

The Cove, as my friend’s hospitable little domain is called, is very popular, and it was rarely that we sat down to dinner without at least two or three unexpected guests appearing. Most of these self-elected guests were yacht-owners, or members of the Yacht Club at Queenstown, so that a great deal of yachting talk went on, much of which was so excessively technical as to be practically over my head, and more than half, I own, unintelligible. On this occasion there happened to be only one guest besides Lord Kilconnell, a vehement and rather deaf old gentleman known as Commander Boss, an unmitigated bore, in my opinion, but a local institution, and as such tolerated, if not relished. Commander Boss’s one thought day and night was of yachts and yachting, indeed I never heard him open his lips upon any other subject. As the other guest, Lord Kil-

connell, had been a noted yacht-owner in his day, the commander on this occasion directed his conversation chiefly to him, persisting pertinaciously in recalling former seafaring experiences, which he fished up from the cosy depths of his memory, despite the evident disrelish of the other man for the subject.

“Dodger, now!” he began again, when we had hoped that the topic was momentarily shelved. “Dodger, you remember, my lord, who owned the Shrimp. When you knew her she was a yawl, wasn’t she? but before that he had a cutter, and after that a schooner, they were all Shrimps. Poor old Dodger, and he has gone to the shrimps himself now!” he added cheerfully, “for he died somewhere near the Azores, and was buried at sea. He always said he was to be buried at sea if he died on board the yacht, and so he was. He was the right sort, poor old Dodger!”

There was a pause, but our Old Man of the Sea had by no means done with his reminiscences. “Sir Wheeler Jones. You knew Sir Wheeler Jones when he was commodore of the yacht squadron, didn’t you, my lord?” he began again. “He was Tartar; by the Lord Harry, yes! Do you remember the time he applied to the Admiralty for leave to flog his men? Oh, you may exclaim, ladies, but it is true! Ask his lordship if it isn’t. Of course they wouldn’t hear of anything of the kind, and only laughed at him. But what do you think he did? Hired a fresh crew, and gave them fivepence-ha’penny a day extra on the understanding that he was to be allowed to flog them if he chose! And they agreed to it too, fast enough, be hanged if they didn’t! Only one ill-conditioned cur of a fellow, whom he had given a dozen to for something had him up before a Plymouth jury, and got damages, too, to the tune of five hundred pounds. Rum old codger, Jones! He’s dead too. Got rheumatic fever that time the Cormorant went down outside Fal-mouth harbor, and never stood straight again. I remember his coming on board the Cuttlefish at Cowes with two sticks under his arms, and his face twisted all awry! There was Dalby too — mealy-mouthed Dalby, we used to call him — he’s dead; died at Constantinople of the dropsy. Gad, I believe you and I are about the last of the old lot, my lord, and, by George! I suppose we shall be slipping our anchor pretty soon too, eh? Ha! ha!”

Lord Kilconnell bowed sadly, and replied that it was probable. His man

ner was very dreamy, though as full of a sort of old-world dignity as ever. After dinner he came and sat beside me a little apart from the rest of the circle. We talked about old times, for though I had never known him very intimately, we had met frequently from time to time, and had a good many reminiscences in common. Now and then a momentary lapse of consciousness seemed to come over him — a sort of film over the mind; his eyes would grow misty, and an oddly fixed expression come into his face, then the attack, whatever it was, would pass off, and he would resume his courtly, deferential talk as if nothing had happened.

I think he enjoyed his evening, in spite of old Boss's reminiscences, for after that he came pretty frequently to the Cove. It was lovely weather, and he would land of an afternoon from his boat, and walk up the gravel path which led from the little pier, two of his dogs generally following soberly at his heels. Here he would find us sitting about upon the lawn, the younger people playing tennis, we of an older and staid generation chatting or sipping our tea to an accompaniment of lapping waves, the reflections from the little fiord performing fantastic dances upon the grass and tree-trunks. Now and then a fishing or pleasure boat would appear, looking like some white blot or oddly shaped blossom amongst the leaves, the soft poetic sunlight of the south of Ireland streaming in uneven bands over the sward, and bringing out fresh eccentricities of tint amongst the orange and livid-colored begonias which were Kitty Carroll's especial pride and joy.

We took as little notice of his coming amongst us as we could, that being evidently what suited him best. He would settle himself into one of the basket-chairs, and either talk, or sit there silently stroking the silken head of Sheelah, his favorite red setter, who never seemed quite easy in her mind unless she was cuddling her nose into his hand, her great pathetic brown eyes fixed upon her master's face. Sometimes he would grow quite brilliant for a few minutes, all his old animation reviving as he described some scene in which he had taken part, or touched off in a few words some well-known character of a generation past. It was rarely that the flash lasted more than a few minutes, however; the impulse would die out as if extinguished, and he would drop into silence, and sit dreamily twisting and untwisting Sheelah's silky ears through his fingers. His love of pet animals em-

braced even children, and there was one little girl, Kitty Carroll's youngest child, who shared with Sheelah the right of standing beside his knee, and having her head stroked. One day I remember he arrived with a small black bundle stowed away under his elbow, and enquired for her. "Where's Dodo? where's my little Dodo?" Dodo was not long in appearing, and received a small black retriever puppy, with the wettest of noses and tightest of curled fleeces, like an Astracan lamb's — a piece of unusual munificence, I believe, the one point upon which Lord Kilconnell had always been accounted churlish by his neighbors being his dogs. He had the best breed of setters and retrievers in the whole south of Ireland, and had hardly ever, I was told, been known to give one of them away.

I stayed on longer that autumn at the Cove than I had originally intended; another visit in the south of Ireland which I had proposed paying having to be unavoidably postponed owing to illness, and the Carrolls hospitably insisting that the time thus left vacant must come to their share. Nor was I loath. The place was delightful; the people kindness itself; we made daily expeditions in their steam launch; visited everything worth seeing in the neighborhood; assisted at the departure of sundry White Stars and Cunarders on their Atlantic voyages; dawdled about the garden, and discussed horticulture, upon which subject my hosts were experts, and I an enthusiastic ignoramus. I got into the habit, too, of going over on my own account to Castle Murrough. (It is no more a castle, by the way, than this implement I am writing with is a stiletto, but then as every fourth house in Ireland is called castle, there is nothing noteworthy in that.)

Lord Kilconnell was always alone, and always received me kindly, seeming rather to enjoy the encroachment upon his solitude. There was something to me extremely touching in his relations with his immediate retainers, most of whom had been born, and were growing grey in his service. He was often extremely fractious, to the length of swearing at them with old-fashioned vigor, forgetful apparently for the moment of my presence. Upon these occasions the culprit, whoever it was, would stand, hat in hand, listening to the storm of words, which in most cases seemed to me to be thoroughly well deserved. Always, or almost always, however, there was a look of forbearance, of pity, in the corner of the offender's eye.

which seemed to neutralize and, as it were, reverse the relative position. Of this look Lord Kilconnell would himself seem conscious, for with a final "pish!" of anger, he would break off, and hurry away at a rate which obliged me to scuttle along in somewhat undignified fashion in order to catch him up.

After three weeks of this, in my experience of the south of Ireland, unexampled weather, a change occurred. For some hours an ominous calm "raged," as a Cork newspaper once expressed it. Then the wind began to get up, rain fell, and all at once a storm descended. Never had I seen so vindictive a storm! The flowers in the garden were broken short off at the stalks, and scattered like chaff over the walks; the trees rocked; and branches were broken with a sudden snap. Everything was seized, throttled, destroyed; the whole grace and beauty of the season wrested from it at one fell swoop. In all directions the leaves were being flung about like flights of frightened birds; the birds themselves tossed like things devoid of all volition in handfuls about the sky. There was something piteous and cruel in this convulsive struggle of all nature against the invisible onslaught. The friendly trees, the brightly tinted creepers, the orderly walks and pretty flower-borders, all wore that peculiar pathos which clings to mild and orderly natures when brought into violent contact with a power before which they are helpless to do anything but to suffer. We gathered in the windows, and could do nothing but look on at their ruin, unable, of course, to interpose a finger.

Next morning, when the storm had abated, I took an umbrella, a pair of galoshes, and a mackintosh, and crossed over the little channel to Castle Murrough, where I found Lord Kilconnell, as I expected, sauntering alone upon the terrace with Sheelah at his heels. He proposed that we should go for a turn, to which I readily agreed. On this side, too, everything looked battered and saturated; the clouds hung grey and swollen over the dun-colored headlands; the woods dripped at every pore. I should have preferred (galoshes, notwithstanding) a drier walk, but Lord Kilconnell turned from the terrace to the walk that took us through the low-lying part of the woods towards the shore. It was a dank, melancholy one at any time, and naturally looked doubly so that day. A heavy scent of decaying vegetation met us as we advanced; there were one or two forlorn little summer-

houses stuck here and there, and at one place stood an aviary, in which a sulky-looking eagle was hopping disconsolately about, who fluttered and shrieked a discordant shriek of anger at the sight of Sheelah.

We crossed one or two level bridges made of logs, under which a lazy current of water, swollen with the rain, was slipping into a small, duckweed-covered lake, and presently came to a point where the path branched, one part leading to the shore, the other leading to a small, enclosed flower-garden, lying under a high, rocky bank.

A little girl was standing close to the gate which led to this garden with a bunch of flowers in her hands, not garden flowers, but common loosestrifes and such-like weeds, which she must have gathered along the edge of the stream. She was a pretty little creature, with light golden hair, and beautiful dark-blue eyes, dressed poorly, but not like a peasant's child, in a short black frock, with a broad band round her waist, well-fitting stockings and shoes, and a straw hat with a shabby black ribbon. Lord Kilconnell, with his usual liking for children, stopped to lay a couple of fingers upon her head, and ask her her name, to which she made a blushing and inarticulate reply, and we passed on into the garden, Sheelah lingering a moment to sniff solemnly round the child, which done, as if satisfied with the result, she also trotted leisurely on after her master.

The garden, which was larger than it appeared to be outside, ended in a sort of oval curve, overhung with a high cliff or bank of rocks and earth. At this end a sound of digging reached our ears, which seemed to come from underground, and looking more closely I perceived the mouth of a passage or cave, which seemed to penetrate for some distance, and from which the sound proceeded.

Lord Kilconnell started, and half turned, as if to leave the place. At the same moment the sound ceased, and a man appeared at the entrance of the cave, a big stalwart fellow, broad-shouldered and grey-eyed. He too started when he perceived his master, and lifted his cap with an air of embarrassment. Lord Kilconnell thereupon apparently relinquished the idea of retreating, and returned the man's bow with a friendly nod.

"Good-day, Phelim. Did Mr. Connor desire you to clear out that passage?" he asked.

"'Deed no, me lard; 'twas meself thought 'twould be better. 'Tis two years

and more, yer lardship knows, since 'twas ——"

Lord Kilconnell put up his hand hastily. "Yes, yes, I know. Very well, only don't do more than is absolutely necessary. This is a nice plant of araucaria, is it not?" he continued, turning to me, and pointing to a shrub of sickly aspect, half-suffocated by grasses and wild briar.

I replied that it was, which was perfectly untrue, and we continued looking at it for some minutes in silence.

While we were still standing in the same place I chanced to glance back towards the entrance of the cave, and perceived to my astonishment that the man to whom Lord Kilconnell had spoken was going through the most extraordinary series of pantomimes. With his head still half-turned in our direction, he was flinging his hands, now upwards, now forwards, with a gesture directed towards some one at the other end of the garden, evidently with the desire of preventing that person's approach. Curious to see to whom this pantomime was addressed, I turned and saw that the little girl whom we had already noticed at the entrance had followed us into the garden, and was now standing some little way off, close to a clump of laurels, her little face puckered up into a not unnatural expression of bewilderment. A moment later Lord Kilconnell too turned, and a smile lit up his eyes! the peculiar smile which I had already noticed awoke there at the sight of children.

"Well, little girl, so you've come to look at the garden, have you?" he said. "There, don't be frightened. Go and pick some flowers for yourself. Who is she, Phelim?" he added, turning to the man and speaking in a lower tone.

But Phelim's face had assumed that expression of impenetrable stolidity which every one who knows Ireland is intimately acquainted with.

"Is't who, my lard?" he inquired, in a tone of the most admirably natural astonishment.

Lord Kilconnell stepped a little aside, and pointed to the child.

The man thereupon scratched his head with an air of blank unrecognition.

"Trath I dunno, my lard. Mayhap 'tis one of thim lodger's childer that do be comin' to Kilmuck, your lardship knows, for the say water. Bad scran to them for lettin' them trespass over your lardship's grounds. Will I send her away then before she does be spoilin' the plants?"

"You never saw her before?"

"Is it me, my lard? Sure, how would I? 'Tis here to-day and gone to-morrow, that sort is."

"Very well, if you know nothing about her, I'll take her back myself, and find out who she belongs to. Come here, little girl, take this lady's hand, and come along with us."

The child, attracted apparently by his voice, had gradually approached of her own accord along the walk towards where we were standing. Lord Kilconnell advanced a few steps to meet her, and they stood facing one another. At the same moment I saw an odd, startled expression come into his face, and he put his hand quickly before his eyes, as if seized with giddiness; the little girl, too, seemed suddenly overtaken with fright, for, darting past us like a rabbit, she rushed up to Phelim Burne, and seizing him by the knees, pressed her little head tightly against his body as if for protection.

Sheelah barked with sudden excitement. Lord Kilconnell wheeled round like a hawk.

"Why the child knows you perfectly, Phelim! What the devil did you mean, you impudent rascal, by telling me you had never seen her before?" he exclaimed angrily.

"Well, indade, I humbly ask yer lardship's pardon — whist, darlin' child, don't cry. Sure, I didn't want to be bringin' them into trubble, an' that's just the gospel truth. Dacint people the Slatterlys is, an' allays was, ould tinents of your lardship's and your lardship's father before it, safe to the day with their rint, as your lardship knows."

"You mean that the child is a Slatterly, eh?"

"She is, yer lardship, that's what she is, Aleesha Mary Slatterly is her name. She'd tell ye so herself only she's dashed just now, not being used to the quality."

"Every Slatterly I've ever seen was *dark*," Lord Kilconnell said, looking at the child's hair with an expression of suspicion.

"And that's true, your lardship. This one now, she's got a little shister at home — born the same minute as herself — Rosabel Anna is her name — that's as black as the tail of an ould crow. One ov them has taken all the light color, an' t'other one the dark, I'm thinkin'," Phelim ended, with an inimitable air of mature reflection upon the subject.

In spite of this last piece of circumstantial evidence, Lord Kilconnell seemed unconvinced. His eyes rested with an

expression of trouble, of growing perplexity upon the child's fair head.

"Come here, little girl," he said at last gently. "Let her go, Phelim, damn you!" he added fiercely, seeing that the man and child were remarkably unwilling to part company.

"She's dashed, dashed, the cratur," the former said apologetically. "She's afraid of being skelped by her mother when she goes in for trubbling your lardship and the leddy," with a sudden piteous glance in my direction, one which seemed to intimate an extreme desire to establish some channel of communication with me.

"She's got a mother, has she?" Lord Kilconnell asked quickly.

"Is it a mither? Niver a mither in the world, bad cess to me tongue for lyin'. Sure her mither died the day she was born, an' that's why she has the black on her this minute, the cratur'!"

This being scarcely a sufficient reason for a little girl of five or six years old wearing mourning, I here indulged in a slight laugh, on hearing which Phelim gazed at me with an expression of piteous resentment which ought to have melted a stone.

Lord Kilconnell was not apparently inclined to give up his point. "Come to me, my little girl," he said again. Then when the child had reluctantly approached with a few steps, "Tell me your name yourself, pretty one, and don't be afraid. Nobody is going to hurt you," he said, stooping down so as to bring his face more on a level with her tiny one.

The child looked up with eyes half full of frightened tears—beautiful eyes they were, blue as a blue nemophila. Then, when he had repeated his question, "Uncle Phelim 'thaid"—she whimpered piteously, stopping short and putting both hands to her eyes and screwing them vigorously into the corners.

Lord Kilconnell started upright, and looked at the man over the child's head; a look full of sorrow, of passionate resentment, of something too that was almost, I thought, like fear.

"Och 'tis a way they have, the childer, of callin' me uncle," that inveterate perverter of facts responded shamelessly. "'Tis because ov an ould song—'Teddy the tailor's uncle,'—I do be singin' them," he added calmly, though his lip trembled as he spoke, and his brown cheek, I saw, had visibly paled.

This was too much for Lord Kilconnell's patience. "How dare you stand there lying to me, you scoundrel?" he

thundered. "Tell me this very instant, who the child is, or by God I'll——" His hands, which were clenched, suddenly opened, and he caught at the air as if trying to find something to support him.

Much alarmed, I seized hold of him, Phelim ran to the other side, and between us we kept him upon his feet. I was convinced that he was going to have another stroke, but by a great effort of will he recovered, and as he did so he looked round, first at the child who had shrunk away behind us, then at the man, who stood trembling and scarcely less frightened beside him.

"You needn't tell me any more lies," he then said feebly; "I know whose child she is, I know——"

He stood upright, shaking off our hold of him as he did so, and seizing the child's hand, he started off at a rapid walk.

I followed, perplexed and not a little alarmed, not knowing in the least what he proposed doing. We left the garden, Sheelah trotting after us, and turned away from the house in the direction of the sea. I heard other steps, not Sheelah's, following upon the gravel, and knew without turning round that Phelim had also followed, unable, doubtless, to endure the suspense of remaining behind. Luckily we had not far to go. Before long we came to a good-sized cabin standing in the middle of the wood, and almost hidden by a dense growth of overgrown laurels and tall, dilapidated elder-trees, whose blossom, I remember, was filling the air with their heavy narcotic scent. The door of the cabin was shut, and the whole house looked deserted; but Lord Kilconnell went straight up to it, and struck a single loud, resounding knock on the door with his walking-stick.

There was a minute's pause—a pause as of consternation—and then it was cautiously opened, and an old woman in a blue homespun dress and striped shawl peered cautiously out. At sight of the two who stood there she uttered a loud scream of terror, and ran hastily back, evidently with the intention of giving a signal to some one within. She had no time to do so, however. Quicker than thought Lord Kilconnell followed, I after him, Sheelah after me, and we all stood inside the cabin. There in the middle of the floor stood a young woman, dressed in black, who had evidently just sprung to her feet, for she still held a little stocking she was knitting in her hand, a handsome creature, with brown hair and grey eyes, like Phelim's.

There was a pause, weighted with I knew not what of ominous suggestions. Then the girl — she seemed little more — suddenly sank upon her knees, and began to sob. At first hardly audible, her sobs gradually rose in the silence, louder and louder until the whole cabin seemed to echo with them. The old woman, too, caught the infection, rocking herself to and fro, and wailing as if in the presence of a corpse. It gave me the strangest, most overwhelming sense of death, an uncanny, eerie sensation, such as I had never felt before. It seemed to affect Lord Kilconnell, too. The impulse, whatever it was, that had brought him to the cabin seemed all at once to desert him. His anger appeared suddenly to die away. He glanced vaguely at me as if to ask me what I counselled, what he was to do in this unforeseen dilemma. A fresh impulse, this time the determining one, came from the little girl, whose hand he still mechanically retained. Pulling it away she ran forward, and flung herself upon her mother, with a loud cry of distress, which added its innocent plaintiveness to the volume of sound, and from this refuge looked back pitifully at the old man, her blue eyes flooded with tears; those eyes which I now recognized instantly to be those of Dermot Murrough come to life again in the face of a little child.

It was the turning-point! His courage, his endurance, so long maintained, broke down. Covering his face with his hands, Lord Kilconnell too fell into helpless sobbing — the heavy, laboring, slow-coming tears of an old man, the first tears, I believe, he had shed since Dermot Murrough died.

My story is finished. Mrs. Dermot Murrough left her mother's cabin the next day, but she was *not* turned adrift. There happened to be a good-sized cottage vacant, formerly inhabited by a steward, with a garden, but no other land, attached, and into this she and her child were formally inducted. Lord and Lady Sagart were furious, I was told, and wanted, right or wrong, to have the "shameless creature" driven from the property. This, however, served her well rather than ill, there being few things Lord Kilconnell resented more than any hint of interference on the part of that little-loved eldest son of his. Two or three evenings later I happened to be returning alone to the Cove in the steam launch, the rest of the party having got out at another point to walk home. The boatman took me close

under the Castle Murrough woods, and I instinctively looked up at their tangled luxuriance, rising curve above curve — very brown and battered, by the way, those curves had grown to look during the last fortnight. The chimneys of the Great House were nestling against the sky, sending out columns of pale violet smoke; a squadron of rooks were swooping downwards with much croaking clamor to their roost in the big elms; the sunset light was palpitating in rapidly paling dots and streaks upon the leaves and trunks; upon the more or less dilapidated gazebos and aviaries; upon the little boats curtsying gaily at their anchorage in the clear brown water. And higher up, upon the broad gravel terrace which lay immediately in front of the house, I could see three figures — those of an old man, a dog, and a little girl — who were pacing leisurely to and fro in the gathering dusk.

EMILY LAWLESS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FISH AS FATHERS.

COMPARATIVELY little is known as yet, even in this age of publicity, about the domestic arrangements and private life of fishes. Not that the creatures themselves shun the wiles of the interviewer, or are at all shy and retiring, as a matter of delicacy, about their family affairs; on the contrary, they display a striking lack of reticence in their native element, and are so far from pushing parental affection to a quixotic extreme that many of them, like the common rabbit immortalized by Mr. Squeers, "frequently devour their own offspring." But nature herself opposes certain obvious obstacles to the pursuit of knowledge in the great deep, which render it difficult for the ardent naturalist, however much he may be so disposed, to carry on his observations with the same facility as in the case of birds and quadrupeds. You can't drop in upon most fish, casually, in their own homes; and when you confine them in aquariums, where your opportunities of watching them through a sheet of plate glass are considerably greater, most of the captives get huffy under the narrow restrictions of their prison life, and obstinately refuse to rear a brood of hereditary helots for the mere gratification of your scientific curiosity.

Still, by hook and by crook (especially the former), by observation here and ex-

periment there, naturalists in the end have managed to piece together a considerable mass of curious and interesting information of an out-of-the-way sort about the domestic habits and manners of sundry piscine races. And, indeed, the morals of fish are far more varied and divergent than the uniform nature of the world they inhabit might lead an *à priori* philosopher to imagine. To the eye of the mere casual observer every fish would seem at first sight to be a mere fish, and to differ but little in sentiments and ethical culture from all the rest of his remote cousins. But when one comes to look closer at their character and antecedents, it becomes evident at once that there is a deal of unsuspected originality and caprice about sharks and flat-fish. Instead of conforming throughout to a single plan, as the young, the gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless are too prone to conclude, fish are in reality as various and variable in their mode of life as any other great group in the animal kingdom. Monogamy and polygamy, socialism and individualism, the patriarchal and matriarchal types of government, the oviparous and viviparous methods of reproduction, perhaps even the dissidence of dissent and esoteric Buddhism, all alike are well represented in one family or another of this extremely eclectic and philosophically unprejudiced class of animals.

If you want a perfect model of domestic virtue, for example, where can you find it in higher perfection than in that exemplary and devoted father, the common great pipe-fish of the north Atlantic and the British seas? This high-principled lophobranch is so careful of his callow and helpless young that he carries about the unhatched eggs with him under his own tail, in what scientific ichthyologists pleasantly describe as a sub-caudal pouch or cutaneous receptacle. There they hatch out in perfect security, free from the dangers that beset the spawn and fry of so many other less tender-hearted kinds; and as soon as the little pipe-fish are big enough to look after themselves the sac divides spontaneously down the middle, and allows them to escape, to shift for themselves in the broad Atlantic. Even so, however, the juniors take care always to keep tolerably near that friendly shelter, and creep back into it again on any threat of danger, exactly as baby-kangaroos do into their mother's marsupium. The father-fish, in fact, has gone to the trouble and expense of developing out of his own tissues a membranous bag, on purpose to hold the

eggs and young during the first stages of their embryonic evolution. This bag is formed by two folds of the skin, one of which grows out from each side of the body, the free margins being firmly glued together in the middle by a natural exudation, while the eggs are undergoing incubation, but opening once more in the middle to let the little fish out as soon as the process of hatching is fairly finished.

So curious a provision for the safety of the young in the pipe-fish may be compared to some extent, as I hinted above, with the pouch in which kangaroos and other marsupial animals carry their cubs after birth, till they have attained an age of complete independence. But the strangest part of it all is the fact that while in the kangaroo it is the mother who owns the pouch and takes care of the young, in the pipe-fish it is the father, on the contrary, who thus specially provides for the safety of his defenceless offspring. And what is odder still, this topsy-turvy arrangement (as it seems to us) is the common rule throughout the class of fishes. For the most part, it must be candidly admitted by their warmest admirer, fish make very bad parents indeed. They lay their eggs anywhere on a suitable spot, and as soon as they have once deposited them, like the ostrich in Job, they go on their way rejoicing, and never bestow another passing thought upon their deserted progeny. But if ever a fish *does* take any pains in the education and social upbringing of its young, you're pretty sure to find on inquiry it's the father — not, as one would naturally expect, the mother — who devotes his time and attention to the congenial task of hatching or feeding them. It is he who builds the nest, and sits upon the eggs, and nurses the young, and imparts moral instruction (with a snap of his jaw or a swish of his tail) to the bold, the truant, the cheeky, or the imprudent; while his unnatural spouse, well satisfied with her own part in having merely brought the helpless eggs into this world of sorrow, goes off on her own account in the giddy whirl of society, forgetful of the sacred claims of her wriggling offspring upon a mother's heart.

In the pipe-fish family, too, the ardent evolutionist can trace a whole series of instructive and illustrative gradations in the development of this instinct and the corresponding pouch-like structure among the male fish. With the least highly evolved types, like the long-nosed pipe-fish of the English Channel, and many allied forms from European seas, there

is no pouch at all, but the father of the family carries the eggs about with him, glued firmly on to the surface of his abdomen by a natural mucus. In a somewhat more advanced tropical kind, the ridges of the abdomen are slightly dilated, so as to form an open groove, which loosely holds the eggs, though its edges do not meet in the middle as in the great pipe-fish. Then come yet other more progressive forms, like the great pipe-fish himself, where the folds meet so as to produce a complete sac, which opens at maturity to let out its little inmates. And finally, in the common Mediterranean sea-horses, which you can pick up by dozens on the Lido at Venice, and a specimen of which exists in the dried form in every domestic museum, the pouch is permanently closed by coalescence of the edges, leaving a narrow opening in front, through which the small hippocampi creep out one by one as soon as they consider themselves capable of buffeting the waves of the Adriatic.

Fish that take much care of their offspring naturally don't need to produce eggs in the same reckless abundance as those dissipated kinds that leave their spawn exposed on the bare, sandy bottom, at the mercy of every comer who chooses to take a bite at it. They can afford to lay a smaller number, and to make each individual egg much larger and richer in proportion than their rivals. This plan, of course, enables the young to begin life far better provided with muscles and fins than the tiny little fry which come out of the eggs of the improvident species. For example, the cod-fish lays nine million odd eggs; but anybody who has ever eaten fried cod's-roe must needs have noticed that each individual ovum was so very small as to be almost indistinguishable to the naked eye. Thousands of these infinitesimal specks are devoured before they hatch out by predaceous fish; thousands more of the young fry are swallowed alive during their helpless infancy by the enemies of their species. Imagine the very fractional amount of parental affection which each of the nine million must needs put up with! On the other hand, there is a paternally minded group of cat-fish known as the genus *Arius*, of Ceylon, Australia, and other tropical parts, the males of which carry about the ova loose in their mouths, or rather in an enlargement of the pharynx, somewhat resembling the pelican's pouch; and the spouses of these very devoted sires lay accordingly only very few ova, all told, but each al-

most as big as a hedge-sparrow's egg — a wonderful contrast to the tiny mites of the cod-fish. To put it briefly, the greater the amount of protection afforded the eggs, the smaller the number and the larger the size. And conversely the larger the size of the egg to start with, the better fitted to begin the battle of life is the young fish when first turned out on a cold world upon his own resources.

This is a general law, indeed, that runs through all nature, from London slums to the deep sea. Wasteful species produce many young, and take but little care of them when once produced. Economical species produce very few young, but start each individual well equipped for its place in life, and look after them closely till they can take care of themselves in the struggle for existence. And on the average, however many or however few the offspring to start with, just enough attain maturity in the long run to replace their parents in the next generation. Were it otherwise, the sea would soon become one solid mass of herring, cod, and mackerel.

These cat-fish, however, are not the only good fathers that carry their young (like woodcock) in their own mouths. A freshwater species of the Sea of Galilee, *Chromis andreae* by name (dedicated by science to the memory of that fisherman apostle, St. Andrew, who must often have netted them), has the same habit of hatching out its young in its own gullet; and here again it is the male fish upon whom this apparently maternal duty devolves, just as it is the male cassowary that sits upon the eggs of his unnatural mate, and the male emu that tends the nest, while the hen bird looks on superciliously and contents herself with exercising a general friendly supervision of the nursery department. I may add parenthetically that in most fish families the eggs are fertilized after they have been laid, instead of before, which no doubt accounts for the seeming anomaly.

Still, good mothers too may be found among fish, though far from frequently. One of the Guiana cat-fishes, known as *Aspredo*, very much resembles her countrywoman the Surinam toad in her nursery arrangements. Of course you know the Surinam toad — whom not to know argues yourself unknown — that curious creature that carries her eggs in little pits on her back, where the young hatch out and pass through their tadpole stage in a slimy fluid, emerging at last from the cells of this living honeycomb only when they have attained the full amphibian honors of four-legged maturity. Well, *Aspredo* among

cat-fish manages her brood in much the same fashion; only she carries her eggs beneath her body instead of on her back like her amphibious rival. When spawning time approaches, and *Aspredo's* fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, the lower side of her trunk begins to assume, by anticipation, a soft and spongy texture, honeycombed with pits, between which are arranged little spiky protuberances. After laying her eggs, the mother lies flat upon them on the river bottom, and presses them into the spongy skin, where they remain safely attached until they hatch out and begin to manage for themselves in life. It is curious that the only two creatures on earth which have hit out independently this original mode of providing for their offspring should both be citizens of Guiana, where the rivers and marshes must probably harbor some special danger to be thus avoided, not found in equal intensity in other fresh waters.

A prettily marked fish of the Indian Ocean, allied, though not very closely, to the pipe-fishes, has also the distinction of handing over the young to the care of the mother instead of the father. Its name is *Solenostoma* (I regret that no more popular title exists), and it has a pouch, formed in this case by a pair of long, broad fins, within which the eggs are attached by interlacing threads that push out from the body. Probably in this instance nutriment is actually provided through these threads for the use of the embryo, in which case we must regard the mechanism as very closely analogous indeed to that which obtains among mammals.

Some few fish, indeed, are truly viviparous; among them certain blennies and carps, in which the eggs hatch out entirely within the body of the mother. One of the most interesting of these divergent types is the common Californian and Mexican silver-fish, an inhabitant of the bays and inlets of sub-tropical America. Its chief peculiarity and title to fame lies in the extreme bigness of its young at birth. The full-grown fish runs to about ten inches in length, fisherman's scale, while the fry measure as much as three inches apiece; so that they lie, as Professor Seeley somewhat forcibly expresses it, "packed in the body of the parent, as close as herrings in a barrel." This strange habit of retaining the eggs till after they have hatched out is not peculiar to fish among egg-laying animals, for the common little brown English lizard is similarly viviparous, though most of its

relatives elsewhere deposit their eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun in earth or sandbanks.

Mr. Hannibal Chollop, if I recollect aright, once shot an imprudent stranger for remarking in print that the ancient Athenians, that inferior race, had got ahead in their time of the modern *Locofoco* ticket. But several kinds of fish have undoubtedly got ahead in this respect of the common reptilian ticket; for instead of leaving about their eggs anywhere on the loose to take care of themselves, they build a regular nest, like birds, and sit upon their eggs till the fry emerge from them. All the sticklebacks, for instance, are confirmed nest-builders; but here once more it is the male, not the female, who weaves the materials together and takes care of the eggs during their period of incubation. The receptacle itself is made of fibres of waterweeds or stalks of grass, and is open at both ends to let a current pass through. As soon as the lordly little polygamist has built it, he coaxes and allures his chosen mates into the entrance, one by one, to lay their eggs; and then, when the nest is full, he mounts guard over them bravely, fanning them with his fins, and so keeping up a continual supply of oxygen, which is necessary for the proper development of the embryo within. It takes a month's sitting before the young hatch out, and even after they appear this excellent father (little Turk though he be, and savage warrior for the stocking of his harem) goes out attended by all his brood whenever he sallies forth for a morning constitutional in search of caddis-worms, which shows that there may be more good than we imagine, after all, in the domestic institutions even of people who don't agree with us.

The bullheads or miller's thumbs, those quaint, big-headed beasts which divide with the sticklebacks the polite attentions of ingenious British youth, are also nest-builders, and the male fish are said to anxiously watch and protect their offspring during their undisciplined nonage. Equally domestic are the habits of those queer, shapeless creatures, the marine lump-suckers, which fasten themselves on to rocks, like limpets, by their strange sucking disks, and defy all the efforts of enemy or fisherman to dislodge them by main force from their well-chosen position. The pretty little tropical walking-fish of the *fluroid* tribe — those fish out of water about which I once discoursed in this magazine — carry the nest-making instinct a point further, for they go ashore boldly

at the beginning of the rainy season in their native woods, and scoop out a hole in the beach as a place of safety, in which they make regular nests of leaves and other terrestrial materials to hold their eggs. Then father and mother take turns about at looking after the hatching, and defend the spawn with great zeal and courage against all intruders.

I regret to say, however, there are other unprincipled fish which display their affection and care for their young in far more questionable and unpleasant manners. For instance, there is that uncanny creature that inserts its parasitic fry as a tiny egg inside the unsuspecting shells of mussels and cockles. Our fishermen are only too well acquainted, again, with one unpleasant marine lamprey, the hag or borer, so called because it lives parasitically upon other fishes, whose bodies it enters, and then slowly eats them up from within outward, till nothing at all is left of them but skin, scales, and skeleton. They are repulsive, eel-shaped creatures, blind, soft, and slimy; their mouth consists of a hideous rasping sucker; and they pour out from the glands on their sides a copious mucus, which makes them as disagreeable to handle as they are unsightly to look at. Mackerel and cod are the hag's principal victims; but often the fisherman draws up a hag-eaten haddock on the end of his line, of which not a wrack remains but the hollow shell or bare outer simulacrum. As many as twenty of these disgusting parasites have sometimes been found within the body of a single cod-fish.

Yet see how carefully nature provides nevertheless for the due reproduction of even her most loathsome and revolting creations. The hag not only lays a small number of comparatively large and well-stored eggs, but also arranges for their success in life by supplying each with a bundle of threads at either end, every such thread terminating at last in a triple hook, like those with which we are so familiar in the case of adhesive fruits and seeds, like burrs or cleavers. By means of these barbed processes, the eggs attach themselves to living fishes; and the young borer, as soon as he emerges from his horny covering, makes his way at once into the body of his unconscious host, whom he proceeds by slow degrees to devour alive with relentless industry, from the intestines outward. This beautiful provision of nature enables the infant hag to start in life at once in very snug quarters upon a ready-made fish preserve. I understand, however, that cod-fish philo-

sophers, actuated by purely personal and selfish conceptions of utility, refuse to admit the beauty or beneficence of this most satisfactory arrangement for the borer species.

Probably the best known of all fishes' eggs, however (with the solitary exception of the sturgeon's, commonly observed between brown bread and butter, under the name of caviare), are the queer, leathery, purse-shaped ova of the sharks, rays, skates, and dog-fishes. Everybody has picked them up on the seashore, where children know them as devil's purses and devil's wheelbarrows. Most of these queer eggs are oblong and quadrangular, with the four corners produced into a sort of handles or streamers, often ending in long tendrils, and useful for attaching them to corallines or seaweeds on the bed of the ocean. But it is worth noticing that in color the egg-cases closely resemble the common wrack to which they are oftenest fastened; and as they wave up and down in the water with the dark mass around them, they must be almost indistinguishable from the wrack itself by the keenest-sighted of their enemies. This protective resemblance, coupled with the toughness and slipperiness of their leathery envelope or egg-shell, renders them almost perfectly secure from all evil-minded intruders. As a consequence, the dog-fish lay but very few eggs each season, and those few, large and well provided with nutriment for their spotted offspring. It is these purses, and those of the thornback and the edible skate, that we oftenest pick up on the English coast. The larger oceanic sharks are mostly viviparous.

In some few cases, indeed, among the shark and ray family, the mechanism for protection goes a step or two further than in these simple kinds. That well-known frequenter of Australian harbors, the Port Jackson shark, lays a pear-shaped egg, with a sort of spiral staircase of leathery ridges winding round it outside, Chinese pagoda wise, so that even if you bite it (I speak in the person of a predaceous fish) it eludes your teeth, and goes dodging off screw-fashion into the water beyond. There's no getting at this evasive body anywhere; when you think you have it, it wriggles away sideways, and refuses to give any hold for jaws or palate. In fact, a more slippery or guileful egg was never yet devised by nature's unconscious ingenuity. Then, again, the antarctic chimera (so called from its very unprepossessing personal appearance) relies rather upon

pure deception than upon mechanical means for the security of its eggs. The shell or case in this instance is prolonged at the edge into a kind of broad wing on either side, so that it exactly resembles one of the large flat leaves of the antarctic fucus in whose midst it lurks. It forms the high-water mark, I fancy, of protective resemblance amongst eggs, for not only is the margin leaf-like in shape, but it is even gracefully waved and fringed with floating hairs, as is the fashion with the expanded fronds of so many among the gigantic far-southern seaweeds.

A most curious and interesting set of phenomena are those which often occur when a group of fishes, once marine, take by practice to inhabiting fresh-water rivers; or, *vice versa*, when a fresh-water kind, moved by an aspiration for more expansive surroundings, takes up its residence in the sea as a naturalized marine. Whenever such a change of address happens, it usually follows that the young fry cannot stand the conditions of the new home to which their ancestors were unaccustomed—we all know the ingrained conservatism of children—and so the parents are obliged once a year to undertake a pilgrimage to their original dwelling-place for the breeding season.

Extreme cases of terrestrial animals, once aquatic in habits, throw a flood of lurid light (as the newspapers say) upon the reason why this should be so. For example, frogs and toads develop from tadpoles, which in all essentials are true gill-breathing fish. It is therefore obvious that they cannot lay their eggs on dry land, where the tadpoles would be unable to find anything to breathe; so that even the driest and most tree-haunting toads must needs repair to the water once a year to deposit their spawn in its native surroundings. Once more, crabs pass their earlier larval stages as free-swimming crustaceans, somewhat shrimp-like in appearance, and as agile as fleas; it is only by gradual metamorphosis that they acquire their legs and claws and heavy pedestrian habits. Now there are certain kinds of crab, like the West-Indian land-crabs (those dainty morsels whose image every epicure who has visited the Antilles still enshrines with regret in a warm corner of his heart), which have taken in adult life to walking bodily on shore, and visiting the summits of the highest mountains, like the fish of Deucalion's deluge in Horace. But once a year, as the land-crabs bask in the sun on St. Catherine's Peak or the Fern Walk, a strange, instinc-

tive longing comes over them automatically to return for a while to their native element; and, obedient to that inner monitor of their race, down they march in thousands, *velut agmine facto*, to lay their eggs at their leisure in Port Royal harbor. On the way, the negroes catch them, all full of rich coral, waiting to be spawned; and Chloe or Dinah serves them up hot, with bread-crumbs, in their own red shells, neatly nestling between the folds of a nice white napkin. The rest run away, and deposit their eggs in the sea, where the young hatch out, and pass their larval stage once more as free and active little swimming crustaceans.

Well, crabs, I need hardly explain in this age of enlightenment, are *not* fish; but their actions help to throw a side-light on the migratory instinct in salmon, eels, and so many other true fish which have changed with time their aboriginal habits. The salmon himself, for instance, is by descent a trout, and in the parr stage he is even now almost indistinguishable from many kinds of river-trout that never migrate seaward at all. But at some remote period, the ancestors of the true salmon took to going down to the great deep in search of food, and being large and active fish, found much more to eat in the salt water than ever they had discovered in their native streams. So they settled permanently in their new home, as far as their own lives went at least; though they found the tender young could not stand the brine that did no harm to the tougher constitutions of the elders. No doubt the change was made gradually, a bit at a time, through brackish water, the species getting further and further seaward down bays and estuaries with successive generations, but always returning to spawn in its native river, as all well-behaved salmon do to the present moment. At last, the habit hardened into an organic instinct, and nowadays the young salmon hatch out like their fathers as parr in fresh water, then go to the sea in the grilse stage and grow enormously, and finally return as full-grown salmon to spawn and breed in their particular birthplace.

Exactly the opposite fate has happened to the eels. The salmonoids as a family are fresh-water fish, and by far the greater number of kinds—trout, charr, white-fish, grayling, pollan, vendace, gwyniad, and so forth—are inhabitants of lakes, streams, ponds, and rivers, only a very small number having taken permanently or temporarily to a marine residence. But the eels, as a family, are a salt-water group,

most of their allies, like the congers and *murænas*, being exclusively confined to the sea, and only a very small number of aberrant types having ever taken to invading inland waters. If the life-history of the salmon, however, has given rise to as much controversy as the Mar peerage, the life-history of the eel is a complete mystery. To begin with, nobody has ever so much as distinguished between male and female eels; except microscopically, eels have never been seen in the act of spawning, nor observed anywhere with mature eggs. The ova themselves are wholly unknown; the mode of their production is a dead secret. All we know is this: that eels never reproduce in fresh water; that a certain number of adults descend the rivers to the sea, irregularly, during the winter months; and that some of these must presumably spawn with the utmost circumspection in brackish water or in the deep sea, for in the course of the summer myriads of young eels, commonly called grigs, and proverbial for their merriment, ascend the rivers in enormous bodies, and enter every smaller or larger tributary.

If we know little about the paternity and maternity of eels, we know a great deal about their childhood and youth, or, to speak more eelishly, their grigginess and elverhood. The young grigs, when they do make their appearance, leave us in no doubt at all about their presence or their reality. They wriggle up weirs, walls, and floodgates; they force their way bodily through chinks and apertures; they find out every drain, pipe, or conduit in a given plane rectilinear figure; and when all other spots have been fully occupied, they take to dry land, like veritable snakes, and cut straight across country for the nearest lake, pond, or ornamental waters. These swarms or migrations are known to farmers as eel-fairs; but the word ought more properly to be written eel-fares, as the eels then fare or travel up the streams to their permanent quarters. A great many eels, however, never migrate seaward at all, and never seem to attain to years of sexual maturity. They merely bury themselves under stones in winter, and live and die as celibates in their inland retreats. So very terrestrial do they become, indeed, that eels have been taken with rats or field-mice undigested in their stomachs.

The sturgeon is another more or less migratory fish, originally (like the salmon) of fresh-water habits, but now partially marine, which ascends its parent stream for spawning during the summer season. In-

credible quantities are caught for caviar in the great Russian rivers. At one point on the Volga, a hundred thousand people collect in spring for the fishery, and work by relays, day and night continuously, as long as the sturgeon are going up stream. On some of the tributaries, when fishing is intermitted for a single day, the sturgeons have been known to completely fill a river three hundred and sixty feet wide, so that the backs of the uppermost fish were pushed out of the water. (I take this statement, not from the "Arabian Nights," as the scoffer might imagine, but from that most respectable authority, Professor Seeley.) Still, in spite of the enormous quantity killed, there is no danger of any falling off in the supply for the future, for every fish lays from two to three million eggs, each of which, as caviare eaters well know, is quite big enough to be distinctly seen with the naked eye in the finished product. The best caviare is simply bottled exactly as found, with the addition merely of a little salt. No man of taste can pretend to like the nasty, sun-dried sort, in which the individual eggs are reduced to a kind of black pulp, and pressed hard with the feet into doubtful barrels.

In conclusion, let me add one word of warning as to certain popular errors about the young fry of sundry well-known species. Nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that sprats are only immature herring. This is a complete mistake. Believe it not. Sprats are a very distinct species of the herring genus, and they never grow much bigger than when they appear, *brochés*, at table. The largest adult sprat measures only six inches, while full-grown herring may attain as much as fifteen. Moreover, herring have teeth on the palate, always wanting in sprats, by which means the species may be readily distinguished at all ages. When in doubt, therefore, do not play trumps, but examine the palate. On the other hand, whitebait, long supposed to be a distinct species, has now been proved by Dr. Günther, the greatest of ichthyologists, to consist chiefly of the fry or young of herring. To complete our discomfiture, the same eminent authority has also shown that the pilchard and the sardine, which we thought so unlike, are one and the same fish, called by different names according as he is caught off the Cornish coast or in Breton, Portuguese, or Mediterranean waters. Such aliases are by no means uncommon among his class. To say the plain truth, fish are the most vari-

able and ill-defined of animals; they differ so much in different habitats, so many hybrids occur between them, and varieties merge so readily by imperceptible stages into one another, that only an expert can decide in doubtful cases—and every expert carefully reverses the last man's opinion. Let us at least be thankful that whitebait by any other name would eat as nice; that science has not a single whisper to breathe against their connection with lemon; and that whether they are really the young of *Clupea harengus* or not, the supply at Billingsgate shows no symptom of falling short of the demand.

From The Fortnightly Review.
HOGARTH'S TOUR.

MORALIZING, in his masterpiece, over that "square old yellow book" he bought on the palace steps at Florence, a distinguished poet lately gone from us touches something of the ineffable delight of the true student in presence of a genuine "document"—an authentic and unimpeachable record:—

pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat
hard,
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries
since.

Yet there are things more close to truth than even the sworn testimony in Browning's "Roman murder-case," which, after all, was mainly a matter of print. An actual manuscript from the pen of a person of the drama—still more a manuscript pictorially interpreted by others of the company—this, one might think, should bring us into a communion far more intimate than any arrangement, however artful, of "caps" and "lower case." Such a relic exists to-day in the Print Room of the British Museum. It is an oblong book in faded ink, of which the title, *verbatim, literatim, et punctatim*, runs as follows: "An Account of what seem'd most Remarkable in the Five Days Peregrination of the Five Following Persons Vizt. Messieurs Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill, and Forrest. Begun on Saturday May 27th 1732 and Finish'd On the 31st of the Same Month. *Abi tu et fac similiter*. Inscription on Dulwich Colledge Porch." The "peregrination" was from London to the island of Sheppey; and the pilgrims were Hogarth, the painter; John Thornhill, his brother-in-law; the "English Canaletto," Samuel Scott; a much experienced

draper of Tavistock Street, named William Tothall, and an attorney named Ebenezer Forrest. It was a hastily improvised expedition, concerning which Forrest afterwards drew up the circumstantial chronicle described above. Its spirit is a little that of Goldsmith's journey to Kentish Town in the "Citizen of the World;" it is, indeed, professedly "a burlesque upon historical writers recording a series of insignificant events," but, at the same time, it gives so frank and simple an idea of old-world merriment that it is worth while for a moment to linger over its pages. If, like most records of its time, it has its coarse passages, they need not concern us here.

It was midnight when, to the favorite tune of "Why should we quarrel for riches" (for which one must overhaul contemporary "Little Warblers"), the party set out from the Bedford Arms Tavern in Covent Garden. The modest equipment of each traveller consisted of a spare shirt, carried commodiously in the deep-flapped pocket of the period. They probably took a wherry from Somerset Stairs, "the first land they made" being the notorious night-cellar in Thames Street, by Billingsgate, known as the Dark House. Here (says the chronicle) "Hogarth made a Caricature of a Porter, who called himself 'the Duke of Puddledock.'* The drawing was (by his Grace) pasted on the cellar-door." As the clock struck one, having hired a waterman with a canvas-covered and straw-strewn tilt-boat, for Charles Lamb's "hoy" had not yet attained its full popularity, they hoisted sail for Gravesend, having (according to the record) "much rain, and no sleep, for about three hours. At Cuckold's Point (it goes on) we sung 'St. John,' at Deptford, 'Pishoken,' and in Blackwall Reach eat hung beef and biscuit, and drank right *Hollands*. At Purfleet we had a view of the 'Gibraltar,' the 'Dursley Galley,' and 'Tartar Pink,' men of war, from the last of which we took on board the pilot who brought her up the Channel. He entertained us with a Lieutenant's account of an insult offered him by the Spaniards and other affairs of consequence, which naturally made us drowsy; and then Hogarth fell asleep; but soon awaking, was going to relate a dream he had; but falling asleep again, when he awaked forgot he had dreamt at all."

* Puddledock was in Blackfriars, close by Shakespeare's house. "I had rather be Countess of Puddledock than Queen of Sussex," says a lady in Shadwell's "Epsom Wells."

About six they arrived at Gravesend, and having had their wigs powdered at Mrs. Bramble's hostelry, set out after tea (or rather coffee) for Rochester. They must have passed over Gadshill, where the "Wild Prince" robbed "fat Jack," and where later lived the author of "Edwin Drood." At Rochester, which they reached at ten, they inspected the cathedral and the castle. In the latter they saw a little boy go down a curious well in the middle wall, "by small holes cut in the sides, wherein he placed his hands and feet, and soon returned, bringing up with him a young daw he had taken out of a nest there." In traversing the city they came upon Richard Watt's Hospital "for the relief of six travelling persons, by entertaining them with one night's lodging, and giving to each fourpence in the morning, provided they are not persons contagiously diseased, rogues, or proctors." This, it will be remembered, is the quaint old charity which Dickens has made the scene of one of his Christmas stories — "The Seven Poor Travellers."

At one they dined at the Crown Inn. Here is the bill of fare: Soles and flounders, with crab sauce; calf's head stuffed and roasted, with the liver fried and the appurtenance minced; roast leg of mutton and green peas; beverages, small beer and port. It says much for their admirable digestions that Hogarth and Scott subsequently played hop-scotch in the colonnade under the Town Hall; and that they were shortly afterwards ready for shrimps at Chatham, to which place they next adjourned. At Chatham, among other men-of-war, they saw the Royal George, a predecessor of that ill-fated vessel of which Cowper sang the elegy. "At six we returned to our quarters at Rochester, and passed the time agreeably till nine, and then quite fatigued with pleasure, we went to bed."

On the following day they crossed by Strood through the fields of Frindsbury, where a list of benefactions in the church which, despite the usual "Witness our hands," was subscribed by the vicar alone, appears, in the absence of other objects of interest, to have greatly exercised them. From Frindsbury they went on to Upnor, where Hogarth drew the castle and Scott the shipping. The whole party, with the diminutive figure of the painter conspicuous among them, appear in the foreground of the joint picture. They dined hurriedly at the Smack, in the ten-gun battery, after which their exuberant animal spirits found vent in a battle royal, and a good deal of

horse-play. Their next halting-place was Hoo. Here their admiration was divided between a grateful servant maid's epitaph on her master in Hoo churchyard, and an agreeable landlady who had buried four husbands. Scott, who was evidently the butt of the party, then enlivened them "by attempting to prove a man might go over but not through the world; and, for example, pointed to the earth and asked them to go through that element."

In revenge for this outrageous pleasantry they thenceforth devoted themselves to the pastime of secretly filling his pockets with stones, a course which in the issue proved unwise, as it simply supplied him with ammunition for the combats for which, at this stage, their souls seem to have thirsted. North Street, where they found a well-afforded opportunity for cooling their courage by a water engagement, and Stoke, which rejoiced in a remarkable combination of weather-cocks, were next traversed, and they finally put up in the latter place at the Nag's Head, where there were "but three beds and no night-caps." Upon the embarrassments thus created followed a good deal of further fun, such as bolstering, "fighting perukes," (?) and so forth. At six next morning arrived a fisherman in boots and shock hair, who shaved them and "flowered" their wigs, which, after the "high jinks" of the night before, must have urgently needed renovation. Hogarth made a rapid sketch of this scene; and the old, rudely washed drawing still shows us what he saw in the low-ceiled, lattice-windowed, brick-floored room — the fisherman in his shirt sleeves taking Thornhill tenderly by the nose; Forrest at breakfast in a red coat, with a handkerchief bound about his bare poll; while Tothall, a portly personage, is scraping his chin at a mirror; Scott drawing at a table; and the artist himself busily engaged in the corner. Milk and toast were then the order of the day, and they started for Sheerness.

After nearly losing their way in Stoke Marshes, they entered the Isle of Graia, making instinctively for the Chequers ale-house. No ferryman could be found to carry them across the Medway to Sheerness; but at last they chartered a ship's yawl, embarking with some difficulty. (From Hogarth's picture they had to crawl on their hands and knees along two oars laid between the shore and the boat.) At twelve they landed at Sheerness, visited the fort, where Scott created some amusement by smelling the touch-holes of the recently discharged ord-

nance, and then walked along the beach to Queenborough. Here the traditional smallness of the little town, with its one street, its miniature clock-house, and its plentiful lack of provisions, impressed them almost as much as the fact that the principal inn, which had for its sign a red lion, was called the "Swans." In the church they found an epitaph on an old whaling captain : —

In Greenland I Whales Seahorses Bears did
slay

Though Now my Body is Intombe in Clay;

and in the churchyard the grave-digger, who, under the influence of two pots of ale, informed them, among other things, that the mayor was "a Custom-House officer," and the parson "a sad dog" — phrases which the speaker probably regarded as synonymous. On the hill behind the town they foregathered with a boat's crew from the Rose man-of-war, who, having been told off to carry one of the midshipmen on shore, had been left by their commanding officer without money or food — a moving and Smollett-like incident which immediately excited the charity of the pilgrims. "We gave the fellows sixpence, who were very thankful, and ran towards the town to buy victuals for themselves and their companions, who lay asleep at some distance. We, going to view their boat that stuck fast in the mud, one of the sailors returned hastily, and kindly offered us some cockles: this seemed an act of so much gratitude, that we followed the fellows into the town, and gave them another sixpence, and they fetched their companions, and all refreshed themselves, and were very thankful and merry." At Queenborough a chair was brought into the street for Hogarth to sketch the Town House, an operation which soon had the effect of attracting as spectators a larger population than had been suspected, including "several pretty women." Nothing else of much note occurred here. The missing midshipman of the Rose having returned, fresh difficulties arose owing to his cavalier behavior to a lady of the neighborhood; the friends were out-chirruped at the inn by some Harwich lobster-men, whose admirable sea-songs threw their own humbler efforts of "St John" and "Pishoken" entirely into the background; and the usual complications arose with the butt of the party, Scott, respecting his bed.

Quitting Queenborough at ten, they mounted to the little village of Minster, the highest part of the island of Sheppey.

Here, in the old church, Scott made a sketch of the tomb of a Spanish ambassador, and Hogarth drew that of the Lord of Shurland, whose tragic story Ingoldsby has embellished and embroidered in his prose legend of "Grey Dolphin." Forrest's version, as collected from local tradition, may be quoted as a favorable specimen of his talents as historiographer : —

The legend of the last [Lord Shorland] being remarkable, I shall relate it with all its circumstances.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this lord, having been to visit a friend on this island [Sheppey] and passing by this church in his way home to Shorland, about two miles off, he saw a concourse of people gathered together in the churchyard; and, inquiring the reason, was informed that the parson who stood by there refused to bury the corpse brought for that purpose because there was no money to pay the burial fees. His lordship, being extremely moved at the parson, ordered the people to throw him into the grave and bury him quick, which they accordingly did and he died. My lord went home and there, reflecting on what he had done and fearing to forfeit his life for the offence, he wrote a petition, setting forth the nature of his offence; and hearing the Queen was on board one of the ships at the Nore (to which place she came to take a view of her fleet designed to oppose the Spanish Armada), he took a horse and rode directly into the sea, and swam to the Nore, about three miles off; and, coming to the ship's side, begged to see her Majesty, who came immediately, and he presented his petition. The queen received, read, and granted it; and he, without quitting his horse, swam back again to the island, and coming on the shore, met an old woman, who told him that though the horse had then saved his life, he would be the cause of his death. His lordship fearing (and in order to prevent) the accomplishment of the old woman's prophecy, alighted from his horse, drew his sword, and killed and left him there; and his carcase was by the force of the sea, thrown some little way on the land. Some years after this, my lord, walking with some of his friends near the seaside, espied the skull and some other bones of the horse lying there; and, relating the foregoing account, happened to kick the skull, and hurt one of his toes, which mortified and killed him.

The tale as told in Grose's "Antiquities" is less romantic and more probable. But it is not unlikely that the whole derives its origin from the simpler fact that the Lord of Shurland was upon some occasion saved by the swimming of his horse. At all events, there he lies at Minster, as Hogarth drew him, with his shield and dagger at his side. And sure enough,

at his feet, is a rude effigy of a horse's head rising above waves.

Little more remains to be told of our tourists. Hiring a bumboat at four on Thursday, the thirtieth, they embarked for Gravesend. They had a bad passage, were sick, and struck on the Blythe Sands, but got to their destination at ten. At eight next day they hired a boat with clean straw, provided themselves with a bottle of wine, pipes, tobacco, and light, and came merrily up the river to Billingsgate before a mackerel gale, though not without the regulation burlesque misadventures on the part of Scott. About two they reached their starting place, the Bedford Arms. "I think I cannot better conclude [says Forrest] than with taking Notice that not one of the Company was unemploy'd. For Mr. Thornhill made the Map, Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Scott all the other Drawings, Mr. Tothall was our Treasurer, which (tho' a place of the Greatest Trust), he faithfully Discharg'd, and the foregoing Memoirs was the work of E. Forrest." "The Veracity of this Manuscript is attested by us. Wm. Hogarth Samuel Scott Wm. Tothall John Thornhill." It was forthwith bound, gilt, lettered, and read out to the delighted club. Some time afterwards it was lent to the Reverend William Gostling, a minor canon of Canterbury, who turned it into Hudibrastic verse, in which form one of Hogarth's biographers, oddly enough, but misled, no doubt, by the line: "And Forrest who this journal wrote," seems to have supposed it to have been at first composed. The title-page says that it is "imitated . . . with Liberty of some Additions," and it is possible that a few minor details may have been inserted from particulars supplied by one or other of the travellers; but although the couplets are respectable, the Canterbury canon's rhymed paraphrase cannot compete with Forrest's original prose. Here, however, is his "transversing" of the above:—

With pleasure I observe, none idle
Were in our travels, or employ'd ill.
Tothall, our treasurer, was just,
And worthily discharg'd his trust;
(We all sign'd his accounts as fair):
Sam Scott and *Hogarth*, for their share,
The prospects of the sea and land did;
As *Thornhill* of the tour the plan did;
And *Forrest* wrote his true relation
Of our five days' peregrination.

This to attest, our names we've wrote all,
Viz.: *Thornhill*, *Hogarth*, *Scott*, and *Tothall*.

Until 1781 both versions remained in

manuscript. Then John Nichols struck off a few copies of Mr. Gostling's Hudibrastics "as a literary curiosity;" and in the year following, Richard Livesay, the engraver, who lodged in Mrs. Hogarth's house at Leicester Fields, made aquatint fac-similes of the drawings, including a grotesque headpiece and tailpiece which Hogarth had added to the other sketches. These copies he issued with a reprint of Forrest's text. From the foregoing description of this latter performance it will be gathered that it can scarcely be regarded as a contribution to literature; and it is not difficult to understand that its fun was somewhat too highly flavored for the fastidious palate of critics like Horace Walpole. But it is not without interest as an unvarnished record of the frank and hearty, albeit not over-refined, way in which our middle-class ancestors took their pleasure in the cock-fighting, bull-baiting, cudgel-playing England of the second George. It helps one, besides, to understand those liberal "flicks" and "dowses," assaults and batteries, which play so prominent a part in the novels of Fielding and Smollett.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From Temple Bar.

THE NOVELS OF WILKIE COLLINS.

WITH the death of Wilkie Collins we have lost almost the last of the great English novelists who made the middle of the nineteenth century memorable in the history of fiction. Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, Trollope, Kingsley, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot; only one of them reached the allotted threescore years and ten. Collins, by a few years the younger of the coterie, has joined them; and the world is the poorer for want of one of the most fearless and honest fictionists who ever fed the public's sensation hunger while seeking to influence the public's serious sentiments. His time, the time not of to-day but of twenty or thirty years ago, was one of straight speaking, when men wrote from their hearts in a way that would be scorned in these days of subtle intellectualism, told their tale, set forth their moral, if there was one, and were content. The complications in which Collins revels are never of the subjective or metaphysical kind. The field of his narratives bristles with ingenious obstacles, but he goes at them like a steeplechaser at a hurdle, and

the emotions of his men and women are as simple as those of the *dramatis personæ* of an Adelphi drama.

This was not perhaps what Collins himself wished — probably not what he believed to be the case. Judging from his own prefaces, and other expressions of feeling in his novels, he laid great stress upon his character-drawing; it is intimated that "The Moonstone" is built upon "the conduct pursued under a sudden emergency by a young girl." But who stops to consider the psychological problem presented by Rachel Verinder? What we want to find out is, what has become of the diamond? In "No Name" there is a similar reference to the setting forth of a woman's character as a main object of the book; but who spends thought on the complexities of Magdalen Vanstone's nature until, at least, he has got to the end of her escapades? In other tales there is the same thing; the author is engaged, he believes, in tracing the influence of circumstance on character or character on circumstance; and yet the individuals that fix themselves in a reader's memory are not those around whom the labyrinth of plot is constructed; nor would any one think of calling Wilkie Collins a novelist notable for character-drawing. It is the semi-burlesque sketches, which he probably learnt to make from Dickens, that come to mind when we recall the novels: Count Fosco and Miss Clack, Uncle Joseph and the inimitable Captain and Mrs. Wragge, who are among the immortals. There is nothing like analyses of emotions or motives such as those upon which later writers delight to turn a microscopic lens. Even his Wragges and Foscos are not in the same familiar circle of our acquaintance with Mrs. Gamp and Mr. Pecksniff. And it is a little curious that Dickens, who has added more friends to all the world's portrait-gallery than any other writer has done, longed to shine as an elaborator of plots, inspired no doubt by admiration for his friend's genius; while Collins, the past master of the plot, aspired to be a delineator of character. Next to this, Collins had a firm belief in the purpose of his stories; it was characteristic of his frank and earnest nature; but so far as his readers were concerned, it was a mistake. Motives indeed are obvious in not a few — the marriage laws are aimed at in "Man and Wife," the position of illegitimate children in "No Name," society's treatment of "penitents" in "The New Magdalen," vivisection in "Heart and Science;" and there is a declared intention or object woven in

with many others, though it may never be suspected by the reader. Where the moral is evident it is freely forgiven for the sake of the plot which involves it, and that in itself is a tribute to his genius. With Dickens and Reade the same thing may be said, but it takes a master hand to make the public enjoy that powdered jam, fiction with a purpose.

To his position of supremacy as a manufacturer of plots no one denies Wilkie Collins's right, though critics may scorn or sneer at both the art and its master. It is a manufacture; there is no doubt about that. Nobody imagines the misfortunes of "Poor Miss Finch," and her blue-complexioned lover, the masquerades of Magdalen Vanstone, the machinations of the Romish Church in "The Black Robe," the remarkable coincidences of "Hide and Seek," or the melodramatic farrago of "The Frozen Deep," to be precisely scenes from real life. But, truth being stranger than fiction, possibly they might be; and if a man writes fiction as if it was truth, and it is good fiction into the bargain, there is no reason why the public should not like it as well as the washiest or wickedest realism.

Collins's style is not a thing of literary beauty like Mr. Stevenson's, or a marvel of finish like Mr. Henry James's. It is jerky and absolutely unornamented. There are no elegant extracts to be got out of his stories; it would be no easy matter to compile beauties of Collins, and even birthday-book framers might be in difficulties. The incidents are of the stage stagey, and as for scenic art there is probably never a word given to the description of natural surroundings unless it has a direct bearing on the development of the plot. But he had a story to tell, and he knew how to tell it. He had a strong grip of his story, too; a singularly forcible and vigorous method of unfolding it, and a talent for dramatic situations. Few readers, however much their intelligence may revolt from the strains on probabilities, or however near their heads may be to splitting in the effort to follow the endless complications and mystifications which confront them, lay aside the novel until they have read to the end. In their own peculiar way, "The Woman in White," and "The Moonstone," it may be safely said, have never been surpassed.

Like the majority of writers, Wilkie Collins wrote his most popular books when in the prime of life. Thackeray was forty-one when he gave "Esmond" to the world; Dickens two or three years younger when "David Copperfield" was written;

George Eliot was thirty-nine when "Adam Bede" placed her name among the immortals; and Trollope was forty-two when, with "Barchester Towers," he made his first success. Collins wrote "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armada," and "The Moonstone," in succession, between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; and none of his many earlier or later fictions have achieved the same fame as those four brilliant novels. "Antonina," a story of ancient Rome, was his first, then came "Basil," a remarkably unpleasant story, which yet showed ample evidence of inherent power and dramatic ability. In its feverish autobiographical mode of telling, and obvious indications of youth in the manner of it, "Basil," may be said to have literary kinship with Mr. William Black's "Kilmeny," and Mr. Justin McCarthy's "My Enemy's Daughter." Ingenuity of plot, helped out by useful coincidences, is the feature of the third effort, "Hide and Seek," with its gentle deaf and dumb heroine; but "The Dead Secret," was really the earliest example of the distinctly Collins method of narration, which has had a world of imitators, and, like most distinct methods, is a dangerous model. A little cheap satire and a great deal of egotism persuade the young writer who cultivates them that he is a second Thackeray; a free use of caricature, especially in proper names, and of capital letters, are expected to convince the world that a second Dickens has arisen. Similarly it is required only to have recourse to a bewildering sequence of events, place the telling of them in the mouths of half-a-dozen narrators, and let the narration be as bald and colloquial as possible, in order that a man may avow himself a disciple of Wilkie Collins. The difficulty lies in the acquirement of Wilkie Collins's talent. Improbabilities, absurdities, long-drawn-out complications of plot, and an almost brutal bluntness of style are, no doubt, among his characteristics; but, on the other hand, there is the singular realistic power which vitalizes even the most tiresome of his stories. "The Dead Secret" is melodramatic, and the secret is soon guessed by the reader; a change of children cannot be regarded as an original notion, and the hiding of the confession in the deserted portion of a house whose owner is most concerned in the matter is possibly not an expedient of great literary value; but the schemes of Sarah Leeson to get into the house and abstract the document, the strength with which this part of the book is written, and the humorous atmosphere surrounding Uncle Joseph and

his musical box, are almost on a level with Collins's best work. After this came the four already named: "The Woman in White," with the memorable figure of Count Fosco, best known of all his characters, because no one had before conceived the possibility of a villain who should be fat and comic, and possess pet animals; "No Name," the history of Magdalen Vanstone's plots to recover her lost home, and entrap her odious Cousin Noel — odious, also, after an original type — and of the counterplots of Mrs. Lecourt, whose cold and slimy reptile pets are a pair to Fosco's white mice; "Armada," wherein occurs the curious figure of Miss Gwilt, which took a firm hold of public fancy. For this novel it is said that Wilkie Collins reached his top price; but it may be taken for granted that its predecessors had a considerable effect upon this point; for in plot it is scarcely equal to them or to its successor, though there are other admirable features which lend probability to the statement that it was the author's own favorite work. In skill of plot, conception, and development, without considering other details, "The Moonstone" stands pre-eminent.

Of the dozen or so other novels which the same pen has since given us, "Man and Wife" and "The New Magdalen" made the most sensation. They dealt with delicate questions, and they took a new view of them. "Man and Wife," indeed, dealt with at least two questions; not only is the injustice of the marriage laws keenly and forcibly insisted on — in itself a sufficiently startling onslaught upon popular conservatism — but a vehement attack is also made upon the excessive value set on athletic sports. In this matter Wilkie Collins ran as directly contrary to public feeling as in the obesity of Fosco, and the devotion to Beethoven of Lydia Gwilt; and he hit it more closely. Various ameliorations have been made in the legal relationship of man and wife; but as to the sports and exercise craze, the current appears to be all the other way, and until people can appreciate the difference between the rational and healthy development of every boy's and every girl's limbs and muscles, and the forcing and straining of one man's physical powers in order that the rest may look on and bet, so long it will be well that such an illustration of the triumph of brute over angel as Geoffrey Delamayn should be held up to them. Still more risky is the main idea of "The New Magdalen," which narrowly misses being a fine story; strong and clever it is, but it misses the higher rank by that was

"The Doctor." He was a man of handsome appearance; and probably from him Amelia got much of the beauty and charm of manner which rendered her so great a favorite in society. Her mother died young, when her daughter was only fifteen years of age, so that before she was out of her teens she had to manage her father's household and take her place at the head of his table. These early responsibilities probably had much to do with the formation of that vigorous and self-reliant character which she afterwards displayed. But before this a good deal of wise culture of character had gone on under her mother, of whom, in an autobiographical sketch of her own early days, Amelia says: "She was as firm from principle as she was gentle in disposition." This was specially manifested in relation to certain fears, which, she says, "I used to indulge and prove by tears and screams whenever I saw the objects that called forth my alarm. The first was terror of blackbeetles, the second of frogs, the third of skeletons, the fourth of a black man, and the fifth of a madman. In order to cure me of my first fear, my mother made me take a beetle in my hand, and so convince myself it would not hurt me. As her word was law, I obeyed her, though with a shrinking frame; but the point was carried, and when, as frequently happened, I was told to take up a beetle and put it out of the way of being trodden upon, I learned to forget even my former fear." A similar course was adopted in relation to the other objects of her fear, so that she became proud of being able to hold a frog in her hand, and nursed a skeleton as if it were a big doll; whilst from learning the sorrows of the African race, she acquired quite a love for the blacks, and became an eager advocate for their emancipation; and, from being compelled to hear her mother's kindly converse with two poor old lunatics who lived near, she gradually grew to pity rather than fear them, and often used to visit the Norwich Asylum on kindly missions of mercy to its unfortunate inmates. An altogether wise procedure this, on the part of her mother, and well worthy of imitation, not only in relation to children, but animals. Such a rational method would rob life of a multitude of terrors to children: whilst, in the case of horses, who only shy from ignorance, it would be a far more effective remedy than the spur or the whip.

From this altogether charming autobiography of her early days, quite as fascinating (perhaps more) as Mr. Ruskin's "Præterita," I cannot refrain quoting the

following, which seems to me almost perfect in its way: "One of my earliest recollections is of gazing at the bright blue sky as I lay in my little bed, before my hour of rising came, and listening with delighted attention to the ringing of a peal of bells. I had heard that heaven was beyond those blue skies, and I had been taught that *there* was the home of the good; and I fancied that those sweet bells were ringing in heaven. What a happy error! Neither illusion nor reality, at any subsequent period of my life, ever gave me such a sensation of pure heartfelt delight as I experienced when, morning after morning, I looked on that blue sky, listened to those bells, and fancied that I heard the music of the home of the blest, pealing from the dwelling of the Most High. Well do I remember the excessive mortification I felt when I was told the truth, and had the nature of bells explained to me; and though I have since had to awaken often from illusions that were dear to my heart, I am sure that I never woke from one with more pain than I experienced when forced to forego this sweet illusion of my imaginative childhood." This reminds us of poor Tom Hood's childhood fancy of the slender fir-tree tops as being close against the sky. "A childish ignorance," as he acknowledges, but an ignorance with a deep heart of joy!

Unfortunately this autobiography does not go beyond her childhood days. Had it been continued it would probably have been unsurpassed in the English language for vividness and vigor of portrayal. I have spoken of her care for lunatics; and she tells us that "her attention was drawn away from an interest that was becoming too absorbing, by new sources of occupation and interest. Dancing and French school soon gave another turn to my thoughts, and excited in me other views and feelings." Her instructor in the first of these was one named Christian, who gained such a notoriety for his skill that for years his room was called Christian's room. Long years afterwards Mrs. Opie, accompanied by her husband and a friend, visited the Dutch Church in Norwich; whilst they were looking round, she found herself rather cold, and began to hop and dance upon the spot where she stood. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the pavement, and she started at seeing the well-known name of Christian graven upon the slab, and she says: "I stopped in dismay, shocked to find that I had actually been dancing upon the grave of my old master — he who first taught me to dance."

This and French, in which she acquired great fluency, and singing, which enabled her afterwards to render her own songs, were the chief occupations of her later youth.

It should perhaps be noted here that although Mrs. Opie ended her days as a member of the Society of Friends, and is generally associated in the public mind with that community, yet she was in earlier times connected with the Unitarian Church. In this respect her course differed from that of Mary Howitt, who began life as a Quakeress, passed thence to Unitarianism, and ended in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. It is scarcely possible to understand Mrs. Opie's career without remembering these early religious surroundings of her life. Dancing and singing would, of course, have been quite out of the question if her youth had been passed, as were her later days, in the Society of Friends. Her course would have been along quieter paths, and her vigorous, fashionable pictures of life, both at home and abroad, would have been impossible.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that a girl with such accomplishments, with a pleasing personal appearance, an animated countenance, eyes soft and expressive, hair abundant and of beautiful auburn hue, waving in long tresses, figure well-formed, carriage free, hands, arms, and feet well shaped—so she has been described—should have had numerous admirers. She owned, indeed, that she had been guilty of the "girlish impudence" of love at sixteen. It was not, however, till she had passed that age by two years that, during a visit to London (1797), the successful suitor came on the scene. She tells of him in the following letter to her friend, Mrs. John Taylor, of Norwich (the mother of Mrs. Austen):—

"Well! a whole page, and not a word yet of the state of her heart; the subject most interesting to me"—methinks I hear you exclaim; patience, friend, it will come soon, but not go away soon, were I to analyze it and give it to you in detail. Suffice that it is in the most comical state possible; but I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I enjoy everything; and if my head be not turned by the large draughts which my vanity is daily quaffing, I shall return to Norwich much happier than I left it. Mr. Opie has (but *mum*) been my declared lover almost ever since I came. I was ingenuous with him upon principle, and I told him my situation and the state of my heart. He said he should still persist, and would risk all consequences to

his own peace, and so he did and does; and I have not resolution to forbid his visits. Is not this abominable? Nay, more, were I not certain my father would disapprove such, or indeed *any* connection for me, there are moments when, ambitious of being a wife and mother, and of securing to myself a companion for life capable of entering into all my pursuits, and of amusing me by his, I could almost resolve to break all fetters, and relinquish too the wide and often aristocratic circle in which I now move, and become the wife of a man whose genius has raised him from obscurity into fame and comparative affluence; but, indeed, my mind is on the pinnacle of its health when I thus feel, and on a pinnacle one can't remain long. But I had forgotten to tell you the attraction Mr. O. held out, that staggered me beyond anything else; it was that, if I was averse to leaving my father, he would joyfully consent to his living with us. What a temptation to me, who am every moment sensible that the claims of my father will always be with me superior to any charms that a lover can hold out! Often do I rationally and soberly state to Opie the reasons why I never could be happy with him, nor he with me; but it always ends in his persisting in his suit, and protesting his willingness to wait for my decision, even while I am seriously rejecting him and telling him I *have* decided."

The favored suitor was the son of a Cornish carpenter, who desired him to follow his own calling; but when he was only ten years of age his passion for and skill in drawing manifested itself. He covered the walls of his home with pictures of his parents, his companions, his favorite animals. Dr. Waller, better known as Peter Pindar, heard of him, and, when he was about twenty years of age, introduced him to the great world of art in London. He was known as the Cornish wonder, and the street in which he resided was so packed with carriages that he jokingly said he should have to place a cannon at his door to keep the people off. In person he looked like an inspired peasant. His rival Northcote said of him, "other artists paint to live; Opie lives to paint." The beautiful Mrs. Inchbald says: "The total absence of artificial manners was the most remarkable characteristic and, at the same time, the adornment and deformity of Mr. Opie." He is perhaps best remembered by his curt reply to a young artist who asked, "Mr. Opie, how do you mix your colors?" "With brains, sir."

This was the man who, at the age of thirty-six, sought the hand of Amelia Alderson. At the beginning of his popularity he had married a woman of some property, but quite unworthy of him, and from whom he had been compelled to get a divorce. He first met Miss Alderson at an evening party in London, of which we have the following account: "The time was wearing away and still she did not appear; at length the door was flung open, and she entered, bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet, placed in a somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers. Her beautiful hair hung in rich, waving tresses over her shoulders" (where, if fashion would only permit, a woman's hair ought to hang), "her face was kindling with pleasure at sight of her old friends, and her whole appearance animated and glowing. At the time she came in, Opie was sitting on a sofa, beside Mr. F., who had been saying from time to time, "Amelia is coming; Amelia will surely come. Why is she not here?" He was interrupted by his companion eagerly exclaiming, "Who is that? Who is that?" and hastily rising, he pressed forward to be introduced to the fair object whose sudden appearance had so impressed him. He was evidently smitten; charmed at first sight, and, as she says, "almost from my first arrival Mr. Opie became my avowed lover."

She at first resented his proposals. Devoted to her father, who relied so entirely upon her, she was not disposed to entertain the thought of marriage at all; but Cornish indomitability at last prevailed, and on the 8th of May, 1798, they were married at Marylebone Church.

Their wedded life had rather a chequered experience, for fashion, that fickle mistress, who at first had smiled upon, neglected, if it did not frown upon Opie. In their early life together, therefore, as she says, "Great economy and self-denial were necessary, and were strictly observed by us at that time." But later on Opie applied himself to portrait painting — a more lucrative branch of art than he had before followed, and with such success, especially in portraits of women, that after one of the exhibitions, one of his brother artists came up to him, and, after praising his pictures, said, "We never saw anything like this in you before, Opie; this must be owing to your wife."

Whilst the husband wielded the brush, the wife used the pen. From her earliest days she had been given to composition;

now she took up her pen in earnest, so that before long it may be questioned which had the greater reputation — the pictures of John or the poems and stories of Amelia. The year before her marriage she had published anonymously a novel, "The Dangers of Coquetry," which fell flat — the title was enough to kill it. Three years after marriage she published a volume of poems, "Father and Daughter," whilst a year later a second volume of poems appeared, which contained the following lines, which were highly praised both by the *Edinburgh Review* and by Sydney Smith in a lecture at the Royal Institution, at which the authoress was present, and "she used to tell how suddenly the overwhelming compliment came upon her, causing her to shrink within herself and almost to cower down lest those near her might recognize her confession."

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble prayer —
Forget me not! forget me not!
Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express
Nor ever deign to think of me!
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend —
Forget me not! forget me not!

Sir James Mackintosh wrote of these verses from India: "Tell the fair Opie that if she would address such pretty verses to me as she did to Ashburner, I think she might almost bring me back from Bombay, though she could not prevent his going thither." I confess that such compliments make one disposed to think rather lightly of both Sydney Smith and Mackintosh as critics of poetry, but the criticism of poetry is more cultivated now than it was then.

All this literary work was accomplished at a time of great anxiety, for at the end of the year (1801) her husband saw himself almost wholly without employment, and during that time she experienced the severest trial of her married life. Still he continued to paint regularly and so probably "increased his ability to do justice to the torrent of a business which soon after set in towards him and never ceased to flow till the day of his death." Another trouble of her married life was the dependency of her husband, so that often,

very often, he would enter her sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaim: "I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live."

In the following year (1802) a wish she had long cherished of visiting Paris was gratified. Her companions were her husband and three friends. A curious adventure befell her in the Hotel Grand-sire at Calais:—

"Opposite to me [she says] sat a gentleman, wearing what I conceived to be a foreign order; and as he was very alert in rendering me the customary table attentions, I ventured to address him in French, but he did not reply. I therefore concluded that he was of some nation in which French was not very generally spoken, and so far I was not very wrong in my conjecture, as my opposite neighbor turned out to be an English messenger, just arrived with despatches from our government; and the order which gave him such distinction in my curious eyes was nothing more than a silver greyhound, which messengers then wore! My mistake exposed me to some good-humored banter; but, perhaps, it was well for me that I made it, as it put me a little on my guard against one of my infirmities—that of forming hasty conclusions."

In Paris they met with Charles James Fox, whose presence in their company procured their admission to a room at the Louvre containing some fine paintings, not usually opened to the public. Here Opie drew the attention of the great statesman to the Jerome of Domenichino, on the merits of which they had a difference of opinion. Fox could not reply to Opie's remarks, but at last exclaimed: "Well, to be sure, you must be a better judge of such points than I am." Mr. Fox afterwards came to sit for his portrait to Opie, who was much bothered with the conflicting opinions of those who watched his work. His sitter whispered to him: "Don't mind what those people say, you must know better than they do."

Mrs. Opie's letters from Paris during this and subsequent visits, especially her descriptions of Napoleon, are charmingly picturesque. It would be difficult to find finer descriptive letters. She had evidently a very clear and decided idea as to what letters ought to be. To Mrs. Taylor she writes: "I find that Mrs. B. admires Cowper's letters very much. In my opinion they have been much overrated. The letters to Lady Herbert are beautiful, but those to Hayley and J. John-

son, abounding as they do in 'dearests' and 'fondnesses' and 'dearest of all dear Johnnies,' make me sick *à la mort!*" Mrs. Opie is never guilty of such phrases.

It was not long before her husband was obliged to be her companion in the use of the pen. On the death of Fuseli, to the surprise of every one, he was appointed professor of painting at the Royal Academy, and had to prepare a course of lectures. This, on account of his defective early culture, was a hard task. Here his wife could, and probably did, assist him. So the years of their married life passed on—he as busy with the brush as she with her pen—she stealing away now and then to visit her father, Dr. Alderson, who missed her so sorely, and her husband ever longing and impatient for her return; both husband and wife growing in power in their separate spheres, the artist painting with a firmer hand and a more finished style, and the authoress giving to the world ever better work, though not perhaps so good as she was capable of, for Sidney Smith once said to her: "Tenderness is your forte and carelessness your fault."

Opie's lectures at the Academy proved a great success. After the delivery of the first "he was complimented by his brethren and escorted home by Sir William Beechey, and appeared to his wife in a flush of joy, and was so elated that he could not sleep. He had visions of leisure and enjoyment, declared that he meant to be a gentleman, keep a horse and ride out every morning." But the dream was never realized. His health began to fail, his vital force declined, and gradually, in spite of the best medical skill, he sank into the arms of death on the 9th of April, 1807, at the early age of forty-six years, and was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's, where, as he saw Sir Joshua Reynolds buried, he had said to his sister: "Ay, girl, and I too shall be buried in St. Paul's." Thus, after nine brief years of married life, the painter-husband and the poet-wife were separated for a season by the great gulf of death.

W. G. HORDER

From The Globe.

THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

In a few weeks another season will be over and past, and those of us who have a sufficient amount of luck, money, and sense combined will be scouring the Con-

continent with a view to regaining the health wasted in late hours and big dinners in London. Once more we shall give the intelligent foreigner ample opportunities of studying the peculiarities of the English character. Once more the Paris opera-house will be invaded by our compatriots in morning dress, while burly Englishmen stroll down the Boulevard des Italiens in knickerbockers and shooting boots. If rudeness is not the badge of all our tribe, we must at any rate confess that we have a noble disregard for the conventionalities of others, and that we are superbly indifferent to the feelings of Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, *et id genus omne*. We care nothing for the Parisian caricaturist, with his most uncomplimentary cartoons. We scorn him, and he does not even succeed in stinging. Our providential ignorance of the awful German language enables us to listen with equanimity to criticisms on "der tolle Engländer." The phrase is unknown to ninety-nine Englishmen, and to about one German, out of a hundred. They may abuse us, or laugh at us, or shun us; it is all the same as far as we are concerned, and, in the language of the P.R., we still come up smiling.

Some of the criticisms of foreigners may perhaps serve to amuse, if not to instruct us. They are mostly directed towards certain salient points in the English character which impress the inhabitants of those countries we favor with our visits more than we are perhaps aware. Our religious notions, our love of independence, our exclusiveness and unsociability, our curious variations between impetuosity and masterly inactivity, our athleticism, our horseyness — all these strike the foreigner and give him occasion to blaspheme. Heine's definition of the English aristocracy, for instance, is summed up in the words "Asses who talk of horses." Emerson declared that in the case of England "the horse was in the saddle and rode mankind." We carry this kind of sanctimonious piety with us in our portmanteau. It is very cheap and no duty is charged. As it has no weight we are in no danger of having to pay extra for our luggage from this cause. Of course every foreigner thinks of Edinburgh on a Sunday with a shudder. Nassau Senior has told how a Jew expired in great agony owing to having made a pun in that city on the Sabbath. Bismarck, too, has complained bitterly of the intolerance shown by the north Britons to those who whistle

on Sunday. One of his jokes against the English relates to our supposed sensitiveness as to our rights. "An Englishman," said Bismarck, "once fought and overcame a sentry in order to hang himself in the sentry-box, that being a right which he considered it his duty to vindicate on his own behalf and that of every free-born Briton." A few years ago, when there was a passion among the English visitors at Homburg for lawn tennis, many of the German residents were scandalized by the scanty attire of the gentlemen and the objectionable character of the English "blazers." They accordingly sent a deputation to the mayor, or burgomaster, or chief civic functionary, to complain of the indecency of the game, and to ask him to interdict it. This request that great and good man refused, on the characteristic ground that if he stopped lawn tennis he would have to prohibit all English games; "for," said he, "all English games are indecent."

The Germans have many stories about our poor innocent selves. One, which may be read in almost any *Anekdotenschats*, tells of an Englishman in a railway accident who, hearing from a porter that his valet had been killed and subdivided, requested immediately that the portion of the valet on which the right-hand waistcoat pocket was found might be brought to him, in order that he might obtain the key of his dressing-bag. This was phlegmatic. But where his property is concerned, the Englishman can be impetuous too. For instance, it is related that an Englishman was lounging home rather late one night along the Via Condotti at Rome. A man going by jostled against him. The Englishman, whose suspicions were aroused, instantly felt for his watch. It was gone. He saw the fellow hurrying away down the road, and he was not the man to lose a good gold watch without a struggle, so, shouting "Date mi l'orinolo," he started in pursuit. The man he was following took to his heels across the Piazza di Spagna, up the steps, and away towards the Quirinal. At last, fairly run down, he handed over the watch, and made off. The Englishman, proud of his country and himself, returned to his hotel, and there on the table to his stupefaction and surprise saw his own watch! The next day it was known about Rome that a French gentleman had been hunted down by a powerful ruffian and robbed near the Quirinal.

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CONTENTS.

I. THE AMERICAN SILVER BUBBLE. By Robert Giffen,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	643
II. EIGHT DAYS. Part III.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	652
III. THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SPHAKIOTES, .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	659
IV. SOME OLD CHURCHES,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	668
V. A PERILOUS AMOUR,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	672
VI. IN THE MATTER OF DODSON AND FOGG, GENTLEMEN,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	680
VII. GUEUTCH,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	686
VIII. SCOTT'S HEROINES,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	690
IX. AMELIA OPIE. Part II.,	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i>	698
X. AB-DEL-KADER'S FAVORITE RESORT, . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	703

POETRY.

THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE, . 642 JOY,	642
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THE LEGEND OF THE BRIAR ROSE.

I.

BEHOLD how small a hurt to maidenhood—
 The least pin-prick for finger—can avail,
 So that in spite of jerkin and plate-mail
 The indignant thorns in this enchanted wood
 Rise up in waves of blossoming thorny flood,
 And make with their sharp fence perpetual
 jail,
 Wherein lie princely captives 'neath the
 bale
 Of that dark drowse that might not be with-
 stood.

But as I gaze upon the face and mind
 Of him who at the fulness of the year
 Comes seeking Peace enwrapt in slumber
 deep,
 I almost pray the bush shall never bear
 But shields, the sword no fitter sheath shall
 find
 Than this rose tangle, so that war may
 sleep.

II.

Crouched at the feet of that old hoary king
 Asleep above the laws he fain would
 mend,
 The Dante-faced and blue-robed council-
 or friend
 Leans on his hand and dreams of that new
 thing
 He thought of ere the soft bewildering wing
 Of slumber touched his forehead; purple-
 penned
 The book lies open, what the king shall
 spend
 Sleeps in the bag, the harper cannot sing.

So roll the hundred years, in gorgeous sleep
 The arras hangs, but still with open eyes
 The roses through the lattice push and peep,
 And still where sits the standard-bearing
 Moor
 One thing must wake to give back sun's
 surprise
 And color's marvellous life, — the shining
 floor.

III.

Above the well the maidens three are sleep-
 ing;
 Above the maidens three the roses blow;
 None pass the long dark gateway's arch
 to know
 What tryst beside the fountain they are keep-
 ing.
 Above the cloth the shuttle no more leaping
 Rests 'neath a drowsy hand, and down
 below
 Half-wound the wool-ball lies, from rafters
 glow
 The unwoven yarns new come from color-
 steeping.

Sleep, maidens three, the wells of fate are dry!
 Sleep, maidens three, the loom of fate is
 still!
 But Até's ball upon the floor beneath,

And Love's red roses that o'er-canopy
 Your slumber wake, they have not lost their
 will;
 Love cannot sleep, nor Envy swoon to
 death.

IV.

Now know I why so wistful was the face
 Of that dark knight before whose naked
 sword
 The thorny casket opened where was
 stored
 Love laid in slumber, sleep with beauty's
 grace.
 Behold, this is his lady's sleeping place:
 There lies her jewel-box with added hoard
 Of rose-leaf gems, her golden hair is
 poured
 Above a rosy cushion — but the lace

Of bed-quilt jewelry has never moved:
 She has not sighed nor turned in sleep; she
 lies
 And dreams of things beyond the hun-
 dred years;
 The fateful morning's light is in the skies!
 The roses flush and fall, a footstep nears;
 And Beauty wakes to find herself beloved.
 Murray's Magazine.

JOY.

A BANK HOLIDAY CONCEIT.

O Joy! Since letters three
 Spell Thee,
 Why art Thou still unspelt by me?

Sorrow hath double; six —
 They fix
 Themselves in thought, like burrs or pricks.

But yet, Joy, never so
 (I know)
 Dost Thou: Thy three from record go.

Stay, stay, O prithee stay!
 A "J"
 May be remember'd any day —

And then, if this be so,
 An "O"
 The Memory need not let go.

But still that last long "Y"
 Will fly
 Away; why will it? Why? why? why?

O most mysterious Three,
 To me
 Come! — or you mine can never be.

In vain, in vain I strive
 To live
 With You; Joy only Joy can give!
 Spectator.

M. FRERE.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE AMERICAN SILVER BUBBLE.

BY ROBERT GIFFEN.

THE late Mr. Bagehot used to remark that the United States was a country for exemplifying by experiments on a large scale the old truths of political economy. The people were indifferent to experience gained elsewhere, while they were protected from the most serious consequences of mistakes, that would be supremely disastrous in old countries, by their magnificent resources. They were thus constantly renewing old experiments under favorable conditions and confirming, if not adding to, our knowledge of the principles of political economy. The latest experiment of this kind is the silver legislation, of which we have all heard so much during the last few months. Of all things in the world, "money," which can least bear tampering with, or anything but scientific treatment, is being made in America the bone of party contention, under the influence partly of a mining interest which desires strongly to get a better price for silver, and partly of a soft money interest, which desires to have abundant money of some kind if it cannot have inconvertible paper. The resulting legislation, which has in fact been accomplished, is certainly of a singular character, and raises questions of immediate practical as well as scientific interest, not only to Americans but to other peoples as well. Some account of the matter, then — of the fantastic ideas which influence the event, of the results which must ensue as distinguished from those hoped for and predicted, and of the consequences to wider interests — may thus be of some use. The facts are highly complex and little known and understood even in America. Two articles which have lately appeared in the *American Quarterly Journal of Economics*, one by Mr. Taussig and the other by Mr. Horace White,* throw a good deal of light upon the matter, and I should like, therefore, to refer to these articles at starting, so that those interested may follow up the subject, although the point of view from which I

now write is different from that of both authors referred to, and my own information is mainly derived from independent study of American official reports and publications.

It appears necessary at the beginning to give some account of the American monetary system, which is highly complex and difficult, bearing traces of the system of inconvertible paper which only came to an end twelve years ago, and of the conflict of ideas between the hard and soft money schools which has prevented the establishment and consolidation of a consistent and harmonious system.

The first point, then, is that the standard monetary substance of the United States is still practically gold. The unit is a dollar, consisting of 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ grains of standard gold. The intention in 1873, when a bimetallic standard was formally abandoned, was to have a complete monometallic system, with a gold standard, like England; and although this intention has been partly nullified by legislation of a different kind in 1878, on resuming specie payments, and since, at the instigation of the abundant money party, yet gold in fact retains its pre-eminence in the United States system. It is still the only metal there which individuals can take to the mint to be coined. All the other coinages or currencies — so-called legal tender silver coins and paper money of different descriptions, as well as fractional silver and copper — are substitutionary and representative of the standard substance only, and are kept up to the gold standard by the various monometallic devices for such currency — viz., limited coinage or issue; receivability at the government Treasury for taxes and dues as the equivalent of gold; and, in some cases, limitation of the legal tender privilege.

The actual amount of the standard monetary substance in use is not material, as the United States, like any other country with a metallic standard automatically working, can draw, if need be, upon the standard substance wherever it can be obtained; but it may be noted that the United States has, in fact, a very sufficient stock of the standard metal. According

* *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, April and July, 1890. London, Macmillan & Co.

to the report of Mr. Leech, the director of the mint in the United States, on the production of gold and silver in 1889, the visible stock of gold in the United States on the first of January last — that is, the stock in the Treasury and in the banks, and not including anything that might be in private hands — was 84,000,000^l.* This is ample and more than ample. The corresponding sum in the United Kingdom is probably under 40,000,000^l., the reserve of the Bank of England being 20,000,000^l. only. We have a considerable sum in addition in private hands used as small change which the United States dispenses with ; but the actual and visible stock available for the support of large transactions is smaller here than there. It is estimated that there may be 50,000,000^l. more gold in the United States which cannot be visibly accounted for, that being the excess over visible stocks shown by a calculation from the annual production and the excess of imports over exports since specie payments were resumed, less the estimated amount used in the arts, but this sum of 50,000,000^l. is not visible, and the calculation only illustrates the uncertainty of most calculations as to the amount of the precious metals in existence or use. However, the amount visible in the United States is more than sufficient for all purposes of security. Contracts to deliver the standard substance can with certainty be fulfilled, if required, and the substitutionary or representative currency is adequately backed.

We come, then, to the question of the substitutionary or representative currencies, which are most various. They are mainly as follows :—

(a) *Greenbacks.* Government promises to pay in lawful money of the United States, by which are meant legally gold and silver coins, but practically gold only, as above explained. These greenbacks are themselves unlimited legal tender as between individuals, but being convertible into gold are, of course, equivalent to gold like Bank of England notes. They are specially protected, in addition, by a reserve

* The exact amount stated is \$419,578,362. See Report, p. 55.

of 20,000,000^l. in gold, established under the act for resuming specie payments.

The amount of the greenbacks is fixed at \$346,000,000, or about 70,000,000^l. sterling, which was the amount outstanding shortly after the close of the war, when further reduction was specially prohibited; but the amount in circulation is never quite so much, and at times has been a good deal less. If the amount held by the banks as cash is deducted, the active circulation of the greenbacks, *i.e.*, in private hands as distinguished from banks and the Treasury, is almost always a good deal less.

(b) *Gold Certificates.* These are certificates for the deposit of gold coin that any one may bring to the Treasury. They are unlimited legal tender, as well as the gold represented by them, to any amount.

The amount of these certificates outstanding at the date of the last report of the secretary to the United States Treasury was about 31,000,000^l., but a large part of these again were held by the banks as cash, and were not in the hands of the public.

(c) *Silver coins,* coined under what is known as the Bland Act of 1878, by which the State was directed to purchase so much silver monthly and coin it. These coins are unlimited legal tender at the old bimetallic ratio in the United States of 16 to 1 ; but as their quantity has been strictly limited, and no one has been able to get them except by giving the Treasury a full equivalent in gold or gold's worth, and they are receivable in turn in payment of United States taxes and dues, they have thereby been kept on a par with gold. They are legally "lawful money" of the United States, just as gold coins are, but practically they are representative currency in the way described. They are obviously similar in character to the greenbacks, which are kept on a par with gold by similar means. They are virtual promises to pay gold, and are maintained at the same value, however the silver of which they are made may fluctuate.

The amount of this silver coinage is now very large, over 70,000,000^l. nominal, mostly represented by silver certificates, as will be explained presently. It is used

for small change only. In part it has displaced the token silver coinage previously in existence, while the silver certificates are mainly in small denominations of less than \$20.

(d) *Silver Certificates.* These are practically the same as the silver coins coined under the Bland Act, which they represent, with the exception that, unlike the gold certificates, they are not unlimited tender for any amount, though the silver coins which they represent are. They are receivable, as I understand, for dues and taxes, and may be counted as part of their reserves by the national banks, though the banks in fact, "boycott" them. But the law has stopped short of making the silver certificates themselves legal tender.

At the date of the last report of the secretary of the treasury the amount of the silver certificates outstanding was \$262,629,745, or in round figures, at 4s. to the dollar, about 52,500,000*l.* The amount has since been increased, and practically almost the whole of the Bland coinage, with the exception of about 5,000,000*l.* that has displaced the former token silver, is represented by these certificates, which may be stated in round figures at 60,000,000*l.* As already explained, however, the certificates are of small denominations; like the silver coins they represent, they are used as small change only, although the silver coins are unlimited legal tender; and the banks steadily boycott them.

(e) *National Bank-notes.* These are notes authorized to be issued by the national banks, which are under stringent legislation of different kinds, and they are practically guaranteed by the State, the issuing banks depositing with the United States Treasury United States bonds of much greater market value to cover the issue, besides five per cent. in cash. These notes, when greenbacks were at a discount, were also at a discount; but since the return to specie payments they have been on a par with gold like all other representative currency in the United States. They used to be the most important part of the currency next to greenbacks; but for some years, owing to taxation, and the high price of the bonds which have to be deposited to secure the

issues, it has not paid the banks to continue the issues, and they have rapidly diminished from an aggregate of about 70,000,000*l.*, or as much as the issue of greenbacks themselves, to about 20,000,000*l.* only.

In addition there are about 12,000,000*l.* of such notes still outstanding which are in a peculiar position. They have ceased to be issues as far as the banks themselves are concerned, and the banks have deposited a sum of cash equal to them with the Treasury to enable the Treasury to redeem them. Such notes have thus become in effect Treasury notes; they are practically in the category of gold certificates or greenbacks; and until the silver legislation of the present year the cash deposited to redeem them was "earmarked" and had to be specially kept by the Treasury, just like the 20,000,000*l.* of gold appropriated to secure the greenbacks.

(f) There are also token currencies of silver and copper coin as in a monometallic system, which require no special description.

These various currencies, it need hardly be pointed out, do not add up. This is obviously the case with the silver coins and silver certificates, which can be substituted the one for the other, but it is equally the case with the national bank-notes, which are not an addition to the greenbacks and gold certificates, because the banks themselves are holders of these gold and silver certificates. Separating the government issues from the national bank issues, the government may be considered responsible for about 140,000,000*l.* of paper, against which it holds upwards of 60,000,000*l.* of the standard substance, gold. If we include the national bank issues, but deduct from them the greenbacks and gold certificates held by the banks, so as to show the paper in the hands of the public, the whole active circulation may still be put at something like 140,000,000*l.*, against which the standard substance held by the Treasury and banks together is, as we have seen, about 80,000,000*l.*

So various and so peculiar, therefore, are the representative currencies of the United States, while there are minor vari-

eties which it appears unnecessary to describe. There are, for instance, certificates of the deposit of greenbacks which circulate instead of the greenbacks themselves, just as gold certificates circulate in place of the gold. But it is needless to go into further detail. The important point is that, with all this complexity and confusion, originating in notions of making money abundant, the United States have arrived at nothing and have effected nothing which might not have been effected better by a thoroughly monometallic system with gold for the standard. The greenbacks, the gold certificates, the silver coins of unlimited legal tender, the silver certificates, the national bank-notes, and the fractional currencies of silver and copper coin, are all substitutionary and representative money only, however disguised, convertible into and exchangeable with the standard substance, gold, but not themselves standard money. To give to some of these representative currencies, like the Bland silver coins and the greenbacks, the quality of unlimited legal tender in no way alters their real character. They only circulate to the extent there is a demand for them, and as the equivalent or representative of the standard substance itself, and they might just as well have that character distinctly avowed.

Another remark to be made is that the American system is extremely wasteful of cash, and, at any rate, it does not give the Americans the benefit of that economy from the use of paper which is one of the advantages that counterbalance the extensive use of paper money in lieu of the standard substance. When the United States resumed specie payments in 1879, the active circulation of paper — the paper issues in the hands of the public — was about 112,000,000%, against which the cash held in reserve, almost all gold, was about 30,000,000% only. Now the paper issues in the hands of the public are* about 140,000,000%, but the cash held by the banks and the Treasury together is of about equal amount. The gold alone, as we have seen, is over 80,000,000%, and the visible silver is over 60,000,000% more. The liabilities of the banks meanwhile have about doubled, so that some increase of reserve cash would have been justified; but if 30,000,000% sufficed twelve years ago, as there is no doubt it did, it cannot be necessary to have 140,000,000% now. Probably the gold alone is in excess of

* *I. e.*, towards the end of last year, the date of the annual official reports of government departments in the United States.

what would be required if the system were economically worked, and the silver, which has also been accumulated, is accordingly entirely superfluous. The Americans might be justified in saying that there is similar waste in other systems. They might have used a great deal of the silver coinage directly, for instance, as is done in the United Kingdom, without the intervention of silver certificates. The silver itself would have circulated to some extent instead of the certificates, and the consumption would have been large. This is in one sense true. In all monometallic systems there is waste, where a subsidiary metal is used for token coinage, and paper might have been used instead. But the waste of one system does not excuse waste in another. In a system, moreover, where token coinage is avowedly used for small change under automatic rules, the waste is different from, and more excusable than, the American waste, in that the object is security against the vagaries of the issuers of money, and this security is abandoned where paper itself circulates. If they cannot circulate the coinage itself, then, it is waste in the United States to lock it up and circulate the paper instead. They have all the disadvantages of paper without the advantage of its economy. The lock-up, moreover, operates against that inflation which has been the real object of all these miscellaneous currencies. The appreciation of gold would have been less than it is if the United States had not locked up so much of it. Silver is higher in price, and has been higher in price, than it would have been if the United States had not locked it up. Their action has made the market wholly unnatural.

It is this irregular and wasteful system, then, into which the recent proposals for silver legislation and finally a Silver Act have been introduced. The description that has been given enables us to characterize the new proposals very shortly.

They have all, in effect, been inspired by the party or parties which have made the United States monetary system the irregular and wasteful patchwork that it is. To create more money, to raise prices, has been the object of one party, while another party has aimed purely and directly at raising the price of silver. What has been proposed and done therefore has been something to aggravate existing evils instead of lessening them.

Two leading proposals were in competition in the legislature. One, which need

not be very much discussed, as it was not carried, though it was very nearly being carried, was a distinct proposal to introduce the double standard, to authorize the coining of silver as well as gold on individual account, and to make the dollar either $25\frac{1}{2}$ grains of standard gold or $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of standard silver. These silver dollars would have been exactly the same as the present Bland dollars, with this difference, that any one who had silver to take to the mint would have got it coined. The passage of this law, therefore, would have made the United States bimetallic at the ratio of 16 to 1, and the speculation would at once have been — what would happen?

It is almost a pity the experiment has not been made. Bimetallists are so sure that the great nations have only to unite upon a common double standard to make that standard effective, that it would have been interesting to witness the effect in a country which is one of the foremost among the nations that were to make the agreement. For reasons I have often urged, and according to the experience and teaching of the greatest economists, the United States, suddenly introducing such a law, could not have escaped great disasters. Silver being so much cheaper than gold, the community which tried to act upon such a law would at once have all existing debts reduced to the level of silver debts; silver would become the sole standard; and gold would be at a premium in the new money. To avoid such evils, in the interval between the passing of such a law and its coming into operation, those concerned might be expected to rush for payment of their debts in gold while there was yet time, and so create a panic. That some such disaster was apprehended clearly appeared in the course of the debates on the Silver Bill. The Senate actually passed a bill for bimetallism pure and simple, but there was immediately no small commotion and the measure was shelved.

The astonishing thing is that, to all appearance, the party which wanted cheap money and the party which wanted to raise the price of silver united in favor of this measure, which might not have raised the value of silver at all. It is not the declaration of the standard which makes the demand for a precious metal in a country. It is the laws and customs which regulate the currency that are the most important in this respect. It is easy to make a demand for silver, with gold as the standard substance, and *vice versa*, as the experi-

ence of the United States itself has very clearly proved. Yet no one seems to have thought that the elevation of silver to the rank of standard money might *not* have led to a larger employment of silver at all; that this would depend on laws of another kind which were receiving no attention.

The other proposal, which has actually been carried, is of the nature of the Bland Act itself. It is to the effect that the United States Treasury is to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion monthly (at any price under $371\frac{1}{2}$ grains of fine silver per dollar, which is about 60*d.* per ounce for standard silver), and issue notes in payment equal to the value purchased, which notes are to be payable in lawful money of the United States. At the same time the Treasury is authorized to coin as much of the silver as may be necessary into "Bland dollars" and use them in redeeming these notes. These notes are also to be unlimited legal tender. The Bland Act itself is repealed. In effect, then, the new act may be described as an extension of the Bland Act as regards the amount of silver to be purchased and as an aggravation of the mischievous character of that measure in respect that the notes issued for the silver are to be unlimited legal tender, which the silver certificates were not, and are not to be specially redeemable in silver coin as the silver certificates were. It is an attempt to create something more than representative money, if possible, while the extension of the amount to be created makes it more difficult to apply the monometallic device of limitation of quantity, by which in part the silver certificates have hitherto been kept on a par with gold. The exact figures as regards the amount are thus important. Under the Bland Act the Treasury was directed to purchase not less than \$2,000,000 worth of silver monthly and not more than \$4,000,000 worth. In fact, the Treasury has always purchased the minimum only; this minimum, however, at the low price of silver in 1889, amounting to 29,000,000 ozs. in the year. Under the new act the purchases are to be of 4,500,000 ozs. monthly, or 54,000,000 ozs. per annum, an increase of the annual purchases by 25,000,000 ozs. There was much debate on a counter-proposal to purchase \$4,500,000 worth monthly, which would have come to the same thing as the proposal actually passed when silver was at the price of 48*d.*, but would have meant a decrease of the quantity purchased to less than 54,000,000 ozs. as the price rose above

48¢, and an increase of the quantity purchased as the price fell below 48¢. But the final decision was to purchase a certain definite quantity only. And this quantity is in effect an increase of the annual purchases, as compared with what they were in 1889, from 29,000,000 to 54,000,000 ozs., or an increase of 25,000,000 ozs. There is another provision in the act of a very special character, taking away the "ear-mark" from the cash deposited to redeem the cancelled national bank-notes referred to above, which will require separate notice, but what we have described is the main part of the measure.

To describe the measure, we think, is to show its mischievous character; but the immediate question is what will be the precise effects as compared with those intended, both as regards inflation and as regards the somewhat inconsistent end of raising the price of silver? Have the soft money party in the United States and the silver interest effected their purpose or have they not?

Now, as regards inflation, there can apparently be no question. In the first instance, at least, the soft money party have failed of their object. There can be no inflation all at once.* The silver notes to be issued will have exactly the same sort of uses as the silver certificates now circulating, no more and no less. So long as the quantity of notes issued is strictly limited, and the government receives them freely for taxes and dues, and pays them out only in exchange for the equivalent of gold, they will remain on a level with gold. That they nominally represent silver is of no consequence whatsoever. They will really be paper convertible into gold on demand. But such a currency so handled cannot cause inflation. Prices remain, as before, at the gold level.

There is a danger, of course, that in time it will not be possible so to handle this currency, and this is, in fact, the special mischief of the act; but the intention clearly is so to handle it, and the promoters of the act seemed to have the idea that the new currencies would make money abundant with gold in use as it is. They did not look to the contingency of gold being displaced.

On this head, then, there is a complete deception on the part of the people of the United States, as they must shortly find out. Yet they might have been undeceived by the experience of the existing

silver certificates. These certificates have partly taken the place of cancelled national bank-notes, partly filled up a "currency" void caused by the expansion of population and business in the United States. It has been convenient that so much paper should have been available. But the paper has no more caused inflation than the increase of silver token money with ourselves has caused inflation. It circulates only to the extent demanded, flowing back into the Treasury when not required. How the idea that a currency of this kind means inflation should have originated, it would be difficult to understand if it were not for the common confusion between standard money and currency; but this confusion, there is no doubt, accounts for much. To produce inflation, the standard substance in which bargains are made must be "offered," and you do not produce that sort of effect by multiplying small change currency, of which communities will in fact absorb no more than they need. The Americans have thought to produce abundant money by multiplying representative and small change currency only. There could not be a better illustration of an end which was considered desirable being wholly missed through ignorance.

If there is to be inflation at all, it can only come through the substitutionary or representative currencies not being kept on a level with gold, and thus coming to form a new *quasi*-standard substance of their own. Then there will be inflation with a vengeance—in fact, all the well-known evils of excessive inconvertible paper. This is a danger, as already mentioned, to which the American monetary system is now exposed. But so long as the gold standard is maintained—and this is what is hoped—prices will not rise, and money will not be abundant.

The other end aimed at by the promoters of the silver legislation—viz., a rise in the value of silver—is, however, being accomplished. Silver is for the moment enhanced in price by the large purchases which the United States have commenced to make. This illustrates a very old doctrine indeed, not so much of political economy as of business and common sense. The way to raise the price of anything is to buy it and take it off the market. This is what the United States government is doing with silver on a large scale, and *pro tanto* the price is raised.

How much the price will be raised is a different question, which concerns the City and speculators mainly, and which

* See as regards inflation under the Bland Act the article of Mr. Taussig above referred to.

need hardly be discussed here. It involves questions of detail as to future production and demand. Two points, however, seem clear. 1. The rise in silver which has taken place seems likely enough to be temporary only. The increase in the production of silver of late years has been enormous. Dr. Soetbeer's figures on this head are well known; but take only this fact, which I find in the report of the director of the United States mint, already referred to, that in 1873 the annual production of silver was 63,000,000 fine ounces, and in 1889 the amount was 126,000,000 ounces. And this enormous increase of production seems likely to continue. At the same time there is no corresponding increase of what may be called the natural demand. The additional artificial demand for the United States, therefore, only takes up part of an increasing supply, and will not, it is probable, have any greater effect on the market than the purchases under the Bland Act, when they commenced, which were equally great in proportion to the supply of that time. After the present flutter, therefore, silver in all probability will fall back to its former level, unless some new event happens. 2. The present rise may be to some extent nominal, forming part of a general rise of prices in gold incidental to a period of good credit. Silver, in other words, may have risen rather more as measured by gold than as measured by the average of commodities. When credit is again succeeded by discredit and depression succeeds prosperity, silver may also fall back with the average of commodities. If silver were the standard of countries economically as powerful as the countries whose standard is gold, this might not be the case. The influence of credit might in that case affect the two standard substances equally. But at present it is the gold countries which have most credit, and whose standard substance is most affected by fluctuations of credit. Still, silver has risen to some extent as measured even by an average of other commodities, and not merely as measured by gold, and so far the owners of silver, who promoted the bill, have gained. Of course, this rise in silver in all countries which have silver money is appreciation and not depreciation, contraction and not inflation—the very opposite, in fact, of what has been aimed at by the soft money party.

What owners of silver and silver mines have gained the rest of the world lose. The natural market is also disturbed,

which is a loss to every one in the end. For the present, however, there is no question as to the gainers by the American silver bubble. They are even better off than if they had got unlimited coinage of silver, which was so very near being carried.

We come then to the question of the wider interests which may be affected by this silver legislation, apart from those which are immediately at issue. The questions thus raised are very grave indeed.

The main question is the critical condition of the United States monetary system. By departing from the simplicity and perfection of a single standard in the vain hope of increasing "money," as it is thought, and so raising prices, which they think can be done by making gold and silver both standard—a thing that is impossible—or by multiplying representative and small change currency only, which has little effect on prices, the people of the United States are running the most serious risks of financial disaster. The moment the present expedients to keep all the substitutionary currency on a level with gold cease to be effective, and this currency is pressed on the market in excess, gold will cease to be standard; the gold in the United States will be either hoarded or exported, or used at a premium; and silver will fast become the standard money. Existing creditors will receive in consequence less than they contracted for; many contracts will be disturbed; and in circumstances easily conceivable there will certainly be panic. The standard money of a country is not a thing to be lightly changed.

Mr. Balfour, in his recent bimetallic speech in the House of Commons, spoke lightly of the dangers of panic in connection with changes of standard, even from inconvertible paper to gold and the reverse. But there are changes and changes, and it is most certainly true that one of the evils connected with such transitions or with the departure from a good sound standard is panic and confusion. The return to specie payments in this country after the inconvertible paper at the beginning of the century was a most painful process, and the great panic of 1825 incidentally arose out of it. In 1869 in the United States there was a remarkable gold panic, and in 1873 there was a general money panic not unconnected with the appreciation of the paper money, which was gradually approaching par, although

par was not actually reached till 1878. Within the last few months, again, we have seen that the excesses of inconvertible paper in the Argentine Republic lead to monetary panic and confusion of the worst kind, and even to political revolution. To this sort of evil the United States, having got a good standard, voluntarily exposes itself in deference to the fanatics of bimetallism, stimulated by the private interests of mine owners who have silver to sell. The resources of the United States are such that even great calamities of this sort are surmounted without fatal disaster. But the calamities may not be wholly escaped, and may be more serious than the parties who manipulate the legislature, and even the sober business men in the United States who are compelled to look on, anticipate.

It need hardly be said that any evil of this kind occurring in the United States will react in other countries, and particularly in England. Just as the United States panic of 1873 was the beginning of our own long depression, so a new panic must have great effects. In one thing we are also specially interested. Currency securities of the United States have been largely bought here as if they were gold securities. If the transition from a gold to a silver standard takes place, these securities will unquestionably be depreciated. The income will be diminished, and the capital value will fall in even greater proportion. The United States will of course suffer from the resulting discredit, but our investing classes will first have suffered.

The crisis may possibly come before long. It is only a question of a short time when the United States will be face to face once more with the problem of surplus silver. The case at present is that there is room for new currency in the United States to a certain extent, because the process of extinguishing the national bank-note circulation still goes on, and because this is a time of good trade, when, one year with another, more small change is required. To take the place of cancelled bank-notes, and to fill up the demands of increasing population and trade, the United States government can easily issue more paper, and if it chooses to make the issue contingent only on the deposit of silver bullion it can do so. But the demands of this kind are limited. At the rate of issue now directed, about 9,000,000/. to 10,000,000/. nominal per annum, with silver at its present price, two to three years will suffice to replace the

bank-notes even if the existing bank-note circulation should all be cancelled; and with the cessation of good trade the demand for currency in other ways would cease. The issue of paper, if then continued, would immediately be in excess, and a movement would at once begin to send in the gold certificates for payment and take the gold away, thus endangering the gold standard. So long as the United States Treasury has gold to pay, and is willing or compellable to pay it, the evil would be staved off, but the diminution of the amount and proportion of gold held would bring the transition within sight, and then, it may be expected, considerable events would happen. The bankers and people of the United States are not prepared for a silver standard. The moment it is seen that the promise to give them both gold and silver as standard cannot be kept, there will assuredly be a new agitation, and probably a panic, through the endeavors of business men to make for themselves a good standard money which the government had failed to give them.

In this connection, then, the special provision in the act abolishing the "earmark" on the cash deposited with the Treasury to redeem the cancelled national bank-notes becomes important. The effect is that the 12,000,000/. thus earmarked at present, and for which provision must be made before the Treasury can reckon a surplus, will become an ordinary liability of the Treasury for which no special provision is required, like the greenbacks in excess of the 20,000,000/. of gold specially provided for their redemption. The technical surplus of the Treasury will thus be increased by 12,000,000/. at a stroke; and as the surplus the Treasury is permitted to keep is limited, the 12,000,000/. will have to be paid away. As no one will take silver unless forced, the payments will either have to be in gold or gold will go to a premium; while if the payments are in gold the diminution of the proportion and amount of gold held, which brings the transition to a silver standard within sight, will at once begin. Even after paying away 12,000,000/. the United States Treasury would, in reality, have sufficient gold left to support the gold standard, but apprehension might set in at any point with results that are beyond calculation.

Another fact which points in the direction of an early crisis is the prospect of a diminution of the annual surplus of revenue over expenditure, which has hitherto enabled the United States government to

act so powerfully on the money market. Considerable stress is laid on this fact by American authorities. If the annual surplus should diminish, the government's power of action would diminish with it, and the fact should have due weight.

It is evident, then, that the situation in the United States under the new *régime* must be extremely complex and difficult. What the Treasury is to do from day to day, it will be no easy matter to decide. But the practical conclusion here must be to prepare for contraction rather than inflation. Even if 12,000,000*l.* of gold are set free in the next few months, the general circumstances of the world's money markets are at present such that this large sum would hardly make an impression. And against any effect that may be produced must be set the obvious apprehension in New York at each withdrawal of gold for export, revealing the feeling in American circles that in the uncertainties of the monetary situation there gold must not be parted with. The inflation party have had their way in the matter of legislation, but it would not be singular in economic experience if the effect should be quite the opposite of what was intended. Yet it is to induce us to imitate the United States in follies which produce such results that our bimetallic friends have lately been so busy.

The next questions that may be agitated are those arising out of the rise in the price of silver itself. Immediately to a certain extent all the evils arising out of a fall in the value of silver as measured by gold which have caused so great an outcry from India and Manchester are being redressed. Indian finance is improved. The Indian civil servant who has to remit home gets a better price for his rupee. The Lancashire cotton manufacturer gets a better return for his goods from every silver country. But the end is not yet, and the reverse of these operations will not be long in appearing.

The rise of silver in gold in a few months has been from about 42*d.* to 50*d.*, or very nearly 20 per cent. It is not wholly due, I think, to the artificial movement in America, because the improvement in trade was bringing about some moderate advance in silver when the American bubble began. But the advance is still mainly due to the American speculation. And it is a great advance. Twenty per cent. in relative value is a very considerable change to take place between two moneys, and must disturb a great deal, besides

setting in motion very powerful forces for the establishment of a new equilibrium. It may mean one of three things. Assuming that general prices and wages in *gold* are not changed, it means an appreciation of silver measured by commodities, and a rise in real wages in silver equal to about 20 per cent. Assuming that general prices and wages in *silver* are not changed, it means a depreciation of gold measured by commodities, and a fall in real wages in gold equal to about 20 per cent. Assuming that general prices measured by gold have risen, and measured by silver have fallen, to the extent altogether, adding the rise and the fall, of 20 per cent., then there is depreciation of gold and appreciation of silver, as above stated, with a fall of real wages in gold and a rise of real wages in silver to the extent in the aggregate of 20 per cent. Relative wages and prices in the two metals together have in any case to be adjusted to the extent of 20 per cent. Large adjustments will therefore be required to establish a new equilibrium in place of the equilibrium that formerly prevailed. What that new equilibrium will be it is impossible to foresee; but India and other silver countries must either suffer from the appreciation of silver as we have suffered from the appreciation of gold, or if they do not so suffer to the full extent this country and all gold countries must sustain *pro tanto* a similar experience to that of India, which has caused all the outcry from that country — a depreciation of our standard money in relation to that of other countries. Disturbances and readjustments of a serious kind there must be.

To some extent readjustments are already taking place. The rise in silver in April choked off at first the exports of silver to India. At the same time imports into India (exclusive of silver) were stimulated, and exports from India were checked. A similar process must continue to go on with all silver countries until a new equilibrium of prices and wages is established. Trade will assuredly suffer from so rapid a readjustment as will be necessary; while uncertainty is added to the mischief, as no one can tell how long the present artificial price of silver can be maintained. To the difficulty incidental to the different standards of the world, even when those standards are metals, the United States have contrived to add an uncertainty almost equaling the uncertainty of inconvertible paper. Silver was quietly settling down and prob-

ably finding new customers at a low price when all this gratuitous disturbance occurred. Sometime or other the reaction will probably be equal to the action, and there will be a temporary fall in silver to compensate the present artificial rise.

The discussion suggests the reflection how entirely self-caused are many of the evils arising from the change in the relative values of gold and silver which cause so much agitation. If the governments of the Latin Convention and the United States had only established monometallist systems, working automatically, a change in the relative value of gold and silver could not have been prevented on great changes of circumstances occurring, but the change would have been minimized, and probably long before this gold and silver would have settled down, for a time at least, at a comparatively steady ratio, as indeed they were settling down lately when the United States legislature intervened with the present Silver Act. It is a mistake to suppose that with a monometallist standard the metal which is not the standard is boycotted. On the contrary, as the French economists always contend, a metal which is not the standard may easily be employed for representative currency, and is in fact so employed under every gold standard system just as silver and copper are now employed in England and France, and for that matter in the United States itself. There are cases where the employment of the non-standard substance in this representative character is greater than the employment of the standard substance itself. To represent silver as boycotted, therefore, by its ceasing to be standard money has been a pure blunder. If, then, the nations of Europe and the United States had been purely and frankly monometallic, each with that metal for standard that was found most convenient, both gold and silver might have been adequately employed in the monetary systems of those countries, and both might have been cheaper and prices higher than they are now, as there might have been less of that artificial hoarding which want of definite knowledge and principle in monetary legislation has brought about. At the same time, they would probably have been steadier towards each other than they have been, the market being wholly natural and not rendered dangerous by artificial interferences, and natural demands tending to arise when either metal fell considerably in price. It is greatly to be desired that this common

sense should at length prevail with all the governments concerned; that they should learn it is not their business to make money abundant or to attempt to regulate the price of gold and silver, but in money matters what they have to do is to provide a good system which can be done on fixed principles without raising such difficult questions. Until this common sense is more generally diffused, further monetary troubles are unavoidable, and what has just happened in the United States should put other nations on their guard.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHAPLAIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE distance is certainly a short one. They have very soon reached the church compound; an ordinary compound like any other; for in India our dead do not lie in the churchyards, but in separate cemeteries placed some distance away. There May Wynn is home, as she has only to pass across this compound to reach that of her father's bungalow. And so at the gate she stops preparatory to wishing her companion good-bye. But Lennox says to her, "I will see you to the wicket," and to the groom following with his horse, "Stop here." They have crossed the church compound and reached the little wicket which leads into Mr. Wynn's grounds beyond. The wicket stands between two grand old mango-trees which cast their united shadow over a wide extent of ground. There hangs about the spot that feeling of deep quiet and intense silence which is to be found, not on the lonely mountain-top, not in the depths of the primeval forest, not on the solitary lonely plain, but only in the retired spots of a great, bustling, noisy city. The squirrels are running about around the giant boles of the trees which afford them so safe a home, and their noiseless movements serve to intensify the silence. The wicket is reached. May raises her hand to the latch. "Good-bye!" she says hurriedly, her eyes turned away.

"I have something to say to you," and then he stops.

This man is noted for his absolute fear

lessness. He has had to fight and rule on the troubled Punjab frontier. He has crossed swords with many a wild Pathan and many a fierce Afreedy. In his saddle or in his office chair, wielding sword or pen, no sort of fear has ever troubled him. To encounter the enemy at any odds; to carry out a great administrative scheme; to state his opinions openly and freely, to act upon his own judgment; these things have never cost him a moment's misgiving. He is accustomed to think, speak, write, act, absolutely without fear. He has, hitherto, always treated the future with a lordly indifference. But now he is apprehensive of what the next few minutes may bring forth; afraid to ask a young girl a question. But he has sought this opportunity and may not let it pass. He places his hand on the wicket so that she may not go through. This brings him close by her side.

"Question to ask you. You must know what it is —"

Her glowing cheeks and downcast eyes confess it. The outstretched hand drops down by her side.

"Will you marry me?"

He has often had words of deepest import to utter; words on which have hung his life and what he valued far more, his reputation; but they had not cost him such an effort to utter as these.

"I — I — cannot," she replies.

Hitherto the shock of adverse circumstances has awakened in him nothing but a quicker animation. He has joyed to meet it. He is the born fighter; a struggle to him is delectable; he loves to wrestle and overcome. He cares not for the easy and smooth, but for the rough and difficult. He has had no desire that his bark should glide smoothly down the river of life; the roaring breaker, where there is need for the strong arm and the steady eye, for the stout heart and the thinking brain is delightful to him. But now the vessel reels at this adverse shock! Now for once does his heart sink and his spirit falter. He means to make his life noble; what he seeks would have made it blissful too.

"I am rude and rough, I know," he says; "I am not what they call a ladies' man. I have lived for many years away from the society of ladies — away from all society — have perhaps got out of its ways. I cannot make myself pleasant. I cannot glaze and smile. I am plain of speech. I speak out what I think. I have had to rule with the strong hand. Men have called me self-opinionated, domineering,

harsh." (This talk about himself showed that in him, as in all great men, self-consciousness was very strong.) "They have written it of me. I am held harsh and rough, I know, and I dare say I am. But I think I could be gentle in my own home; to any one I cared for — to — to — How could I be rough to one whom I would shield from all roughness? I had dared to hope, Miss Wynn. We have been such friends — I love you so."

"I — I — wish you had not spoken to me," cries May, wringing her hands. "I cannot marry —"

Lennox steels his heart to hear the fatal "you."

But "any one," falters May. "I cannot leave my father." The last words are spoken very low — but he has heard them.

"Is that your only reason?" he cries eagerly. "It is not that you do not care for me? Do you care for me?"

"Oh, do not ask me," cries May, in a voice of distress.

"I must ask you —"

"Poor father has lived such a lonely life ever since my mother died."

"Is that your only reason?"

"Ten long years by himself —"

"You have not answered my question."

"With no one to take care of him."

"Do you care for me?"

"And I have been with him barely four months yet."

"Do you care for me?"

"Do not press me; it troubles me so."

"You give me hope."

She gives no reply. A negative must be put into words, silence is affirmative. His eyes brighten. He draws a long, deep breath.

"You cannot say that you do not care for me. You have not answered that question. Do you care for me? Oh, Miss Wynn! Oh, dearest!"

The word startles her from her difficultly maintained self-possession. She cannot but raise her cast-down eyes. They encounter his. It is enough. His arm is round her waist; she is clasped to his broad, strong breast. Their lips meet and then he lets her go. They stand speechless for a time, he drawing long, deep breaths, she short, hurried ones. Then he says in an undertone, as if to himself, "Thank God!"

"Oh, Captain Lennox!"

"Captain Lennox!" he cries in a tone of playful reproach and joyful, simulated indignation. "Captain Lennox! — Philip."

"Oh, Philip!" she cries, pronouncing the name, when she does pronounce it,

with a lingering, timid tenderness. "I wish you had not asked me — I wish you had never wished —"

"Dare you say that? Dare you say you wish we had never met? And, having met you, how could I but desire to make you my own" — thus do lovers exaggerate the attractions of the beloved one — and she is once more clasped to his bosom, and their lips meet in a longer, closer kiss.

"But that belongs to the past. What we have to think of now is the future."

Two hours hence it will be too hot here even for the most ardent pair of lovers; as it is, the temperature is very high, the canopy of the wide-leaved mango-trees notwithstanding. The well-known hot wind is beginning to blow; but as yet it is only a warm breeze and not a fiery gale. The spot is not yet unbearable, only beginning to be uncomfortable. But the lovers begin to think of the exposure, the exposure to the sun so much dreaded in India — not for themselves, but each for the other.

"You must not remain here any longer," — "I have much to say, but I must not keep you here any longer," they both exclaim in the same breath. "And there is the old khansaman going up to the house. I must not keep father waiting for his breakfast — this morning above all others," adds May hastily.

"You will tell him, of course —"

"Y—e—s," with a troubled lengthening of the word.

"I will come up and see him after breakfast."

"Come out in the sun?"

"Yes; of course. I must see him at once."

"But you must not ride up or come in Captain Hay's dog-cart — you must get a covered carriage." Her solicitude, needless though he may deem it, is very sweet to him.

"I will."

She is gone. Lennox feels that, in a strange, extraordinary sort of way — cool, hard-headed man though he is. Has he held her in his arms? Has he kissed her? Was it not all a dream? His success in the struggles of war and peace has been greatly due to continued, unbroken, full command of his faculties. He has never felt confused; his mind has never been obscured or shaken in the most critical conjuncture. But now he feels bewildered, dazed. Was it all a dream? That look! Those kisses! That holding of her in his arms! No — there is the latch on which she had put her hand, there the

mango-trees which have lent their friendly shade. No; it is not a dream, but a splendid reality. His frame expands; he holds his head more proudly than ever, he strides along the pathway with a more lordly step. And when he has reached the gateway and mounted his coal-black steed — on that account, and by reason of the terror inspired by his presence, named of the frontier people "Baba Sheitan" (Father Satan) — he sits him with a more lordly air than ever. An easy gallop home is what Monarch (that is the horse's real, Christian name) has expected; this is not fray or foray time. But his master suddenly sends him dashing forward, and then reins him in; makes him curvet and caracole; and then gives him the reins and sends him forward at his topmost speed. It is only his fierce bounding that can accord with the bounding of the rider's heart, only his mad rush that can accord with the flow of the blood in the rider's veins.

May Wynn had said that she must not delay her father's breakfast, must hurry up to the house; but when she has passed into the quiet seclusion of the garden or orchard, thickly planted with fruit trees, and also with trees good for shade, into which the wicket opens, she cannot but linger there for a while to realize her new-found happiness, taste of her new-found bliss. Her heart was given to him as wholly as his to her. With a strange new tingling sensation, with a tremor and thrill never felt before, with the awakening of a new being within her, does she recall the memory of that first embrace and kiss. In that memory all things fade away. She becomes unconscious of everything else in that swoon of love, that ecstasy of joy. It is upon her even after she has left the garden and is walking toward the house, taking no note of anything about her. But the thought of her father, of what all this may mean to him, comes upon her in full strength the moment she has passed into the house. For she has entered by way of the drawing-room, and that apartment remains, has been left, has been strictly kept, exactly as it was when her mother had died, ten years before, in this very house. The constant breaking up of house and home is one of the characteristic features of the life of us poor Anglo-Indians in India. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. There is the annual relief of regiments; officials are continually being transferred from one station to another, or going on leave — privilege leave, sick leave, fur-

lough; there are visits to the hills, and the "going home" to England. The *lares* and *penates* are in a constant state of transfer from one hand to another. Few people remain very long in one place. But among the officials who do so are the civil surgeons and the chaplains. Khizrabad was not celebrated for the excellence of its climate; so the desire Mr. Wynn had to continue where he was was not interfered with by the wish of any other chaplain to take his place.

A younger son, the master hope, the strong desire of Cuthbert Wynn's life had been to pass his years by the side of the old hall, the home of his forefathers, ministering in the church in which so many of his knightly ancestors lay, among the people whose forefathers had been on the land of his forefathers for so many generations back. This family living was a poor one. His friends looked for far higher preferment for him, expected him to rise to the highest offices in the Church, because of his great attainments, because of his saintly character, because of his passionate love of his sacred calling; but that was the desire of his own heart, his only ambition. His own wish and the hopes of his friends were alike doomed to disappointment. There came a sudden loss of health. He could not live in England — must seek a warmer climate. And so he had accepted an Indian chaplaincy. It was a terrible blow — but he bore it with the cheerful fortitude of a gentleman, the calm submission of a Christian. It was his Heavenly Father's hand, let it lead him whither it would. An Englishman must not whine. But it was a severe blow, doubly severe in what it took him from and what it took him to. In those days India was a very severe place of exile for a man like him; morally, socially, intellectually. Then its severity came to be lightened for him in a way that made him bless the guiding hand. A woman of a noble and beautiful character was given to him for wife. Then came six years of perfect happiness. And then she was taken from him. Now was it harder than it had ever been before to bend the head and say "Thy will be done." He had to send his little girl, his only child, to England. He passed into a greater loneliness, a drearier solitude than ever. For three or four years it was an absolute loneliness, a complete solitude. Then, when his girl had grown older, he relieved and lightened it; he strove to prevent that estrangement between distant father and child which is the curse and canker of

English life in India, by close and constant and copious communication with her. She was clever and had a gift of writing. And often, by means of writing, a closer moral and intellectual communion may be established than is possible in the ordinary, commonplace commerce of daily life — there is a restraint on speech in regard to the matters of deepest interest and concern. Then May Wynn came out, and her father once more enjoyed a sweet and tender and intellectual companionship; such a companionship as he above all men was most fitted to enjoy. He was relieved of his lonely solitude. Once more were his days made bright and glad. The improvement in his health and spirits was visible to all.

May Wynn thinks of all these things as she looks round the drawing-room, to preserve which exactly as her mother had left it had been her father's pious care, and hers too, even to the placing of the new flowers in the old places. All this had occurred to her as she had stood by the wicket. But the other love is a mighty force. To it, as the great Greek poet has it, "the Immortal and the Ephemeral yield."

"Must she leave him? How can she leave him?"

May Wynn is herself a child of Khizrabad. She was born in this house. She had toddled about on baby legs under the shadow of the mango-trees in the little sheltered, secluded compound. Are our earliest recollections of the eye or the ear, of things seen or heard? May Wynn sometimes wondered. Was her own earliest recollection that of the little curly-tailed squirrels running about, or that of the muezzin's call? She was born beneath the shadow of the Christian church as well as beneath the shadow of the Mahomedan battlement. But there were no bells in those days in the steeple of the church, and there had come forth from it no sounds to attach themselves to her memory. When she had returned to this house a few months before, when everything about her was so confusingly familiar and unfamiliar, when the memories of her childhood came upon her in a crowd, like a procession approaching in a confused mass, of the constituent portions of which we become cognizant only gradually, then as she lay awake in her bed of a morning the sound that awoke the most distinct echo in her mind was not the distant, sullen roar of the morning gun, but the loud-toned chaunt of the muezzin: "Allah-Akbar! Alla-ho-Akbar!"

Bath and breakfast are over—in India the bath is taken after the morning excursion and before the second, or big breakfast, before the quiet seclusion of the midday hours. Mr. Wynn is seated in his study, of course with a book in his hand. Against all the walls of the room are bookshelves, not "rising to the roof," that is twenty feet up, but still sufficiently high to hold a great number of volumes. Around him are his books, his most familiar friends. There is not on his face the proud, or cunning, or combative, or smug, or jovial look that you so often see on that of parson or priest. It was a face expressive only of the unworldly side of his calling. It was a singularly benign and sweet and pure and saintly face. There was on it a look of absolute holiness. On the delicate and refined face had always been a spiritual look, which had been added to, intensified, by sorrow and suffering and much lonely thought. Least of all, however, was there on this face the sanctimonious look; only one of simple holiness.

The light screen of split bamboos hanging before one of the inner doorways is lifted and May Wynn glides into the room.

"Oh, father, something has happened!" she exclaims in a troubled voice, as she comes up to the side of his chair. He has not had time to disengage his attention from his book, and give it fully to her; he has heard and understood the words, but not noticed the tone in which they are spoken.

"What is it dear?" he asks, thinking it is some small domestic catastrophe, large to the feminine mind.

"Something that I wish—could almost wish—had never happened," she says hurriedly. "You know, father, dear, that I have always longed to come out to you, and be with you, and look after you, and keep house for you, and cheer you up. I had expected to be always with you; all the time that you were out here, and then to have gone back to England with you—"

"You are not ill, child?" exclaims Mr. Wynn hastily. He has in mind his own delicate health, her mother's early death.

"Oh, no, I am very well—"

She looks indeed supremely well. Never has the current of life run so strongly through her veins. Be ashamed of it, strive to ignore it, to disguise it as she may, beneath the trouble of breaking the news to her father lies a vivid, vivifying joyousness.

"Thank God for that! You have been

very good to me, dear. We have been very happy together. It might have been otherwise. These long separations between parent and child are dangerous. I thank God for that happiness. But I cannot expect to have you with me always. Somebody else will some day come seeking you for his own—" (He speaks the last words playfully.) "But what has happened?"

"O father, that—"

"That! What?"

"What you were speaking about!"

"I was speaking about?"

"About somebody else—"

"Ah!"

It has come on him very unexpectedly. He lived a very retired life. He did not attend those public and private gatherings at which Lennox and his daughter had so constantly met. Somebody would come for her some day; but so soon! And who was it? A shadow of anxiety passes over his face.

"Tell me, child—"

May has knelt down by his chair; she has placed her soft hand on his arm; and then with averted face she whispers, "Captain Lennox has proposed to me."

She had been with him only four months of her adult life. Even what we hope and desire may sometimes come too soon. But that was not what troubled him so much as the thought of who it might be. She was a very young girl. She might have made a hasty, foolish choice. Had he been remiss in his care of her? It would be terrible if she should have given her heart to one unworthy of her, for whom he himself could not care, of whom he could not approve.

"Captain Lennox—" He experiences a great sensation of relief—of joy. This is a worthy choice.

"Yes, and I wish he had not—" With her hand on her father's arm, she is almost sincere in that utterance. "I do not wish to leave you, dearest father. I do not wish to be parted from you. You know the dearest wish of my heart has been to live with you and cheer you, so far as I could, after all those lonely years. But what could I do when he would keep asking me if I cared for him?"

"And you do care for him?" he says gently, laying his hand softly on her head.

"Y—e—s. But I will not leave you, father. I told him so. I should feel faithless to myself—I love you more than any one else."

Cuthbert Wynn looked down on the bent head, and smiled a little sadly.

"Dear child!" he said, "your companionship has been very sweet to me. But I shall not be sorry when it has ended — so —"

"Oh, father!"

"I am not very old, and I have no immediate fear for myself; but I am not very strong, and this is a land of sickness and sudden death. It will be a great comfort and relief to me to see you settled in a home of your own, with some one to love and protect you. I do not know Captain Lennox very well. I am afraid I have been rather neglectful of my duty in not taking more share in your amusements. But he is a man of public repute, of a well-known high character. *Sans peur et sans reproche*. I have heard the words applied to him. He is a great favorite with the Lawrences; that is a strong recommendation. He is a man of most undoubted ability. He has already made a name for himself. What little I have seen of him I have liked. You have not made me sad, but most happy, child."

"You have made me most happy too, father," whispers May; and then some tender, loving words pass between them, and then May jumps up suddenly — the lover's ear will catch the slightest sound — and, with the blood rushing up into her cheeks, exclaims, —

"He has arrived. He said he would come and see you after breakfast. You had better ask him to come in here."

The two men, suddenly made of such importance to each other, look at one another — Lennox has not seen very much of Mr. Wynn either — curiously and anxiously; anxiously, for different reasons. They form a striking contrast. The one is the very embodiment of strength and power, the other of sweetness and gentleness. And yet the gentle man has his strength, and the strong man his gentleness too. Philip Lennox was especially gentle and tender with women and with children.

"May tells me that I may look for your approval of our engagement."

"Yes," says Mr. Wynn; and the look and bearing of the man before him have pleased him so well that he holds out his hand, and says, "My warmest approval."

Lennox takes the slender, delicate white hand in his own big brown one.

"I think I may safely trust the happiness of my child — my only child — in your hands."

"You may. It shall be my dearest care." Then, after a pause: "May says

she does not wish to leave you. I have no desire to hurry on the marriage."

"Let it be whenever you and May may wish. Of course, you would have to wait until the cold weather. I suppose something will have to be done in the way of clothes."

"My work in this neighborhood will keep me here until the end of the year. I must then go back to Dera Lutfoolah Khan. It would not be easy for me to get away from there. I should like to be married before I went — about the beginning of next year."

"Yes, I should like to have had her with me for a year."

As a matter of fact, Lennox would rather have been married immediately, say in a month. He was a man of prompt action. He would have liked to have made May Wynn his own at once. But he understood what the feelings of the father and daughter would be in the matter — understood better than he would have got credit for. He had not the quick, facile sympathy of men of a nervous and imaginative temperament, which makes them enter so quickly and fully into the feelings of those they are in immediate contact with, and who, by the way, become so completely engaged with those present that they are apt to become completely disengaged from those absent. He was looked on as a harsh, hard man, one who had no care for anything but the success of an undertaking. (For want of that facile sympathy he had not been liked in his regiment. He could not run into that communion of low tastes, low pleasures, low opinions, and low thoughts which constitutes "good fellowship." He spoke out his mind. He could not abide a fool. He could not let the foul speech pass. He was quick of temper, and he had few friends, though those he had were bound to him by hooks of steel, and were men whose friendship was an honor.) Though not possessed of any excess of that imaginative sympathy referred to before the parenthesis, and which is often more a thing of the head than of the heart, he was quite capable of understanding what home-love meant, for he had himself felt it deeply. His mother and sister, who had made up his own early home-circle — his father had died in his infancy — had never had cause to complain of any want of affection, of loving kindness on his part, stern though he was even in his youth. He still kept up a constant communication with them; no pleasure was allowed to

interrupt it, of course, for it was to him the greatest of pleasures; but what was more, no work, however urgent or pressing, had been allowed to interfere with it either. He had written to his mother by every mail ever since he had come out. The only complaint his mother and sister ever had to make was of his profuse generosity towards them. (There are men cold to most without the home-circle, and very warm to all within it, as there are men the reverse.) He could understand of what depth the affection between May Wynn and her father must be.

It is with a strange sensation that May sees the two men come into the drawing-room together. There is always at first a certain awkwardness in the relationships by marriage. You have suddenly to receive a stranger, for whom possibly you yourself do not much care, as a father or as a son, as a mother or as a daughter, as a brother or as a sister. You suddenly find yourself on a kissing footing with people with whom you would only have shaken hands before, which is sometimes very pleasant, sometimes not so much so.

But the awkwardness here is soon relieved by the old khansaman announcing that the tiffin is on the table. It is relieved by Lennox's simple, quiet acceptance of his position as a member of the household; he does not assume any of the airs of possession to which engaged men are prone; he does not pay May any special and pointed attention. It is set aside by the sustained flow of interesting talk between the two men, which surprises May as much as it delights her. She had not expected it; the two men were so different. Lennox was an outdoor man, a man of action; Mr. Wynn was an indoor man, a man of thought. He was a student and a scholar, the other a soldier and an administrator. She had found out that Lennox — Philip now — did not care for those books of fiction and poetry in which she and her father took such delight. He did not read novels, and he did not care for poetry, except of the class represented by Scott's poems and Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome;" she had once found that he knew the noble "Ode to Duty" by heart, but he had not come across it in Wordsworth's works (which he had never read), but outside them. He was certainly not a "great reader" in the circulating-library acceptance of the term. But, as a matter of fact, Lennox had read many books. And he had read to some purpose, for he had always read with a purpose; carefully, thoughtfully, in certain fixed

lines, convergingly. He meant to be a great general, a great ruler. He read everything that bore on the art of war or the art of government. He had read the history of every battle, of every great campaign. He had read the life of every great commander, of every great ruler. True incidents and real characters may be as full of romance as fictitious ones. None of his reading was idle. He was not by nature a talker, but having read with a purpose he had made all that served that purpose so thoroughly his own, had obtained so complete a mastery over it, that he speaks about it with great fluency and ease. And so there is a great flow of talk between the parson and the soldier, between the father-in-law and son-in-law to be; and so they sat on in the dining-room for a long time after luncheon; then they move into the cool, dark drawing-room, and after a little while Mr. Wynn retires for his usual afternoon *siesta* and the newly engaged couple are left to themselves. A deep silence reigns around. This is the time for all cessation of work and movement, both indoors and out. To all the western doorways of the house are attached thick mattresses or screens of the sacred scented khus-khus grass, passing through which the dry, hot gale becomes a cool and fragrant zephyr; the screens of split bamboo attached to all the doorways, inner or outer, are let down; the doors and windows are all closed, only one door on the eastern side being left open to promote a draught through the house; the blinds and curtains are all drawn. The house has been closely barricaded against the inimical heat and glare without. The drawing-room is as cool and dark and solitary as the depth of any densest bower for whispering lovers made. Amid that quiet and silence the lovers pass at once into that separate, common atmosphere which is henceforth to divide them from the rest of the world. Then comes an enchanted time for them. Then comes that blissful hour which those who have known it will remember, and those who have not will imagine, better than I can tell; an hour in which the embrace and kiss of the morning were not forgotten to be repeated, I ween.

They are to ride out together in the evening; and, of course, Lennox would have dined here also, but that both May and he are going to Mr. Melvil's, who has to-night an entertainment to which the whole station is looking forward with great interest, for there is to be something unexpected and novel about it.

From *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE STRONGHOLD OF THE SPHAKIOTES.

IT was with a feeling of no ordinary interest that I looked from the bridge of a small Greek steamboat across the Cretan sea, to where a chain of snow-clad peaks rose glistening against the deep azure of the southern sky. Before us towered the splendid mass of the Levká Oré—the “White Mountains”—for centuries the home of liberty and the stronghold of a free and warlike race; to our right a range of lesser summits seemed to faint away upon the blue horizon; to our left, the triple cone of Ida soared aloft like a pyramid of fleecy cloud. As we neared the shore we could trace the outline of deep valleys and ravines descending into the richly wooded plains below, where pleasant villages lay nestling amid the foliage of the olive groves, while here and there the brightly colored kiosk of a Turkish country-house, or the more softly tinted battlements of some old Venetian mansion, enlivened the undulating stretches of silver-grey and green. The entrance to the harbor of Canea, with its quaint old mosque in the foreground, its busy crowd of sailors and boatmen and porters of every nationality, language, and color, its picturesque groups of swarthy, bare-legged Arabs and Ethiopians reposing in every sunny corner along the quays, its venerable sea-gate with the Lion of St. Mark recalling the bygone glories of Venice, its towers and minarets gleaming in the sun, and its gaily painted caïques dancing lightly on the waves—all framed in by the frowning battlements of a mediæval fortress, and crowned as it were with a wreath of mountain snows—presented a scene of singular interest and beauty, so abundant in memories of the past as to banish from the mind the sad realities of the present.

The moment of my arrival in Crete was an interesting one. The elections—the first attempt to set in motion the constitution inaugurated by the firman of last November—were on the point of being held, and much curiosity existed as to how far the Christians would be willing to avail themselves of their diminished privileges. Their leaders in Canea were busy sending messages in all directions, advising them not to vote, lest by doing so they should acknowledge the legality of the firman; and their efforts were successful, inasmuch as only some four thousand votes were recorded in a Christian electorate of sixty-two thousand. The system of indirect election has been introduced by the

firman, the voters of both creeds nominating electoral boards, which afterwards assemble to choose the deputies. But as in many districts not a single Christian came to the poll, the electoral boards could not be formed, and a legally constituted Assembly became impossible. The Christian population thus takes up an attitude of passive resistance, and the deadlock is complete. Even the Mussulmans voted in small numbers, for they are tired of political struggles, and care little for their constitutional rights so long as they have an army of the faithful in the island to uphold them against the turbulent and aggressive Giaours.

For the next few weeks I had a veritable surfeit of Cretan politics. I discussed the situation with men of high and low degree, with politicians of all shades of opinion; I had audience of Chakir Pasha and the Orthodox bishops; I held parley with Mussulman beys and Christian ex-deputies and foreign consuls; and examined the Halepa Pact—the Magna Charta of Crete—and the firman of November with men of the law. I became the repository of many conflicting opinions and many divergent statements of fact, but I listened to the latter without amazement, bearing in mind the words of a certain Cretan poet, whom the great evangelist of the Cretans quotes for the guidance of their first bishop. I was not, however, altogether satisfied by my researches, for as yet I knew little of the fierce mountaineers to whom Crete owes whatever liberty she has gained in the past; and I looked towards the snowy battlements of their lofty citadel with an increasing desire to find my way into its mysterious recesses. Accordingly I determined to proceed through the heart of Sphakiá to the African sea, and I was fortunate to be joined by a fellow-traveller well known for his extensive knowledge of Eastern affairs.

It was a sultry day, with a burning sun overhead, as our little cavalcade, consisting, all told, of four Christians, three Mussulmans, a horse, and four mules, made its way through the streets of Canea and directed its course towards the mountains. Two gendarmes, a mounted Mussulman, and a Christian of the infantry, formed our escort. Leaving the city behind with its gloomy Venetian gates and massive fortifications, we followed a rugged lane, edged with aloe and prickly pear, until reaching some higher ground we saw beneath us a spreading forest of olive-trees bespangled here and there with brightly gleaming villages. A pleasant

prospect, if we could only forget that these smiling hamlets, for such they seemed, were little more than groups of desolate ruins. The insurrections of the past and present centuries have left their mark upon this lovely country, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." As we ascend into the mountain district we traverse the fertile valley of the Iardanos, where the air is scented with the fragrance of the orange-blossom, and the luxuriant foliage of the vine, wedded, as Horace says, to the lofty forest-trees, allows us but an occasional glimpse of the imposing snow-clad summits above our heads. This rich district produces on an average four million oranges in the year. We enter a picturesque village half hidden among orange and lemon trees laden with golden fruit, and we pause by the verandah of an inn, where the gossips of the little community are already assembled to enjoy the cool of the evening hour. Here, as we afterwards learned from some peasants, a recalcitrant tax-farmer who had refused to pay his debts to the government, was sitting one day with his friends, when some gendarmes suddenly appeared on the road. Fearing they had come to arrest him, he took to flight, when they fired and killed him, impelled, I presume, by a sportsman-like instinct rather than by any more strictly logical motive. We forded the clear, swift stream of the Iardanos, and began to ascend the steep acclivity before us when the sky darkened, and a fierce sirocco began to blow, sweeping along the bare, precipitous mountain-side with such fury that we feared our mules might lose their footing and tumble with us into the deep ravine, where far beneath us we could see the pine-tops bending to the blast, and beyond them a billowy sea of olive-trees tossing in waves of dusky green with a foam of silver-grey. But the hardy animals planted their feet among the loose stones and pointed rocks with a dogged obstinacy which for the time won all our admiration, though the same characteristic when displayed, as it sometimes was, on other occasions, did not seem to us to be equally worthy of praise. Strong, active, and enduring, though self-willed and prone to kick against restraint, the Cretan mule is an admirable type of his sturdy and ungovernable master.

The shadow of night was falling as we entered the mountain village of Lakkos, passing on our way a small encampment of Albanian gendarmes — surly, ill-favored-looking fellows who, as we after-

wards learned, lead a cat-and-dog life with the villagers. The latter, most of whom were veritable sons of Anak, apparently regarded us with some distrust as we entered the little khan, but as soon as we produced our credentials they received us with all cordiality. We were conducted to one of the largest houses in the village — a two-storied mansion, the lower part serving as a stable, and the dwelling-rooms on the floor above being reached by a terribly steep flight of stone steps. Here we were hospitably entertained by the man of the house, a fine-looking mountaineer, who attended to our wants in person, while the women of the family, grouped together in a dark corner, seemed contented to watch us with a shy curiosity. Presently the villagers dropped in one by one, till soon we were a goodly company; and the flickering light of our tiny lamps, falling dimly on their swarthy, handsome, black-bearded faces, their herculean frames and picturesque costumes — at the same time faintly shadowing the outlines of female forms in the background — revealed to us a scene worthy of a Jorðæns or a Teniers. There were few of these wild warriors who had not taken human life in this land of the vendetta and religious feud; most of them had carried a rifle in the two last insurrections, and yet now they told their tale of outrage and wrong with an almost touching *naïveté*, resembling the frank simplicity of children. Many of their narratives scarcely stood the test of inquiry, but there was no conscious attempt to deceive, nothing but an overwhelming conviction that all their evils must be traced to the hereditary foe. Most of their charges were brought against the gendarmes, of whom they said their wives and daughters were in such fear that they dared not go out to work in the fields; once the gendarmes had attacked them, but the women, being near the village, cried out, and help was forthcoming. There were a dozen soldiers in a fort commanding the village, but they had committed no depredations beyond the cutting of some wood; their officer kept them in good order, and they even acted as some sort of check upon the lawlessness of the gendarmes.

A few instances may be given of the peasants' complaints. One of their fellow-villagers, whom I will call Dêmétrî, had been murdered, they said, by the gendarmes. Dêmétrî had a grudge against his neighbor Giannês, because the latter had opened a window in the wall of his house which commanded the former's gar-

den. Dêmêtri, instead of seeking his remedy by ordinary law, induced a body of gendarmes to accompany him to the house of Giannês, either with the object of arresting the latter or of compelling him to close the obnoxious window. A body of outlaws was lurking in the house, a fact of which Dêmêtri was probably already aware; a skirmish took place; the outlaws escaped, and Dêmêtri was found dead. When we suggested that on the whole it was probable that the outlaws had killed Dêmêtri, inasmuch as he had brought the gendarmes to their place of concealment, our informants readily agreed, without seeming to see that the admission destroyed their case. But it was enough for them that Dêmêtri lost his life in a struggle in which gendarmes were concerned. We afterwards discovered that he had not been shot, but strangled; and that his adversary's son was suspected of the crime. Next we were told by one of the peasants that his son, a lad of eighteen, had been flogged by the gendarmes. A little patient investigation revealed that the boy had been indulging himself in a wine-shop, near the door of which the gendarmes had pitched their tent; that he persisted in passing to and fro before the tent, though warned to desist by the gendarmes, who next morning caught him, and after administering ten strokes with a light rod, released him at the entreaty of his mother. Another case was then brought forward of some peasants who had been kept exposed to the sun for five hours as a punishment for some offence; but it turned out that during this time they were surrounded by ten gendarmes with rifles and fixed bayonets, who must have been in at least as bad a plight as their prisoners. I was already familiar with this case through the Greek newspapers, which stated that the peasants had been turned towards the sun with pointed stakes under their chins.

But though after a little investigation the outrages were reduced to a somewhat attenuated form, there could be no doubt as to the burning feeling of resentment which existed among the people—a resentment apparently caused rather by small injuries and insults than by any flagrant acts of outrage. The peasants told us plainly that they were thinking of murdering the gendarmes, and that nothing restrained them but the fear that a terrible vengeance would be exacted from their village. Only one of them spoke in general terms of the state of the country, and his words are worth repeating. "We

want a strong government," he said; "we are now governed by a weak, decaying power, which we cannot respect. We have no protection against wrong and injustice; we are harried, beaten, and insulted; and if some change does not come soon we will leave the island."

It was past midnight when our interview came to a close, and we prepared to dispose ourselves for slumber. But a host of visitors of another kind soon made its appearance and importuned us with unwearied attentions. Sleep was impossible, so we opened the door of the cottage and stepped out into the night. There was an exquisite freshness in the mountain air; the wind had lulled, and the full moon, rising high above the snowy pinnacles of the Levká Orê, shed its soft, pale light upon the olive-clad valley below. It was an enchanting scene, so suggestive of peace and tranquillity as to banish from our minds those pictures of human passion and human anguish upon which these stern, majestic heights have looked down throughout the ages with calm, unmoved serenity.

We left Lakkos at dawn, and our Muslim attendant played a trick on our Christian gendarme, whom they systematically boycotted, by not awakening him from his slumbers when we started. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.* He overtook us, breathless and excited, after we had travelled about ten miles. As we continued to ascend the scenery at every moment became wilder, and the view more extensive, until at length the western half of the island seemed to spread like a map beneath our view. We then descended into the upland plain of Omalos, which lies about five thousand feet above the level of the sea. This high tableland, which may be described as the heart of the Sphakian district, measures about four miles by three; it is perfectly level, and the melted snow and rain-water spreads over its surface until late in the spring, finding no exit except by a subterranean cavern or *katávothron*, into which it rushes with extraordinary force. The plain was now dry, and covered with the verdure and foliage of a northern climate; its only human occupants were half-a-dozen wild-looking peasants, who stared at us with unmixed astonishment. We proceeded to a point at the southern end of the plain, where the rocky barrier before us seemed to afford no possible means of egress, when we unexpectedly came upon the Xylóscala, or "Wooden Ladder," the end of the southern entrance

to the Sphakian stronghold, and without doubt one of the most extraordinary mountain passes in the world. We stood upon the brink of a steep declivity, descending at least three thousand feet into a narrow gorge, where, amid the dense foliage of overhanging trees, we seemed to catch the sparkle of a running stream; to our right an enormous pile of dark-blue rock, frowning grimly at us from out of the sky above, broke off into a terrific precipice, and sank sheer into the abyss beneath our feet; to our left stupendous mountain forms, massed and contorted by some fierce convulsion of nature, appeared to leap and rage and battle together in the wildest confusion, while above them all Mount Holy Ghost, like a monarch among giants, rose glistening in a royal mantle of purest white. It was one of those sights which, when once seen, can never be forgotten.

The Xylóscala has been given a bad name by the travellers and the guide-books;* but our mules, like the Tommy Atkins of after-dinner speeches, were fit to go anywhere and to do anything, and our human companions were equally reliable. We accomplished the descent without mishap, and rested for a while beneath the shade of beautiful plane-trees, near by the running stream, which, springing suddenly from a cleft in the rock and vanishing again into some mysterious aperture, disappears and reappears again several times in its progress down the valley. We followed the course of the stream as it wound its way among the immense boulders which had fallen from the beetling cliffs around us; sometimes the bed was dry, and afforded a kind of path; at other times it was necessary to scramble up the mountain-side to a considerable height, where the way, leading up and down among pinnacled rocks or sharply turning by the verge of some unexpected precipice, was even more trying to the nerves than the Xylóscala itself. The absolute indifference of my mule, which would sometimes stop to browse on some choice fern or mountain shrub, at a

point where a single false step would have hurled us both to destruction, would certainly have been a little irritating were it not a consoling sign that the animal had no tendency to vertigo. Every moment the scenery changed, as one gigantic mountain succeeded another on either hand, but no sign of human life broke upon the deep solitude till we approached a little ruined monastery half hidden among beautiful cypresses. The form of these graceful trees has ever been connected in the Cretan mind with the ideal of feminine beauty, and one may hear the muleteers singing some such love-ditty as this:—

My slender little cypress-tree,
With purple cap so neat,
What happy youth shall fondle thee
And linger at thy feet?*

A little further we came to the hamlet of Samaría, perched upon the rocks overhanging the stream. Here during the insurrection of 1867, a great number of the Sphakiotés perished of cold and hunger; for the Turks occupied the pass below, and egress by the Xylóscala was impossible in the winter. The huge perpendicular cliffs now began to draw together on either side, leaving us only a dark, narrow passage of a few yards' width, and frequently compelling us to wade for some time in the middle of the stream. I have never, in the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Balkans, seen anything so unique, so awe-inspiring, so terrific; and my companion, who was familiar with the scenery of the Himalayas, could remember nothing equally impressive. After proceeding for some hours without once seeing the sun, we reached a point where the great mountain masses begun to draw apart, and found ourselves in the little village of Hagfa Rouméle near the sea, where, shaded by the overhanging heights and abundantly watered by the running stream, the orange and lemon groves flourish with such wonderful luxuriance as almost to conceal the scattered dwellings of the inhabitants. We descended to the beach, where a large force of Turkish soldiers was encamped. Some of them were washing themselves in the stream which enters the sea close by, or hastening to and fro as they prepared their evening meal; others were watching with delight a toy waterwheel

* Pashley, who did not descend the Xylóscala because he distrusted his horse, relates how "not long since a Lakiote went with his mule for the first time; the poor beast started back on seeing the precipice, and losing its footing, was precipitated to the bottom" (see "Travels in Crete," vol. i., pp. 148 and 157). "Les mulets eux-mêmes," says Perrot, who also took another route (L'île de Crète, p. 75), "y sont exposés à être pris de vertige, et on en a vu souvent rouler avec leur charge au fond de l'abîme." Murray is equally discouraging. But under favorable conditions there is no real danger. The name *Ξυλόσκαλα* is derived from the wooden beams which are here and there fastened into the rock in order to make a path.

* *Λιγὴ κυπαρισσάκι μου
μὲ κόκκινο κόρφατο,
ποῖός θέλει νὰ κοιμηθῆ
στὸν ἰσχίόν σου 'ποκιτω;*

with a crank which worked a pair of clappers, and made an amazing noise. Most of them were good-humored looking lads, and it was hard to believe all the bad things one heard of them. But soldiers, like schoolboys, will do anything that the authorities permit. Leaving my companions, I proceeded alone along the coast in order to shake off the fatigue of the day by a plunge in the Libyan Sea. As I swam back towards the land, I perceived a gendarme with a rifle in his hand awaiting my approach. He was a surly-looking fellow, and as I reached the shore he made some observations in Turkish which I did not understand. He seemed greatly surprised that I took no notice of his presence, and after a few more growls he walked slowly away. We returned at nightfall to the village, where we found a sheep had been slain in honor of our arrival, and we watched it hungrily as it roasted *à la Pallicare*—that is to say, on wooden spits by a logwood fire, the flames of which lit up the faces of a large concourse of spectators. We dined and slept in the upper chamber of our host, a long loft containing numerous tables covered with silkworms; and before retiring to rest we chatted for some time with several of the villagers. They had fewer tales of wrong to relate than their countrymen at Lakkos, but they mentioned that among other things some thirty of their bee-hives had been stolen by the soldiers. They were afraid, they said, to pursue their avocations at any distance from their homes, lest their wives and families should be at the mercy of the hated Asiatics.

Next morning we descended to the shore, and embarked in a small sailing-boat for the town of Sphakiá, where our mules were to meet us in the evening. We said farewell with regret to our hospitable friends, and sailed out upon the waters which once proved so unpropitious to St. Paul and his companions. Far away to our right was the island of Gavda, the Claudia of the Acts, beneath whose shelter the hard-pressed crew "had much work to come by the boat;" to our left, under the overhanging mountains, we could see Lutró, the Phœnicé where they hoped to winter; before us, near the end of a projecting headland, was the port known to this day by the name of *Kaloi Liménes*, or the Fair Havens. But now we were visited by no blustering Euroclydon; the air was calm, and the almost tropical heat was intensified by refraction from the great mountains, which descend precipitously into the sea. High above

Lutró is the group of Sphakiote villages named Anopolis, almost desolated by the Turks during the great insurrection of 1821; near one of them a beautiful Sphakiote woman, in order to escape from her captors, leaped with her child in her arms into a deep well and was drowned. The villagers all descend to Lutró at the beginning of winter, bringing their flocks of sheep and goats with them. We reached Sphakiá early in the afternoon, a pretty, clean little town which, with its sheltered situation and sunny southern aspect, may perhaps become the Cannes or Mentone of the East when Crete sees happier days. Most of its houses were laid in ruins during the war of independence, but nearly all have been restored; and many of them have a comfortable appearance which seems almost out of place in this afflicted land.

We were hospitably entertained by the eparch, who, though a Christian, wore the red fez of a Turkish official. He was a fine, hale old man, and an excellent type of the better class of Greek rural magistrate. He had no complaints to make to us of the conduct of the Turkish soldiers, who, he said, were kept in strict discipline by the commandant, an excellent officer, with whom he worked in perfect harmony. But he was much distressed by the evil deeds of the lawless mountaineers in his district, and still more by the incapacity of the gendarmerie with which he was expected to preserve order. He spoke of the prevalence of sheep-stealing. "Every Sphakiote," he said, "is a shepherd, and every shepherd is a thief." The butchers of the town, he told us, were in league with the thieves, and did all they could to frustrate his efforts. Like all the more sensible Cretans whom I have met, he insisted on the necessity of a strong government. "If England held the reins," he said, "the Cretan mule would not kick."* It was evident he knew little of our very partial success among the Cypriotes, a far more governable people. We accompanied the worthy man on a visit to the Turkish commandant, whose quarters were in an old Venetian fortress commanding the bay. We had a long conversation with this military officer, who appeared to be a man of energy and enlightenment, and I could not help thinking that if Turkey could only provide herself with two such officials as these in every

* The idea was expressed in the form of a rhyming aphorism:—

Ἐάν ἡ Ἀγγλία ἐβάστα τὸ χαλινάρι
Δὲν ἐκλότιστα τὸ μούλαρι.

district of her European empire, the task of governing her Christian subjects would not prove altogether insuperable.

Next morning we mounted our faithful mules and departed from Sphakiá, receiving a military salute by order of the commandant, who also sent a cavalry soldier to strengthen our escort. Our road lay along the heights above the sea; and after an hour's journey we approached the "gullet" (*φάρυγγι*) or ravine of Askypho, the only southern entrance, except that by which we descended, to the mountain citadel of the Sphakiotes. This extraordinary defile is in some respects even more remarkable than that which leads from the Xylóscala. The precipices by which it is enclosed, though vast and magnificent, are not as lofty as those we had seen the day before yesterday, but on the other hand, they draw together even still more closely, and possess a peculiar feature in the wonderful luxuriance of the foliage by which they are covered. The flowering shrubs and plants spring apparently from the surface of the rock, and envelop it with a mantle of brilliant coloring, while the fig-tree and ilex, finding root in every nook and cranny, join their foliage overhead and convert the narrow passage into a leafy arcade. Here and there the cliffs converge so closely that a man of fair stature could touch the rocky walls with either hand by extending his arms; in other places the passage maintains an even width of six to eight feet, the contour of its sides corresponding so exactly that one might fancy it had been excavated by the giants of old, or traced by the finger of Vulcan when the world was liquid with fervent heat. We came to a more open spot, where we saw the cheery sunlight again, and the rocks above us seemed to retire among tangled groves of brushwood. Here, not many weeks ago, a party of four gendarmes had been fired at and killed by the mountaineers, concealed among the thickets on the inaccessible heights above; and a few paces farther on we were shown the spot where they lie buried beneath the shade of a myrtle-tree. Shortly afterwards we met with a number of peasants descending the pass with mules and baggage; one of them, on catching sight of us, withdrew to a cleft in the rock, where he remained with averted face till we had gone by. He was probably "wanted" by the authorities, and consequently did not appreciate a *rencontre* with our gendarmes; but if he had been in the thicket above, with a rifle in his hand, he would perhaps have saluted them in a different way.

We at length emerged from the pass and entered the wild upland district of Askypho, some five thousand feet above the sea, where the mountains form a barrier on every side, and the snow lies so deep in the winter that the whole population migrates to Sphakiá till the spring. Some of the heights are occupied by Turkish soldiers, whose experiences during the cold season cannot have been agreeable. We paused for a moment at the village of Nêpros, a veritable home of the vendetta — the Nêpriotes once wholly extirpated the inhabitants of a neighboring village — and then pushed on to Askypho, a little town which gives its name to the whole district. Here we lunched in the house of a peasant, a fine, wild-looking fellow, who entertained us with that warm, cordial hospitality which seems to vanish everywhere before the onward march of civilization. The house was apparently inhabited by several families; most of the men were absent, but there was a group of women who gazed at us with open, wondering eyes — pale, spiritless, dejected creatures, even more subdued in manner than their sisters on the Greek mainland. It is strange how, as we traverse the world from east to west, the position of women gradually alters, till at length we come to Cincinnati or Chicago, where the girl of the period assumes the airs of a queen and sends her male acquaintances about the town like so many errand boys. The uplands of Askypho have witnessed many a terrible scene of carnage, more especially in 1821, when a whole Turkish army, furnished with artillery, was annihilated by the mountaineers; the wretched fugitives were hunted like hares over the mountains; they were shot down when begging for water at the doors of their enemies, and for many years the pass by which we now prepared to descend into Apokóróna was thickly strewn with their bones. It is said that the devil is known at Askypho by the title of "the Local Gentleman,"* a euphemism, of course, but nevertheless containing certain elements of truth.

We descended by a long defile, and passing the Sphakian boundary, we found ourselves at evening in the town of Vamos, the capital of Apokóróna. Here all the large public buildings of the government were burned during the insurrection of 1867, and part of them now served as stables for the horses of a regiment of Turkish cavalry. We were received by some of the Christian judges, and other

* Ὁ Τόπιος.

notabilities of the town, amongst whom was the son of the famous Sphakiote chief, Christodoulakês. His brother Nicholas, whom I had frequently met at Athens, and who told me that he had killed twelve Turks with his own hand, had made his escape from Crete last autumn, and had been condemned to death in his absence by the court-martial. I pass rapidly over the remaining incidents of our journey. Next day, accompanied by our friends from Vamos, we visited two villages, in one of which thirty-five houses, in the other twenty-three, had been pillaged and burnt last autumn. In one of them an interesting incident occurred. An aged and infirm Turk, who more than sixty years ago had been taken prisoner by Christodoulakês's father, and had been treated kindly by him, came forward and greeted the young man with evident affection. We shook hands with the poor old man, and this friendly act on our part raised murmurs among some of the Christian bystanders. We then entered a little church, in which a philanthropic Christian was teaching the children of the villagers to read. There are no longer any schools in the rural districts since the promulgation of the firman. Hitherto, a certain sum has been yearly inscribed in the budget for educational purposes; but now the Porte only offers half the budget surplus for these purposes, that is to say, half nothing; inasmuch as there never is a surplus. Proceeding on our way, we soon came in sight of the fine bay of Suda, where seven vessels of the Turkish navy were riding at anchor, and then approached the foundations of the ancient Aptera, the "wingless town," where the Sirens, vanquished in a contest of singing by the Muses, lost their feathers, and, casting themselves into the sea, were changed into the rocky islets which lie in a group at the mouth of the harbor. Descending a rugged path by the edge of the sea, we came, for the first time, to a track which almost deserved the name of a road; here we met with a body of Turkish troops on the march, light-hearted youths, who were singing at the top of their voices, and beating time by clapping their hands. It was a sultry day, and none of them had partaken of food since the night before, for it was the time of the Ramazan; and yet these cheery souls were as happy as kings. Some of them rebuked our Mussulman gendarme, who was smoking a cigarette, for indulging in this luxury during the time of the fast, for the true son of Islam, as I have often heard, is vexed in his righteous soul by

the laxity of the Cretan believer. Here was a real Salvation Army, hungry, thirsty, ill clad, and toiling beneath a burning sun; yet jubilant and joyous in the hope of a world to come.

In another hour we had reached the plain of Canea, leaving to our left some pleasantly situated villages which were reduced to ruins during the troubles of last autumn; and soon we found ourselves again threading our way among the motley crowds, the dogs, the smells, and the piles of refuse which fill the streets of the capital city. When, on descending from our mules, we offered some money to our Christian gendarme he received it gratefully, and wished us farewell with a cordial grasp of the hand; when we made the same gift to his Mussulman *confrère*, he accepted it with a somewhat haughty glance and turned on his heel without saying a word. It is not good for the manners to belong to a dominant minority.

What were the impressions derived from this brief sojourn among a fierce, indomitable people, this visit to the crater of a half-slumbering volcano? I must speak with becoming humility on the question of Cretan feeling in general, for Sphakiá is not Crete, and the islanders of the eastern districts are cast in a gentler mould than the wild mountaineers of the west. But what Sphakiá thinks to-day Crete will think to-morrow, as somebody once said of Birmingham and England. I have seen a country in military occupation, where every peasant, as he stands at his cottage door, can see a fortress on some height commanding his village, reminding him of his duty to the sultan and the consequences to himself, his home, and his worldly goods if by any chance he should disregard it. And yet what is the spirit among the peasantry? Is it that which St. Paul wished to foster among their ancestors when he told their first bishop to "rebuke them sharply," and to "put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates"? I fear not. An insurrection, such as I ventured to predict in the pages of this review, was only averted in the spring of this year by the intense and unusual cold which came to the assistance of the Greek government and prevented the refugees in Greece from joining their brethren in the mountains. Unlike the politicians of the towns, the peasants have little rhetoric and no bluster; but they have quite made up their minds that the present state of things is not to be endured. They are willing to wait a little until the signal for

a general insurrection is given from Greece; and meantime they will content themselves with a kind of vendetta warfare, murdering stray gendarmes and soldiers when they get the chance, and thus exacting a kind of reparation sanctioned by immemorial usage in their country. A Cretan peasant, when injured, prefers, if possible, to take the life of his oppressor; but, failing this, it will do as well to take the life of any one belonging to his enemy's family or creed. And while the military occupation continues, while liberty is restricted by the abrogation of the constitution, and the villages are infested by Albanian gendarmes, so long the Christian peasant in general, and the Sphakiot mountaineer in particular, will think himself entitled to take a Mussulman life whenever he conveniently can.

Englishmen habitually look to the moral aspect of all questions, even those, it is said, in which their own interests are concerned. Taking human life is murder, and we should probably hang, or try to hang, a great many of the Sphakiot if we ever occupied Crete. In order to enlist sympathy in England for the Cretan Christians it would be advisable to represent them as eminently respectable persons, of irreproachable principles and business habits, who, much against their will, are compelled to associate with unspeakably wicked Turks. I cannot go quite so far as this; but I venture to plead that their faults are largely attributable to the unhappy history of their country, to the incapacity and bad faith of their rulers, and to the prolonged indifference of Europe. They have been injured to the "wild justice of revenge," because they have never had a government which could really govern, and so they have become a law to themselves; the violence of their political factions has been encouraged by unscrupulous and intriguing pashas, while Europe, having authorized the bestowal of those privileges which have now been in great part taken from them, did not concern itself to see that they were started in political life with a fairly workable constitution. It does not dispose of the question to say that the Cretans received as much liberty as they could expect; that they made a bad use of it, and therefore deserve their present misfortunes. Such a statement, if true, would only be applicable to the blatant politicians of the towns, who have been the mainspring of all the trouble. The peasants at least are justified in their attitude of sullen resistance by the ill-treatment they have re-

ceived from the soldiers and gendarmes during the last ten months. I have nothing to do with the much-vexed question of "atrocities"; putting these aside, there is ample evidence to show that, once the military occupation was completed, the soldiers first, and the gendarmes afterwards, acted with a brutality only partially checked, and sometimes not checked at all, by their officers. What else could be expected from half-civilized Anatolian warriors, alien in creed and race to the people among whom they were sent? Still worse was the conduct of the new Albanian gendarmes, whose rapacity was balked by the refusal of the people to give them the *baksheesh* they had been accustomed to receive elsewhere. No doubt they met with much provocation from the rustics; and when, in return, they cudgelled their prisoners soundly, and drove them before them tied by dozens to long ropes, they probably were unaware that they overstepped the limits of conventional usage. But a burning feeling of indignation remains among the peasants, who feel that, without having been conquered, they have been treated as a conquered people.

Most of these acts of violence were committed during the autumn, when the Mussulman villagers, who had fled to the towns, were being reinstated in their houses, and the Christians were compelled to restore stolen property and to give compensation for what they had destroyed. Many of the latter were terrorized into signing bonds for sums which were out of all proportion to the harm they had done. The appointment of mixed tribunals to regulate the payment of indemnities has not mended matters appreciably. The bonds have been declared invalid; but the tribunals, so far as I can hear, have as a rule confined themselves to compensating Mussulmans, and pay little attention to Christian claims; the Mussulman members of the courts finding excuses for absenting themselves when claims are made against their co-religionists. It must, however, be remembered that the Christians did far more damage than the Mussulmans, inasmuch as the latter, in flying from the country districts, left all their property to the mercy of the former, and could only retaliate by attacking the villages in the neighborhood of the large towns. The Christian villagers who pillaged and burned their neighbors' property were easily recognized, while it was hard to track the criminals on the other side among the Mussulman *canaille* who made raids from Canea, Candia, or

Rethymo. I have heard that Christians readily bore witness against each other before the courts, and even brought false charges against their personal or political enemies; while no Mussulman could be induced to give evidence against any one of his own creed. The question of indemnities is still a burning one, and small progress has been made towards settling it. Among the various suggestions I have heard the worst is that which proposes to "let bygones be bygones." The Cretans know no such precept, and if the injured owners of property are not recompensed in some way they will have recourse once more to the vendetta, their long-established method of settling their grievances.

But however the question of compensation may be arranged, one thing is clear — the peasants must not be left to the mercy of an Albanian gendarmerie. It may be said that nothing could have been worse than the old native police force, which was always useless and unmanageable, and deserted wholesale at the moment when its services were most required. But *nota mala res optima est*, and there is no reason why, under a better system of discipline, a native force should not be competent to maintain order in the island. One may point to the rank and file of the Irish constabulary, the brothers and sons of the men who groan at "Balfour's minions" and sing "Harvey Duff" in the streets of their native village. I have heard some curious revelations of the state of discipline in the old gendarmerie which throw light upon the causes of its inefficiency. My informant was a former officer, a Christian. The Turks, he said — the Cretan Mussulmans are always called "Turks" in the island — were indolent and lazy, but generally respectful and obedient; the Albanians, of whom there were some in the old force, were disorderly and insolent; but the Christians were absolutely unmanageable, "far worse than the Albanians." If a Turk disobeyed his orders he sent the offender to prison; but he never ventured to punish a Christian. If by chance he found a Christian gendarme smoking in a café, and told him to go on duty, the answer would probably be, "I prefer to finish my pipe." If he threatened punishment, he would meet with the cool reply, "Very well; we shall see what the deputy of my district has to say about it." It was like the time-honored phrase at Eton, "I will go to my tutor." If he reported the cul-

prit to the senior officer, the deputy, who could not afford to lose a vote, would intervene — in all probability with success. The Turkish deputies would not always exert themselves in the same way, consequently there was some kind of discipline among the Turkish gendarmes. The whole force was, in fact, permeated and corrupted by politics, with the natural result that it fell to pieces when political parties came to blows. What is wanted for the establishment of an efficient native gendarmerie is, in the first instance, a few dozen good officers, and behind them a strong executive government, independent of party influence. It is to this conclusion — the necessity for a strong government — that a study of every department of Cretan life brings us in the end.

What shall this government be? The present state of things is intolerable, and yet the more closely we examine the existing situation the more difficult do we find it to suggest a remedy. Occupation by a foreign power is impossible; annexation to Greece is even more impossible, though the destiny of the island is undoubtedly linked in the future with that of the Hellenic kingdom. Meantime it is vain for Greek patriots to rage furiously and to deal off-hand with a problem which time alone will solve — they can only rush blindly into the Cretan labyrinth, doomed, like the Athenian youth of old, to perish in its fatal maze. Nothing but a policy of caution and circumspection can at the present moment advance the cause of Hellenism. Perhaps, indeed, the fairy tale may repeat itself, and the great Greek statesman who has held the clue with patience and has warily felt his steps for so many years, may yet emerge, like another Theseus, from those tortuous intricacies, having vanquished the Minotaur of Turkish rule.

Meanwhile is it too much to hope that some more tolerable mode of existence may be devised for the Cretans by the collective statesmanship of Europe? That all the powers would act together is, of course, not to be expected, for one of them, at least, would not alter its traditional policy of keeping running sores open in the Ottoman dominions. But the powers which desire the preservation of peace, and most of all the Sublime Porte, are interested in finding a *modus vivendi* for the Cretans with all possible speed. It is useless to suggest the revocation of the firman of last November, for at once we raise the spectre of Turkish *amour propre*.

If the firman cannot be withdrawn, it might be amended, or another prepared; some of its features — such as the reduction of the number of deputies — are by no means objectionable. The more essential provisions of a new arrangement would be: the appointment of the vali for life or for a long term of years; the right of veto on legislative measures to rest solely with the vali; the financial independence of the island with a small fixed tribute accruing to the Porte; a native gendarmerie; and a reform in the system of electing judges. The valis of Crete have hitherto occupied a most unenviable, I may say a despicable, position; they have been at the mercy of court intrigues at Constantinople, and political factions at Canea, and they have found it their policy to foment dissensions in the island in order to prolong their own tenure of power. The result has been that the executive has fallen into discredit and contempt, and anarchy has been the natural consequence. The exercise of the veto by the sultan has hitherto only exasperated the islanders without strengthening the imperial authority. The story of the financial difficulty is a long and complicated one; it may be said in a word that the result of many makeshifts and compromises has been that the Cretans have been tempted to every kind of wasteful extravagance, to the creation of useless posts, and the maintenance of an overgrown and incapable gendarmerie, while at the same time receiving subventions in the form of doles from the Sublime Porte. The first principle of financial regeneration must be that the island should control its entire income, and learn to live upon it. Of the gendarmerie I have already spoken. Lastly, with regard to the judges, it may be easily imagined how far justice is now obtainable in a country where the members of the supreme courts are political partisans, chosen by a factious majority, and afraid to announce a single decision against the interests of their supporters. If some such reforms as those I have briefly indicated were introduced, and a man of energy, justice, and firmness — it matters little whether he be Christian or Mussulman — were appointed to the governorship, the people of Crete would probably remain in peace under the suzerainty of the sultan — until the time arrives when the cards are once more shuffled in the East, and this noble island finds its destined place as the brightest jewel in the Hellenic crown.

JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

SOME OLD CHURCHES.

THE diversity in the forms of our ancient churches is more considerable than we might suppose when our acquaintance with them is limited to a few examples only. We have round churches — four in number, with the ruins of a fifth, and mention of others in old chronicles; oblong churches, cruciform churches, and others in which the east ends are semicircular; and others, again, in which the chancels are finished in a rectangular manner. Their general arrangements are also very varied, as some have towers, aisles, porches, and picturesque parts which others are without. And in those instances where the same features exist in many fabrics, there are differences of finish that afford further variety. A tower, for instance, may be round, or square, or octagonal, or triangular — for we have one of a triangular form at Maldon, in Essex; and it may be crowned with a spire, or by a lantern, as at Boston, Lowick, and Fotheringay; or capped with corner turrets; or surmounted by a parapet, which may be plain, embattled, or pierced with tracery; and, for another example, a porch may be merely a simple, old-fashioned shelter to a doorway, put up at need, as at Astley Church, Warwickshire, or an elaborate structure of two stories, enriched with the beautiful traceried windows, niches with exquisite statues in them, a sundial with motto, and furnished with a spiral stair and stone seats. When we examine the interiors of the sacred edifices, and note their graceful arcades; their wide-spanned roofs, often supported by angelic figures; their carven stalls and pulpits; their ancient fonts, with their kneeling-stones; their brazen eagles, bearing the Book of Books upon their extended wings; their walls recessed with sedilia, piscinæ, aumbrys, and niches, or pierced with hagioscopes and lychnoscopes; their floors, in which are laid brass effigies of the great and good buried below, or great slabs inscribed with their names and lineage, and the innumerable details of stained-glass, wood, metal, and stone, we cannot fail to observe with reverential delight the lavishness of variety in them all. In the matter of wealth of art-work, too, we must look upon them as caskets containing some of the richest jewels our forefathers have left us.

The quest of this particular kind of information takes us into many beautiful nooks and many diverse neighborhoods;

for the situation of our ancient churches is as varied as their form or materials. Sometimes the founders chose the summit of a hill, apparently that the edifice might be seen; sometimes they chose a low, secluded spot, as though the sacred building was to be hidden from those likely to injure it. Here, as at Warkworth, they chose a site where a river takes a sudden swerve, and almost encompasses it with water, as by a wide moat; or on a sloping hillside, visible to a population scattered over a plain below; or in a deep dell, difficult to find, as at Brenckburne; and there, again, they chose a spot in the midst of a rich vale, or in a flat marsh, or on the coast, or on a cliff. In some places, in our towns and larger villages, houses have now hemmed them in; in others, we see them as those saw them who marked out where the walls were to be, and where the doors were to come, and the windows to be placed, ere the workmen brought their tools and commenced their tasks.

The materials employed in the construction differ according to the localities. In the mountainous Lake District—in Cumberland and Westmoreland—there is a laminated stone used for buildings of a warm, brownish-grey tint, deeper in tone than that used in the Yorkshire vales and on the Yorkshire wolds. In Cheshire, and in some of the adjoining counties, there are examples of timber-framed churches, with timber-framed towers, that are as indescribably venerable in their appearance as they are touchingly homely. In the churches of the eastern counties flint is used for the great masses of wallings, with frameworks, or “dressings” only, of stone for the doors and windows and angles; and long familiarity with this “flinting” has enabled local builders to inlay the flints in patterns like mosaic-work, with a very exquisite effect. This diversity of materials affects the general air of structures in which they are employed. The massive blocks of granite piled up by Cornishmen necessarily produce a different effect to the minuter work of Kentish masons in rag-stone, or to that of Northumbrian masons in freestone. Nevertheless—and it is worthy of note—there has always been a basis of uniformity, both in treatment and construction, throughout the length and breadth of the land, through all the centuries in which masons’ work has been executed with tools; and this basis of uniformity, despite difference of materials, has been subject to the same development in every place and at all times. The Normans built in the same manner

in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west, in whatever material came to their hands. They made low, semi-circular curves to their doors and windows, and from pillar to pillar, and pillar to respond, everywhere; and when they wanted to enrich them, they loaded them with ornament that was zigzag, or embattled, or wavy, or lozenged, or hatched; or cumbered them with enrichments known as nail-head, beak-head, billet, cable, pellet, and nebule. Their external walls they relieved with corbel-tabling, and their internal walls with interlacings of circular-arched mouldings that are thought likely to have suggested the use of the pointed arch to their successors. In like manner, church-builders in the days of the Plantagenets worked in their own method all over the land, and placed narrow, lofty, pointed arches, and high-pitched roofs, and simple and elegant ornaments in all their buildings. And builders of the fourteenth century maintained a similar uniformity, and introduced their geometrical tracery everywhere, and wider and lower-arched openings; and they spread out the width of windows, and divided them with mullions, and filled the headings with trefoils and quatrefoils, arranged symmetrically into designs full of grace; and placed tiers of small, cusped arches on their walls, as well as rows of small niches with statues in them. And then builders of the fifteenth century exceeded all who had gone before in one general fervor of architectural splendor. They spread out their vaulted ceilings till they became vast, drooping surfaces of ornamentation; they ornamented their buttresses with open-work; they thought of “flying buttresses;” their mullioned windows they divided by transoms into several stages; they lavished enrichments, and with canopies, pinnacles, crockets, finials, niches, tabernacle-work, and statues, appealed to the gorgeous taste of the day, in everything to which they put their hands, from one end of the land to the other. We can almost see the workmen at work upon this superbly enriched masonry—old men intending, ere their hands lost their cunning, their honest work should be an abiding testimony to them; young men, who put their best into everything from the first; some with light words, full of the news of the day—the discovery of the New World, the invasion of France, or the Scottish losses at Flodden; some working silently, with hearts full of thoughts of pretty damsels in farthingales and ruffs, or, perhaps, of dear

wives and little children; stooping, lifting, carrying, hammering, sawing, smoothing, fitting, fixing, till the perfection we see was attained.

We have but few ancient churches handed down to us that have never been altered. Most of those built by the Saxons were enlarged by the Normans, or, if left untouched by them, by the masons of the thirteenth century. The richer work of the Normans, in its turn, was altered in succeeding centuries; and, in the same way, later edifices were improved as occasion required. In these old times it was not deemed essential that unity of style of work should be maintained throughout a building, and, when additions were desired, they were made in the manner of building that was in vogue at the time. Hence we find many styles in one edifice. In some instances, when it came to pass that a little massy Norman church, consisting only of nave and chancel, did not afford sufficient accommodation, one wall of the nave was taken down, a row of columns placed to support the roof, and an aisle thrown out, with windows inserted of the manner of fashioning then in vogue. Perhaps, a century later, when all those who presided at the first extension had departed to the mercy of God, the accommodation was again found to be insufficient for the increased number of worshippers, and the other wall of the nave was taken down, a row of columns placed on its site to uphold the roof, and another aisle thrown out. This second extension was made in the manner that had become the usual mode of building. Hence, in this case, all that remained of the original edifice would be the nave-space between these two aisles of different workmanship, and the chancel. After a time the chancel may have been elongated by taking down the east end of it, and setting it back; the roof renewed, and probably heightened; a tower added; and then, all that could be identified as part of the structure reared by its first builders would be the low, richly laden, semicircular chancel-arch, with the cushion-capped pillars on either side of it. Sometimes an old church is associated still more closely with every century of English history, alterations having been made more frequently, and continued down to our own time. In these instances, besides mediæval work, we find specimens of classic features that the revival of classic architecture introduced in the days of the Stuarts, "Queen Anne" work, and Georgian additions. Occasionally, and unfortunately, ancient fabrics

have been rebuilt in the early part of this century with but scant regard for the work of the old masons, as in the case of Braxton Church, close to Flodden Field, which has only the chancel-arch left of the building that was in sight of the combatants on the great fight when "the flowers o' the forest were a' wede away." Brixworth Church, in Northamptonshire, is another instance in which many alterations have been made, for those who understand the language of the stones can see this church was built by Saxon masons; that Norman masons supplemented their work; that, two hundred years afterwards, the tower was heightened, and a spire placed on it; and that masons must have been at work in the edifice, at intervals not exceeding fifty years apart, for centuries. Rock Church, in Northumberland, may be also cited as among the countless illustrations of the same succession of alterations. This was originally a small Norman fabric, reverently reared on rising ground a few miles from the seacoast. From end to end it barely exceeded fifty feet in length, which area was divided into nave and chancel. The windows were but a finger's-length in breadth, the western doorway scarcely more than three feet across the opening. Though small and dark, it was strong, and a safe resort in time of trouble. In the thirteenth century, or early English period, some of the windows were enlarged into lancets. And then the little edifice endured, with what vicissitudes we know not, till the present century, when the chancel was lengthened, with a semicircular apse, and a small vestry thrown out; and, finally, the north wall was taken down, and set back, stone for stone, as it stood, and a north aisle added.

At times customs came into vogue that affected the structural arrangements of these relics. In the thirteenth century many chancels were lengthened, as if some departure in the manner of the services called for additional space. Another custom, the exact nature of which has been forgotten, caused the insertion of low side windows in chancels, generally on the south side, though occasionally on the north. These openings are often found to have been blocked up in some old time, as though their use was discontinued, at an early date after their insertion, in general accordance, perhaps, with an order made to that effect. These are much more numerous in some parts of the country than in others. Many conjectures have been made as to their purpose. For a long time they were considered leper win-

dows; then a belief they were exterior confessionals gained credence. It has also been suggested they were offertory windows; openings for the convenience of watching the Paschal lights; and symbols of the wound made in the side of our Lord. But it is now considered probable that they were inserted for the purpose of ringing the sanctus bell, that those within hearing might know the precise moment of the supreme ceremony. Hagioscopes are also of no further use; and *sedilia*, *piscinæ*, and *aumbrys* are relics of arrangements that have been discontinued. The building of crypts, too, seems to have been abandoned some centuries ago, though apparently deemed an essential sub-structure, in Saxon and Norman times, to edifices of any consequence; as witness the Saxon crypts in Hexham Abbey Church, Ripon Cathedral, and Ripon Church; and the grand Norman crypts below the cathedrals at Winchester, Rochester, Gloucester, Worcester, and Canterbury. On the borders of both Scotland and Wales, before those countries were ruled by an English monarch, some churches were provided with beacon-turrets, that the residents in their neighborhood might apprise the inhabitants of the adjacent districts of danger by means of a great, flaring light; which beacon-turrets, also, have now no special use.

Minor details have been also affected by passing customs. When sermons contained the chief teaching of the week, and to some extent the chief news, or appeals suggested by the force of current events, preachers required some reminder of the progress of time, and most pulpits were furnished with hour-glasses, many of which are still in their old places. Dedication ceremonies have also left their mark in some edifices in the form of dedication stones inscribed with the date and other particulars of their erection, as at Jarrow, and Clee in Lincolnshire; and, in rare instances, small crosses, twelve in number, may be seen incised near the entrance, generally on the outside, as at Moorlinch, Somerset. Akin to this kind of record are the numerous inscriptions to be noticed in various parts of these ancient buildings, setting forth the names of donors and benefactors, supplemented, often, with a pious exhortation or exclamation.

We may notice differences in the orientation, for all churches have not been built pointing to the true East. It is thought the deviation has been made, in some instances, to admit of the east end

pointing to that place on the horizon at which the sun rises on the day of the feast of the patron saint of the edifice; but we have to discard this suggestion on ascertaining that churches dedicated to the same saint do not observe the same deviation. More frequently chancels incline in a slightly different direction to the nave; which fact has been accounted for in a supposition that the masons meant to represent the declination of the head of our Saviour on the cross. As we know that similar divergences have been made compulsory in our own time by the necessity of not disturbing remains buried in certain places, we may conclude that some such controlling influences were sometimes brought to bear in olden days, likewise, and that some of the deviations we have noticed are the results of them.

Church-floors present many interesting details. In York Cathedral, on the pavement, there used to be certain stones that marked the places where the leading personages were to stand in ceremonials. In Westminster Abbey there used to be a straight line of small stones in the middle of the paved floors, to enable processions to keep in the centre of the ambulatories, portions of which may still be traced. In Rochester Cathedral there are fragments of herring-bone tiling of great antiquity. And in most ancient churches will be found personal memorials, that are as so many items in the history of our forefathers. We have, for instance, about two thousand flat brass effigies in our old church floors, and a much larger number of sculptured and incised stone slabs.

Church walls are also sometimes embellished with objects of general interest, apart from their architectural features. There are the black boards, usually in black frames, that set forth in gilded letters the admirable and pathetic charities of those who loved their fellow-men in former days; pale tablets with the Ten Commandments illuminated upon them; escutcheons "according to the law and due practice of arms," recording the passing away of those entitled to heraldic distinctions; flags tattered in honorable service, stirless and mouldering; armor, perhaps dinted and dusty, but full of stirring appeal; more rarely still, garlands fluttering gently to and fro; and occasionally faded fragments of frescoes, as at Abbey Dore and at St. Cross.

In some parts of the country ancient churchyards are entered by lych-gates, or covered ways somewhat resembling detached porches. These gates, besides

affording very convenient shelter for mourners and others, add as much to the picturesque appearance of the graveyard as the interesting preaching-crosses that are also sometimes seen in them. In Devonshire and Wales are many examples; in other parts of the country they are not so numerous. Some of them present their slant-faced roofs to the front, and some of them their pointed gables; some are covered with tiles, others with slates; and all are enriched with the velvety mosses and lichens that are Dame Nature's largess. Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Cornwall are rich in the possession of many fine, hoary preaching-crosses, whereof time has toned down the tints and softened the angularities with silent gentleness.

The more closely we regard our old churches, the more we are impressed with the hearty piety of our forefathers, and with their self-denial, generosity, thoroughness, and genuineness. They seem to have "scamped" nothing, from the dim, low, massy crypt, to the proud spire, or to the vane that veered in a socket on the top of it; and to have systematically given the best of their means, skill, and labor to these works. We can only consider them collectively with marvel. And, the more closely we regard them, the more we are impressed with a conviction that an examination of them affords one of the most enchanting of recreations, open to all.

SARAH WILSON.

From Temple Bar.

A PERILOUS AMOUR.

AN EPISODE ADAPTED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MAXIMILIAN DE BETHUNE, DUKE OF SULLY.

SUCH in brief were the reasons which would have led me, had I followed the promptings of my own sagacity, to oppose the return of the Jesuits. It remains for me only to add that these arguments lost all their weight when set in the balance against the safety of my beloved master. To this plea the king himself for once condescended, and found those who were most strenuous to dissuade him, the least able to refute it; since the more a man abhorred the Jesuits, the more ready he was to allow that the king's life could not be safe from their practices while the edict against them remained in force. The support which I gave to the king on this occasion exposed me to the utmost

odium of my co-religionists, and was in later times ill-requited by the order. But a remarkable incident that occurred while the matter was still under debate, and which I now for the first time make public, proved beyond question the wisdom of my conduct.

Fontainebleau being at this time in the hands of the builders, the king had gone to spend his Easter at Chantilly, whither Mademoiselle d'Entragues had also repaired. During his absence from Paris I was seated one morning in my library at the Arsenal, when I was informed that Father Cotton, the same who at Metz had presented a petition from the Jesuits, and who was now in Paris pursuing that business under a safe conduct, craved leave to pay his respects to me. I was not surprised, for I had been a little before this of some service to him. The pages of the court, while loitering outside the Louvre, had raised a tumult in the streets, and grievously insulted the father by shouting after him, "Old Wool! Old Cotton!" in imitation of the Paris street cry. For this the king, at my instigation, had caused them to be soundly whipped, and I supposed that the Jesuit now desired to thank me for advice—given, in truth, rather out of regard to discipline than to him. So I bade them admit him.

His first words, uttered before my secretaries could retire, indicated that this was indeed his errand; and for a few moments I listened to such statements from him, and made such answers myself as became our several positions. Then, as he did not go, I began to conceive the notion that he had come with a further purpose, and his manner, which seemed on this occasion to lack ease, though he was well gifted with skill and address, confirmed the notion. I waited therefore with patience, and presently he named his Majesty with many expressions of devotion to his person. "I trust," said he, "that the air of Fontainebleau agrees with him, M. de Rosny?"

"You mean, good father, of Chantilly?" I answered.

"Ah, to be sure!" he rejoined hastily. "He is of course at Chantilly."

After that he rose to depart, but was delayed by the raptures into which he fell at sight of the fire, which, the weather being cold for the time of year, I had caused to be lit. "It burns so brightly," said he, "that it must be of box-wood, M. de Rosny."

"Of box-wood?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Ay, is it not of box-wood?" quoth he, looking at me with much simplicity.

"Certainly not!" I made answer, rather peevishly. "Who ever heard of people burning box-wood in Paris, father?"

He apologized for his ignorance — which was indeed matter of wonder — on the ground of his southern birth, and took his departure, leaving me in much doubt as to the real purport of his visit. I was indeed more troubled by the uncertainty I felt, than another less conversant with the methods of the Jesuits might have been, for I knew that it was their habit to let drop a word where they dared not speak plainly, and I felt myself put on my mettle to interpret the father's hint. My perplexities were increased by the belief that he would not have intervened in any matter of small moment, and by the conviction which grew upon me apace, that while I stood idle before the hearth, my dearest interests and those of France were at stake.

"Michel," I said at last, addressing the *doyen* of my secretaries, who chanced to be a Provençal, "have you ever seen a box-wood fire?"

He replied respectfully, but with some show of surprise, that he had not, adding that that wood was rendered so valuable to the turner by its hardness, that few people would be extravagant enough to use it for fuel. I assented, and felt the more certain that the Jesuit's remark contained a hidden meaning. The only other clue I had consisted in the apparent mistake the father had made as to the king's residence, and this might have dropped from him in pure inadvertence. Yet I was inclined to think it intentional, and construed it as implying that the matter concerned the king personally. Which the more alarmed me.

I passed the day in great anxiety, but towards evening, acting on a sudden inspiration, I sent La Trape, my valet, a trusty fellow who had saved my life at Cahors, to the Three Pigeons, a large inn in the suburbs at which such travellers from north to south, as did not wish to enter the city, were accustomed to change horses and sometimes to sleep. Acquitting himself of the commission I had given him with his usual adroitness, he quickly returned with the news that a traveller of rank had passed through three days before, having sent in advance to order relays there and at Essonnes. La Trape reported that the gentleman had remained in his coach, and that none of the inn servants had seen his face.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3683

"But he had companions?" I said. My mind had not failed already to conceive a natural suspicion.

"Only one, your Grace. The rest were servants."

"And that one?"

"A man in the yard fancied that he recognized M. de la Varenne."

"Ah!" I said no more. My agitation was indeed such that, before giving reins to it, I bade La Trape withdraw. I could scarcely believe that, perfectly acquainted as the king was with the plots which Spain and the Catholics were daily weaving for his life, and possessing such unavowed but powerful enemies among the great lords as Tremouille and Bouillon, to say nothing of Mademoiselle d'Entragues's half-brother, the Count of Auvergne — I could hardly believe that with this knowledge his Majesty had been so foolhardy as to travel without guards or attendance to Fontainebleau. And yet I now felt an absolute certainty that this was the case. The presence of La Varenne also, the confidante of his intrigues, informed me of the cause of this wild journey, convincing me that his Majesty had given way to the sole weakness of his nature, and was bent on one of those adventures of gallantry which had been more becoming in the Prince of Béarn than in the king of France. Neither was I at a loss to guess the object of his pursuit. It had been lately whispered in the court that the king had seen and fallen in love with his mistress's younger sister, Susette d'Entragues, whose home at Malesherbes lay but three leagues from Fontainebleau, on the edge of the forest. This placed the king's imprudence in a stronger light, for he had scarcely in France a more dangerous enemy than her brother Auvergne; nor had the immense sums which he had settled on the elder sister satisfied the mean avarice or conciliated the brutish hostility of her father.

Apprised of all this, I saw that Father Cotton had desired to communicate it to me. But his motive I found it less easy to divine. It might have been a wish to balk this new passion through my interference, and at the same time to expose me to the risk of his Majesty's anger. Or it might simply have been a desire to avert danger from the king's person. At any rate, constant to my rule of ever preferring my master's interest to his favor, I sent for Maignan, my equerry, and bade him have an equipage ready at dawn.

Accordingly at that hour next morning, attended only by La Trape with a groom,

a page, and four Swiss, I started, giving out that I was bound for Sully to inspect that demesne, which had formerly been the property of my family, and of which the refusal had just been offered to me. Under cover of this destination I was enabled to reach La Ferté Alais unsuspected. There pretending that the motion of the coach fatigued me, I mounted the led horse, without which I never travelled, and bidding La Trape accompany me, gave orders to the others to follow at their leisure to Pethiviers, where I proposed to stay the night.

La Ferté Alais, on the borders of the forest, is some five leagues westward of Fontainebleau, and as far north of Malesherbes, with which last it is connected by a highroad. Having disclosed my intentions to La Trape, however, I presently left this road and struck into a path which promised to conduct us in the right direction. But the denseness of the undergrowth, and the huge piles of grey rocks which lie everywhere strewn about the forest, made it difficult to keep for any time in a straight line. After being two hours in the saddle, we concluded that we had lost our way, and were confirmed in this on reaching a clearing, and seeing before us a small inn, which La Trape recognized as standing about a league and a half on the forest side of Malesherbes.

We still had ample time to reach Fontainebleau by nightfall, but before proceeding it was absolutely necessary that our horses should have rest. Dismounting, therefore, I bade La Trape see the sorrel well baited. Observing that the inn was a poor place, and no one coming to wait upon me, I entered it of my own motion and found myself at once in a large room better furnished with company than accommodation. Three men, who had the appearance of such reckless swaggering blades as are generally to be found drinking in the inns on the outskirts of Paris, and who come not unfrequently to their ends at Montfaucon, were tipping and playing cards at a table near the door. They looked up sullenly at my entrance, but refrained from saluting me, which, as I was plainly dressed and much stained by travel, was in some degree pardonable. By the fire, partaking of a coarse meal, was a fourth man of so singular an appearance that I must needs describe him. He was of great height and extreme leanness. His face matched his form, for it was long and thin, terminating in a small peaked beard which, like his hair and moustachios,

was as white as snow. With all this his eyes glowed with much of the fire of youth, and his brown complexion and sinewy hands seemed still to indicate robust health. He was dressed in garments which had once been fashionable, but now bore marks of long and rough usage, and I remarked that the point of his sword, which, as he sat, trailed on the stones behind him, had worn its way through the scabbard. Notwithstanding these signs of poverty, he saluted me with the ease and politeness of a gentleman, and bade me with much courtesy to share his table and the fire. Accordingly I drew up, and called for a bottle of the best wine, being minded to divert myself with him.

I was little prepared, however, for the turn his conversation took, and the furious tirade into which he presently broke, the object of which proved to be no other than myself! I do not know that I have ever cut so whimsical a figure as while hearing my name loaded with reproaches; but being certain that he did not know me I waited patiently, and soon learned both who he was, and the grievance which he was on his way to lay before the king. His name was Boisrosé, and he had been the leader in that gallant capture of Fécamp, which took place while I was in Normandy as the king's representative. His grievance was that, notwithstanding promises in my letters, he had been deprived of the government of the place.

"He leads the king by the ear!" he declaimed loudly, in an accent which marked him for a Gascon. "That villain of a De Rosny! But I will show him up! I will trounce him!" With that he drew the hilt of his long rapier to the front with a gesture so truculent that the three bullies, who had stopped to laugh at him, resumed their game in disorder.

Notwithstanding his hatred for me, I was pleased to meet with a man of so singular a temper, whom I also knew to be truly courageous; and I was willing to amuse myself further with him. "But," I said modestly, "I have had some affairs with M. de Rosny, and I have never found him cheat me."

"Do not deceive yourself!" he roared, slapping the table. "He is a rascal!"

"Yet," I ventured to reply, "I have heard that in many respects he is not a bad minister."

"He is a villain!" he repeated so loudly as to drown what I would have added. "Do not tell me otherwise. But rest assured I be happy, sir! I will make the king see him in his true colors! Rest content,

sir! I will trounce him! He has to do with Armand de Boisrosé!"

Seeing that he was not open to argument — for indeed being opposed he grew exceedingly warm — I asked him by what channel he intended to approach the king, and learned that here he felt a difficulty, since he had neither a friend at court nor money to buy one. Being assured that he was an honest fellow, and knowing that the narrative of our rencontre and its sequel would vastly amuse his Majesty, who loved a jest of this kind, I advised Boisrosé to go boldly to the king, which, thanking me as profusely as he had before reproached me, he agreed to do. With that I rose to depart.

At the last moment it occurred to me to try upon him the shibboleth which in Father Cotton's mouth had so mystified me.

"This fire burns brightly," I said, kicking the logs together with my riding-boot. "It must be of box-wood."

"Of what, sir?" quoth he politely.

"Of box-wood, to be sure," I replied, in a louder tone.

"My certes!" he exclaimed. "They do not burn box-wood in this country. Those are larch trimmings — neither more nor less!"

While he wondered at my ignorance, I was pleased to discover his, and so far I had lost my pains. But it did not escape me that the three gamesters had ceased to play, and were listening intently to our conversation. Moreover, as I moved to the door, they followed me with their eyes; and when I turned, after riding a hundred yards, I found that they had come to the door and were still gazing after us.

This prevented me at once remarking that a hound which had been lying before the fire had accompanied us, and was now running in front, now gambolling round us, as the manner of dogs is. When, however, after riding about two-thirds of a league, we came to a place where the roads forked, I had occasion particularly to notice the hound, for, choosing one of the paths, it stood in the mouth of it, wagging its tail, and inviting us to take that road; and this so pertinaciously that, though the directions we had received at the inn would have led us to prefer the other, we determined to follow the dog as the more trustworthy guide.

We had proceeded about four hundred paces when La Trape pointed out that the path was growing more narrow, and showed few signs of being used. So certain did it seem — though the dog still

ran confidently ahead — that we were again astray, that I was about to draw rein and return, when I discovered with some emotion that the undergrowth on the right of the path had assumed the character of a thick hedge of box. Though less prone than most men to put faith in omens, I accepted this as one, and notwithstanding that it wanted but an hour of sunset, I rode on steadily, remarking that, with each turn in the woodland path, the scrub on my left also gave place to the sturdy tree which had been in my mind all day. Finally we found ourselves passing through an alley of box — which, no long time before, had been clipped and dressed — until a final turn brought me into a *cul-de-sac*, a kind of arbor, carpeted with grass, and so thickly set about as to afford no exit save by the entrance. Here the dog placidly stood and wagged its tail, looking up at us.

I must confess that this termination of the adventure seemed so surprising, and the evening light shining on the walls of green round us was so full of a solemn quiet, that I was not surprised to hear La Trape mutter a short prayer. For my part, assured that something more than chance had brought me hither, I dismounted, and spoke encouragement to the hound; but it only leapt upon me. Then I walked round the enclosure, and presently remarked, close to the hedge, three small patches where the grass was slightly trodden down. Another glance told me much, for I saw that at these places the hedge, about three feet from the ground, bore traces of the axe. Choosing the nearest spot, I stooped, until my eyes were level with the hole thus made, and discovered that I was looking through a funnel skilfully cut in the wall of box. At my end the opening was rather larger than a man's face; at the other end about as large as the palm of the hand. The funnel rose gradually, so that I took the farther extremity of it to be about seven feet from the ground, and here it disclosed a feather dangling on a spray. From the light falling strongly on this, I judged it to be not in the hedge, but a pace or two from it on the hither side of another fence of box. On examining the remaining loopholes I discovered that they bore upon the same feather.

My own mind was at once made up, but I bade my valet go through the same investigation, and then asked him whether he had ever seen an ambush of this kind laid for game. He replied at once that the shot would pass over the tallest stag; and, fortified by this, I mounted without

saying more, and we retraced our steps. The hound presently slipped away, and without further adventure we reached Fontainebleau a little after sunset.

I expected to be received by the king with coldness and displeasure, but it chanced that a catarrh had kept him within doors all day, and, unable to hunt or to visit his new flame, he had been at leisure in this palace without a court to consider the imprudence he was committing. He received me, therefore, with the hearty laugh of a schoolboy detected in a petty fault; and as I hastened to relate to him some of the things which M. de Boisrosé had said of the Baron de Rosny, I soon had the gratification of perceiving that my presence was not taken amiss. His Majesty gave orders that bedding should be furnished for my pavilion, and that his household should wait on me, and himself sent me from his table a couple of chickens and a fine melon, bidding me at the same time to come to him when I had supped.

I did so, and found him alone in his closet, awaiting me with impatience, for he had already divined that I had not made this journey merely to reproach him. Before informing him, however, of my suspicions, I craved leave to ask him one or two questions, and, in particular, whether he had been in the habit of going to Malesherbes daily.

"Daily," he admitted, with a grimace. "What more, grand master?"

"By what road, sire?"

"I have commonly hunted in the morning, and visited Malesherbes at midday. I have returned as a rule by the bridle-path, which passes the Rock of the Serpents."

"Patience, sire, one moment," I said. "Does that path run anywhere through a plantation of box?"

"To be sure," he answered without hesitation. "About half a mile on this side of the rock it skirts Madame Catherine's maze."

Thereon I told the king without reserve all that had happened. He listened with the air of apparent carelessness which he always assumed when the many plots against his life were under discussion; but at the end he embraced me again and again with tears in his eyes.

"France is beholden to you," he said. "I have never had, nor shall have, such another servant as you, Rosny! The three ruffians at the inn," he continued, "are the tools, of course, and the hound has been in the habit of accompanying them to the spot. Yesterday I remember I

walked by that place with the bridle on my arm."

"By a special providence, sire," I said gravely.

"It is true," he answered, crossing himself, a thing I had never yet known him to do in private. "But now, who is the craftsman who has contrived this pretty plot? Tell me that, grand master."

On this point, however, though I had my suspicions, I begged leave to be excused speaking until I had slept upon it. "Heaven forbid," I said, "that I should expose any man to your Majesty's resentment without cause. The wrath of kings is the forerunner of death."

"I have not heard," the king answered dryly, "that the Duke of Bouillon has called in a leech yet."

Before retiring I learned that his Majesty had with him a score of light horse, whom La Varenne had requisitioned from Melun, and that some of these had each day awaited him at Malesherbes, and returned with him. Further, that Henry had been in the habit of wearing, when riding back in the evening, a purple cloak over his hunting-suit, a fact well known, I felt sure, to the assassins, who, unseen and in perfect safety, could fire at the exact moment when the cloak obscured the feather, and could then make their escape, secured by the stout wall of box, from immediate pursuit.

I was aroused in the morning by La Varenne coming to my bedside and bidding me hasten to the king. I did so, and found his Majesty already in his boots and walking on the terrace with Coquet, his master of the household, Vitry, La Varenne, and a gentleman unknown to me. On seeing me he dismissed them, and while I was still a great way off, called out, chiding me for my laziness; then taking me by the hand in the most obliging manner, he made me walk up and down with him, while he told me what further thoughts he had of this affair; and, hiding nothing from me, even as he bade me speak to him whatever I thought without reserve, he required to know whether I suspected that the Entragues family were cognizant of this.

"I cannot say, sire," I answered prudently.

"But you suspect?"

"In your Majesty's cause I suspect all," I replied.

He sighed, and seeing that my eyes wandered to the group of gentlemen who had betaken themselves to the terrace steps, and were thence watching us, he

asked me if I would answer for them. "For Vitry, who sleeps at my feet when I lie alone? For Coquet?"

"For three of them I will, sire," I answered firmly. "The fourth I do not know."

"He is M. Louis d'Entraques."

"Ah! the Count of Auvergne's half-brother?" I muttered. "And lately returned from service in Savoy? I do not know him, your Majesty. I will answer to-morrow."

"And to-day?" the king asked with impatience.

Thereupon I begged him to act as he had done each day since his arrival at Fontainebleau, to hunt in the morning, to take his midday meal at Malessherbes, to talk to all as if he had no suspicion; only on his return to take any road save that which passed the Rock of the Serpents.

The king turning to rejoin the others, I found that their attention was no longer directed to us, but to a singular figure which had made its appearance on the skirts of the group, and was seemingly prevented from joining it outright only by the evident merriment with which three of the four courtiers regarded it. The fourth, M. d'Entraques, did not seem to be equally diverted with the stranger's quaint appearance, nor did I fail to notice, being at the moment quick to perceive the slightest point in his conduct, that while the others were nudging one another, his countenance, darkened by an Italian sun, gloomed on the new-comer with an aspect of angry discomfiture. On his side, M. de Boisrosé — for he it was, the aged fashion of his dress more conspicuous than ever — stood eying the group in mingled pride and resentment, until aware of his Majesty's approach, and seeing me in intimate converse with him, he joyfully stepped forward, a look of relief taking place of all others on his countenance.

"Ha, well met!" quoth the king in my ear. "It is your friend of yesterday. Now we will have some sport."

Accordingly, the old soldier approaching with many low bows, the king spoke to him graciously, and bade him say what he sought. It happened then as I had expected. Boisrosé, after telling the king his name, turned to me and humbly begged that I would explain his complaint, which I consented to do, and did as follows:—

"This, sire, I said gravely, "is an old and brave soldier, who formerly served your Majesty to good purpose in Normandy; but he has been cheated out of

the recompense which he there earned by the trickery and chicanery of one of your Majesty's counsellors, the Baron de Rosny."

I could not continue, for the courtiers, on hearing this from my mouth, and on discovering that the stranger's odd appearance was but a prelude to the real diversion, could not restrain their mirth. The king, concealing his own amusement, turned to them with an angry air, and bade them be silent; and the Gascon, encouraged by this, and by the bold manner in which I had stated his grievance, scowled at them gloriously.

"He alleges, sire," I continued, with the same gravity, "that the Baron de Rosny, after promising him the government of Fécamp, bestowed it on another, being bribed to do so, and has besides been guilty of many base acts which make him unworthy of your Majesty's confidence. That, I think, is your complaint, M. de Boisrosé?" I concluded, turning to the soldier, whom my deep seriousness so misled that he took up the story, and pouring out his wrongs, did not fail to threaten to trounce me, or to add that I was a villain!

He might have said more, but at this the courtiers, perceiving that the king broke into a smile, lost all control over themselves, and giving vent suddenly to loud peals of laughter, clasped one another by the shoulders, and reeled to and fro in an ecstasy of enjoyment. This led the king to give way also, and he laughed heartily, clapping me again and again on the back; so that, in fine, there were only two serious persons present — the poor Boisrosé, who took all for lunatics, and myself, who began to think that perhaps the jest had been carried far enough.

My master presently saw this, and, collecting himself, turned to the amazed Gascon.

"Your complaint is one," he said, "which should not be lightly made. Do you know the Baron de Rosny?"

Boisrosé, by this time vastly mystified, said he did not.

"Then," said the king, "I will give you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him. I shall refer your complaint to him, and he will decide upon it. More," he continued, raising his hand for silence as Boisrosé, starting forward, would have appealed to him, "I will introduce you to him now. This is the Baron de Rosny."

The old soldier glared at me for a moment with starting eyeballs, and a dreadful

despair seemed to settle on his face. He threw himself on his knees before the king.

"Then, sire," said he, in a heart-rending voice, "am I ruined! My six children must starve, and my young wife die by the roadside!"

"That," answered the king gravely, "must be for the Baron de Rosny to decide. I leave you to your audience."

He made a sign to the others, and, followed by them, walked slowly along the terrace; the while Boisrosé, who had risen to his feet, stood looking after him like one demented, shaking, and muttering that it was a cruel jest, and that he had bled for the king, and the king made sport of him.

Presently I touched him on the arm.

"Come, have you nothing to say to me, M. de Boisrosé?" I asked quietly. "You are a brave soldier, and have done France service, why then need you fear? The Baron de Rosny is one man, the king's minister is another. It is the latter who speaks to you now. The office of lieutenant-general of the ordnance in Normandy is empty. It is worth twelve thousand livres by the year. I appoint you to it."

He answered that I mocked him, and that he was going mad, so that it was long before I could persuade him that I was in earnest. When I at last succeeded, his gratitude knew no bounds, and he thanked me again and again with the tears running down his face.

"What I have done for you," I said modestly, "is the reward of your bravery. I ask only that you will not another time think that they who rule kingdoms are as those gay popinjays yonder."

In a transport of delight he reiterated his offers of service, and feeling sure that I had now gained him completely, I asked him on a sudden where he had seen Louis d'Entragues before. In two words the truth came out. He had observed him on the previous day in conference at the forest inn with the three bullies whom I had remarked there. I was not surprised at this; D'Entragues's near kinship to the Count of Auvergne, and the mingled feelings with which I knew that the family regarded Henry, preparing me to expect treachery in that quarter. Moreover, the nature of the ambush was proof that its author resided in the neighborhood and was intimately acquainted with the forest. I should have carried this information at once to my master, but I learned that he had already started, and thus baffled, and believing that his affection for Mademoiselle d'Entragues, if not

for her sister, would lead him to act with undue leniency, I conceived and arranged a plan of my own.

About noon, therefore, I set out as if for a ride, attended by La Trape only, but at some distance from the palace we were joined by Boisrosé, whom I had bidden to be at that point well armed and mounted. Thus reinforced, for the Gascon was still strong, and in courage a Grillon, I proceeded to Malesherbes by a circuitous route which brought me within sight of the gates about the middle of the afternoon. I then halted under cover of the trees, and waited until I saw the king, attended by several ladies and gentlemen, and followed by eight troopers, issue from the château. His Majesty was walking, his horse being led behind him; and seeing this I rode out and approached the party as if I had that moment arrived to meet the king.

It would not ill become me on this occasion to make some reflections on the hollowness of court life, which has seldom been better exemplified than in the scene before me. The sun was low, but its warm beams, falling aslant on the gaily dressed group at the gates and on the flowered terraces and grey walls behind them, seemed to present a picture at once peaceful and joyous. Yet I knew that treachery and death were lurking in the midst, and it was only by an effort that, as I rode up, I could make answer to the thousand obliging things with which I was greeted, and of which not the least polite were said by M. d'Entragues and his son. I took pains to observe Mademoiselle Susette, a beautiful girl not out of her teens, but noways comparable, as it seemed to me, in expression and vivacity, with her famous sister. She was walking beside the king, her hands full of flowers, and her face flushed with excitement and timidity, and I came quickly to the conclusion that she knew nothing of what was intended by her family, who having made the one sister the means of gratifying their avarice, were now baiting the trap of their revenge with the other.

Henry parted from her at length, and mounted his horse amid a ripple of laughter and compliments, D'Entragues holding the stirrup and his son the cloak. I observed that the latter, as I had expected, was prepared to accompany us, which rendered my plan more feasible. Our road lay for a league in the direction of the Rock of the Serpents, the track which passed the latter presently diverging from it. For some distance we rode along in

easy talk, but on approaching the point of separation, the king looked at me with a whimsical air, as though he would lay on me the burden of finding an excuse for avoiding the shorter way home. I had foreseen this and looked round to ascertain the position of our company. I found that La Varenne and D'Entragues were close behind us, while the troopers with La Trape and Boisrosé were a hundred paces farther to the rear, and Vitry and Coquet had dropped out of sight. This being so, I suddenly reined in my horse so as to back it into that of D'Entragues and then wheeled round on the latter, taking care to be between him and the king.

"M. Louis d'Entragues," I said, dropping the mask and addressing him with all the scorn and detestation which I felt, and which he deserved, "your plot is discovered! If you would save your life confess to his Majesty here and now all you know, and throw yourself on his mercy!"

I confess that I had failed to take into account the pitch to which his nerves would be strung at such a time, and had expected to produce a greater effect than followed my words. His hand went indeed to his breast, but it was hard to say which was the more discomposed, La Varenne or he. And the manner in which with scorn and defiance he flung back my accusation in my teeth, lacked neither vigor nor the semblance of innocence. While Henry was puzzled, La Varenne was appalled. I saw that I had gone too far, or not far enough, and at once calling into my face and form all the sternness in my power, I bade the traitor remain where he was, then turning to his Majesty I craved leave to speak to him apart.

He hesitated, looking from me to D'Entragues with an air of displeasure which embraced us both, but in the end, without permitting M. Louis to speak, he complied, and going aside with me bade me with coldness speak out. As soon, however, as I had repeated to him Boisrosé's words, his face underwent a change, for he, too, had remarked the discomfiture which the latter's appearance had caused D'Entragues in the morning.

"Ha! the villain!" he said. "I do not now think you precipitate. Arrest him at once, but do him no harm!"

"If he resist, sire?" I asked.

"He will not," the king answered. "And in no case harm him! You understand me?"

I bowed, having my own thoughts on

the subject, and the king, without looking again at D'Entragues, rode quickly away. M. Louis tried to follow, and cried loudly after him, but I thrust my horse in the way, and bade him consider himself a prisoner; at the same time requesting La Varenne with Vitry and Coquet, who had come up and were looking on like men thunderstruck, to take four of the guards and follow the king.

"Then, sir, what do you intend to do with me?" D'Entragues asked, the air of fierceness with which he looked from me to the six men who remained barely disguising his apprehensions.

"That depends, M. Louis," I replied, recurring to my usual tone of politeness, "on your answers to three questions."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Ask them," he said curtly.

"Do you deny that you have laid an ambush for the king on the road which passes the Rock of the Serpents?"

"Absolutely."

"Or that you were yesterday at an inn near here in converse with three men?"

"Absolutely."

"Do you deny that there is such an ambush laid?"

"Absolutely," he repeated with scorn. "It is an old wife's story. I would stake my life on it."

"Enough," I answered slowly. "You have been your own judge. The evening grows cold, and as you are my prisoner I must have a care of you. Kindly put on this cloak and precede me, M. d'Entragues. We return to Fontainebleau by the Rock of the Serpents."

His eyes meeting mine, it seemed to me that for a second he held his breath and hesitated, while a cold shadow fell and dwelt upon his sallow face. But the stern, gloomy countenances of La Trape and Boisrosé, who had ridden up to his rein, and were awaiting his answer with their swords drawn, determined him. With a loud laugh he took the cloak. "It is new, I hope?" he said lightly, as he threw it over his shoulders.

It was not, and I apologized, adding, however, that no one but the king had worn it. On this he settled it about him; and having heard me strictly charge the two guards, who followed with their arquebuses ready, to fire on him should he try to escape, he turned his horse's head into the path and rode slowly along it, while we followed a few paces behind in double file.

The sun had set, and such light as remained fell cold and grey between the

trees. The crackling of a stick under a horse's hoof, or the ring of a spur against a scabbard, were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the wood as we proceeded. We had gone some little way when M. Louis halted, and turning in his saddle, called to me.

"M. de Rosny," he said — the light had so far failed that I could scarcely see his face — "I have a meeting with the Viscount de Caylus on Saturday about a little matter of a lady's glove. Should anything prevent my appearance —"

"I will see that a proper explanation is given," I answered, bowing.

"Or if M. d'Entragues will permit me," eagerly exclaimed the Gascon, who was riding by my side, "M. de Boisrosé of St. Palais, gently born, though before unknown to him, I will appear in his place and make the Viscount de Caylus swallow the glove."

"You will?" said M. Louis with politeness. "You are a gentleman. I am obliged to you."

He waved his hand with a gesture which I afterwards well remembered, and giving his horse the rein, went forward along the path at a brisk walk. We followed, and I had just remarked that a plant of box was beginning here and there to take the place of the usual undergrowth, when a sheet of flame seemed to leap out through the dusk to meet him, and his horse rearing wildly he fell headlong from the saddle without word or cry. My men would have sprung forward before the noise of the report had died away, and might possibly have overtaken one or other of the assassins; but I restrained them. When La Trape dismounted and raised the fallen man, the latter was dead.

Such were the circumstances, now for the first time made public, which attended the discovery of this, the least known, yet one of the most dangerous of the many plots which were directed against the life of my master. The course which I adopted may be blamed by some, but it is enough for me that after the lapse of years it is approved by my conscience and by the course of events. For it was ever the misfortune of that great king to treat those with leniency whom no indulgence could win; and I bear with me to this day the bitter assurance that had the fate which overtook Louis d'Entragues embraced the whole of that family, the blow which ten years later cut short Henry's career, would never have been struck.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

IN THE MATTER OF DODSON AND FOGG,
GENTLEMEN.

WHEN Dr. Johnson said that "he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman to be an attorney," he was jesting, with an eye to the gallery; when, in more serious mood, he made his will, an attorney was one of the gentlemen whom he appointed executors. The world has remembered only the jeer. The death-bed confidence has had no more weight than had the death-bed request to Lord Eldon to attend church on Sundays. This is no solitary instance. What doctors were to Molière, what mothers-in-law are to the singers of the music-hall, that practitioners of the law are to the world at large. The faults of its social economy are on our heads; the sins of the legislative fathers are visited upon the administrative children. This we no longer resent; calumny of our class we have learned to bear with the same equanimity with which our assailants join in the general confession. But it is intolerable that the general antipathy should be allowed, in particular applications, to injure the living or revile the memory of the dead. For fifty years some odious charges made against Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, attorneys, who formerly carried on a lucrative practice in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, have remained unanswered. An unthinking assent has been given to these allegations, till the names of two honorable gentlemen have become a synonym for chicanery and pettifogging malpractices, and they themselves have been classed with the grotesque and detestable creatures of fiction, with Oily Gammon and Attorney Case. We propose to examine the facts on which, it is said, these grave accusations are founded.

The principal charges against Messrs. Dodson and Fogg are that they instigated and conducted to an unjust issue an action, brought in the Court of Common Pleas, for breach of promise of marriage; that by distortion of the evidence they procured a serious miscarriage of justice; and that, having undertaken the plaintiff's case "on speculation," and made an agreement not to charge her for their services unless successful, they were guilty of unprofessional conduct akin to the offences of maintenance and common barratry. If it can be shown that the verdict was supported by adequate and untainted testimony, the main charges against Messrs. Dodson and Fogg fall to the ground.

It is necessary, therefore, to examine carefully the evidence adduced at the trial of the cause of *Bardell v. Pickwick*. But, by a singular mischance, the only record which now exists is contained in certain memoirs, compiled partly by friends of the defendant, but principally by the defendant himself.* That these papers should be inspired by bitter and implacable hatred is a matter of course. There is no malice like the malice of a defeated litigant. The bitterness of love turned to hate, the fury of a woman scorned—these are feeble and transient emotions compared with the rage of an unsuccessful suitor. The field being lost, for him all is lost. His unconquerable hate is impotent, the study of revenge serves but to increase his sense of injury. It was with such feelings that most of the "Pickwick Papers" were written. But Mr. Pickwick was fortunate beyond his deserts. His papers were edited by the late Mr. Dickens, a gentleman of some humor and observation, whose name ensured for them a wide circulation, and who succeeded in restraining to some extent the misrepresentations of his author. Mr. Dickens perceived that the hero as litigant was a new and inauspicious portent; but his task, one suspects, must have been even more arduous than that which he afterwards undertook in curtailing the amorous garrulities of Grimaldi. Even with his revision, the "Pickwick Papers" contain some obvious inaccuracies and travesties of fact. But, accepting the report as it stands, we propose to justify Messrs. Dodson and Fogg out of their assailant's mouth.

It is worth while to cite one or two instances of the inaccuracy which pervades the "Pickwick Papers." In so simple a matter as transcribing the courteous letter sent him by Messrs. Dodson and Fogg before commencing the action, Mr. Pickwick makes a mistake of three years in the date.† Mr. Fogg is described as "an elderly, pimply faced, *vegetable-diet* sort of man;"‡ and, without being a vegetarian, one may see that this account of his personal appearance is founded on prejudice rather than observation. This is the "cold punch" or licensed victualler's view of human nature and a wholesome regimen. Mr. Pickwick's references to Messrs. Dodson and Fogg are habitually inaccur-

rate. He represents that Mr. Fogg refused to see him till joined by his partner, Mr. Dodson. Solicitors do not usually summon all the members of a firm to receive a client or an opponent. Nor, if Dodson and Fogg were as rapacious as he represents, is it easy to see why two partners should attend the trial, when it is certain that the taxing-master would allow remuneration for one only. The alleged purpose of their attendance is even stranger than the fact. Mr. Dodson, it is said, produced the plaintiff's umbrella, and Mr. Fogg her pattens.* Why? How could the pattens or umbrella be evidence against the defendant?—unless they were gifts from him to the plaintiff, which was not alleged. But a more conclusive instance of inaccuracy occurs in an account of a cricket-match between Muggleton and Dingley Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick and his friends were present. These villages are situated in Kent, once the opponent on equal terms of all England, and a county whose sons may justly claim that, winning or losing, they have always played the game to the end, as behoves good sportsmen and compatriots of Fuller Pilch, of Wenman, and of Alfred Mynn. On the occasion narrated by Mr. Pickwick, Muggleton won the toss, and elected to take first innings. A good start was made, and at the luncheon interval the score was fifty-four for two wickets. Mr. Pickwick and his friends partook, with more zest than discretion, of the "cold but capital" refreshments provided, and they appear to have been so well satisfied with the wine that they remained at the inn when the players returned to the field. It was not till past midnight that the Pickwickians left the Blue Lion, and returned to their host's, extremely drunk, and greatly scandalizing the ladies of the family. Mr. Pickwick was no sportsman, and his offence against good manners might have been forgiven. He is not the only man who has found cricket on the hearth an easier and more attractive game than cricket on the heath. But he has chosen to suggest that the cricketers were such as he. The game, he asserts, was abandoned by eleven men of Kent before an innings was completed! "In an early period of the winning game," he says, "Dingley Dell gave in, and allowed the superior prowess of All Muggleton."† If Mr. Pickwick is so inaccurate in matters which are indifferent, how are we to credit

* See the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," vol. i., p. 182, and elsewhere. The references, here and throughout, are to the Jubilee Edition: Macmillan & Co., 1886.

† *Ibid.*, i. 339. The error is pointed out by Mr. Charles Dickens the Younger.

‡ *Ibid.*, i. 363.

* *Ibid.*, ii. 100.

† *Ibid.*, i. 231.

charges made by him in matters which affected him closely and aroused his keen resentment? But Dodson and Fogg are dead; their voices can never now be raised to confute their slanderer.

Let us consider the case as it is narrated by Mr. Pickwick.

Mrs. Bardell, the plaintiff in the action, was the widow of a gentleman engaged in the excise department of the civil service. Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, was a retired tradesman, possessed, as was admitted at the bar, of considerable means.* He had remained a bachelor to the mature age when bachelors commonly marry their housekeepers and love affairs are especially deadly. He boasted an unimpaired digestion, an undiminished appetite. Physically he was fitted for Cæsar's body-guard, for he was fat, and sleek-headed, and (with a memorable exception) he slept o' nights. Several times in the short space covered by the "Pickwick Papers" he is recorded to have been intoxicated. Once he was imprisoned in the public pound; † on another occasion he resisted the peace officers, and was ordered to give bail for good behavior. ‡ It is, perhaps, more pertinent to observe that he constantly exhibited the philandering propensities which are specially nauseating when, as in his case, the privileges allowed to age are claimed and exercised with the ardor of youth. He kissed "the young ladies," § he kissed Bella, || he occasioned a scandal by unbecoming gallantry and kissing his hand to a married lady at a public meeting. ¶ It was proved at the trial that, on yet another occasion, he caused the projected marriage of a lady to be broken off, in circumstances very inadequately described by himself as "a romantic adventure."** Moreover, released from business cares, he now, for the first time, enjoyed unstinted leisure, and had no more absorbing pursuit than some trifling antiquarian researches. For two years he had occupied rooms in the residence of Mrs. Bardell, and, if he possessed the inclination, did not lack the opportunity of making his court to the "comely" widow, whose "agreeable appearance" and "exquisite talent" in cooking he did not fail to note. It is probably, therefore, doing him no injustice to assume that for two

* *Ibid.*, ii. 124. He appears to have been engaged in the sugar trade, ii. 463.

† *Ibid.*, i. 356.

‡ *Ibid.*, i. 474.

§ *Ibid.*, i. 193.

|| *Ibid.*, i. 527.

¶ *Ibid.*, i. 243.

** *Ibid.*, ii. 118, 119; and see ch. xxii.

years his gaitered legs had trod the primrose path of dalliance. His thoughts constantly ran on love affairs. His mind, we are told, when sleepless and far from home, "reverted to Mrs. Bardell."* He assisted the clandestine courtship and palliated the runaway match of one of his friends and followers. He was the author of a theory of proposals of marriage, † which deserves to be as celebrated as his "Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds," and certainly bears traces, in spite of his disclaimer, of being deduced from long and arduous practice. This theory he expounded, in the tone of a professor addressing his pupil, to a gentleman who had already made several temporarily successful experiments in the art. Mr. Pickwick's friends appear to have given credence to the claim made by Mrs. Bardell; and, indeed, it is a remarkable fact that her case was proved almost entirely by witnesses friendly to the defendant. If, as Butler says—

Is not the winding up witnesses

And nicking, more than half the bus'ness?

the plaintiff's case must have been presented to the jury in circumstances of unusual difficulty.

Mr. Winkle, one of Mr. Pickwick's companions, deposed to a circumstance strongly corroborating the plaintiff's story. He remembered, he said, calling at the plaintiff's house and seeing that "the defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist; the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away." † He heard the defendant call the plaintiff "a good creature" and ask her "to compose herself, for what a situation it was if anybody should come," or words to that effect. This was the impression on his mind, but he could not swear that the words used were not: "My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to *that* effect. This testimony was confirmed by the evidence of two other witnesses, friends of the defendant. The plaintiff was not, of course, according to the law at that time, a competent witness; nor was the defendant. But he has chosen to give an account of this circumstance in his memoirs, § which he admits that he had asked the plaintiff, when alone with her: "Do you

* *Ibid.*, i. 426.

† *Ibid.*, i. 449.

‡ *Ibid.*, ii. 117.

§ *Ibid.*, ch. xii.

think it's a much greater expense to keep two persons than one?" and similar questions, which he himself would probably have classified as the proposal implied, illusory, or oblique. Mr. Pickwick afterwards alleged that he intended to allude to a man named Weller, whom he proposed to engage as his servant. That he should converse on so commonplace a subject in so mysterious a manner is extremely improbable; and it ought to be noted, that at this time Weller was actually in service at an hotel, and had given no intimation that he wished to leave it. Moreover, there was no cross-examination to show that the conversation had relation to Weller, and the whole reference to him was, probably, an afterthought.

In the course of further evidence at the trial, Mrs. Sanders, a neighbor of the plaintiff, proved that she had heard Mr. Pickwick ask the plaintiff's little boy *how he should like to have another father*. Mr. Pickwick did not venture to deny that he used this significant expression; nor is any attempt made in his book to explain it away. It is evident that there was running in Mr. Pickwick's mind the familiar line:—

A man that's married is a man that's pa'd.

But in cross-examination it was suggested that his question referred to a baker whom he thought the plaintiff was about to marry. If this suggestion was made seriously, the jury must have been asked to believe that Mr. Pickwick was in the habit of discussing with a boy of eight or ten the love affairs of his landlady. But the obvious answer is that the suggestion, if true, could have been substantiated by the evidence of the baker. Yet Mr. Pickwick did not venture to put him in the box. It is significant that when, years after, Mr. Burnand wrote the libretto of the cantata bearing Mr. Pickwick's name, he felt it necessary to excuse his hero's infidelity by giving to this airy, anonymous baker a local habitation, though not a name, and by introducing a representation of him in the flesh before the eyes of an astonished audience. Mr. Burnand's usual shrewdness has been disarmed by the suggestion which, in Mr. Perker's language, was intended to throw dust in the eyes of the judge.

This allusion to himself or some other person as the probable future step-father of the plaintiff's son is the only part of the plaintiff's case not corroborated by the defendant's friends, or admitted by himself. Some evidence was given of general

reputation of an engagement between the parties, and some by the man Weller apparently intended to indicate the unscrupulous nature of the defence; and this practically concluded the plaintiff's case. It is idle to say upon this that there was nothing from which the jury could infer a promise of marriage; and the defendant called no witnesses.* The verdict the jury gave for the plaintiff (for 750*l.*) was eminently reasonable; and if injustice was done to Mr. Pickwick, it must have been from some cause not brought within their cognizance.

Did Mr. Pickwick, then, suffer from any inability to present his case to the court? On the contrary, he was represented by a very respectable and competent solicitor, and by counsel "at the very top of his profession," † who was said to lead the court by the nose. The defendant's advisers were agreed "it was lucky that they had prevented the other side from getting him." ‡ It is expressly recorded that Mr. Serjeant Snubbins "did the best he could for 'Mr. Pickwick' in a long and very emphatic address, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the character and conduct of Mr. Pickwick." § The case was tried by a London jury, at the Guildhall, where one would not suppose sentiment to abound unduly; and the summing-up was a model of impartiality. The best testimony to the fairness of the verdict is that Mr. Pickwick never sought to question it, but accepted the result, not indeed good-humoredly, but in dogged silence. Against the advice of his friends, he refused to pay the damages, and was imprisoned for a time in the Fleet, vowing he would never, never pay a single farthing—a promise he kept little better than the one he had made to the plaintiff.

The fact is clear that, like the other famous litigant who instructed his advocate to abuse the plaintiff's attorney, Mr. Pickwick had no case. His friends—Wardle, Winkle, and Tupman—all thought the plaintiff's claim well founded. Perker, his solicitor, said so in plain terms. The defendant's only course, he said, || was "to cross-examine the witnesses, trust to Snubbins's eloquence, *throw dust in*

* Very probably, evidence of an express promise was given, but, as Mr. Pickwick does not record it, the point may be left out of consideration. Had there been no evidence to support the verdict, the defendant's counsel would certainly have taken the point at the hearing or on motion for a new trial.

† Pickwick Papers, ii. 39.

‡ Ibid., ii. 49.

§ Ibid., ii. 125.

|| Ibid., ii. 40.

the eyes of the judge and themselves on the jury." Even to humor an intractable client he refused to join in the defendant's abuse of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg; they were, he said, "capital fellows."* It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Pickwick at one time attempted to take the case out of his hands. It appears to have been suggested by a friend of the defendant, that an unscrupulous defence, obscurely indicated as being in the nature of an *alibi*, should be set up. This was not done; but the servant, Weller, was actually sent to the plaintiff "to make," as Mr. Perker said, "some offer of compromise."† The negotiation failed; but this visit was the real foundation of much of the abuse with which Mr. Pickwick afterwards befouled his professional opponents. Sam, we are told, was sent with some money, ostensibly to pay rent, but, in fact, as one may suppose, with a quite different purpose. Whatever "offer of compromise" Weller made appears to have been declined, and the mission then assumed another character in Mr. Pickwick's eyes. "Mr. Weller," runs the history, "recounted to his master such indications of the sharp practice of Dodson and Fogg as he had contrived to pick up."‡ "Contrived to pick up" is excellent, indeed; it is strange that Mr. Dickens allowed the phrase to pass unaltered.

Looking at all the circumstances of the case—the uncontradicted mass of evidence in favor of the plaintiff, given by witnesses friendly to the defendant; the advantages which the defendant's wealth gave him in securing the services of eminent advocates; the competence and impartiality of the tribunal, and the acquiescence in result of a litigant who would have fought like a railway company had there been the least chance of success—it is easy to see that the litigation could have had no other result than the one Mr. Pickwick narrates. To the lay mind it would, surely, appear rather to the credit of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg that they assisted a poor and friendless woman to assert her rights. The fact that Mrs. Bardell had a just claim disproves the first charge of misleading the court, and reduces the second from the offence of maintenance to what is, at most, a somewhat unprofessional adoption of a just cause. But is it true, as alleged, that the solicitors agreed not to make any charges unless they got them out of the defendant? Such

an agreement would, of course, be illegal and void;* and the fact that when, Mr. Pickwick having made default in payment, Mrs. Bardell was sued for the costs, she set up no such agreement, is not conclusive. But it is clear that, if such a contract had existed, she might advantageously have raised the point with a view to costs, and to call the attention of the court to the unprofessional conduct of its officers. Not only did Mrs. Bardell, in fact, make no such defence, but she never even stated that the facts were as alleged. The man Weller did not venture to assert that he had any higher authority for his allegations than a Mrs. Cluppins, a neighbor of the plaintiff, who could have had no first-hand knowledge of the circumstance. Mrs. Bardell's position, perhaps, suggested that the professional services of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg were prompted in part by charity. And this is their reward! When our critics complain that the quality of our mercy is strained, they might well remember that so are our charities misconstrued. Had the charge been true, it would have served Mr. Pickwick greatly to have proved it at the trial; yet he called no witness, and there was nothing given in evidence but a volunteered remark of Weller's, to prove what must have immensely prejudiced the jury in his favor. Probably, no professional men are subjected to such close surveillance as solicitors; but the assailants of the memory of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg may be challenged to show that the attention of the court, or of any disciplinary authority, was ever called to their conduct in the matter. Mr. Pickwick records that they continued for years in large practice; and in the absence of anything higher than hearsay in the second degree, the charge may safely be dismissed as frivolous.

It was never doubted that Mr. Pickwick was perfectly able to discharge his debt to Mrs. Bardell, but he appears to have had no goods which could be taken in satisfaction of the judgment. A writ of *ca. sa.* was, therefore, issued, and the defendant elected to remain imprisoned for an indefinite period rather than pay what a jury of his country and his own class had declared to be justly due from him. He adhered to this decision for a considerable time, and Messrs. Dodson and Fogg were compelled to apply to their client to reimburse them their payments and remunerate them for their services. She failed to do this, and process of civil execution was issued

* *Ibid.*, ii. 39, 101.

† *Ibid.*, ii. 40.

‡ *Ibid.*, i. 500.

* See the 33 and 34 Vict., c. 28, s. 11.

against her. Mr. Pickwick's friends, who were anxious for his health, seized the opportunity of appealing to his vanity to do what his sense of justice had been insufficient to accomplish. Mr. Perker, his astute solicitor, was selected as most likely to shake his resolution. The speech that gentleman addressed to his refractory client is a monument of adroitness. Until after the trial he had refused to join in the abuse of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg; but now, to please his client, they were "Free-man Court sharks," and "a couple of rascals;"* and he even condescended to make vague and ridiculous threats of indictments for conspiracy, the recollection of which must for years have caused him long and silent laughter. He represented that to enable Mrs. Bardell to obtain her release would be an act of benevolence on the part of her debtor; but even then he could not help telling Mr. Pickwick that he, the defendant, was "solely, wholly, and entirely" responsible for the duration of her imprisonment, and that his resolution to remain in the Fleet would be attributed (truly enough) to "sheer, dogged, wrong-headed, brutal obstinacy." When he had exhausted his powers of persuasion, an admirable piece of pantomime was enacted to increase the effect. Mr. Winkle, one of the unwilling witnesses for the plaintiff, entered with his bride, asked pardon of Mr. Pickwick for being married, and flattered the old gentleman into the belief that his matrimonial felicity depended on Mr. Pickwick's residing outside the prison. The inflexible resolution gave way; the good man rose to an unusual height of benevolence, consented to forgive the woman he had injured, to pay a small part of the debt he owed, and to obtain his liberty.

One error of judgment Mr. Perker made in his appeal to his client. Mrs. Bardell, was, of course, anxious to be released, and advantage was taken of this to force her to waive her claim to the damages the jury had awarded her, provided that the costs of the suit were paid. Mr. Perker produced a confession from her (strictly conditional on the payment of these costs) that "this business"—of the action—"was from the first fomented and encouraged and brought about"—not, be it observed, suggested or originated—"by these men, Dodson and Fogg," and that she "deeply regretted having been the instrument of annoyance or injury" to

Mr. Pickwick; and further that she begged his pardon. Mrs. Bardell was, no doubt, feeling sore at her arrest; but Mr. Perker probably protested too much when he said that this communication was spontaneous. Mr. Pickwick attached no importance to the document, did not insert it in his memoirs, commented on the condition on which it was given, and observed, with unwonted irony, that it was "a valuable document indeed!" What Mr. Pickwick thought worthless as a vindication of his conduct, his critics need not too seriously discuss.

It appears to be admitted that Messrs. Dodson and Fogg had always treated Mr. Pickwick personally with courtesy, and it is clear they showed no resentment of abusive and violent conduct towards themselves, which Mr. Pickwick's own servant and advisers deprecated and deplored.* Had they entertained any vindictive feelings, they would certainly have insisted on the judgment-debtor's remaining in prison till the costs were paid and the ordinary formalities of a discharge had been observed. In fact, they were not paid till long after Mr. Pickwick's release, to which the solicitors consented immediately on receiving an undertaking that their claim should be satisfied. In later years Mr. Pickwick appears to have recalled the Bardell episode in his career with impatience; but his regret never led him to do justice to his opponents. He retired to the country, and, like another hero who made but a sorry figure before the judges, "a babbled o' green fields." But time did not assuage his hatred of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg; the soothing influence of the fields and the Greyhound at Dulwich failed to mitigate his animosity, and the solicitors still remain victims of the unfair penitence of this retired Lothario.

Mr. Pickwick, however, appears to have doubted whether his own fancied wrongs would be sufficient to establish any serious grievance against his opponents. He therefore repeated a story which he obtained by eavesdropping, or, in his own words, by "listening to the murmured conversation" of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's clerks.† Mr. Fogg, he says, refused a sum tendered him by a litigant in satisfaction of debt and costs, falsely alleging that further costs had been incurred by the filing of a declaration; and that he filed the declaration after the tender

* Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, ii. 355, 357.

• Ibid., i. 367; ii. 473.
† Ibid., i. 360.

was made in order to incur the costs he claimed. This would, of course, be fraudulent. But Mr. Pickwick does not record that he, who went to Ipswich and elsewhere, like a corpulent and belated Don Quixote, intent on righting wrongs which did not affect him, ever took any steps to expose the men he hated so deeply, or attempted to prove the charge he made. This, like most of his serious allegations, rests entirely on hearsay, and might be disregarded as the babble of a dissipated and disaffected clerk. But the story is, in fact, a mere *cliché* — one of the "good stories" or common-form jests handed down from one generation to another, the blanks of which are from time to time filled in with the name of any person happening to be obnoxious to the speaker. Mr. Perker, or his clerk Lowten, could have told Mr. Pickwick a score of similar anecdotes. There is the story of the law student whose answer to every question in his examination paper was, "it all depends;" the story of another candidate who, being required to draw a common conveyance, sketched a hansom cab. There is the story of the examiner who, on being told that the first thing to be done in an action is to "get something on account of costs," delightedly passed the student without further question. A dozen such Joe Millers may be heard any day in Chancery Lane; but, probably, it never occurred to any one but Mr. Pickwick to believe them.

And this is all. Everything tending to support Mr. Pickwick's charges has been recapitulated. It is upon this medley of inconclusive facts and unsupported assertions that Mr. Pickwick based his indictment of two honorable gentlemen. It says little for his readers' sagacity that he should have obtained so general a concurrence in his views; it says as little for their chivalry that no one has attempted a defence of the men he assailed. We have constituted ourselves a Court of Appeal from our ancestors; we have undertaken to review all the judgments of history. Nero is a patriot with enlightened views on over-population; Cromwell, the arch-traitor of our grandsires, is a saint; the hand of the restorer has removed the blue beard with which some too uxorious wight had defaced the virile features of the eighth Henry. Yet Dodson and Fogg are still condemned without a hearing; the man whose conduct compares so ill with theirs is still accounted a hero. But we, at least, have recorded our protest, and may claim to have vindicated the accused.

In doing so, we have been compelled to reflect upon the character of Mr. Pickwick, and it may seem an ungracious thing to recall the errors and follies of one who is now no more; for Mr. Pickwick has been dead these thirty years,* and is entitled to the exemption of the dead from adverse criticism. But the guilty must be condemned that the innocent may be absolved. And not alone has Mr. Pickwick passed "beyond these voices;" the laurels have faded from the lofty brows of Dodson and Fogg; Mrs. Bardell, the victor-victim, long since was laid upon death's purple altar; the actions — or, rather, the action of the just has blossomed only into the weed of calumny. Complete reparation is now impossible; nor is it probable that it will be attempted. A world which talks an infinite deal of nothing, has yet chosen the ungracious part of Antonio. It is as like to rail on us again. But the careful student will be of a different opinion. The man who, having carefully and critically re-read the "Pickwick Papers," retains an unfavorable impression of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, will have proved himself better able than Mr. Pickwick to resist conviction.

* He died in 1862. See the obituary notice, "The Death of Samuel Pickwick," reprinted from one of the daily papers of May 2, 1862, in the works of Messrs. Besant and Rice.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
GUEUTCH.

Der Sâadet, the Happy City, as the pretty fancy of the Turks has styled Constantinople, is, despite manifold disadvantages, a pleasant enough abiding-place in the winter months. For then, within doors, though Pera is not built as a winter city, the native *mangal* or charcoal brasier, and the huge porcelain stoves introduced from Vienna, make the houses very warm and cosy; while without, ladies in sedan-chairs, and men by the use of heavy over-boots and goloshes, can battle with the mud and slush of the ill-paved streets. In the early days of spring, too, *Der Sâadet* is delightful, for then the sun is warm and bright; the gardens of Taxim and of the "little field of the dead" are just budding into sweetness, and the charm of the Friday drive to wooded Mashlak or to Gueuk-Su, the sweet waters of the Golden Horn, is sufficient to brighten all the rest of the week. But on the approach of summer, as the days grow longer, and

the glowing rays of the sun grow stronger and more searching, the Happy City can be said to be felicitous only in the wealth, the profusion, and the variety of its smells. The discomfort, indeed, of a summer residence in Constantinople is so marked, and the attraction so strong of the lovely villages that line the shores of the Bosphorus and the Marmora, that the result is a regular vernal exodus from the city of all who are not tied to it by extreme poverty. This general flitting—the *gueutch*, as it is called—is as much a feature of Constantinople life as is the Ramazan of the Turks or the gunpowder smirched Easter-feast of the orthodox Christians.

It is in the early days of June that the thrall of the *gueutch* is heaviest over Constantinople. The whole town is then on the move, and Turks and Christians alike are migrating from Stamboul and Pera to the summer villas on either shore of the Bosphorus. You have striven—every one has striven—to stave off the evil day as long as might be with futile excuses. “The country house must still be damp after the rains.” “The wind from the Black Sea is very cold.” “There are so few people at Therapia, that the lonely roads are hardly safe yet for the children.” *Et patati, et patata*. That was all very well during May, though towards the end of the month the cook had provided daily worse and worse dinners, averring that there was nothing fresh now in the *pasar*; and the butler (whose family had already moved) had waited at breakfast with a wet cloth round his head, alleging migraine as the cause. But now every one is going; and as the days grow hotter, and the dogs lazier on the garbage-heaps, the very smells cry aloud, “Leave us—leave us to the sun and the *commissione*.”* The *gueutch* is the one absorbing topic of conversation. With ladies calling on your wife it is continually, “*Et à quand votre gueutch, madame? Nous, c’est le cinq;*” or again, “I called on Madame So-and-so yesterday. *Elle faisait son gueutch. Kalé! ma chère; † quels meubles! quelles nippes! Un vrai gueutch de palia Roukhadgi.*” Now as the “*palia Roukhadgi*” is the old-clothes man, the rag-and-bone man, the general purchaser of ruined odds and ends abandoned in your flittings, and as you know that like remarks will be made as to your own move, this sort of thing is not encouraging. But there! it has to be done, and had best be got over; so you

resign yourself to the inevitable and to the butler, and are miserable.

It is no light matter this semestral move, that leavens the lives of Constantinopolitans. First, you have to get your house at Therapia or Buyuk deré or Yeni-Keui—fashionable resorts these, and perhaps among the loveliest spots on the Bosphorus. Last year the Demirgians’ house on the quay at Therapia had filled you with envy. You did not know the Demirgians but through the open door—doors are always open on the Bosphorus. The great hall, with its tessellated pavement, its pyramids of flowers, and its soft-hued *poufs* and *divans*, had offered a delightful picture of taste, luxury, and cool comfort, on which, however, you felt confident you could improve; anyhow your wife had said she could, and that settled it. Moreover, the Maison Demirgian has a broad verandah looking over the water. A great attraction this on warm evenings. So you offered the owner £10 more than last year’s tenants paid, and they did not outbid you. You began to understand their forbearance when, in the full pride of possession and a waterproof, you first visited the place on a pouring day in April. Ah! those green venetians have much to answer for. They conceal so much, and what they do reveal they soften and chasten into beauty. The tessellated pavement—for pride in which, mainly, you took the house—is but oil-cloth after all, and a ruined oil-cloth, too, and when you arrived the gardener’s wife was stopping rat-holes in it with strips from a petroleum-tin. Then the verandah was marked “Dangerous,”—you had wondered vaguely why the Demirgians used it so little,—and it would need thorough repair before the children could go near it. The water-supply was plentiful, as advertised, but either the pump had quarrelled with the drains or the drains with the well, and the result was fearsome and unholy. The Demirgians apparently cared naught for drains, and being Armenians had survived; but former tenants had been fain to buy all their drinking supply from the water-carriers at thirty *paras* a skin. Thus, and more, the gardener’s wife, in glib and cheery deprecation. Of course there were other drawbacks, but these you only discovered by degrees, though by the end of your tenure they had been enough to satisfy the most exacting critic.

The details of the *gueutch* proper were placed in the hands of Costi the butler. He it was who interviewed and bargained with the *hammalbashi* and the *arabagiba*.

* Levantine for “municipality.”

† A Levantine slang phrase, half Greek, half French.

shi, chiefs of the porters' and wagoners' guilds. And he it was who informed you, with fitting gravity, that he had secured "the men who moved the Embassy," and that your gueutch must be on Tuesday—a day which he should have known was most inconvenient—because Lady—was moving on the Thursday following.

There was, of course, no protest possible against this decree, so you submitted with as good a grace as you could muster; and when you had done so, Costi was indulgent to you, and discarded the wet cloth that had bound his brows, and the cook amplified his *menu* with new and varied *côtelettes*.

If there be a redeeming feature about the business, it is that there are no preliminaries—no putting away of this, or that, or the other, that you miss acutely, in order to be prepared against the start. No; the gueutch falls upon you, so to say, out of a blue sky. Your first warning is a shriek from the young ladies' room at 4 A.M. It is the gueutch at last. You know the cause of that shriek. Calliope, their maid, splendid and graceful in a *fustané*, a shawl, and a *fakiola*, has announced that the *hammals* have come "to take down the beds." The girls, still half asleep, as they scurry across the ante-room to the bath, have found themselves confronted by a troop of burly, smiling Armenians, who are in no wise abashed, but recognize with great cordiality the *buyuk* (big) mademoiselle, and the *kut-chuk* (little) mademoiselle, and Mademoiselle Minnie; and wish them good-day, and ask how they have been since last autumn, and explain volubly how Agop took Kyria Minnie's bed last year, and how old Artin always "moves" the *buyuk* mademoiselle. Calliope, laughing and chattering, laden with frocks and linen, expostulates, upbraids, and gesticulates to a dropping accompaniment of shoes and stockings, and finally shoulders the men one by one out of the room. What are they to do? They are there, and must do something—anything. Well, they must go away. They must go down-stairs. They may go to the *salon*, and take the piano.

Ah! *biano! mouseeka*, he is an old friend. They know him well, and every scratch on him is a souvenir. It takes eight of them to remove him and put him on the bullock-cart. Two of them crouch beneath him and raise him on their stalwart backs, while others unscrew his legs and his pedals, and play little tunes on his keyboard with one splay thumb. And

then they get him down the broad stairway—amid shouts. "Varda, take care of the wall; oha! mind the balusters,—steady, Artin! Your hand, Stabro, your hand. Oha—oh-ho-ho!" Six of them bear the body of the instrument, one the legs and pedals, and a last the music-stand, having especial care as to a fan and a china ornament that chance to be on it; and as they cross the hall to the courtyard where the patient bullocks stand waiting, they all chant a droning, ditone chorus.

From the arrival of the wagons there is no peace until the last *araba* is laden, and has crawled creaking away. The *hammals* are everywhere, laughing, shouting, full of good-humor, and covered with perspiration. Now you come on half-a-dozen of them intent on an illustrated paper, their heads close together; now you meet a couple staggering down-stairs under a heavy wardrobe; or again there is old Artin, his red face all aglow, and his white moustache glistening, tenderly carrying in both hands a little worthless work-table, and careful lest a skein of silk or wool should fall and be lost. Save as regards glass or plate, there is no attempt at packing. Everything goes as it stands,—wardrobes and presses with their contents hanging in them; chests of drawers just as they are, locked or not, as the case may be—it does not matter. Very little is ever broken, and nothing is ever lost. On the contrary, articles that it was fondly hoped had disappeared forever invariably come to light during the gueutch, and it must be allowed that your belongings do not look nice or attractive when stacked higgledy-piggledy on an ox-wagon. A tattered bonnet nods at you shamelessly from the top of a load. The oldest corner of the oldest druggist flaps blandly in the breeze, and refuses to be tucked in. All that is broken and common, and unclean even, stares you ruthlessly in the face, and all that is good is hidden away, in shame perhaps of its company.

By eleven o'clock the last wagon, excepting always "the kitchen," which is the cook's especial care, has been packed and despatched. The *hammals*, who are going by boat to meet the *arabas* at Therapia, are sitting on the floor in the largest bedroom, eating black bread and melons, and making coffee in the stove. All about in the different rooms, and mostly in the hall, are a profusion of light articles that are to be carried by hand, by reason either of their fragility or their value.

Costi has provided lunch—in the drawing-room as a great concession—and as

you wander, all of you, from room to room in search of basins and soap, which are not to be found, you exclaim one to another, "Well, thank goodness, it's over!" But there is your mistake. It is not by any means over. In a few minutes a stranger looks in quite casually, *en passant*, with the news that the arabas are stopped at Taxim by order of the municipality. Why stopped? Oh, because your landlord had not paid his taxes, and therefore the *teskeré*, or permit, has been refused. This is a pretty state of things. The landlord lives in the Princes' Islands, and is sure not to have come to town to-day. On the other hand, you do not know how much he owes, or why he does not pay. So Costi disappears in one direction to find the landlord, and Stamati, the *marmiton*, who has worked all through like a galley-slave, and been bullied by every one, flies off at a tangent to look up a man who is said to know something about the question. Finally, after a couple of hours the matter is settled by a young acquaintance who "knows a clerk in the *municipality*." But in the mean time it rains and rains with a will. It always does rain during the gueutch, and presumably that is why the hammals invariably pack the bedding on the top of everything — to keep the rest dry.

When the *teskeré* difficulty is settled it is time to go to the boat. The cook's araba has been laden with all the *batterie de cuisine* — with the meat-safe, the joints still dangling within it, and with a whole shopful of miscellaneous stores; and on the top of all sits Stamati the *marmiton*, grasping in one hand a crate of fowls and ducks whose restless heads protrude on all sides, while with the other he steadies a wicker pagoda in which is curled a little sleeping dog. This being really the last of everything, the departure of the wagon is saluted with cheers, to which Stamati, in his character of master of the event, "briefly responds."

Then comes the parade of the household forces preparatory to starting for the steamer. You wonder at the numbers of your dependants, and inquire as to strange faces whose presence under your roof you have never suspected. This bright-faced young girl who is flirting with every one is Evanthia, the ironer, wife to the Croat hall-porter. The old woman with the horrible disease eating up her features is the butler's mother — she makes the jam. Her preserves you know and like, but you wish you had not seen her, poor thing. Then there is Yani, the butler's son, whose

status has hitherto been undefined, but who is to blossom into a *sofragi** and have a tail-coat this season; and there is Kiriaki, a little Greek girl in pig-tails, who assists Calliope. Others there are whose names you never learn, and whose functions you never understand; but they are all there — all laden with bundles and *bric-a-brac*, work-baskets and bird-cages, and knick-knacks of one kind and another, and all chattering and full of fun.

It strikes you vaguely that the men look singularly ruffianly in hats with very small brims, worn over one eye; and you hardly recognize Monsieur Gorgie, the cook, without his white apron and cap, when with a profound bow he says that, with the permission of monsieur, he will now go and *déménager sa famille*. He goes, and presently the whole party streams in a straggling, disorganized procession down to the steamer. Through the Grande Rue you go — past the club; past the Dervish Tekké; down through the tunnel; past the Bourse, where friends, as you meet them, greet you with "Tiens, vous voilà en gueutch — bonne aventure, hein!" And so you pass on to the bridge. "Keupreu parasi, Tchelebi!" (Bridge money, oh master!), screams a man in a long white smock, and you stop and pay toll for innumerable followers. Calliope has stuck to your heels and follows you closely, passing shrill greetings with friends by the way. "Kali spera sas, Kali spera! And how are you? Ah, Kaiméné!" and the rest is lost as you thread your way through the crush. "Dondourma! Dondourma!" shout the ice-cream sellers. "Pistachio nuts, fresh baked, fresh baked!" cry men with trays slung at their waists. Through waddling crowds of women, past the fruit-stalls, past the melon-booths, through hurrying mobs of soldiers and priests, pashas and beggars, and at last the steamer is reached.

The party straggles on board; the women seek the *haremlik*, and vanish behind a curtain; the Greeks go forward to play backgammon. You shake hands with Captain Georgi, and you are off. An hour's run brings you to Therapia, and every turn of the Bosphorus gives you a brief cruise in a new lake whose shores are of unparalleled beauty. Every ten minutes, at the different *skalas*, hosts of friends, who have somehow heard of the move, greet your servants, and through them you learn who has "come up" al-

* A waiter; literally, a tableman, — a Turkish word, but always used in Levantine Greek.

ready, and who has not. Everything is bright, every one is pleased, and the first blot on your sunshine is when, on landing at Therapia, Eskellé, the chief arabagi, meets you with the news that the progress of the arabas is checked, because, unless the top is cut off the big wardrobe, it cannot pass under the archway of Petala's hotel. But even this trouble is at length overcome, and you find yourself in your new home, where the confusion is really much less than you had expected; where Monsieur Gorgie, in snow-white garments, is smoking his cigarette in the kitchen, and where Stamati—heaven knows how he managed it!—is cooking the inevitable *côtelettes* which, with a bowl of fresh whey, are to form your dinner. You dine, you sleep, and by the third day all is in order; but you feel, when all is said and done, that though perhaps one swallow may not make a summer, one gueutch, at any rate, is amply sufficient.

FRANCIS SCUDAMORE.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
SCOTT'S HEROINES.

ALICE LEE, ALICE BRIDGENORTH, MINNA TROIL.

SOME years ago an article was published in this magazine which was intended to be the first of a series of essays on the heroines of the Waverley Novels. They began with Diana Vernon; and it is the writer's hope that he may now be able to resume and carry out the work which circumstances have so long postponed. It was originally suggested by what seems to be the prevailing belief of the present generation, that women can hardly be made interesting in fiction unless, on first experiencing the passion of love in its full intensity, they surrender themselves wholly to its influence and make light of all other obligations which interfere with its supremacy. A girl who can love and think at the same time, who weighs one claim against another, and is able, if necessary, to "hold passion in a leash," however admirable a specimen of womanhood, is fancied, perhaps not altogether unnaturally, to be unfit for a heroine of romance. Now against this theory the Waverley Novels, less popular perhaps with young ladies and young gentlemen than they used to be, are a standing protest. Scott's most interesting heroines are in my opinion precisely those who are capable of drinking deeply of the cup without being

intoxicated by the draught, and who may justly be described by that most prosaic of all panegyrics, as girls of well-regulated minds. It is not so with his heroes. George Robertson, Edward Waverley, Roland Graeme, Quentin Durward, the Master of Ravenswood, are infinitely superior to the Lovels, the Bertrams, the Osbaldistones, the Mortons, and all the rest put together. But in his female characters Scott seems purposely to inculcate the lesson, which is entirely consistent with all we know of himself, that great depth of feeling may co-exist with great strength of principle; that the most ardent affections may be found in one who is habitually obedient to the voice of reason; and that all the softness and freshness and tenderness of girlhood may bloom alongside of a stern sense of duty and unflinching submission to its dictates.

Alice Bridgenorth has always seemed to me to be one of Scott's most fascinating creations; and she and the heroine of "Woodstock" are naturally associated with each other both by the similarity of their characters, and the resemblance between the situations in which we find them placed. In the one story we have the Cavalier father and daughter and the Roundhead lover; in the other the Roundhead father and daughter and the Cavalier lover. In both the girls are motherless. In both the hero and heroine have been brought up together as children, and in both it is the political differences between the two families which prevent their union. And what is also very curious is that in each case the heroine is indebted to the very man who had dishonorable designs upon her for her union with the man she loved. Charles the Second did his best to persuade Alice Lee to elope with him, yet afterwards exerted himself successfully to remove her father's objections to Colonel Everard; and it was the same Charles the Second who, having destined Alice Bridgenorth to the position of a royal favorite, afterwards persuaded Sir Geoffrey Peveril to consent to her union with his son.

It should not be necessary to remind my readers at any length of the plot of "Peveril of the Peak." They know that Alice is the daughter of the melancholy Puritan enthusiast, Ralph Bridgenorth, living at Moultrassie Hall, in the immediate neighborhood of Martindale Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Peverils; that Major Bridgenorth and Sir Geoffrey Peveril, a Cavalier of long descent, staid loyalty, and sound Anglican princi-

ples, had taken opposite sides in the Civil War, had become fairly good friends afterwards, and remained so till the Restoration. They know that Lady Peveril took charge of Alice in her infancy, and that she was brought up with the little Julian Peveril, Sir Geoffrey's son and heir, about three years older than herself. They will remember that inimitable scene in the gilded chamber where the stately Countess of Derby surprises the two children at play, and Bridgenorth himself, alarmed by the screams of the terrified little maiden, rushes to the spot, only to overhear that the countess, as Queen in Man, has put to death his brother-in-law, William Christian, for the crime of high treason. They will recollect that in his subsequent attempt to execute a warrant against the countess, he comes into violent collision with Sir Geoffrey Peveril, the result being an estrangement between the families, the removal of little Alice from the care of Lady Peveril, and the departure of the major and his daughter to some far country which is carefully concealed from all the neighborhood of Moultrasie. Fate, however, has so willed it that Alice and her old playfellow are, a few years afterwards, to find themselves near neighbors again in circumstances more favorable perhaps to the growth of an attachment between them than if they had remained together at Martindale Castle. Julian is sent to be educated in the household of Lady Derby at her castle of Rushin in Man, while it is in the interior of the island that Bridgenorth has selected a retreat for his daughter, attended by a former servant of the Peverils and under the surveillance of an aunt, the widow of the gentleman on whom the queen countess had taken such signal vengeance.

Thus everything is prepared for the entrance of the hero and heroine on the scene in circumstances of no ordinary complexity, and pregnant with dangers and difficulties which at once seize hold of the imagination. We are to suppose that they first meet each other when Alice is between fourteen and fifteen and Julian between seventeen and eighteen. The latter is naturally a sportsman, and in the course of a fishing expedition up one of the brooks with which the Isle of Man abounds, he has been led into the neighborhood of the very house in which the fair Alice is secluded. The old servant who has been her nurse and his own, and has now grown into a fussy, consequential kind of duenna, recognizes Julian on one of these occasions, and makes him

and Alice acquainted with each other. We have a pleasant picture of their growing intimacy and the scenes in which their love began; the little brook trickling through the rocky glen between strips of green meadow land, the slim figure of the expectant maiden, in the unconscious innocence of sixteen, strolling along the margin in the summer afternoon and looking wistfully at the bend in the stream where the well-known form used first to become visible; the gallant little Fairy galloping up to the spot as if in sympathy with her rider's haste, and thrusting her nose into Alice's palm for the sugar which we may be sure she found there; and then the boy Cavalier, flinging himself eagerly from the saddle, grasping the willing hand held out to greet him, and answering delightedly to the flood of questions poured upon him by his child-mistress.

Court news was as welcome to young ladies then as it is now; and Alice laughed over the anecdotes which he brought her from the castle, and perhaps was nearly as curious about the latest fashions, of which indeed Julian could tell her little, as if she had been bred at Whitehall. The time came, however, when he could talk to her also of romance and poetry, and all the wonders of the foreign lands which he had visited. He opened to her a new world, and as yet was the only being with whom she could exchange ideas on all that it suggested. The duenna, we are told, who had seen from the beginning how all this was likely to end, rather encouraged it at first, for reasons of her own with which we have no concern; and so the happy meetings continued, growing more and more dangerous every day, though Alice at seventeen remained as ignorant of love as on the day when she first saw Julian, and wholly unsuspecting of the nature of the affection which she entertained for him. Julian himself had been strictly enjoined by her attendant, as a condition of his visits being permitted, never to say a word to Alice which might not have been spoken by a brother; and so it fell out that on Julian's departure for the Continent to accompany the Earl of Derby on his travels, love had only approached her under friendship's name. Julian knew not whether that friendship would ever ripen into any warmer feeling, and only her old nurse seems to have had any perception of the real truth.

Peveril was absent on the Continent about two years, leaving Alice to brood over his image in her solitude, and thus

to mature and strengthen an impression which change of scene and a life of more diversion and variety might perhaps have weakened or effaced. In his absence we are told she grew pale and languid, and only the occasional letters, which he was able at long intervals to convey to her, seemed to have any power to revive her.

But as for her she stayed at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you used to come
She looked with discontent.

On his return to the island we may be sure that not many days elapsed before Julian was again in the saddle, threading his way up the little valley to the picturesque retreat where Alice, now become a woman, was doubtless engaged in thinking of him. It would have been natural, perhaps, that the novelist should select this moment for the revelation of those mutual feelings which could not much longer be concealed. Their first meeting after a two years' separation was likely enough to bring it on. Scott, however, did not make use of the opportunity this afforded him, and though Alice was now nineteen years of age, their intimacy was renewed upon its former footing till Julian himself "became aware that his repeated visits and solitary walks with a person so young and beautiful as Alice might not only betray prematurely the secret of his attachment, but be of essential prejudice to her who was its object." Under the influence of this conviction, we are told, he allowed a considerable interval to elapse before he again took his way to the Black Fort. But when he did next appear there further disguise became impossible. Alice by her tone and manner betrayed so openly the pain she had felt at his absence and at what she supposed to be his neglect, that Julian could no longer refrain from speaking out, and the words which told his love told Alice of her own. The film fell from her eyes, and she saw herself as she really was, willing to "listen forever." But her first tears of happiness were soon to give way to emotion of a very different kind. As Julian proceeds to tell her the history of the feud between the two families, and as the gulf which it creates between them becomes more and more apparent, the sweet turns to bitter, and she does not hesitate to reproach Julian in that he, with full knowledge of all these obstacles and of all that her father had undergone, had ventured to speak to her of love. But her self-possession never deserts her for a moment, and she understands far better than

Julian himself the difficulties which lie in their way. The concurrence of both Sir Geoffrey Peveril and Major Bridgenorth in such a match she believes to be a moral impossibility, and she most earnestly implores Julian to depart at once and never to return. Her duty to her father is now the uppermost idea in her mind. She shrinks from an alliance with a family by the head of which he has been insulted; she is confident that Bridgenorth himself would be inflexible; and she sees Julian depart for Martindale Castle to consult his own parents on the subject with feelings which she herself perhaps sincerely believes to be those of the strongest disapproval. Yet it is clear that such was not entirely the case; and that under all her protests and assertions to the contrary, the hope still lurked in some secret chamber of her heart that his mission might not be unsuccessful. We learn this from her demeanor when Peveril returns without having even dared to mention the subject to his father. Then she shows a momentary flash of temper more suggestive of the truth than even a much softer greeting might have been. "I did not think you would have so trifled with me, Master Peveril," she exclaims; clearly betraying her disappointment that he has not brought better news, though she would probably rather have died than confessed as much even to herself. Her indignation on this occasion is so very real that Julian does stay away from her and make an effort to forget her for a time. But finding that impossible, he sets out for her residence once more, and a new chapter in this tale of true love is opened to us.

It appears that Ralph Bridgenorth, though no one at the Black Fort suspected it, has all along known of Julian's visits; and the next act of the drama reveals his purpose in conniving at them. He is a perfectly upright and conscientious man; but he is also a blinded enthusiast who can see no wrong in anything which promotes the good cause. He puts a price upon his daughter's hand. Let Julian abandon the Cavalier principles in which he has been bred, and join heart and soul with himself in the Puritan schemes against the government, and she is his. Let him refuse, and she is lost to him forever. He does not make this proposal to Julian point blank, and in so many words. He veils it under many specious generalities concerning civil and religious liberty, the obligations of patriotism, and the duty, if possible, of reforming the morals of the court; and he is always careful so

to word his exhortations as to leave Julian plenty of room for interpreting them in the sense most agreeable to himself. Julian is not slow to take advantage of the latitude thus afforded him; and who is it that undeceives him, who dispels the flattering illusions in which he allows himself to indulge, paints the purpose of Bridgenorth in its true colors, and warns Julian in terms that carry conviction with them that he cannot accede to it without the sacrifice of his own honor and a complete breach with his family? Alice herself — Alice who has everything at stake, whose whole happiness depends on her father continuing to regard Julian with favor. She makes no attempt to minimize the difference which separates them, or to suggest that Julian and Bridgenorth may meet each other half way. No compromise is possible. She is too clear-sighted to deceive herself, too honest to deceive her lover, and she resolves to show him that she prizes his honor above all earthly considerations. Few girls so situated would have had the resolution to act in this manner. They would rather have shown an inclination to trust to the chapter of accidents, to hope that the natural course of events might be diverted in their own favor, or to do anything rather than represent the gulf between Bridgenorth and Peveril as impassable. Yet such is Alice's strength of principle that she does not hesitate to do so, and this too at a moment when she is about to give the strongest possible proof of the depth and reality of her affection by half consenting to a step for which the attitude she has hitherto maintained makes us wholly unprepared.

On his return to the castle after one of his visits to the Black Fort, Julian is surprised in the course of the following morning to receive a short note from Alice begging him to meet her that day at noon. He hurries to the spot to find that her purpose is to warn him of the danger which he himself runs from the machinations of the disaffected party by remaining on the island, and to entreat him either to return at once to Martindale Castle, or, still better, to the Continent. She again repeats what she has said before of her father's purposes, and again renews her declaration that they must part "at that spot and at that hour never to meet again." Finding it useless to argue with her about the character of Bridgenorth's views, and perhaps convinced himself that her estimate of them is correct, Julian changes his ground, and urges her to fly

from the trouble to come, and find shelter abroad from the storm which she herself assures him is about to burst over England. She is left alone and unprotected. Her father is absorbed in politics, and willing to barter her for political support. "The cause," says Julian, "is dearer to him than a thousand daughters." What has she to lose? Whom has she to leave? Why not come where she would be loved and cherished, and where a befitting establishment awaited her in the future? This was an aspect of the question which does not seem to have occurred to Alice. Her mind had dwelt exclusively on the danger to which Julian was exposed. She had thought only of her duty to him, and of the risk which he ran of being tempted by his affection for herself into unworthy compliances with her father. That apprehension being removed, and the possibility of a union with her lover being presented to her from another point of view, and without the dishonorable sacrifice which she had supposed to be an indispensable condition of it, she feels herself in a new position. What has hitherto been the basis of her resistance is gone. Her resolution wavers, and she all but agrees to leave the island with her lover and share his fortunes on the Continent.

Alice is now in the position of the lady who listens; but the proverbial result does not in this instance follow. She dwells for a moment on her lonely situation and thinks how many in her place would do as she is asked. Julian believes that he has conquered. He presses her to his side; the issue is for a second in suspense, till pride comes to the aid of duty, and Alice is herself again, victorious once more over the love which had so nearly mastered her, and able to give Julian his final answer with a spirit that might have moved even Sir Geoffrey. "Think what I, the cause of all, should feel, when your father frowns or your mother weeps, your noble friends stand aloof, and you, even you yourself, shall have made the painful discovery that you have incurred the contempt and resentment of all to satisfy a boyish passion; and that the poor beauty, once sufficient to mislead you, is gradually declining under the influence of grief and vexation. This I will not risk." I have always thought the manner in which Alice's struggle with herself is revealed to us by her own words and actions one of the finest examples of dramatic art in the whole series of these novels. She is so success-

ful in interposing the idea of duty between the reader and her own heart that she all but shrouds the latter from our gaze, though ever and anon some faint glimmer of the light within finds its way through the screen and reveals, notwithstanding all her efforts, what she is so anxious to suppress. It is doubtful whether even Julian himself is aware of the whole extent of her affection for him till the last interview of all which is recorded between them in the island. We can all see, of course, that she loves him, but we are only permitted by very slow degrees to learn the depth and strength and warmth of a passion with which she has vainly wrestled, and which in the final scene of all asserts itself and will be heard.

Julian now therefore takes leave of her with the delightful certainty that she fully returns his affection, and after another interview with Bridgenorth, who steals upon them unobserved, still endeavors to persuade himself that a way will be found at last, and that he will be able to serve two masters without treachery to either. In this frame of mind he departs for London on the countess's business, whither he is soon followed by Bridgenorth and his daughter, who is entrusted to the care of her uncle, Edward Christian, an unmitigated villain and at the same time so finished a hypocrite that Bridgenorth believes him to be a saint.

When the scene changes to London and the court of Charles the Second, we lose sight of Alice except on one memorable occasion, which affords, however, no fresh material for the purpose of the present article. We know the snares that are set for her; but no reader of these novels can be in any doubt of her ultimate safety, and while she remains in the background our interest is rather centred in Fenella. For present purposes we say good-bye to Alice when we say good-bye to Man, though we get one more parting glimpse of her, when, rescued from the toils and restored to her old protectress, Lady Peveril, she is seated by Julian's side with a fair prospect of never being parted from him again. Sir Geoffrey believes her to be the daughter of his old friend, "Dick Mitford," and makes many wry faces when he learns the real truth. However, the king intervenes, and "soon the bells of Martindale, Moultrassie," etc., etc.

Alice Bridgenorth, we are told, was slight, but exquisitely shaped, with dark brown hair and those flashing hazel eyes by which it should always be accompa-

nied — Scott may be forgiven for having changed the color, which was blue when she was two years old — her features rather piquant than regularly beautiful, and both her gaiety and her gravity of an equally fascinating character. What Julian must have felt with such a creature as this half yielding in his arms, and what, when she dashed the cup from his lips, just when he thought himself secure of it, those of his own age are best able to tell. But the peculiarity of the circumstances in which Julian and Alice first meet, and even the character of the scenery in which for three or four years their stolen interviews are held, — the solitary house, the lonely valley, the mountain stream, the trysting place by the old grey stone — the family feud, the political agitations, the difficulties and obstacles which only enhance the ardor of a youth like Julian and dignity in her own eyes the passion of a girl like Alice, seem to combine every element of romance which fiction can require or in which the imagination can revel; while supreme over all sits the calm figure of sober-suited duty in admirable contrast with the rebellious wills and rosy visions which actuate the chief actors in the drama.

Thus we see that duty with Alice was the ruling motive — duty to her father, duty to her lover, and duty to herself. And it is this combination of duty and passion, of reason and romance, which seems to me so rare in fiction, and hardly to be found in perfection anywhere but in Sir Walter Scott. The scenes in which its working is depicted are among the most powerful which he has written, and I have called attention to them with the more pleasure because the novel is not considered one of his best, and its real beauties are in danger of being overlooked. I do not take the same view of "Peveril of the Peak" myself — though Scott may have failed in the character of Buckingham — but I know it is a general one; and Alice in the Isle of Man is a flower that has blushed unseen by many of Scott's genuine admirers.

We now turn to Alice Lee and Minna Troil, two heroines unlike in character and in fortune, but illustrating the same lesson as Alice Bridgenorth. The daughter of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley is an enthusiastic Royalist, engaged when very young to her cousin, Markham Everard, and estranged from him by his taking sides with the Parliament on the outbreak of the Civil War. I have said that she and Alice Bridgenorth resembled each

other in this, that each had been brought up as a child with her future lover. But the two cases were nevertheless different. Alice Bridgenorth was separated from Julian Peveril when she was scarcely two years old, and did not see him again till she was verging on womanhood. They met therefore virtually as strangers. But Alice Lee and Colonel Everard had been playmates from childhood, and had become lovers before any separation occurred. At what time this took place, how old they were at the time of the engagement, or what is the age of Alice herself at the opening of the story, are points involved in some obscurity. "Woodstock" is "a tale of the year 1651," that is, of six years after the battle of Naseby, and we understand that Everard fought with the Parliament from the beginning. The war began in 1642, so that if his engagement to Alice took place before that event, and was broken off afterwards, they must have been engaged for nine years at least at the date of the battle of Worcester, which was fought September 3rd, 1651. Yet at this time we are certainly led to suppose that Alice is quite a young girl, not more than twenty or one-and-twenty at the most, and she could not very well have been engaged at twelve years old. Scott was often careless in these matters, but as they have really nothing to do with the subject in hand we may dismiss for the present any pettifogging anxiety, as Sir Arthur Wardour would have called it, about the unities, and assume for present purposes that Alice is somewhere about twenty, and Markham Everard as near thirty; that they have been betrothed with Sir Henry's consent, but that their marriage is for the present rendered impossible by Sir Henry's hatred of Everard's political principles.

Here, too, Scott has taken particular pains to impress upon us the warmth and steadiness of Alice's affection for her cousin, and in one supreme scene brings it out with marvellous force and pathos. But her duty to her father, unreasonable and violent as he is, prevails over every other consideration. Her uncle, Everard's father, offers them an asylum in his house till such time as terms can be arranged for the redemption of Sir Henry's estate. Nothing could have been simpler than for Alice to have married Everard, and for herself and her father to have accepted this generous offer. Such things were constantly done in those days. The Roundheads were now triumphant, and the restoration of peace re-united in innumerable instances those who had been

divided by war. But Alice cheerfully submits to her father's unappeasable wrath against all who had taken arms for the Parliament, and scarcely seeks to influence his determination for fear of giving him pain by doing so. So far, however, she was only making a sacrifice which was plainly dictated to her by circumstances. She could not have left Sir Henry Lee in his old age to the care of a park-keeper and a housemaid. It is later on in the tale, when placed in circumstances of a fearfully trying nature, that she shows the full nobility of her character. The story of "Woodstock" is probably better known than the story of "Peveril of the Peak," and its leading incidents more popular, so that a very short summary of them will suffice. Sir Henry Lee and his daughter being left in unmolested possession of Woodstock Lodge through Everard's intercession with Cromwell, Everard himself keeps a respectful distance, making no attempt either to see Alice or to open any clandestine communication with her. In the mean time Albert Lee, Alice's brother, arrives at Woodstock, after the battle of Worcester, in company with a Scotch page, who calls himself Louis Kerneguy, but is really the king in disguise, then a youth of twenty-one. Albert, after a day or two, leaves the lodge, and Charles, of course, for lack of something better to do, makes love to Alice, who is still unaware of his rank. The girl is not unwilling to amuse herself with a little innocent flirtation, though that it could ever come to anything more, "never once entered her imagination." When, however, Charles, so to speak, begins to warm to his work, and to find himself more interested in the pursuit than he had expected, he is driven as a final argument to declare who he is. Alice then at once turns to stone, and the king is left to digest his disappointment as best he can. In the mean time Colonel Everard has been informed of what is going on, and after a chance encounter with Charles in Woodstock park, which is interrupted by Sir Henry Lee, he sends him a formal challenge, still believing him to be only one of Charles's followers, probably Lord Wilmot. It is accepted, and the combatants are to meet at the King's Oak at six o'clock in the morning.

There is residing at this time with Sir Henry Lee a clergyman, one Dr. Rochcliffe, a great plotter and manager among the Cavaliers, by whose advice Charles has been brought to Woodstock. He

hears of the impending duel, and appeals to Alice to prevent it. After much consideration it is arranged that he and Alice shall both appear upon the scene at the appointed time, Alice keeping to herself the means which she intends to employ to prevent hostilities. What follows should be well known. Alice appeals to both. Charles offers a kind of compromise. If Colonel Everard is willing to say that the challenge originated in some unfortunate mistake, of which nothing further need be said, he will accept that instead of an apology for the trouble to which he has been put, and will at once sheath his sword. Alice then turns to Everard and assures him that if he now perseveres, the consequences may be such as he will rue for the remainder of his life and after death. Everard is naturally surprised at the extraordinary interest displayed by Alice in the safety of his antagonist, and presses her rather closely on the subject. Alice now begins to find out that the task she has undertaken will tax all her strength. She declares that the safety of the supposed page comprehends a great deal more than that of either father, brother, or lover, whom, as Everard reminds her, she had seen depart for the wars with the equanimity of a soldier's daughter. This answer will not do. Then Alice begs him to take her word for what she cannot explain, and to believe that the honor and happiness of her father, brother, and whole family are interested in Master Kernegy's safety, are inextricably concerned in the matter resting where it does. As Everard is still dissatisfied, and insists on knowing who the fugitive is, and what is the ground of her anxiety, the spirit of Alice is roused and for a moment overpowers her grief.

"If I am thus misinterpreted," she said—"if I am not judged worthy of the least confidence or candid construction, hear my declaration, and my assurance, that, strange as my words may seem, they are, when truly interpreted, such as do you no wrong. I tell you, I tell all present—and I tell this gentleman himself, who well knows the sense in which I speak—that his life and safety are, or ought to be, of more value to me than those of any man in the kingdom, nay, in the world, be that other who he will." These words she spoke in a tone so firm and decided as admitted no farther discussion. Charles bowed low and with gravity, but remained silent. Everard, his features agitated by the emotions which his pride barely enabled him to suppress, advanced to his antagonist and said in a tone which he vainly endeavored to make a firm one, "Sir, you heard this lady's declaration,

with such feelings doubtless of gratitude as the case eminently demands. As her poor kinsman, and an unworthy suitor, sir, I presume to yield my interest in her to you; and, as I will never be the means of giving her pain, I trust you will not think I act unworthily in retracting the letter which gave you the trouble of attending this place at this hour. Alice," he said, turning his head towards her, "farewell, Alice, at once and forever."

This one scene taken by itself is perhaps superior to anything in "Peveril of the Peak," and exhibits Scott's command of the passions in its highest perfection. The full discovery of the depth of Alice Lee's love is reserved till the moment when she thinks she is breaking with it forever, and one hardly knows whether to admire more the heroic self-sacrifice with which she deliberately plans the destruction of her own happiness, or the strength of the resolution with which she executes her purpose. When this appears to be fulfilled and the strain is taken off, she breaks down completely, and faints in Dr. Rochecliffe's arms. What follows possesses an interest of its own of no common order, and exhibits the character of Charles the Second in a very favorable light, though quite in accordance with what Scott has said of him elsewhere, namely, that he always felt deeply for the moment, but that impressions so created speedily faded from his mind. They had no time to do so in this instance, and by Charles's intercession a reconciliation is effected between the uncle and nephew, which ends, of course, in the marriage of the two cousins. But our part in "Woodstock" is ended with the agony of Alice Lee in parting forever from the man she loved, when a word from herself would have prevented it, and her determination not to speak that word, while duty, loyalty, and filial obedience enjoin her to be silent.

Scott has in each of these instances shown his knowledge of human nature by making his heroine act from mixed motives. We are left to infer that if Julian Peveril's family had been more on a level with her own, and she had been under no apprehension of being received with coldness or contempt, duty would have had a still harder struggle with love in the breast of Alice Bridgenorth. And it is Everard's apparent want of confidence in her honor which nerves Alice Lee to the last supreme effort, the result of which, had no *deus ex machina* intervened, must have broken her heart. The hand of the consummate artist is visible in making the characters of these two young ladies far

more interesting than those of other heroines who are more completely enthralled by their affections. I am speaking exclusively of their characters, not of their fortunes or of the dramas of which they are the centre. Other novels of Sir Walter Scott's might readily be named in which the unrestrained violence of human passions leads through a series of more startling and tumultuous incidents to more tragic and terrible results. But the heroines of these are usually swept along upon the storm, doing little or nothing to direct its course or mitigate its horrors. In "Rob Roy," "Peveril of the Peak," and "Woodstock" they are the predominant and decisive influence in the whole story; and they become so in virtue of their recognizing the truth that love is only entitled to a share even of a woman's existence; that other obligations may exist alongside of it, which in certain cases are entitled to precedence; and that in giving away her heart she has not given away her whole self. I am very far from meaning either that women of this stamp are so uncommon in real life that the sex stands in urgent need of such a lesson as is read to them in these two works of fiction, or that Scott is the only writer who has tried to delineate such characters. But I think he is almost the only great English writer who has been perfectly successful in the attempt, and in showing that a woman of this balanced nature may be made supremely and thrillingly interesting, even as the heroine of a love-story. It was evidently Scott's intention to contrast these characters with others which are usually considered better adapted to the novelist's requirements; and this he has done, generally speaking, in separate works. But in "Peveril of the Peak" we have them both together, Alice Bridgenorth and Fenella, whom it has rather been the fashion to pronounce the more interesting of the two. Perhaps some portion of the reading public may be induced to reconsider the justice of this verdict.

Minna Troil is a less striking illustration of the same principle of action; and she differs from Diana Vernon, Alice Lee, and Alice Bridgenorth, in the nature of the motive by which her conduct is determined. She has been as deeply attached to the disguised pirate Cleveland as were either of the others to Osbaldistone, Peveril, or Everard; she is willing to pledge her troth to him, and to hold out hopes that if he returns to Zetland "at the head of a gallant fleet" her father, whose family pride must otherwise be a fatal obstacle,

might consent to their union. She identifies him with men of the stamp of Francis Drake and Paul Jones, corresponding rather to privateers than pirates, and believes that he is making war upon the Spaniards as an avenger of their tyranny and barbarity. Many girls would have forced themselves to go on believing this, even after they had seen the pirate crew. But Minna would not be false to herself for a single moment. She knew now what Cleveland was, and that he had taken advantage of her inexperience to make her think him what he was not. She dismisses him forever, refusing to hold out the slightest hope that even if he obtains a pardon and distinguishes himself in the king's service she will ever see him again. With Minna it is a question of self-respect. She cannot pardon the man by whom she has been deceived or ally herself with one who has ever led such a life as he has done. This is entirely her own doing. Her father has never been appealed to. She is actuated by no sense of duty towards Cleveland, nor could she be. It is offended dignity and delicacy, shame at having been the dupe of her own imagination, and the impossibility of overcoming the shock inflicted on her by discovery of the truth which combine to turn Minna Troil from the man who has ruined her happiness. The situation only bears a general resemblance to those with which it has here been connected. But there are heroines in the *Waverley Novels* who would have had no such scruples; and in *Minna*, different as she is from the other examples I have selected, we still see what we see in them — principle triumphant over passion, and the heroine herself all the more interesting because of it.

Some of Scott's heroines are little better than walking ladies, as some of his heroes are little better than walking gentlemen. Others stand out in bold relief, so as to be immediately and universally appreciated. But between the two extremes may be found several, I think, to whom justice is but rarely done, though it is evident that Scott has exerted all his powers on them, and though as delineations of character they are perhaps among his very best. In this class I should certainly place two out of the three described in this article. I am not sure that *Minna Troil* ought to have been one of the three; but if she was introduced at all it must have been in the present company; and she is surely too popular a heroine with too marked a character to have been passed over altogether.

From The Sunday Magazine.
AMELIA OPIE.

PART II.

LATER LIFE.

THE married life of Mrs. Opie was brief but happy—it barely reached to nine years. With the death of her painter-husband, the one tie that bound her to London was broken, and the childless wife was free to return to Norwich and take up again the daughterly duties from which she had been drawn by her marriage. Little time must have been lost in arranging her affairs and preparing to return to the home of her youth, for although her husband's death did not take place till April, 1807, by July of the same year we find her settled again in her father's house.

Probably the renewal of the old duties, and the fuller fellowship she again enjoyed with her beloved father, helped to soothe sorrow for the loss of a husband to whom she had been so warmly attached, and of whose genius she was so proud. That brief but brilliant married life in London probably now appeared like a quickly vanished dream.

Her affection for her father, which had only been able to express itself in service during periodic visits to the old home, could now be consecrated to the congenial task of solacing his declining days. For the next eighteen years, until Dr. Alderson's death in 1825—a period just double the length of her married life—the devoted daughter was thus occupied. This was the duty that stood first, but it left time to continue literary pursuits which had been commenced before, but carried on with more assiduity, because of increased need, during her married life in London. In the year following her going back to Norwich, she published a volume of poetry, called "The Warrior's Return and other Poems," in the preface to which she says, "The poems which compose this little volume were written, with two or three exceptions, several years ago, and to arrange and fit them for publication has been the amusement of many hours of retirement." This, with the publication of her husband's "Lectures on Painting," to which she prefixed a memoir, were the first occupations of her widowed life. She probably found herself able to do this, though not yet sufficiently composed to produce imaginative work, in the form either of prose or poetry.

In August, 1809, her friend, Lady

Charleville wrote to her, urging her to "begin a good, long, Clarissa-like novel; you have principles and fancy to compose an elevating and interesting work, and a knowledge of the manners of the world, which Richardson wanted. Write now all the summer, and let there be no episodes, no underplot; but give me a character acting and developing itself under a variety of circumstances, to interest my feelings and exert my understanding, and set her feet on English ground; and let us not have mystic notions or Asiatic refinements to perplex our intellects, too well braced by the northern temperature to sympathize with mysteries, embroideries, and odors, or start at every creaking hinge in an old castle. Miss Owenson, whom I saw in Dublin, tells me she is writing a Hindostan tale. Let's keep plain English for yours." Advice excellent in itself, which a good many present-day novelists might ponder with advantage, and showing at the same time the opinion of at least one of Mrs. Opie's friends as to her capacity for the writing of fiction.

A year later, in the spring of 1810, she seems to have paid her first visit, since her husband's death, to London, and from this time an annual one to town became a part of the regular programme of her life. The letters to various friends, in which these visits and the persons she met are described, are of great value, since in very graphic style they introduce us to people and manners which are fast receding from view and becoming a part of history. These letters are as vivid and as full of the atmosphere of the time as the writings of Thackeray of those he described; and since Mrs. Opie was a great favorite in society, and, if truth be told, a fashionable and charming young widow whose many accomplishments made her a welcome guest in very select circles, her letters open doors which are usually closed to all but fashionable, or wealthy, or noble, or distinguished folk. A few brief extracts are all that can here be given of this correspondence.

On the first of these visits to London (1810), she was present at a dinner-party at Lady Elizabeth Whitbread's the day after the removal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower. Forceful entrance had been got, by means of the speaker's warrant, into Sir Francis's house—which had previously been barricaded in order to resist what Burdett considered an unjust sentence. Mrs. Opie went to the dinner quite expecting to hear the arrest

discussed; she says: "I was, however, disappointed, and learned to believe that members of Parliament hear too much of state matters when there to wish to discuss them in their hours of relaxation; as the only allusion made to the event of the preceding day was this: The master of the house found it a difficult, and for some time an impossible task to open the hard rind of an immense shaddock which stood before him, and said he must give it up in despair. 'He had better send for the speaker's warrant,' said one of the guests; but this observation was not heard, therefore it led to nothing."

In 1813 Mrs. Opie was present at a *soirée* given by Madame de Staël, attended by the *élite* of London society. She says: Madame de Staël "at length produced a portrait in miniature of her favorite, painted in profile, and when it had gone round the greater part of the circle she put it into the hand of Sir Henry Englefield, well known as a man of virtue, science, and taste for the fine arts, and while she stood by the side of the chair on which he was indolently lounging, she evidently awaited with much anxiety the result of his examination. Carefully and long did he examine the painting, and then holding it up to the light which hung near him, he observed with a slow, distinct utterance, and in rather loud voice: 'he is like a ferocious sheep;' on which, uttering an exclamation of justly indignant surprise, Madame de Staël snatched the miniature from him and turned hastily away. I turned away also, for I could not help smiling, because, though displeased at Sir Henry's want of courtesy, I felt the truth of the remark; for I had examined the picture and seen with no admiring eye the long, projecting nose, and the receding chin, so truly the profile of a sheep; the eye, too, was black, but it did not, like a sheep's eye, resemble a blockhead when seen sideways; on the contrary, it was bright and *piercing*, as a friend would have said; but it was easy for an enemy of the Swedish prince (and such I concluded Sir Henry was) to have called the expression *ferocious*."

In a letter to her father in 1814, she says: "On Sunday C. breakfasted with me and we went to Bedford Chapel to hear Sydney Smith preach; Mrs. H. C. saw us in the aisle and took us into her pew. We had an excellent sermon, but *entre nous* I saw C. nearly asleep several times. She said she liked the sermon exceedingly, but I am sure she did not hear some fine parts."

Here is her account of a meeting with Dr. Thomas Brown: "I joined them (that is, Lady Cook and Spurzheim the craniologist), and he (Spurzheim) was explaining to me his ideas of the brain, when *my* ideas were distracted, and my brain rendered wool-gathering, by the arrival, not of a very large importation of clever men and women, but of Dr. Brown, *the* Dr. Brown, professor and lecturer on moral philosophy, the successor of Dugald Stewart, the Edinburgh Reviewer, and the recondite reviewer of Mrs. Opie, in the first number of that celebrated work. . . . I did contrive to say civil things to Dr. Brown, but the wonder of the crowd, and the persons who sucked us all into their vortex, were Professor Spurzheim and Lady M. Shepherd. Her ladyship fairly threw down the gauntlet, and was as luminous, as deep, as clever in her observations and questions, and her display of previous knowledge of Gall's theory and Hartley's, as any professor could have been; and convinced *me*, at least, that what Mr. Tierney said of Lady Mary — she was almost the best metaphysician he ever knew, and the most logical woman, *by far*, he ever met with — was probably right. The professor looked alarmed and put on his pins; Lady Mary began her dialogue at ten, and it was not over at a little past twelve."

Intellectual women are too often supposed to be a specialty of our own time; it is clear from this that they had their progenitors in the earliest years of the century.

These extracts from her letters show the kind of society in which, during her annual visits to London, Mrs. Opie moved, and where she both gave and received pleasure. Long years afterwards, when she had joined the Society of Friends, in a paper published in *Tait's Magazine*, she acknowledges the pleasure without any reserve. "Yet I fear I have not said much in favor of those gay and busy scenes in which I once moved, by confessing myself so highly gratified by what I have been describing; still I cannot retract my words; pleased and grateful I was — it might, perhaps, be a weakness in me to feel so, but I cannot be so disingenuous as not to own it to its full extent."

Thus her life flowed on — the Norwegian part of it occupied with devotion to her father and the production of a few works both in prose and verse — until the year 1814, when a great change came over her mind and heart. In that year she left the Unitarians. She does not appear ever to

have been in actual communion with that body, so say her friends, but then it must be remembered that the Unitarians lay far less stress on membership or participation in the communion than do Trinitarians. Whilst in Norwich she attended the Octagon Chapel, although during her visits to London she worshipped in the Church of England. Her fashionable surroundings in town probably led to this. I rather fancy from her constant attendance at the Unitarian Chapel in Norwich, and her close friendship with Mrs. William Taylor, the wife of the minister, that she must be described as originally a Unitarian.

Norwich was for many years a stronghold both of Unitarians and Quakers. Remarkable persons have been there associated with both these bodies. Of the former may be mentioned Dr. Sayers, the Martineaus, and Wm. Taylor; of the latter, Joseph John and Elizabeth Gurney. For many years her father and herself had been friendly with many members of the Society of Friends. She had been acquainted with Elizabeth Gurney, who afterwards became Mrs. Fry, and paid her a visit on the occasion of her marriage. Her father, Dr. Alderson, often visited the Gurneys at Earlham, whilst Elizabeth Gurney tells in her diary of a pleasant time in which she called on Mrs. Siddons, Dr. Batty, Mrs. Twiss, "and in the evening Mr. Opie, Amelia, and I went to the concert." It is strange to hear of a young Quakeress calling on an actress and winding up the day at a concert! With Mrs. Opie's return to Norwich after her husband's death, the early intimacy with the Earlham family was resumed, and to it was due the great change in her spiritual thought and feeling. Quakerism was represented in very beautiful forms in the Gurneys, and their delightful home at Earlham near Norwich, the birthplace of many a philanthropic and godly enterprise. And to J. J. Gurney is probably due the change of Mrs. Opie, not only from Unitarianism to Quakerism — that would have been comparatively unimportant as any mere change of *view* is — but from the life which she before led — moral, useful, but fashionable, to one with higher objects and deeper springs of peace. He addressed her in two letters, which have been preserved to us and which are models of what such letters should be — calm, fair, earnest, but absolutely free from "cant," which spoils so much both of religious speech and correspondence. Here is the greater part of the first of these :

"I have a mind, my dear friend, to write to thee a letter; this is all the apology I offer for the intrusion. There are two or three things I wish to say to thee: the first is, that I remember with true pleasure thy affectionate conduct to us all during the last few months of affliction. It has been like that of a sister, and has been prized by us, I trust, as it ought to be; however thou mayst be engaged in the gay whirlpool of London life, rest assured, therefore, thou art not forgotten by thy retired friends at Earlham. I thank thee for thy last note, which is an instructive inmate of my pocket-book since it bespeaks a *tender conscience*. Will thee pardon thy friend if he tell thee that he greatly admires this tenderness of conscience with regard to all thou sayest of others? It appears to him that thy mind is particularly alive to the duties of Christian charity, and he now wishes to express his desire that the same fear (shall he call it 'godly fear'?) may attend thee in all thy communications with the world.

"To leave the third person: I will refer to two texts, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this — to keep one's self *unspotted from the world*;' and again, 'Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may know what is the good, acceptable, and perfect will of God.' Now, what will thou say to me? Perhaps thou wilt say that thy countrified, drab-coated, methodistical friend knows nothing of 'the world,' misinterprets the meaning of the Apostle, and is frightened by the bugbear of a name, as a child is of a ghost.

"There may be some truth in these observations of thine, and I must allow that the world is not idolatrous *now* as it was *then*; and again, that we all alike are citizens of the world, and there is no department of it which is not tinctured with evil. But I refer particularly to the fashionable world, of which I am apt to entertain two notions — the first, that there is much in it of *real evil*; the second, that there is much also in it which, though not evil in itself, yet has a decided tendency to produce forgetfulness of God, and thus to generate evil indirectly. On the other hand, there is little in it, perhaps, which is positively good.

"With regard to the apostolic precepts: perhaps they intimate that there are two spirits or dispositions moving amongst mankind; the one celestial, leading to good; the other terrestrial, leading to evil: perhaps they are meant to warn us, not

literally against the world, but against a *worldly spirit*. Now I will close my grave remarks by saying, that it is my earnest desire both for thee and myself, that we may be redeemed from a *worldly spirit*, and that in our communications with the world, whether fashionable, commercial, or commonplace, we may be enabled simply to follow an unerring guide within us, which will assuredly inform us, if we will but wait *for direction*, what to touch and what to shrink from, what to follow and what to eschew. Do not be angry with me; write me a letter, and farewell in every sense of the word."

In the second letter he grapples with what he knew would be the special difficulty of a woman so "universally *liked, admired, and flattered*," as was Mrs. Opie. It concludes thus: "Thou wilt observe, my dear friend, that I have underscored the words 'liked,' 'flattered,' and 'admired.' It is because I know thou art so; and unless thou art of a very different complexion to thy friend, I am satisfied it must afford no small temptation to thee, and require, on thy part, the utmost stretch of watchfulness. I really should like to know how thy mind was affected by Lady B's day-masquerade. Because I am sure that if I could sing and converse in that way, and procure all manner of favor and applause from innumerable lords and ladies, I should be vain as a peacock thereupon. Now I confess if thou art vain, thy vanity does not show itself; but it may be there is some lurking particle of it in the bottom of thy heart which may put thee to some trouble. But mind, I do not want to draw thee into confession."

Mrs. Opie's replies to these letters have not been preserved, or, at all events, we have not met with them. It would have been very interesting to see how she received such faithful advice, and by what steps she was led to yield thereto. Doubtless a great force in this matter was the altogether beautiful, Christ-like spirit and character of the writer — "a living epistle known and read of all men" who came within the range of his influence. The change thus brought about in Mrs. Opie was in the inward spirit rather than in the outward form or aspects of her life. She still paid her annual visit to London, and found delight in intercourse with many of the illustrious people into whose society she had the *entrée*. Two years after her accession to the Society of Friends she was in town and met Sir Walter Scott, of whom she speaks with the greatest enthusiasm, even of his personal appearance;

so that, when later in the year on a visit to Edinburgh, she eagerly told everybody who would listen of her meeting in London with the "Wizard of the North." On praising the beauty of his countenance under strong excitement, and the fire of his blue-grey eye, Dr. Brown interrupted her with "Nay, nay, Mrs. Opie, do not go on with these flights of fancy; the face is nothing but a roast beef and plum pudding face, say what you will."

In 1820 her father was taken with a serious illness and went to London, accompanied by his daughter, for medical advice. On their journey home a serious accident befell the coach, of which, at the time, Dr. Alderson was unaware; but on hearing of it afterwards, on their arrival in Norwich, he exclaimed: "I have been mercifully spared, my dear child, and I wonder *why?*" As under the influence of Mr. Gurney, religion deepened its roots in his heart, he said: "Oh! my dear child, I know *now* why I was spared."

In spite of the great claims on her time made by her father's illness, she continued her literary work. Two years after that illness began, she published "Madeline," the last of her novels, a great favorite of Robert Southey's, who said: "The tale is beautifully told and everywhere true to nature." This was followed by "Lying, in all its Branches," in which each sort of lie was illustrated by a simple tale. This book was widely read both in this country and America, and is said to have done real good. Up till now, she had only been an attendant at the meetings of the Friends; but now she screwed up her courage to seek full membership in that Society. One of the difficulties which had stood in the way was "the plain language" adopted by the Friends. Writing to Mrs. Fry on the 3rd of February, 1824, she tells her that "on the fourteenth of the preceding month, she had, after much anxious consideration and indecision, decided to act without delay, according to the dictates of her conscience, and that a gentleman, a stranger, chancing to come and call on her that morning, she spoke 'the plain language' to him, and had continued to do so ever since." She was received into full membership on August 11, 1825, the year in which the second great sorrow of her life came upon her — the loss of her beloved father.

Her time was now free for literary work and the various philanthropic schemes in which she felt an interest, and for travel, of which she was very fond. It is interesting to notice the change wrought by the

new spiritual influence on her heart, as it comes out in her letters and diary. There is the old vivacity, the old interest in men and women, in nature and art; but a deeper undertone of feeling. I rather suspect that the ideal Quakeress must be *born in* the Society. The two characteristics I have noted come out in the following passage from a letter written in Paris in 1829: "Here I have been six weeks! I came for *four*, but how could I quit this *beau Paris, et les aimables Parisiens, que j'ai trouvés ici?* Dear friend, were I not, as I hope, too old to have my head turned, I think it would have been turned here by all the attractions and flatteries I have received; but it was humbling, in some measure, to find I was courted for my *past*, not my *recent* writings. The latter are not in the French style; I fear I must own that their moral standard is not as high as ours; but there are here, I fully believe, men and women, too, holy enough to save the city." During this and succeeding visits to Paris she met Humboldt, Cuvier, David the painter, Lafayette, the Duchess de Broglie, Madame de Genlis, Goethe, and many other distinguished people. This was in the troublous times in Paris, of which she gives a vivid picture.

In 1832 Mrs. Opie gave up housekeeping that she might be more free to move about as she desired. Among other journeys she took one to Cornwall to see her husband's relatives, and another to Scotland. In 1835 she took a long tour through Belgium, and then settled down in Norwich, where she took apartments at Lady Lane, rendered attractive and beautiful by many pictures from her husband's pencil. Here she received a constant succession of visitors, and indeed became one of the attractions of the old cathedral city. Her time was spent in writing for various magazines, in correspondence with her many friends, and in what had from earliest days been a favorite occupation — attending the Assize Courts. So the days flew on, her mind full of interest in all that was occurring in the great world, and her pen ever busy inditing words of comfort and counsel. Now and again she moved up to London and saw friends of the olden time. We hear of her meeting Lord Brougham, Sydney Smith, O'Connell, Lord Stanley of Alderley, and others. At the Norwich Assizes in 1844 a curious incident happened to her. "Whilst talk-

ing in the judge's room with Baron Alderson and the high sheriff, Sir E. asked how I was going home. On which the high sheriff, seizing my hand, exclaimed: 'Oh, she shall go with us; we will take her home.' And the judge said 'Yes! let us take her!' I resisted. Sir Edward said: 'Come, brother Opie,' as he tucked me under his arm, the high sheriff led the way, and into the carriage I jumped, ashamed but pleased. I sat by my cousin, and the astonished chaplain sat opposite the judge, wondering and laughing. We set the judge down first, then the high sheriff set me down. Little did I think I should ever ride behind four horses."

Her love of fun, her merry laugh, her ready *repartée* made people forget that she had passed the three score years and ten. Even in her old age she used to send valentines to her young friends, and delighted to mystify them as to whence they came. In January, 1847, her dear friend J. J. Gurney died, and she says: "I do so *dread* the convincing myself when I go out, that there is one whom, if I look for him, I shall never, *never* find. But no more of that, I can't bear it."

In 1848 she moved into a house of her own in Castle Meadow. She could still move about, though, on account of lameness, with difficulty. At the Great Exhibition of 1851 she was one of the few privileged persons who, on account of age or infirmity, required chairs, and were admitted an hour before the usual time. Amongst these was Miss Berry, a very old acquaintance, also in a wheel-chair. Mrs. Opie's chair attracted the notice of her friend — the wheels had a coating of india-rubber and sprang forward at a touch. Miss Berry exclaimed, "Where did you get that chair, Mrs. Opie? I quite envy it!" On which Mrs. Opie playfully suggested a chair-race. But old age and its accompanying weakness gradually came on. Little by little she was obliged to give up her journeys to the old scenes, her writing, her letters; the ties of earth were gradually weakened, and on Friday, the 2nd December, 1853, at the advanced age of eighty-four, she breathed her last. A week later all that was mortal of her was interred in the Friends' burying-ground at the Gildencroft, Norwich. Beneath an elm-tree that overshadows the wall may be found a small slab bearing the names of James Alderson and Amelia Opie.

W. G. HORDER.

From The Spectator.

AB-DEL-KADER'S FAVORITE RESORT.

"ONE half of the world never knows how the other half lives," is a saying we all know; but can one half of the world imagine how the sun shines on the other half? came into my mind the other day when I was watching the yellow heavy fog in London, and remembering the glittering, shining air of Algeria.

Most people know something about Algiers, with its blue bay, and white mosques, and curious Arab town, climbing as it were up the rock behind the French quarter; but Medeah (Ab-del-Kader's favorite place) is, I find, scarcely known. We heard of it first of all when we were staying at Blidah, a dear little bit of world nestling at the feet of the Lesser Atlas Mountains, which has several times been destroyed by earthquakes; but the Arabs love it so dearly, that their first work has always been to rebuild it. In 1825, one earthquake lasted five days, and seven thousand people were killed; but since 1830, no really severe shock has been felt. It is so beautiful, that Mohammed-ben-Yussef, a great Marabout *voyageur*, wrote of it: "On vous appelle une petite ville; et moi, je vous appelle une petite rose." This little *rose* has six gates, and before each gate is an open green space; in the centre of the town is a large *place*, where the band plays, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, in their blue jackets, and the gay French people and the stately Arabs, all meet. Generally English visitors consider that visiting the great stables and the wonderful Orangery at Blidah is enough, that then they have "done" the country; sometimes a few, more energetically inclined, drive three miles up the Pass of Les Gorges de la Chiffa, to visit the celebrated monkeys, and then return; but few, very few, I believe, do as we did, and drive through the entire pass, remaining a night at Medeah. Our landlord at the Hôtel Geronde entreated us not to dream of such a foolish expedition. "To the Ruisseau and back would be quite far enough. The accommodation would not be comfortable. No English ever go there. And for ladies — and ladies alone!"

But we decided that for one night it could not very much matter; so we hired a carriage and a pair of strong horses, and we took a large basket of eatables, and the next morning we started quite early, clattering down the street and out of one of the gates, feeling very much like a couple

of children escaped from school, and that we meant to enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content. The very air seemed to understand our pleasure, for sweet scents of orange-blossom came wafting to us, and great eucalyptus-trees waved their branches over our heads. Presently we turned, as if we were going to take the Lesser Atlas Mountains by storm, for the head of the pass is so narrow, that until you are quite close to it, you see no road. As soon as the pass is fairly entered, the road ascends, and the mountains seem to draw nearer and nearer, as if they dared one to approach too closely. Enormous rocks, of crimson, black, and yellow, with great strata of marble running through them, stand up high above you, while below you the coloring is so vivid and so intense, that it is like some beautiful music set in a sweet, unfading harmony. Wild olive-trees, caroubas, aloes, oak, cork, almond, arbutus, cistus, myrtles, tree coronella, broom, heather, yellow jasmine, and great bushes of lavender run straight down to the river Chiffa, which flows along in a bed of crimson oleanders. On the other side of the Chiffa is a forest of chestnuts, and behind the chestnuts rise the stately Djebel Nadar Mountains. It was in 1855 that the French determined to make this pass; before that time there was only a very rough bridle-path leading to Medeah. It was a dangerous undertaking, for the engineers had two sets of enemies watching and attacking them. The Arabs, of course, were one; but they were not nearly as troublesome as the other, the wild monkeys, who, in their fashion of warfare, rolled down great stones upon the workers, often killing them.

The Ruisseau des Singes is now a little inn; but once it was the settlement of a poor Swiss colonist, whom the monkeys settled in their own minds should be boycotted. So they carried off his fruit, his cinchona, and his coffee, till at last he had nothing left, and he was simply obliged to leave also. This is the spot most travellers reach and fancy they have done the pass; but they who would see the full grandeur should rest their horses, and then drive onwards and upwards. The Chiffa, by whose side the pass is entered, is so far away now, that only here and there do you catch a glimpse of a silver thread, to which a great precipice of rock goes down. The only living sight you see is a long thin line of white, bournoused Arabs, now and again gliding over what we should have called inaccessible

rocks. The Arabs of these mountains are renowned for their valor, and the women for their beauty. They never leave this pass, but live in little low huts called *gourbis*, made of loose stones, twigs, etc., and thatched with pampas; when two or three are built near each other, they are called *douaras*, or villages. They are so cleverly arranged, that no one could imagine that that silent pass was simply swarming with its many tribes, and that at any moment you might be surrounded by this white-robed multitude. Once by the roadside we passed a dead jackal, and, four years before, a lion had been shot close to the road. Very near the end of the pass, you can see for one instant the dark Tombeau de la Chrétienne, while in front of you rise mountains the coloring of which glides from a pale dove-color to a bright Irish green. Medeah is not gained yet; for though it is built on the top of one of those mountains, you scarcely see it till you enter it.

But though we had not reached Ab-del-Kader's favorite place, we had unfortunately reached civilization, for cafés and settlements were dotted all over the mountain. Once, when we were baiting the horses, the French landlady came out and nodded her bright head to us. "Lonely? Oh dear no!" She did the work, and her husband was employed at a colonist's hard by; and as for the Arabs, she kept them at a distance! "Voilà!" and she called up a big dog, who jumped upon her shoulders and fawned upon her. Suddenly she raised her hand: "Arab!" she whispered. The dog's face changed; he gave a savage growl, and he rushed off, sniffing the ground, to hunt up the enemy. As the colonists train their dogs in this way, the Arabs naturally do the same, so very little intercourse is kept up between the two races. The road winds on zigzag up one of the mountains till the summit is reached, and then came the cry: "Behold, madame, Medeah!" and a quaint Arab town, walled round and fastened by its many gates, came in view. It is 3,018 feet above the sea, and the Arabs say that "if illness comes in the morning, it always departs by the evening." Spahis mounted on their milk-white horses were cantering all over the town; their deep crimson bournous, thrown gracefully over their shoulders, made a continual flashing of color. The horses, as proud-looking as their riders, arched their necks, pawed the

ground, and their tails nearly swept the ground. Groups of silent Arabs were embroidering cushions or slippers with the most delicate shades of silk, wound round their first toe, or else playing *damme* (backgammon); while others, more Eastern still, were lying quiet, doing nothing. Negresses dressed in blue and white *hatts* passed us by perpetually, nodding their kind, ugly faces to us. There is not much to-be seen in the town, but the situation is unrivalled. There are nothing but mountains round you, mountains of such brilliant beauty that you could not describe them. Some one once said it was as if a bit of heaven had been sent to earth; and so it was. Standing here, in his own country, my thoughts went back to that noble Arab chief who ended his useful life a few years ago in Damascus. Living here, surrounded by God's most beautiful land, can we wonder that some of God's most precious gifts, truth, humanity, and generosity, should have met so unflinchingly in Ab-del-Kader? He was the first Arab who discontinued the rule of beheading in warfare; he showed mercy to the wounded; and those who fell into his hands fell into those of a generous conqueror. M. Fillias said of him, that "war is at all times a savage game; but if ever war was legitimate, it was surely that waged by Ab-del-Kader, fighting in the name of God and his country."

As I waited outside the walls of the city, and watched that wonderful sun flooding and shining on the whole earth round me, I thought of another evening when the same sun shone down on a great army of many tribes rallying round one slight, small man. They fell on their faces to the ground before him, and swore on the Koran their most sacred oath of eternal fidelity to their religion and their country. And the mountains they loved so dearly, and for whose freedom they were banded together, shone in all their glittering beauty round them.

One cannot bear to recall the victories and the defeats that must have made the pass ring with its fearful cries; neither do I like to think of Ab-del-Kader's imprisonment at Amboisse; far rather would I remember Napoleon's release of the captive hero, and end my recollections of my visit to Medeah thinking of Ab-del-Kader's simple Eastern pathos: "Others have overthrown me, and imprisoned me; Louis Napoleon alone has conquered me."

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN GER- MANY,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	707
II. CHAIRS BY THE RIVER,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	721
III. ODD FOODS,	<i>Scottish Review,</i>	732
IV. CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN ME- MOIRS. Part II.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	745
V. THE KINGS OF SWEDEN AND HOLLAND,	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	748
VI. CARDINAL NEWMAN,	<i>Spectator,</i>	756
VII. CARDINAL NEWMAN,	<i>Speaker,</i>	759
VIII. THE LOST LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	762
IX. A GREAT RUSSIAN POLICE OFFICER,	<i>Times,</i>	768

POETRY.

CARDINAL NEWMAN,	706	ANEMONES,	706
PANSIES,	706		

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"In the grave, whither thou goest."

O WEARY Champion of the Cross, lie still:
 Sleep thou at length the all-embracing sleep:
 Long was thy sowing day, rest now and reap:
 Thy fast was long, feast now thy spirit's fill.
 Yea, take thy fill of love, because thy will
 Chose love not in the shallows but the deep;
 Thy tides were springtides, set against the
 neap
 Of calmer souls: thy flood rebuked their rill.
 Now night has come to thee — please God, of
 rest:
 So some time must it come to every man;
 To first and last, where many last are
 first.
 Now fixed and finished thine eternal plan,
 Thy best has done its best, thy worst its
 worst:
 Thy best its best, please God, thy best its
 best.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

PEACE to the virgin heart, the crystal brain!
 Peace for one hour through all the camps
 of thought!
 Our subtlest mind has rent the veil of pain,
 Has found the truth he sought.

Who knows what page those new-born eyes
 have read?

If this set creed, or that, or none be best? —
 Let no strife jar above this sacred head;
 Peace for a saint at rest!

Athenzum.

EDMUND GOSSE.

PANSIES.

Do you remember one far day?
 We met as usual on the way
 As we were wont to meet;
 Our lips yet holden by the spell
 Of silence, though our eyes might tell
 That new-found love was sweet.

I held a bunch of pansies, blue,
 Yellow, and purple — every hue
 That pansy flowers can take;
 You looked at them, you looked at me.
 O love! how stormy is the sea
 Thy waves of memory make!

You looked at me with tender eyes;
 Love's rosy dawning filled the skies.
 And grew apace to noon.
 Ah! is it but a year ago?
 One fleeting round of sun and snow,
 One Christmastide, one June?

Twelve changing months, and now I stand,
 The faded pansies in my hand,
 That were so fresh last year.
 Hath love, too, faded? Love that came
 A better gift than wealth or fame;
 Your love that was so dear!

Could not you trust me? I am true,
 I would be leal and faithful through
 The worst that fate could bring;
 In evil, as in happy case,
 In honor, or in shame of face,
 My love would clasp and cling.

Will you not trust me, dear, and make
 My poor heart — aching for your sake —
 Glad with a look, a word?
 May not these faded pansies speak
 Of love that yet its love shall seek,
 As seeks its mate a bird?

I know not; time alone can tell.
 I wait and hope, all may be well;
 Nay, all is well to-day:
 I have been loved; and pansy flowers
 Of thought shall touch my darkest hours
 With tints of blue and grey.

I have been loved, though nevermore
 Your eyes meet mine, as heretofore,
 With love that seemed divine.
 I count my losses and my gains;
 If much be lost yet much remains,
 And all that much is mine.

I have been loved. It was no dream,
 But blessed surety; though Fate's stream
 May part my life from yours,
 You loved me through a long, sweet year,
 And lo! you must not wonder, dear,
 That my poor love endures.

All The Year Round.

ANEMONES.

If anything be like to her
 Or unto her may likened be
 From all the book of nature, 'twere
 A frail anemone.

Which though it have no secret grace
 To charm its petals, as the rose,
 Hath yet, methinks, a sweeter face
 Than any flower that blows.

In April's rosy palms it shrinks,
 And still while skylarks newly sing
 It blooms and fades, and fondly thinks
 That Spring is ever Spring.

And who would ask to eke its days
 And mar its vernal happiness
 With hours adroop 'neath parching rays
 Or snowstorm pitiless?

And would I her lithe form should bide
 For crippled age, her balmy breath
 Know winter's chill, that so hath died
 Before a thought of death?

Academy.

G. E. T

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN GERMANY.

It is but natural that the disappearance of a man like Prince Bismarck from a position in which for more than twenty years he was nearly all-powerful should have created a profound sensation. The wonder is only that this impression has not been more lasting. It was formerly prophesied that the resignation or the death of the chancellor (for no one believed his dismissal to be possible) would be the signal of a general disturbance; that the Triple Alliance, which he brought about, would be shattered to pieces; that the maintenance of peace would be jeopardized; and that Germany, which he alone was able to govern, would fall into a chaotic state. None of these predictions have been fulfilled; the Triple Alliance stands as firm as ever, no one thinks of war notwithstanding the huge armaments, the relations of Germany with all the other powers are as cordial as possible, and the new chancellor is getting on with the Reichstag much better than his great predecessor, who would be nearly forgotten if he did not take care to give vent to his ill-humor about the intrigues to which, according to his belief, he has been sacrificed, in inspired articles of a paper which continues to wear his livery, and in conversations with foreign reporters. Such a change of affairs seems rather anomalous, and it is well worth while to examine somewhat more closely its reasons.

It would be childish to cavil at the merits of Prince Bismarck as one of the greatest foreign ministers that ever lived. The man who brought about the unity of Germany, who made Berlin the centre of European politics, and who, after three victorious wars, which gave him all he wanted, managed to maintain peace for eighteen years, has stamped his name with indelible fame in the annals of his time. It is not astonishing that this fame has dazzled outsiders as well as his own countrymen, yet the question is not to be avoided: Was he a statesman of the highest order, such as were Pericles, Cæsar, Charlemagne, William I., Lord Chatham,

Washington, Pitt, Stein, and even Cavour? We think not, and the reason is that even an eminently successful foreign policy forms only part of the true greatness of a statesman; its lasting basis is home policy, and in that field Bismarck was utterly deficient; his home policy not only showed faults, such as every politician will commit, but it was one chain of disastrous mistakes and contradictions. It will not be without interest to prove this, as it is the cause of his final defeat, and for that object to compare him with his sole contemporary rival, Count Cavour. Both were men of genius, resolved to achieve the unity of their country, and unscrupulous as to the means employed for that end. As regards Bismarck it is scarcely necessary to prove that his political conscience was rather wide and strong than tender, and that he shrank from nothing conducive to his end; but Cavour also was no politician of Washington's standard of purity. The way in which his ministers at Florence and Naples conspired for the overthrow of the governments to which they were accredited, was a direct breach of diplomatic good faith. Both ministers succeeded in outwitting the scheming and dreaming Cæsar on the French throne. Cavour, after the attempt of Orsini, availed himself of Napoleon's fear of Italian daggers to bring about the compact of Plombières, by which Napoleon bound himself to expel the Austrians from Italy, and baffled the abortive treaty of Villafranca to establish an Italian confederation by ceding Savoy and Nice to France. After having signed with Benedetti for that purpose the treaty of Turin, of March 24, 1860, Cavour said to the French negotiator, "Et vous voilà nos complices!" Bismarck was not obliged to appeal for French military help against Austria; the Prussian army was strong enough to do the work alone; but he pushed Napoleon into the Mexican expedition in order to weaken the French army; * he prudently left the emperor in

* The Prussian minister at Mexico, M. de Wagner, drew up a memoir in which he describes in glowing colors the unbounded natural treasures of that country which only awaited a strong government capable of developing them, and found means to submit, through a lady of the French court, that memoir to the em-

the belief that the Prussian army was not a match for the Austrian, by which the French were nearly beaten at Magenta; so that the emperor brought about the alliance of Prussia and Italy, by which Austria was vanquished. The sickening Cæsar, who had hoped to play the part of arbitrator, was thunderstruck by Sadowa; his attempts to interfere in the negotiations of Nicolsburg, and to obtain some compensation for France, were barren. Russia, at first ill-satisfied with the German victories and ready to unite with France to put a stop to Prussian aggrandizement, was undeceived by the communication of Benedetti's project for the annexation of Belgium, and won over by the prospect of cancelling the neutralization of the Black Sea established by the treaty of 1856. The diplomatic campaign of the summer of 1866 will remain an imperishable monument of Bismarck's wonderful ability. He came out of it triumphantly, raising Prussia to a first-rate power, and laying the lasting foundations of German unity, without sacrificing one inch of German territory, and at the same time withstanding the high-flown aspirations of the Prussian generals, who wanted to dismember Austria, whilst he himself acknowledged the necessity of the integrity of an empire destined to become Germany's most faithful ally. When in the Luxemburg affair of 1867 the military party demanded war with France, Bismarck alone resisted and brought about a peaceful settlement by the treaty of London of May 11, stipulating for the neutrality of the grand-duchy under a European guarantee, and when in 1870 France blindly forced war upon Germany, the chancellor, after unprecedented victories, showed comparative moderation in the conditions of peace. As France was always hankering after the conquest of the left bank of the Rhine, it was an imperious necessity to keep Strasburg, the great gate of invasion of the French into Germany,

peror, who was entirely fascinated by this prospect, confirmed by Mexican exiles living in Paris. The outcome of this adventure for establishing the Latin race as an equilibrium to the United States is known. The French army was decimated by the expedition, as was proved in the war of 1870.

since the time when Louis XIV. treacherously tore it off from the empire, and to re-establish the natural frontier of the Vosges between the two countries; but Bismarck has repeatedly declared in public that the demand for the cession of Lorraine was forced upon him by the military party. Since the treaty of Frankfort (May 10, 1871), the chancellor has steadily maintained peace, first by the league of the three emperors, and after the treaty of Berlin of 1878, by the Triple Alliance. He has helped to lay the foundations of a German colonial empire and yet contrived to maintain a loyal understanding with England.

All this is sufficient to make his name immortal as a first-rate diplomatist. No Talleyrand could captivate more adroitly those he wanted to win, nobody knew better how to strike at the right moment, or to wait until the tide was running in his favor, and he always showed great personal courage physically as well as morally. We even admit that his diplomatic success outstrips that of Cavour, although the Italian statesman had to work with much smaller means, and his career was prematurely closed by death. But the analogy of the two statesmen ceases as soon as we leave the domain of foreign politics; they were antagonists in all principles of internal policy. Cavour, although not a *doctrinaire*, was from the beginning a true Liberal, and remained so to his end. He based the edifice of united Italy on the establishment of a limited constitutional monarchy, to be governed by Liberal parliamentary institutions, in which every legitimate interest or influence was to be represented. His ideal of liberty was British, not French, and what he said of England, that she was detested alike by Absolutists and Jacobins, may be applied to himself. As the Marchese Alfieri lately said: "His creed was the rule of law. He admitted no accidents in government, no suspensions, no *coups d'état*; if the law was faulty it should be changed, but by Parliamentary discussion, not by the arbitrary intervention of decrees or the votes of packed majorities obeying personal interests. His belief was in no 'one man theory,' in no passing expedient

of the hour; his belief was in acts of Parliament.* To that creed he remained true to his end. On his death-bed he said, speaking of the state of Naples: "Pas d'état de siège, pas de ces moyens des gouvernements absolus. Tout le monde sait gouverner avec l'état de siège; il faut moraliser le pays."† But, for the same end of a wise and reasonable liberty, he did not introduce universal suffrage in a country hitherto governed absolutely and unprepared for it.‡ He did not lay the burthen of political power on the shoulders of ignorant masses by the semblance of sovereignty accorded to them with universal suffrage, whilst they are practically led by the wire-pullers; he was not of Mr. Disraeli's opinion, first to confer household suffrage and then to "educate our masters," but contended that the education should precede the public trust of the vote. He knew that the days of aristocracy were gone, but he placed the electoral power in the middle classes, which furnish the largest contingent of advocates of really Liberal principles. Thus the "Statuto" of 1848, of which he was the father, kept a wise middle path between the electoral oligarchy of M. Guizot's *pays légal* and democracy, and its success proves that he was right.

With Bismarck it was the reverse; he always adhered to the Cæsarian system, the "one man," who undertakes to think for the whole people. To govern was, according to his idea, to command, and representative government was to command with a flourish of speeches, which should always end in a happy subserviency to the ruling minister. The electoral law of Prussia establishing three classes of electors, according to their social weight, he pronounced to be most miserable; he preferred basing his absolute sway on universal suffrage, believing with Napoleon III. that the ignorance, the passion, the excitable prejudice, or the stagnant stupidity of the masses, would be the surest support of his power. He hated independent Liberals, and preferred spirited Socialist agitators like Lassatte, of whom

he spoke in the Reichstag with much praise. He was on friendly terms with the National Liberals, but only as long as they were ready to vote whatever he asked. He hated the Progressists and the "Centre party," because they dared to resist him. He declared both to be enemies of the empire, but when he wanted the Ultramontane vote for his protectionist tariff of 1879 the enemy suddenly became a friend. In fact, his opinion was, "L'Empire c'est moi," and enemies of the empire were always those who opposed his policy of the hour, his imperious nature rebelling against all control. We do not reproach him with ambition; it is natural that such a man should be ambitious; but his ambition went far to identify the interests of his country with his own personal power. In fact, everything was personal with him. As to offences, he thinks that Madame St. Ange, in Dumas's "Demi-Monde" is right when saying: "A quoi servirait la mémoire, si on oubliait les offenses?" He never forgets a slight, and persecutes people who cross his path with unceasing rancor, as is proved by the process of the unfortunate Count Arnim, whom we do not defend, but whose real sin was that he had unwisely thought of becoming chancellor himself. It is evident that under such circumstances there could be no question of ministerial responsibility; it exists on paper in the Prussian constitution, but there are no legal means of enforcing it; while under the constitution of the empire the chancellor alone is responsible, which simply means omnipotent. The Prussian ministers were mere clerks who had to execute the orders of Prince Bismarck. If they ventured to show an independent opinion, or if for any other reason a change seemed desirable (as in the case of Dr. Falk, the official, though not the real, representative of the Culturkampf), they were summarily set aside. The presidents of the provinces had simply to execute the orders of the central government, and the chiefs of the local districts, the Landräthe—formerly an institution of real local self-government, and, as Niebuhr declared, the only one which was to be compared with English institutions—have been degraded into

* LIVING AGE, No. 2362, p. 3.

† W. de la Rive. Le Comte de Cavour. Récits et Souvenirs, Paris, 1862, p. 387.

mere prefects and electioneering agents. The burgomasters of the larger cities, who are elected by the town council, have to be confirmed by the government; and that confirmation was invariably refused if the burgomaster-elect belonged to the opposition, whatever his administrative capacity might be.

The Federal Council is a hard-working body, but politically it has hitherto been a nullity. If a project of the chancellor encountered any opposition, some special concessions were made to the three kingdoms, and the necessary majority was easily obtained. Any feeble movement of independence in the other States was denounced as an attack upon national unity. In the only case where a federal representative ventured to utter an independent opinion, that audacity was visited with exemplary punishment. The unfortunate Bavarian minister, Herr von Rudhardt, was insulted by the chancellor in his own palace, before a large assembly, and had to retire from his post. Never since then has so much as a murmur of opposition been heard in the Council.

The only political factor with which the chancellor really had to reckon was the Reichstag, and its tribune was the only place where independent opinions might still be freely expounded. In the Reichstag, therefore, no means were neglected to secure a majority, which, if it could not stifle the voice of the opposition, might at least be strong enough to vote it down.

To compass that end all means, fair and foul, were employed; the elections of 1887 furnishing a striking example. The Reichstag of 1884 had not proved sufficiently pliable; it had thrown out the bills for the tobacco and brandy monopoly; * a cry had therefore to be invented for securing more favorable elections, and it was found in the military septennate. The government had asked for a large increase of the army estimates; as long as the opposition impugned the increase itself, the official papers said that the period for which the money was to be voted was irrelevant, but as soon as the opposition had resolved to vote the demanded expense for three years, the government declared that nothing would satisfy them but a seven years' vote; and when at the second reading the

* The project itself was a proof of crude financial diletantism. To propose the tobacco monopoly for Germany, simply because it yields a large revenue in France where it had always existed, whilst in Germany it would have thrown one hundred and ten thousand persons out of employment, who would have claimed an indemnity which for years would have swallowed up the receipts of the monopoly, was a glaring mistake.

period of three years was carried by a narrow majority, it did not wait for the third reading, in which the seven years might have passed, but forthwith dissolved the Reichstag. The cry was raised that those who had opposed the septennate wanted to make Germany defenceless, and that France was preparing an invasion. This was a shallow pretext. Those who later on pretended to justify it by the Schnaebele affair, forgot that this incident occurred only in April, whilst the elections took place in February, and that even then, when Boulanger proposed a mobilization, it was rejected by all his colleagues and the president. The mass of the electors, however, who above all wanted peace, were frightened; the pope himself was persuaded to go in for the septennate; and although the Centre party refused to obey him, the chancellor got the majority, which voted the agrarian laws he wanted, whilst immediately after the elections nothing more was heard of an impending war, and the Schnaebele affair was amicably settled.

But the decisive difference between the English constitution and that of France and Germany lies in the competence of the judicial power; in England the courts themselves decide whether they are entitled to decide a case brought before them; the judges are taken from the barristers, who form the inns of court which call to the bar, and are perfectly independent of the State. In England the principle prevails, that where there is a wrong there is a remedy; the strong hand of the law does not hurt as much as the little finger of arbitrary power. "Misera est servitus, ubi jus est vagum et incertum," says Lord Coke. Whoever thinks that his right is violated by another person may bring his complaint before the courts; if it proves unfounded he has to pay the cost and damages; no permission is requested for an accusation against an official, who cannot plead the order of his superior for having acted illegally. The Court of Queen's Bench protects the liberty and the rights of every British subject by a writ of mandamus. This did not suit Napoleon I.'s despotic system; he ruled that where it was doubtful whether cases belonged to the decision of the administration or to that of the courts, the government should be entitled to raise the *conflict de compétence*, transferring such cases to the Conseil d'Etat, which is no court, and he further decreed that no public functionary could be brought to trial for having transgressed his powers, without permis-

sion of the government. The judges are appointed by the State, and so are the public prosecutors, who in criminal cases alone have the right to prosecute, and they are not independent. They act by order of their superiors, and, in the last resort, of the minister of justice. Thus they may accuse any person of a crime, throw him into prison, and keep him there for an indefinite time under the pretext of making the necessary investigations; and if the accused is after all acquitted, he is dismissed without indemnity or even so much as an apology for the losses he may have suffered in health, fortune, or reputation. Nor can any such falsely accused persons bring an action in their turn against the prosecutor; for a public functionary cannot be prosecuted without the permission of the government, and that permission is never given. If a citizen has suffered a wrong by an official, he can only complain to the superior administrative authority with whom the decision rests whether the accused is to be punished or not. On the other hand, the public prosecutors may refuse to bring a real criminal to trial; they will, of course, not do so in ordinary cases, but in political ones it is different, as we have seen in the Wilson affair by the conduct of the procureur-général, M. Bouchez.

This French system has been adopted in most German States, and especially in Prussia, where under Bismarck's régime it worked under high pressure. As to the judges, they are, indeed, irremovable, but their appointment and promotion, as that of the public prosecutors, depends on the government, and this, of course, exercises a powerful influence upon them; Herr Tesendorff's career is a pretty good example of it. Far be it from us to deny that there are in Prussia many upright and independent judges who would disdain to be actuated by such motives. But the influence exists; and it is known that Count Lippe was dismissed from his post as minister of justice because he refused to accede to the demand of Prince Bismarck that, in the promotion of judges, account should be taken of their political opinions.

In this dictatorial system of government the daily press was destined to play a great and curious part. Considering the great influence of journalism in forming and guiding public opinion to-day, it must of course be desirable for every government to be officially represented in the press, and Bismarck was too keen a politician not to see its importance. But it is equally true that every government which

represents a large party will be fairly represented in the press. The party will take care of that. The party will bear any pecuniary sacrifices necessary to support an important paper. This is the English system, but it did not answer Bismarck's purpose of making the press subservient to his policy. Of his original feeling about the press we have a most curious confession in a letter of June 30, 1850:—

I cannot deny that there is a sort of Caliph Omar instinct in me, prompting me not only to the destruction of books (all but the Christian Koran), but to the annihilation of the means of producing new ones. The art of printing is the chosen instrument of Antichrist, far more so than gunpowder, which, after it had been made the principal (or, at any rate, the most obvious) lever for destroying the natural political order and for establishing the sovereign *rocher de bronze*, took the character of a wholesome remedy for the evils it had itself induced, though perhaps it does a little resemble the method of that physician who cured the cancer by cutting off the head.*

But the aspiring young politician soon perceived that this Omar policy was not practicable in modern times; and just as he overcame his dislike for the sovereign *rocher de bronze*, which had destroyed the "natural political order" of an unruly nobility, by turning it to his own uses, so he has ever since been endeavoring to get the press thoroughly under his thumb. He became an eager collaborator in the feudalistic *Kreuzzeitung*; and its first editor, Dr. Wegner, has told us that scarcely a single number appeared during several years which did not contain a longer or shorter article from the pen of Bismarck. And when the paper was again and again confiscated by the police, he signed an address of his party to the editor assuring him of their undiminished sympathies.

Being appointed Prussian minister at the Federal Diet, we find, in 1859, Bismarck bitterly complaining of the influence which Austria exercised in Germany by means of the press. In a letter of May 12, he said:—

I have noticed with concern the absolute sway which Austria exercises in the German Press by means of a cleverly constructed network of influences, and how well she knows how to handle this weapon. Most newspaper

* These opinions apparently did not change as time went on; for as late as November, 1862, Bismarck said to one of those deputations which were got up as a demonstration against the opposition majority in the House of Deputies, "A journalist is a man who has missed his vocation."

correspondents write for their livelihood; it is the principal aim of most journals to sell themselves; and the experienced reader may easily discern, in some of our own and other papers, whether they have already got a subvention from Austria, or expect to obtain it soon, or are trying to bring it on by threatening hints.

The statement was perfectly true in itself; but, instead of attempting to oppose this policy of corruption by one fitted to win the popular sympathy, Bismarck only lamented the scantiness of the means placed at his disposal by his own government for the same purpose.

Nor had he much opportunity of realizing his wish to obtain an influence over the press when, amidst unparalleled difficulties, he became president of the Council in 1862. His only supporters were the *Kreuzzeitung*, representing the feudal party, and the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* — afterwards his own special organ — which was edited by a renegade Democrat named Brass. The attempt to insert paid articles in some of the French papers proved fruitless. The whole foreign and German press remained hostile to his policy of governing in opposition to the Chamber of Deputies. He tried to silence the opposition press by the decree of July, 1863, which was condemned by the crown-prince himself in his speech at Dantzic; but it proved a mere momentary triumph. As soon as the House met again, it declared the decree illegal, and it was accordingly cancelled. The hostility of the press reached its climax when Bismarck was preparing his war against Austria. He was almost unanimously denounced as the man who was about to bring ruin upon his country. But nothing succeeds like success. After the glorious Bohemian campaign the situation changed completely. The Prussian press could not resist the influence of victories which at one stroke raised the country to a first-rate power; and when — in opposition to the feudal and military party — Bismarck made his peace with the Chamber by asking for an indemnity, he became at once the popular man of the day. His position was, of course, enormously strengthened by the French war, which made him a national hero, and, thanks to the constant success of his foreign policy, it was steadily maintained.

The legal restrictions to which the German press is subjected are contained in the Penal Law, the law against Social Democracy, and the Press Law of May 7, 1874. Art. 1 of the act of 1874 declares

that the liberty of the press is subject to no other restrictions than those laid down in the act itself. Every editor of a periodical is bound to furnish the police with a copy of each number as soon as it appears; and the police can at once suppress it (1) if it does not give the name and address of the editor and of the printer; (2) if in time of war it publishes forbidden news on military operations; (3) if it contains indecent matter, provocation to high treason, or incitement to violence between one class and another, or to offences against the sovereign or resistance to the government; but in the case of provocation to public violence or disobedience to law (sections 110 and 130 of the Penal Code) the act only applies if there is imminent danger of the incitement leading immediately to the commission of a crime or misdemeanor. In addition, the law against Social Democracy (October 20, 1878, section 12) provides that all prints in which Social Democratic, Socialistic, or Communistic views are proclaimed in a manner tending to the overthrow of the existing political and social order, or the endangering of the public peace, especially as between the various classes of the population, are to be suppressed; an act which sufficed to exterminate the entire Socialistic press.

Where the case does not admit of simple suppression by the police, press offences are supposed to be dealt with by the courts of justice according to the law. Everybody admits that a newspaper can be guilty of treason, sedition, calumny, etc., and these offences are punishable in all civilized countries; but the German law gives a much stronger hold on the press than that of other States, and its provisions are stretched to the full by the ingenious interpretations of the public prosecutors. As an instance we may quote that given recently to section 360, No. 5, of the Penal Code, which deals with those who cause a disturbance or are guilty of gross disorder. Hitherto the clause had been understood, according to the obvious meaning of the words, to apply to rioting, disturbing the public peace, breaking windows, etc.; but suddenly some prosecutor found out that gross disorder might also be caused by disrespectful attacks on the government in the daily papers, even when no offence could be proved against any definite person; and docile tribunals accepted this reading, and passed a series of condemnations accordingly.

Another fruitful source of proceedings against the press is the law relating to

personal offences (Art. 184 of the Penal Code), a law very different from the English law of libel. An offence is considered to be committed if any one asserts or propagates a fact which is calculated to degrade another person in the public opinion, provided the truth of the alleged fact cannot be proved.

It was generally the chancellor himself who prosecuted opposition papers for having offended him. He kept a printed form by him for the purpose; and rarely indeed were those papers acquitted. The public prosecutors knew that there was no surer way to promotion than to hunt up offences against Bismarck and secure the condemnation of the offending papers.* In the trial of Count Hermann Arnim (a relative of the unfortunate ambassador), the public prosecutor argued that it was an offence against Prince Bismarck to deny him the virtue of generosity. And again, in the case of Baron Loë, who had commended the chancellor's modesty in granting himself a pension of only four thousand marks on his resignation of the sinecure post of a Lauenburg minister, the accused was condemned for damning the chancellor with faint — or ironical — praise.

As to proving the truth of the alleged facts, that can easily be prevented. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* some time ago declared that the Guelph Fund (of which we shall have more to say presently) was being used for purposes entirely different from those for which it had been intended. The paper was prosecuted and condemned. It relied for its defence on the evidence of certain officials who knew all the facts; but the officials were forbidden to give evidence, and the defence broke down.

With regard to the foreign press, the chancellor had a very efficient weapon for keeping it in order. Berlin being the centre of European politics, the principal papers of other countries naturally wish to know what is going on there. But the special correspondent was at the mercy of Prince Bismarck. If his letters excited the displeasure of the government, or even if the paper in its leading articles ventured an unwelcome criticism of German policy, the correspondent was refused all information; and if this did not bring

about a speedy reform, he would some fine morning receive a police summons to leave Berlin within twenty-four hours. This has actually happened more than once.

But this is not all. While the opposition papers were relentlessly prosecuted for the slightest personal offence against some obscure official, the government organs enjoyed absolute impunity for the most slanderous attacks, not only on their adversaries in general, but on the most august personages against whom the chancellor happened to have a grudge. One of the vilest of these organs was the *Grensböten* of Leipsic. It called the empress Augusta, who was supposed to be averse to the *Culturkampf*, "the German Eugénie;" it compared the emperor Frederick, to Parsifal, the noble fool; it denounced his opposition to the chancellor during the war as unpatriotic; it took pleasure in abusing the empress Frederick, and, in an article on the Battenberg question, went so far as to say that that illustrious lady cared for nothing but money. Nor were the foreign ministers accredited to Berlin indulged with any better treatment if they happened to cross the chancellor's path. Mr. Sargent, the American minister, who, during the debate on the protectionist tariff in 1879, had criticised the measure in despatches which his government somewhat imprudently published, was attacked by the Berlin government organs in the most scandalous way, and was, of course, quite unable to defend himself. Now, it is an elementary principle of international law that diplomatists should be free from this sort of attacks. Yet no one ever heard of the government papers being pulled up for this sort of thing. The public prosecutors, so keen in finding out offences against Bismarck, were deaf and dumb when the law was violated in favor of their lord and master.

But it was not enough for the chancellor to fetter the press and prevent it from saying what he disliked; it must also expressly say what he liked, and defend whatever he did; and it must be admitted that he succeeded in educating the majority of the papers almost up to the standard of Polonius, so that the cloud was a whale or a camel just as he happened to see it.

For this end he introduced quite a new system for influencing public opinion. In addition to the official *Staatsanzeiger*, which answers to the *London Gazette*, there was first the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, which was his acknowledged organ, and, as he himself avowed,

* M. Th. de Bunsen, in an essay published April 15th, 1890, in the *Revue Internationale*, "Le Libéralisme en Allemagne," calculates that summing up the several condemnations, more than a hundred years of imprisonment have been inflicted on the opponents of the chancellor, on this account.

placed its whole space at his disposal. The *Norddeutsche* was bought in 1871 by one Ohlendorff, a rich guano merchant in Hamburg, in order that it might be at the exclusive and personal disposal of the chancellor; for which patriotic service, after no little resistance on the part of the emperor William I., Ohlendorff was duly ennobled. The *Norddeutsche* never ventured to publish a political article without instructions from its illustrious patron, and all it said might be taken as having the official stamp. The rest of the paper was absolutely worthless and vulgar; it was read only for the sake of its inspired articles, which were sometimes written by the chancellor himself. This did not at all prevent the disavowal of the articles later on. After Kullmann's attempt, for instance, the chancellor himself, so the story goes, dictated to the chief of his special Press Office a paragraph for the *Norddeutsche*, saying that, unluckily, little confidence could be placed in the Bavarian judges, who were to decide the case, because they were nearly all Ultramontanes. The Bavarian government complained of such suspicion being thrown upon the impartiality of its judges, and the chancellor was forced to disavow and condemn in the *Staatsanzeiger* the paragraph which, it is said, he had himself dictated. In 1875 the *Post* — a paper nearly as servile as the *Norddeutsche* — published an article, "Is war in prospect?" written by Dr. Constantin Rössler, the chief of the Press Office. This was followed up by the *Norddeutsche* declaring that the French armaments could not but have a warlike object in view; the whole pack of the "reptile papers" joined the cry, and war seemed so imminent that all the European Cabinets took alarm. Suddenly the hubbub ceased, and an article in the *Norddeutsche* coolly asserted that the official relations between the governments of France and Germany had never been troubled at all, and that the whole fault lay with the press, the Ultramontanes, the Poles, the "bears" of the Exchange, and certain petticoats. The reason of this sudden change was that, the noise having come to the emperor's ears, he had sternly interfered, and had declared to his council of ministers that he had no complaint against France whatever, and highly disapproved of the warlike articles in the papers. Prince Bismarck saw, by the decisive tone of his master, that the game was up, and coolly denied that he had had anything to do with it. The above-mentioned article then appeared in the

Norddeutsche, Bismarck himself inserting an allusion to "petticoats" by way of reprisals on certain august ladies who had helped to direct the emperor's attention to the bellicose articles.

If the *Post* tried to give itself aristocratic airs, the *Cologne Gazette* maintained a show of liberalism, but was quite as servile. In 1848 it struck the Prussian eagle from its frontispiece, and before the war of 1866 was foremost in denouncing Count Bismarck as the one pernicious man who was bringing ruin upon Prussia; it afterwards completely wheeled round, and became his most obedient tool. It was especially used in foreign affairs for communications, which the government did not wish to back openly, but which were none the less inspired; one of its editors living in Berlin was constantly seen in the antechamber of Count Herbert Bismarck. The most startling instance was the late cowardly attack on Sir Robert Morier. If Major von Deines and Prince Solms reported to their government what Marshal Bazaine had told them, they did but their duty, and their despatches would have been harmless if they had continued to sleep in the archives of the Foreign Office. But how did the *Cologne Gazette* get possession of these letters? No one but the chief of the Foreign Office could have communicated them to that paper; yet he not only was not prosecuted for this breach of the law, but, when the British ambassador complained of it, Count Herbert assumed an air of offended innocence, as if he knew nothing about it. Sometimes communications of this kind were dated from foreign places in order to mislead the public — as, for instance, in the Battenberg affair, when the *Cologne Gazette* produced a telegram from Vienna to the effect that Prince Bismarck had sent in his resignation, though no one in the Austrian capital had any knowledge of such an intention.

The third and basest of the first-class "reptile" papers was the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, a local journal of no importance except for its advertisements, but always distinguished by its servility, and occasionally rising into notoriety when it happened to be made the medium of inspired communications. The *Hamburger Nachrichten* has also the peculiarity of being ultra-Russian, and applauds every act of violence against Germans and the Protestant faith in the Baltic provinces.

The number of provincial "reptile" papers which were paid either in money or

by special information was very large. The smaller ones got their leading articles, correspondence, and even their *feuilletons*, ready-made from the Press Office at Berlin. This was a very convenient arrangement for both parties. It saved the journals a great deal of expense, for they had only to add the local news, and the provincial public contentedly read what they supposed to be the genuine opinions of the editor. The smaller opposition papers found it very difficult to compete with these government organs, to which alone all official advertisements were sent. And even the comparatively independent papers could not refuse to take communications from the Press Office, because if they did they would get no information at all about what was going on at the seat of government. In this way the greater part of the German press—excluding, of course, the Ultramontane and Progressist papers—was brought more or less into subservience.*

The ways and means by which this was done were furnished by the Guelph Fund, which is a quite unique institution for the management of public opinion, and in its way was a masterstroke of the chancellor's. When the late king of Hanover left his capital during the war of 1866, he carried with him State bonds to the amount of twenty-five million thalers. After the annexation the Prussian government attempted to recover this sum; and, by the mediation of England, an agreement was arrived at by which the king was to give up the twenty-five millions, Prussia paying him the interest on £2,400,000 as an indemnity for his former income drawn from the Hanoverian domains, thus enabling him to keep up a royal household and style of living. But scarcely had the king fulfilled his part of the agreement by restoring the original sum, when Count Bismarck appeared in the Chamber and declared that the king was intriguing to bring about a war against Prussia, and was himself engaged in forming a Hanoverian legion in France, and that the government was, therefore, compelled to deprive him

* We may observe that it was an almost unexampled thing for a man in the position of the chancellor to publish, or lend himself to the publishing of, books *in majorem suam gloriam* during his lifetime. In Prince Bismarck's case there is quite a series of them. First came his family letters; then the books of Moritz Busch, bristling with the sharpest judgments on living statesmen; and, finally, Poschinger's "Preussen im Bundestag, 1851-59," containing Bismarck's despatches of those years, abusing Austrian policy and the Austrian statesmen in the most ruthless manner. The book gave great offence in Vienna, coming out as it did a few years after the Austro-German alliance had been concluded.

of the means for carrying out such an object by keeping the capital and stopping the payment of the interest agreed upon. He added that it was necessary that this sum should be placed at the disposal of the government in order to enable them to counteract these dangerous schemes of the enemies of Prussia and "hunt those reptiles into their holes." A popular assembly rarely resists when a successful minister declares that the country is exposed to threatening danger from abroad; it cannot test the validity of such statements, when the minister asserts that it is essential to observe secrecy as to the special information on which his demands are founded. The House voted the bill as requested, and thus placed at the disposal of the government a sum of about seven hundred and twenty thousand thalers a year as secret service money, section 4 of the bill expressly stipulating that the government should not be required to render any account of the manner in which it is spent. Now, it may be perfectly true that at that time the king of Hanover was intriguing against Prussia, and that the government was bound to oppose his schemes. But in any case this was only a passing danger, and the House ought to have limited its grant to a given time. It neglected to do so; and it has bitterly repented since of its negligence.

It may indeed be argued, that this measure became null and void by the death of King George, since a penal sequestration ends *ipso jure* with the decease of the accused; his successor, the Duke of Cumberland, has reserved all his rights, but such reservations and protests cannot be considered as hostile acts according to the established principles of international law. Nothing more has been heard of Guelph intrigues since 1869, yet that large sum of money remains at the unlimited disposal of the government, and everybody knows that it was mainly used for corrupting the press. Unfortunately, the Landtag cannot repeal the bill without the consent of the government; and when an interpellation was addressed to it by some zealous member about the misuse of what is now popularly called the Reptile Fund, an under secretary of state appeared at the bar, read out section 4 of the act, by which the government is excused from rendering any account of the way in which the money is applied, and then making his bow retired like the three Anabaptists in Meyerbeer's "Prophet." At the sitting of the Reichstag of November 30, 1875, Prince Bismarck said: "In the *régime* of our

epoch I do not esteem anything higher than the most absolute publicity; not a corner of political life should be allowed to remain in the shadow, everything should be lighted up." He has taken good care that no ray of that light should ever penetrate into the darkness of the Guelph Fund. The strongest representations (endorsed even by Herr von Bennigsen, Prince Bismarck's devoted follower) were made in the Hanoverian Diet, where it was averred that the indignation felt at this persistent appropriation of the income of the former royal house — an income granted by the Prussian government itself — lay at the root of the constant opposition of the Guelph party. But these representations also were of no avail. The truth was that it would have been impossible for the chancellor to govern without the Guelph Fund. If all those press-janissaries and secret agents who derived their pay from it had been deprived of their income, they would have turned against him, and their revelations would have been such as to have made his position untenable.

Let us now throw a rapid glance on some of the principal measures of Bismarck's internal policy since 1866. By the constitutional conflict legislation had been brought to a standstill, and after the foundation of the North-German Confederation the necessity of reforms was universally felt; many of them undoubtedly were useful, but they were carried in a hasty way. The poor-law of June 6th, 1870, was an ill-digested measure, which only promoted socialism, and Bismarck's factory law of June 21, 1869, which destroyed the existing trade-corporations, proved so defective, that it has since had to undergo constant amendments. At that time Minister Delbrück directed the internal policy of the empire, Bismarck, as he declared later on, having no leisure to occupy himself with those affairs. But Delbrück retired when the chancellor brought forward the plan of buying up all railways by the empire; a project which, however, broke down before the resistance of the federal states. Delbrück had been a free trader, he had signed the liberal commercial treaty with France on August 2, 1862, which was followed by similar conventions with Belgium, Austria, etc., and he had enjoyed the hearty support of the chancellor in these measures, who even in 1875 appealed to the Reichstag to help him to transform the German tariff according to English principles, basing it upon a few productive financial duties. The

French milliards had created a general rise of prices and over-production, by which small capitalists lost their fortune in swindling enterprises. When the money of the war-indemnity was spent, Bismarck discussed the necessity of new taxes for the permanent wants of the empire and the Liberals unwisely refused the means, which were to be obtained by financial duties; being thus baffled he turned protectionist, and the tariff of 1879 was a compromise between the landed interest, threatened by foreign competition, and the great manufacturers; the proprietors got a duty on corn of 1 mk. per cwt. and heavy duties were accorded on all industrial products. At that time the chancellor declared, that not even the maddest agrarian would ask for a duty of 3 mks. on corn; some years afterwards he asked for 6 mks.; and got 5 mks. from the Reichstag of 1887; Germany thus being the country where food is most heavily taxed, as has been proved by the customs returns of 1889, which show an income of 94,132,123 mks. for corn, flour, malt, etc., upon a total of about two hundred and seventy millions. This taxation of course tends to raise the wages and to damage the ability of German industry to compete in foreign markets, yet the landed proprietors are not satisfied and are clamoring for exceptionally cheap railway tariffs in order to be able to transport their grain. The pliable majority of 1887 voted other laws also in the agrarian interest. The brandy monopoly proposed in 1886 having been thrown out, a law was passed in 1888, according to which the tax on spirits was raised, but a distinction was made in favor of the existing distilleries, which for a fixed contribution had to pay much less, thus making the great manufactories of the eastern provinces a present of about thirty millions a year. The law on the taxation of beet-root sugar of 1869 established a tax of 90 pf. per cwt. beet-root, with an export bonus of 9 mk. 40 pf. per cwt. raw sugar; this corresponded to the production of 1 cwt. of sugar from 12½ cwt. beet-root, and the government expressly declared that the bonus was on no account to involve an export premium; but new technical inventions made it possible to draw 1 cwt. of sugar from 9½ and even 8 cwt. of beet-root, so that the government only got a tax of 7 m. 80 pf. instead of 10 mks. per cwt. sugar; besides, the factories succeeded in drawing a considerable quantity of saccharine matter from the molasses, which remained entirely untaxed. Yet the export-bonus

was maintained at its original height, and the consequence was, that the revenue declined in 1884 by twenty-one million marks, and that in the sugar industry, allured by the large gains, overproduction ensued, which ruined that industry. Germany inundated the foreign markets with cheap sugar, but other countries, England excepted, in order to prevent this raised their sugar duties, and with the prevailing low prices the German refiners made small profits. The government, however, for years opposed all reform of the tax, and when at last it was obliged to acknowledge that a change had become inevitable, the law of July 9, 1887, introduced an impost upon the home consumption of sugar of 12 m. per 100 kilos, the premium of 2 m. 50 contained in the export-bonus remained, which leaves only ten millions as the net revenue of the tax.

In short, Bismarck's fiscal policy was mainly in the class interest of the great manufacturers and the large landed proprietors, who alone had the benefit of the protectionist duties, and in the same sense he steadily resisted the bills passed by the Reichstag for the protection of women's and children's labor and for Sunday rest. For the taxation of the primary wants of life, which fell most heavily upon the masses, the laws on insurance of the laborers against sickness, accidents, invalidity, and old age were a poor compensation, and at the same time these measures were dangerous steps in the socialistic direction; the insurance against accidents, although it created a huge bureaucratic apparatus, was comparatively harmless, as in the empire out of 1,000 insured persons only 4·14 are annually to receive an indemnity, but that against invalidity and old age will make 90 per cent. of the working classes pensioners of the State. Still more mischievous was the chancellor's declaration in favor of the rights of labor (Speech at the Reichstag, May 8, 1884): "I acknowledge a right to labor unconditionally, and will defend it as long as I am standing in this place." To acknowledge as a consequence the duty of the State to provide labor for those who have none, or pretend to have none, is indeed pure Socialism, for then the State must organize the labor, and that is what Socialists demand. At the same time, since 1878, the Social-democrats were outlawed by the exceptional law enacted against them, with what success the last elections have shown, in which they mustered stronger than ever, the number of Socialist voters having risen to 1,427,298. It did not ap-

pear to strike the chancellor that to acknowledge in principle the legitimacy of the Socialist movement, and at the same time to repress its outcome by force, is a most dangerous policy, as it at once makes martyrs of his foes and adds force to the revolutionary movement.

Last not least we have to mention the Culturkampf. The aim of this policy is only intelligible when it is remembered that with Prince Bismarck everything is personal. Many a time during the war he had suffered from the opposition of the military advisers of the king. He hoped to counteract that opposition by creating a party devoted to himself. Moritz Busch tells us that even at Versailles he had said: "People will be very much astonished, when I get back to Berlin, to see me turn into a parliamentary man." He knew the narrow hatred of the German Liberals for any and every Church, and by raising the war cry against Rome he made them his blind followers. They forgot all their principles, voted the May laws, suppressed articles of the Constitutions, banished priests, tried to reduce them by famine, and were ready to go all lengths in the way of persecution. But, like all *esprits autoritaires* accustomed to impose their policy by force or guile, the chancellor had quite underrated the power of resistance of the Catholic Church. The only result of this attack, and of the abortive attempt to foster the Old Catholic sect, was to weld all German Catholics into one solid mass, represented by what he himself acknowledged, later on, to be the impregnable citadel of the Centre party.* The Catholic press underwent an extraordinary development under the persecution, while, with a few exceptions, the Liberal press became purely governmental. When the struggle had become hopeless, and the chancellor was obliged first to make concessions to the Catholics and then to cancel almost the whole of his ecclesiastical legislation — denying, according to his habit, *Si fecisti mega*, that he had ever intended to injure the Catholic Church — some of the Liberal papers did not conceal their disappointment; but by far the greater number continued blindly to follow him, and, far from admitting that his ecclesiastical policy had plunged him in dire defeat, now praised his conciliatory

* We have no special predilection for the Roman Church, but it is impossible not to recognize the signal service which the German Catholics rendered to their country by their quiet but unflinching resistance to the May laws. If they had yielded, Germany would have been reduced to a state of political serfdom hardly to be found except in Russia.

spirit, which had succeeded in restoring religious peace.

In the heat of the *Culturkampf* he declared that the pope endangered the salvation of his soul; in the affair of the Carolines he submitted to him his dispute with Spain — he, the Protestant, realizing Leo XIII.'s most cherished dream of becoming the arbiter between nations. The pope conferred upon him the order of Christ, accompanied by a most flattering letter, but decided in favor of Spain, which formerly had abandoned all claims to the said islands. After having waged internecine war with the Catholic Church, the chancellor, at Kissingen, in 1878, told Monsignor Masella that he was ready to make large concessions to the hierarchy, but that if he was to subdue the Liberals the pope must furnish him with another parliamentary contingent and order the Centre party to vote with him. The Nuncio answered that such a course would be entirely opposed to the traditions of the Curia against interference in political matters having no connection with religion; and the negotiation broke down. But a more genial temperature having been established between the two parties by the Caroline mediation, he persuaded the pope to interfere in internal German affairs, advising the Centre party to vote for the Septennate. The pope breaking thus with the above-mentioned secular traditions of the Curia obtained nothing, for the Centre party refused to obey him, and maintained that in purely political matters they must retain their liberty of action, but the chancellor, by inducing the pope to interfere in the elections, introduced a most dangerous precedent. If the government themselves asked the Curia to side with them in secular matters in their favor, how could they prevent in future the pope pretending to intervene against the State? But whilst thus courting the favor of Leo XIII., and inviting the Landtag to do away with the "last remnant-rubbish of the May laws," which he had formerly called a bulwark of the State, the chancellor maintained against a vote of the Reichstag one of the most iniquitous laws of the *Culturkampf*, which empowered the State to banish priests, evidently in order to keep a stock in trade for bartering with the Centre party.

This in a few words is an abstract of Bismarck's internal policy, and it is almost impossible to gauge the amount of servility which it has been engendering in the German character. He made Germany

the first power in Europe, but the manhood of the nation suffered from the stultifying of public opinion by a dictatorship compared with which the apparatus of the second empire was a mere child's toy. What a contrast this policy offers to that of Cavour, who never interfered with the liberty of the subject or of the press, steadily pursued the same line from the beginning, never had to retrace his steps, and was master of all the administrative details, knowing as well how to draw up a financial bill as to negotiate a treaty of commerce. The true test of the really great statesman is that he is able to form a school. When Cavour died there were Ricasoli, Minghetti, Peruzzi, Lanza, Rattazzi, Sella, etc., ready to step into his shoes and to continue his work; where is Bismarck's school? There are clever, assiduous, obedient men, but all are political nonentities, because he had pressed into his service all the rising talent or had crushed it.

When, after the untimely death of Frederick III., William II. ascended the throne, the chancellor believed himself to be sure of a new lease of absolute power. He even lately stated to the correspondent of the *Nowa Wremya*, Mr. Lwoff, that he had assured the czar he was sure of the unbounded confidence of his new master, and that he would remain chancellor up to his death. He was obliged, however, to admit that this had been an error, and the man who formerly had played against Parliament on the principle that in Prussia it was the king who governed, was dismissed by his sovereign on March 20, 1890, in a rather offhand manner.

Signs of discord soon arose, when William II. had become emperor; a series of abortive trials cast disgrace on the government; the Morier affair ended in a signal defeat; in March, 1889, the minister of finance had drawn up a bill for the reform of the income tax, which had been sanctioned by the emperor; suddenly Prince Bismarck interfered, declaring that it was against the agrarian interest, and the Landtag, summoned expressly to vote that bill, was dismissed *re inacta*. Count Waldersee, the chief of the general staff, an eminent and independent man, and standing high in favor, had for years been a thorn in the chancellor's side, who looked upon him as a possible rival; he had tried to overthrow him under Frederick III., but had not succeeded, Moltke protesting that the general was indispensable to the army. When Waldersee, in the summer of 1889,

accompanied the emperor to Norway, a letter appeared in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, to the effect that in a memoir he had directed his sovereign's attention to the threatening character of the Russian armaments, and had advised, in contradiction to the chancellor's policy, the forcing of war upon Russia. The count from Trondhjem addressed a telegraphic denial to the paper, stating that he had never presented such a memoir; but the *Nachrichten* registered this declaration in a garbled form and in small type, and the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, which at the same time had published an article to the effect that, according to General von Clausewitz, war is only the continuation of a certain policy, and that therefore the chief of the general staff must needs be under the order of the foreign minister, took no notice of the count's protest. Even in foreign affairs the chancellor began to blunder. He entered upon a quarrel with the Swiss Federal Council because a German police agent, Wohlgenuth, who had acted as spy and *agent provocateur* against German Social Democrats in Switzerland, had been imprisoned for a week and then expelled. The *Norddeutsche Zeitung* called Switzerland a "savage country," and the *Hamburger Nachrichten* suggested its partition among its three neighbors, Germany, France, and Italy, as the best means of reconciling France to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and indemnifying Italy for the sacrifices imposed on her by the Triple Alliance. The chancellor denounced the treaty of settlement concluded with Switzerland April 27, 1876, demanding that only those Germans should be received on Swiss soil who could produce a certificate of good behavior from their own authorities. The Federal Council, however, firmly resisted this encroachment on the Swiss right of asylum, and the campaign ended in a defeat of German diplomacy.

In the winter session of the Reichstag the government presented a bill tending to make the law against Social Democracy a permanent one, but even the pliant National Liberals objected to the clause that the police should be entitled to expel Social Democrats from the large towns. They would have been ready to grant that permission for two years, but the government did not accept this, and the bill fell to the ground. The reason, which at that time was not generally understood, was, that there existed already a hitch between the policy of the chancellor and that of the emperor, who had arrived at the con-

viction that the law against Social Democrats was not only barren, but had increased their power. This difference was accentuated by the imperial decree of February 4 in favor of the protection of children's and women's labor, which the chancellor had steadily resisted, and by the invitation of an international conference for that end. Prince Bismarck resigned the Ministry of Commerce, and was replaced by Herr von Berlepsch, who was to preside at the conference. The elections for the Reichstag were now at hand, a new surprise was expected for maintaining the majority obtained by the cry of 1887; but it did not come, and the result was a crushing defeat of the chancellor. Perhaps even then the emperor had discerned that he could not go on with Bismarck, and that it would be difficult to get rid of him, if he obtained another majority for five years. At least it seems certain that William II. already in the beginning of February had asked General von Caprivi whether he would be ready to take the chancellor's place. Affairs were now rapidly pushing to a crisis. Bismarck asked the emperor that, in virtue of a Cabinet order of 1852, his colleagues should be bound to submit beforehand to him any proposals of political importance before bringing it to the cognizance of the sovereign. The emperor refused, and insisted upon that order being cancelled. The last drop which made the cup overflow was an interview of the chancellor with Windthorst. The emperor calling upon Bismarck the next morning, asked to hear what had passed in that conversation; the chancellor declined to give any account of it, as he could not submit his intercourse with deputies to any control, and added that he was ready to resign if he no longer possessed his sovereign's confidence. But he did not send in his resignation until the emperor reminded him of his words, and when thus he was compelled to do so he never dreamt of the possibility of its being accepted. The step was intended to be a means of pressure for bringing the emperor back under his sway, as he had often done under William I.; but he was mistaken in his new lord. The resignation was forthwith accepted. He was thunderstruck when he received the emperor's immediate acceptance, and a stormy scene ensued, but his reign was at an end. The means by which William II., in remembrance of his past services, tried to gild the pill by creating him Duke of Lauenburg and General Feld Oberst, did not deceive him

as to the fact that he had been dismissed; he said as much in his farewell address to the Federal Council and in his conversations with foreign reporters at Friedrichsruhe, and himself called the homage he received at his departure from Berlin "a first-class funeral."

William II. is a much misjudged man. As prince he had been chiefly known as an eager student of military science and an ardent practical soldier. Count Vassili (now unmasked as a French spy, Mr. Mondion), in his pamphlet "La Société de Berlin," credited him with the ambition of emulating the feats of Frederick II., and at the same time represented him as a libertine, which is absolute slander, his domestic life being a model of purity. In politics he was believed to be an absolutely obedient pupil of Prince Bismarck, adhering besides to the divine right of kings, with a strong leaning to reactionary tendencies.

This picture has been completely refuted by a two years' reign. The emperor has proved a steady guarantor of peace, by ratifying in person at Vienna and Rome the engagements entered upon by his grandfather in the Triple Alliance; at the same time he assured France and Russia of his peaceful tendencies, thus arresting the plans of a Franco-Russian alliance. A few months later he paid this country a visit, by which all previous misunderstandings between England and Germany were cleared away, and a cordiality between the two countries was established which found its expression in the queen appointing him an admiral of the British fleet.

In internal politics his decrees of February 4 have shown him a sincere friend of the working man, and the international conference for the protection of women's and children's labor and Sunday rest, which the ex-chancellor, in his conversation with Mr. Lwoff, was pleased to style "un coup d'épée dans l'eau," was a genuine success. The dismissal of Prince Bismarck has shown that William II. means to govern as well as to reign, and he has shown great sagacity in the choice of the successor. No one of the ambassadors, who may be good diplomatists, but are political nonentities, could have stepped into the shoes of the all-powerful minister, but only a general, a person at once imposing and conciliatory; and General von Caprivi has shown that he is the right man in the right place. The relations of Germany with all the foreign powers are on the most friendly footing;

France is perfectly sure of the emperor's peaceful intentions. The disputes which have arisen as to the sphere of influence of the German and the English in east Africa have been brought to amicable settlement through the negotiations of Sir Percy Anderson and Herr Krauel, and the government have not shrunk from retracing their steps in the affair with Switzerland, acknowledging its right of asylum and renewing the treaty of settlement.

With the new Reichstag, which was pronounced the worst possible by the National Liberals, who had been beaten in the elections, the government is getting on well. The violent scenes provoked by Prince Bismarck's personal attacks upon the opposition have ceased; all the world feels relieved as if a great incubus had been finally lifted. General von Caprivi, showing himself at once firm and conciliatory, earns general praise; the Socialist law is tacitly abandoned; the bills introduced by the government in consequence of the Berlin Conference will be amended, but will pass; and the emperor himself, in his speech at Königsberg, has acknowledged the business-like manner in which the opposition treats these important questions. In that speech he uttered the memorable words: "The king of Prussia stands so high above parties and their quarrels that he only cares for the welfare of every one of his subjects." The military demands of the government are undoubtedly large, but some compromise will be arrived at, and even the opposition is ready to vote what is necessary for the defence of the country.

The programme of reform in internal German affairs is large indeed, but the prospect is favorable, the government being in honest and intelligent hands. The "reptiles" are retreating into their lairs, and a purer air pervades the whole country. Meanwhile the ex-chancellor, unable to bear his fall with becoming dignity, is exhaling his wrath in newspaper articles and conversations with reporters of decidedly anti-German journals, such as the *Matin* and the *Nova Vremya*. He will thus only contribute to make his rupture with the emperor irreparable and damage his reputation. As to his idea of confronting the government in the legislature, we do not believe it. Just as Antæus derived his strength from contact with the earth, Bismarck was only all-powerful at the head of the enormous apparatus which he had built up, and by which he defied his sovereign as well as Parliament; in opposition he would be

powerless. He now seems to feel this himself, for in his conversation with Mr. Lwoff, he said, "C'est fini, c'est bien fini."

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
CHAIRS BY THE RIVER.

BY J. FIELD.

I.

"YOU'LL be stopped at Sultanpur, you see if you're not," said my host, Major O'Kelly, R.E., as he stood with his arms resting on the window of the carriage in which I had taken my seat. "If that Ghorwara bridge stands the flood that is on its way this minute, why, I know uncommonly little of bridges, that's all. The travellers' bungalow is a sty—and the food— So I dropped a line yesterday to Marston. Trust him for looking after you. Time up, guard? All right. Good-bye, old man, and good luck at home!"

It was before the days of unbroken railway communication between the north-west of India and the great western harbor. Wide gaps still made the journey too inconvenient for general adoption, and in the rains the uncertainty of getting through in a given time was heightened by the not unfrequent collapse of one or other of the great bridges which span the streams down which the rainfall of central India runs its wasteful way to the sea. It was August; the monsoon was more than a month overdue and had at last broken over the great plateau with a vengeance. Engineers had long shaken their heads over the Ghorwara bridge, which dated back to a time when architects and contractors had little practical experience of the force of a river which rises forty feet in a night. As I looked at the flooded country through which the line to Sultanpur ran, I began to have doubts of our even reaching that terminus, from which all ought to have been plain sailing to Bombay. It would have been wiser to take the other route.

I was a captain at that time, and was going home on sick leave after an attack of cholera. It had been a bad year, and I had left more than one comrade in the sandy burial-ground of Alikot. The new route tempted me—it looked so short on the map compared with that by Calcutta and Point de Galle. But now I began to fear detention and reckon up the number of days to the departure of the P. and O. steamer that I wanted to catch.

Sure enough, at the very next station to Sultanpur, I caught the word "Ghorwara" in a conversation that was going on between the station-master and the guard, just outside the window of my carriage. Yes, four spans were gone, and now there was nothing for it but to wait at Sultanpur until the Company might be able to organize arrangements for getting passengers and luggage across—three or four days at least.

The travellers' bungalow was not so bad, after all. The rains had washed away a twelvemonth's accumulation of unconsidered garbage from the compound, which was further embellished by a delicate green veil of three-days-old grass, not to mention splashy pools, their margins garnished with frogs as yellow and as noisy as canary birds. The inside might certainly have been cleaner; but, by the time I had tubbed and established myself in a crazy old Chinese chair in the verandah, I felt little disposed to grumble. Old Ahmed, the servant with me, was pretty certain to be able to do *something* in the way of dinner, and the luncheon-basket, which O'Kelly's hospitality had stocked with a supply intended to meet the not very improbable contingency of a break-down, had put me in a position to await the result of his exertions with comparative equanimity. I had hardly yet regained my strength, and no lotus-eater, "stretched out beneath the pine," ever enjoyed his inaction more than I did as I lay at length on the shaky wickerwork and delighted my weary eyes with the tissue of green and gold which the rays of the declining sun were weaving with the young leaves of the tamarind-tree which shadowed the porch.

The road ran just outside the compound, and I remember watching with some interest a large horse, evidently ridden by a European, which came along at a sharp, level trot. It disappeared for an instant behind the tall edge of gaunt cactus, then the sound of the clattering hoofs turned to a quick thud as they left the metal and swung round through the gate with unslackened speed. The horse was reined up just in front of where I was sitting, and I saw that the visit was to me.

It is not often that one sees in India man and horse so well turned out. The horse was an Australian, a "waler," as we call them there—a big chestnut thoroughbred, with a coat like satin, and a head as fine as a Nedjd Arab. He seemed to be used to standing with the reins on his neck, for the rider dropped them as he pulled up, sitting far back in his saddle

with his boots stuck out in front and his hands in the pockets of his short flax-cloth jacket, with a perfect *sans gêne* which in any one else would have been considered to have a touch of swagger in it. But it was impossible to look at Marston's burly figure, with its grand chest and shoulders, or to listen to the frankly dominant tones of his cheery voice, without accepting his manner as the outcome of a thoroughly genial nature. The whole man was in harmony with himself; the perfection of his semi-sporting costume (he had just come from a meeting of stewards on the race-course), the silver gloss of bit and stirrup-irons, the elaborate curl of his heavy brown moustache — it was all part and parcel of a certain inborn completeness, which expressed itself spontaneously in all his belongings.

"Captain Hillyar? O'Kelly told me to look out for you. Well, you will have to make the best of it with us for a day or two. I hope your journey has not been a very fatiguing one. You look very far from well yet."

There is a right divine in natural superiority which makes its familiarity flattering. Just so a good-natured fifth-form fellow might speak to a youngster fresh from home, confident that his condescending notice cannot fail to be welcome. Marston's manner was more than taking — it took possession of you, placed you under his wing, and assured you that your weakness was in good hands. Strange to say, I felt only pleasure in his patronizing interest.

"A little done-up with the worry of getting from the station," I said. "I hoped to have got through straight."

"A day or two's rest will do you no harm. You will be in heaps of time for the mail. But instead of coming down for you with a carriage, I have only come with an apology. A friend has quartered a couple of babies upon us for the night. We want you to come and dine this evening, and then, to-morrow morning, you must come and stay as long as the river will help us to keep you."

Of course I said I was much obliged.

"That's all right. My wife will pick you up in the tonga on her way from the band. And now I must be off. Come up, you red brute!"

He gave the horse a friendly tap on the shoulder with the toe of his boot, without picking up the reins, and the beast was round and off like a shot. He could train his horses to do anything with next to no trouble, I have heard. Some men can.

II.

It was hardly dusk when Mrs. Marston turned her pair of grey Arab ponies into the compound. I had not expected her so early; but by good luck I was ready.

From nothing but my couple of minutes' talk with Marston, I had got an impression that his wife would be as perfect as the rest of his appointments. A failure in that item would have infallibly left on his manner and bearing some certain trace of non-success; his assurance would not have been complete had it not rested upon a conviction that his supreme triumph was in the central enterprise of his life.

Was it, I wondered at the first glance I gave to the little equipage, by some humorous design of making the beautiful creature I saw still more suggestive of a princess in a fairy-tale, that her husband had given her an ogre as an attendant? The native groom who went to the horses' heads was certainly one of the most uncouth specimens of humanity I ever chanced to behold. He was, I imagine, an Afghan — short, squat, bow-legged, with an enormous chest, and a head that might have belonged to a giant. His beetle brows, nose, and one cheek, were divided diagonally by a sword-cut that must have sliced his skull like a pumpkin, to judge from the scar it had left. The expression was not malign; the submissive good nature of a brute that hardly knows its own strength, or the surly surrender of a bear to its tamer — which is it? I can never think of Mrs. Marston without that grisly figure at her side.

She was only a girl, hardly one-and-twenty, I should think. Very beautiful, more so perhaps than any woman I had ever seen, but with a certain simplicity of grave girlishness in look and bearing that struck me even more than her beauty. If she was shy, her shyness did not take the form of embarrassment. She was perfectly composed, and yet I do not think I ever knew any one get through the necessary formalities of greeting with so small an expenditure of words.

I hoped she had not left the band-stand earlier than usual on my account.

"Harold told me when to come," she said as I took my place at her side.

She drove well, keeping her ponies up to their work, and standing no nonsense. They had no blinkers and next to no harness, and were spirited little beasts enough. When one tried playfully to bite his comrade's ear off, she administered correction with great decision.

"Harold says that must be checked," she explained.

I was amused at her speaking of her husband by his Christian name. It seemed to place me at once among their familiars. But her manner was that of a person on duty, impersonally polite — no more.

"He told me you were coming to dinner," she said presently. "Are you coming to stay afterwards?"

I suppose she wanted to know, and took the shortest way to find out. It was direct, certainly.

"Colonel Marston was good enough to ask me to stay until I can get on. It will not inconvenience *you*, I hope."

"Oh, no!"

She spoke with a little surprise, and then smiled — by a second thought, as it were. Her smile came doubtfully, as though in sharing her amusement so far with a stranger she were going a little beyond her limit. I think she understood that her question might not have seemed hospitable and wanted to efface the impression, for she began to talk.

"You have come from the north-west, haven't you?"

"Yes, from Alikot."

"That is where they have had cholera so badly?"

"Yes; I have been ill with it, and am going home on sick leave."

She said no more for a minute. I thought the subject was dropped; but no — the tone of her next question showed that she had been considering me from the new point of view my words supplied, and had decided that a certain relaxation of manner was permissible.

"Is it very bad to have?"

"Not so bad as to see other people have, perhaps."

"No? That is our house, by the little mosque."

We drew up under the porch, which was already beautiful with creepers, stephanotis, and the sweet, misnamed Indian honeysuckle, and I followed her through large, cool rooms, exquisitely fresh and fragrant, to the verandah on the other side. Then I saw that we were on the high bank of a river, across which one looked over the great plain, already grey and indistinct in the twilight.

Chairs had been placed outside on a carpet spread almost on the edge of the sandy cliff, below which the river spread wide in flood. She did not pause in the verandah, but took me straight out, giving an order to a servant as she did so.

"Harold said you were to lie down in a

long chair until he came," she said, and I thought I could perceive in her tone the satisfaction of a person who has found a clue to a puzzle. "And you were to drink a glass of sherry. They will bring it in a moment."

There was something so simple in the literal way in which she acted up to her *consigne* that I felt, and I dare say looked, a little amused. It was like being taken in charge.

"He will not be long," she said deprecatingly, as I obediently took the chair and the attitude imposed on me. It was fortunate that I have no prejudice against a glass of sherry before dinner. Like it or not, I imagine I should have had to drink it. Until her husband came, I was an invalid and under orders.

Then she sat down in a low chair nearly opposite, and seemed, I thought, a little at a loss. She had probably been told to amuse me until he came in, and did not quite know how it was to be done. I was inclined to help, but was curious to see how she would manage. So I acted up to my *rôle* of sick man, lay quiet, and sipped my sherry in silence.

By-and-by she began, rather shyly, —

"Do you like India?"

"That is rather a large question, Mrs. Marston. I must localize my answer a little. I like a long chair on an evening like this very well."

It was one of the evenings that only come in the first break of the monsoon — perfectly still, the air heavy with the scent of wet air and teeming vegetation, and almost palpable in its luxurious oppressiveness. Below, the river slid along full from bank to bank, a broad band of weltering silver, with a strange, hushed whisper of solemn sound. The sky was clear, but far away beyond the darkening plain the faint flicker of distant lightning showed intermittently what seemed pale phantoms of cloud. It was quite dusk now; under the trees that shut us in right and left the gloom had gathered and spread, and seemed to be crawling out upon the little open space where we sat.

Perhaps I was still weak; my voice showed it, I dare say, for she went on, —

"You must have been very ill. I am afraid you are very tired."

"Your husband is determined to make me an invalid, so I have resigned myself, you see. I had made up my mind that I was quite well again."

"A great many people died, didn't they? Harold told me how bad it was there. I hope none of your friends —"

"Every one is like a friend in a small station, you know. The man I missed most I knew least of, perhaps. But how do *you* like India, Mrs. Marston? Is it like what you expected?"

"Just at this moment — not before."

I asked her to explain.

"I thought death would always be very near," she said quite simply. "People talk so much of snakes and things — and cholera too. Like a book with pictures — 'The Dance of Death' — I saw once. And everybody has been so well and so gay since I came out. But it must have seemed like that where you have been."

"Yes, rather, at one time. Death is not a bad companion after all, when you get used to him. There is another picture I dare say you have seen — 'Death as a Friend' — where he comes just as the sun rises and the night goes away. Perhaps some people make him as welcome — as your husband is making me," I said, laughing.

It was so nearly dark that I could hardly see more than her white dress vaguely blurring the gloom. There is something strangely impersonal in a talk in the dark. One forgets the person behind the voice when hearing is not helped by sight. Mrs. Marston had ceased to think of me in trying to realize the experience I had gone through.

"That is awful," she said, as if to herself; "more awful than being afraid. I think I could be brave about dying, if *he* were with me. But to wish to die and to be glad when death comes — are people so unhappy as that — *good* people?"

"When the day has been a very long one, don't you think one might be glad if evening came a little sooner than one expected? He was not unhappy, I think, the friend who was in my mind when I spoke. He had carried a heavy load very bravely, and death lifted it off his shoulders, and he could lie down and be at rest."

"Will you tell me?" she said very gently. "Not if it pains you, you know."

Che sard, sard. I felt I was doing an unwise thing; and yet I did it. She wanted to hear a sad story, poor child, that her own happiness might taste the sweeter afterwards, perhaps; perhaps the still gloom and silence of the gathering night made her thoughts find a fearful pleasure in hearing of death and sorrow. And I — the thing itself was so fresh in my memory, and yet my weary journey made the scene seem so remote. And then, explain it as you may, I have felt since that a compulsion was upon me.

III.

"I WILL tell you if you like," I said.

"When I rejoined the regiment at Alikot last year, there was a man a few years senior to myself who had been transferred to us in my absence. He was under a cloud. They said he had misbehaved in action in the Crimea; but no one seemed to know what the real story was. He was a very quiet, reserved fellow, with a tongue that could sting when he chose to use it, which he hardly ever did. A man who might have been popular; brains, good looks, everything in his favor — only that old story against him. But that was enough. He was one of the best officers in the regiment; but it was only discipline that made the men obey him, and only civility that made him tolerated at mess.

"I need not tell you the chance that made us house-mates. We lived under the same roof for four months, and I got to like him and to believe that there was something wrong about the story. He was not the man one could ask, you know. His manner kept off impertinence; but perhaps it kept off good-will as well. But I was curious about it, and I set myself to find out the facts. I have a largish acquaintance, and it wasn't difficult.

"It was in the June of 1855, just over fifteen years ago. He was then a lieutenant with his regiment in the Crimea. They had the advanced trenches guard one night, and there was a sudden attack — one of those sharp little brushes the Russians used to give our fellows now and again, I've heard, just to make their own youngsters keen. No possible use, you know, but trying enough to our men's nerves, coming in the dark and as sudden as an earthquake. It was all over in five minutes; and then it turned out that my friend was missing. They thought he had been made prisoner or something of the sort for a moment, and then all at once he appeared. He said he had been sent by the officer in command with a message to the battery in rear of that part of the trenches. They were firing shell from howitzers into the town, and these shells it seems every now and then burst at the muzzle of the guns and made it very uncomfortable for the trenches they were firing over; some men had been hit. This was quite true. I believe the fuses had been in store ever since the Peninsular War.

"As bad luck would have it, the officer who sent him had been killed. I don't

suppose any one would have doubted the truth of the story, if he had not mentioned that another officer was standing close by when the order was given. Indeed, he said there had been a question which of the two should be sent. So, almost by chance, this man was asked what had passed.

"He said he had heard nothing of the sort, in an off-hand way enough at first, as if he did not choose to be mixed up in the matter; but when he was pressed on the subject he asserted distinctly that the order had *not* been given. My friend had not reached the battery; he had turned back on hearing musketry firing, he said.

"Well, there was a private inquiry, and the result was that the thing was hushed up, passed over without my friend being formally exonerated. There had been a sort of rivalry between him and the other fellow; but it was incredible that any man could be guilty of a falsehood under such circumstances. The whole thing was in the regiment, and the commanding officer was able to burke it. He probably thought the young fellow's nerve had failed him, and wanted to give him another chance.

"In stories, you know, a man always retrieves himself by some brilliant bit of dare-devilry or another. I don't know if it really does generally happen so; at any rate, in this case it didn't. The poor fellow was sent home sick almost directly; indeed, I believe he was too ill to have much voice in the matter of the inquiry, and I don't believe he was under fire again to the day of his death.

"Half-a-dozen years later, the two men met in the most unlucky way. It was in Madras somewhere, and this time there was a lady in the business. She had come out in the same ship with him, and there had been talk of an engagement. As Satan himself would have it, the other man turned up, fell in love with the lady, used the old story unmercifully, married her, and nearly succeeded in driving his unlucky rival out of the service. I believe he had to withdraw from the club; but he was too dogged to flinch, and he was certainly at the same station with the couple when the lady died, not two years after her marriage.

"That is what I learnt. Now for my own share in the business. Cholera, you know, sometimes strikes a man down like the blow of a tiger's paw. He may be about and well at sunrise, and dead by midday. My poor friend and I had our tea together at daybreak; when I came in from the butts he was past speech. I

asked to look over his papers. I knew nothing of his affairs or his family; but I had been more with him than any one else.

"It sounds strange when one thinks of the free-and-easy way men generally live together when they share a house; but I had never been in his rooms till I was called in to see him die. They were as bare as they well could be; the barrack-furniture he had had for his outfit when he joined as an ensign, I dare say, poor fellow—next to nothing else. I noticed one thing. On the white wall, just close to where his face must have turned as he slept on the little pallet-bed, a cross was traced in charcoal. I did not know he was at all given that way, and so looked at it, I suppose. It was not accidental; the lines were doubled, and cross lines scrawled to mark the ends, so that there was a star at each point. A damp sponge would have made an end of it in a moment, it was so faint. But I remembered the shape.

"There were next to no papers—nothing to tell us who ought to be written to. Hardly a letter—bills docketed and notes about regimental matters. But in the only box his servant said he kept locked there was an envelope with a couple of letters in a lady's handwriting; and there was a long tress of chestnut hair. I didn't like to read them, and took it all to the colonel. But he said they might give us the information we wanted. So I took them out of the envelopes in his presence, and first just glanced at the signatures.

"The name was that of the man who had brought such ruin into my friend's life. They were from his wife.

"She was a good woman, Mrs. Marston; what the letters told was horrible enough, but her part was as clear as God's sunlight.

"I suppose her husband had met with some dangerous accident. She wrote in a kind of passion of supplication, entreating my friend to write one line of forgiveness to his poor dying enemy. He had confessed to her, she said; all he wanted was to make his confession public, but there was no time. The doctor had told her he would not live to see the sun rise. As she wrote, he was lying as white and as still as he would lie in a few hours in his coffin; and then it would be too late, then he would be beyond the reach of forgiveness. He could understand her still; perhaps he would still be able to hear her read the message she knew the answer would contain. She knew it, be-

cause she had injured him too—it was the memory of that wrong that made her *sure*.

"It was like a cry for mercy, written all in a breath, as it were, at her husband's bedside, I dare say. I can fancy his eyes following her as she wrote—eyes with the terror of death looking out of them.

"The other letter was different. The handwriting was labored, as though every letter had cost her a struggle; and the expression was quite cold and simple. She wrote, she said, with a feeling of the deepest humiliation. At the first moment that it was safe to do so, she had reminded her husband of his promise. He seemed to have forgotten what had passed between them, and declared that he must have been speaking in delirium. It was the duty, he said, of people who nursed the sick not to pay attention to ravings which only showed that the brain was off its balance. He had forbidden her to refer to the subject again. 'My own duty is clear to me,' she ended. 'You have my letter; my testimony is ready when you call for it.'

"Inside the paper which held the hair was traced feebly a cross with stars at the points, like that on the wall. Perhaps they had stood together on deck and watched the Southern Cross.

"The hair must have been cut off when hope of recovery was gone. There could have been no thought of how that thick, silken strand would be missed. He had refused to strike his enemy through her, and he went on carrying his burden of shame.

"But she knew it, and she thanked him.

"The colonel and I talked the thing over and sealed up the letters. While we were waiting the result of the inquiries we had made about my poor friend's relatives, came my own illness. Afterwards we arranged that I should take them home and explain the matter to his brother, who, it seems, is in rather an influential position, and he can do as he pleases about it. But the other man has left the service, his name is no longer in the Army List. So I don't see what can be done to him, even if the thing were capable of proof, which it isn't.

"But I think it was as a friend that death came to him, Mrs. Marston."

IV.

WHILE I was telling my story, lights had been brought into the verandah and the table laid for dinner. Servants were moving to and fro, the hush and darkness in which I had begun were gone. Mrs.

Marston was silent for a minute when I stopped.

"And did she—did she *stay* with him afterwards?" she asked.

"Till she died, I believe. It was not more than a few months."

"I can believe it all," she said, after a pause, "all but *that*. To go on living with any one guilty of baseness like that! It seems impossible."

"You could not have done so, Mrs. Marston? It was her duty, I suppose."

"I don't think so," she said, with an energy of conviction which startled me. "Nothing in the world should have made me go on breathing the same air with such a wretch! I would rather—*Harold!*"

Marston had come up quietly as she spoke, and was standing close to her chair. He laughed with great enjoyment.

"Whom are you denouncing, Alice? I did not give you credit for half that amount of energy. And now, if you are composed enough for the ceremony, perhaps you will permit me to introduce Captain Hillyar. Hillyar, my wife pretends to be very shy with strangers, so I sent her to fetch you without any information, except that you were to be found at the travellers' bungalow—just to make her learn to trust to her own resources. Has she been going on like this all the time? You must be exhausted."

I had noticed that she never called me by my name. She looked up to him like a child, her face full of delight.

"Captain Hillyar made it very easy," she said. "I didn't *quite* know what to do if he wouldn't drink the sherry."

"And whom were you vituperating in that way, if you please? Hillyar, you must tell me how you managed to raise such a storm while I wash my hands."

I followed him into his dressing-room. It was exactly as if I had known them all my life.

"Well, what was it all about?" he said, laughing, as he stood bare armed and throated, and stooped to plunge his head into one of those enormous copper vessels that serve in that part of India as wash-hand basins. "The little woman was fairly under way for an oratorical display, when I came up and spoiled sport. I didn't know she had it in her."

"We had been talking about the cholera, and I was telling her about the death of poor Morris, my house-mate. Did you ever meet him?"

Marston's head was pretty well under water as I spoke. He kept it there for half a minute, and had to clear the water

from his eyes and moustache before he could answer.

"Morris? Met him somewhere or other. What about him? Yes, I heard he was dead."

"I dare say you may have heard the story that stood in his way all through the service. I believe it was all a lie, got up by an infernal scoundrel."

"Stories are always true," said Marston indifferently. "There is always something in them. That's my experience, at least. There was a good deal against Morris, I fancy. What was this one?"

I told him in half-a-dozen sentences, as he stood brushing his hair before the glass, with his back towards me. He was just the practical, common-sense person whose advice would be useful. And I felt, too, under a sort of obligation to disabuse him of a prejudice which he shared with so many others of poor Morris's acquaintances. Not to have mentioned the names would have been absurd in this case. Marston probably knew the circumstances, as I did myself, and might possibly know what had become of Howcaster, the man whose name had disappeared from the Army List.

"And so you are taking letters home?" he said when I stopped. "I should like to see them."

"Old Forster and I sealed the packet," I said. "I have it, with notes and so on, in my pocket-book."

"Hardly a safe place to leave money in, that travellers' bungalow," he said carelessly. "It hasn't a very good name."

I touched the breast-pocket of my coat.

"No; three or four hundred rupees are a temptation, and servants always know what is in a portmanteau."

We went in (*out*, rather) to dinner. It all comes back to me like a picture — not as a scene in which I was an actor. The dark table, just touched with points of shimmering light, where silver or crystal caught the glow of the lamps which stood at a distance, each brilliantly illuminating the white napery below it, and attracting irresistibly the winged legions of nocturnal insects; the depth of soft color of the great crimson flowers that decked the black, polished surface of the table, like offerings laid upon an altar to the night, within whose boundaries we seemed to be intruders; the tinted alabaster of Mrs. Marston's beautiful, child-like face, luminous in the transparent gloom — I can *see* it all; but without the power of realizing my own presence. It is incredible to me that I should have been there without

some premonition of the future, and everything I can remember of what passed has to be detached by an effort from the knowledge which came later.

The dinner was perfect in its unpretentious *recherche*, and admirably served, despite the difficulties which the first rain never fails to occasion. Our talk was of that effortless and superficial sort, into which it is natural to fall when the thermometer is at ninety. Mental exertion at such a time is even more exhausting than bodily, and silence is very apt to induce premature somnolence. Marston had the secret of that light, half-aggressive word-play which makes rejoinder inevitable. Recent sickness had left me little energy for conversation, and Mrs. Marston seemed to be habitually silent; but I cannot remember a single break in the succession of pleasant nothings which went on as long as we sat at dinner. I have often tried to recall the sequence of what was said among us, curious to discover the moment at which Marston made up his mind to action, and I have never succeeded in determining it.

I think Mrs. Marston would have liked, directly after we sat down, to go on with our interrupted conversation. But he stopped her with a word.

"No, we won't have any burning subjects. We want to make Captain Hillyar forget the bad time he has come through."

I noticed then, as I noticed more than once in the course of the evening, that her compliance with whatever he desired, although the wish might be conveyed in the slightest and most casual way, was so instant as to be more like the correspondence between the nerves and the will than mere mechanical obedience. The tone he employed in speaking to her was invariably that of very affectionate *badinage*. He was constantly practising upon her gravity, and it was pleasant to watch the hesitating relaxation of her beautiful features as her smile responded to his, trustfully, and yet with a sort of reluctance that made every success seem a triumph. It was impossible to see them together without feeling that her very soul was subject to his. Her belief in him seemed absolute, and it is in it that I find the explanation of what he did.

He had probably bent his whole power to the task of making his wife's faith centre in himself. And the very completeness of his success held him bound. Little by little, her conscience had taken the place of his own and imposed its law upon his outward life. He was living in an enchanted palace, held up by the faith of one

kneeling child. If that wavered, all went to headlong ruin. Marston was a strong man, but that hour must have put his strength to a terrific strain. He had heard his doom pronounced; he knew that only one awful hazard could save him from that sword of white flame which his wife carried in her innocent hand.

After dinner we went out to the chairs by the river. Marston said he had a letter to write—a letter that might take him ten minutes or more—and we must have coffee without him.

"Now, no more tragedy," he said, laughing. "Hillyar, this young lady is not to be excited; her natural vehemence of disposition makes caution absolutely necessary."

I laughed too, and so did Mrs. Marston, looking up to him and blushing. Perhaps she would have preferred that he should not have given me that little warning. There was a reason for avoiding anything that might agitate her painfully. It was not likely that our conversation would be of a very disturbing sort, and yet it was only natural that he should be careful.

Oddly enough, as I thought afterwards, the first thing that occurred to me after he was gone was a remark upon the appearance of the groom who had accompanied her to the travellers' bungalow.

"Colonel Marston must have chosen him for his looks," I said. "He quite doubles the value of those pretty little Arabs. They look like a pair of King Solomon's horses guarded by a djinn. They are his especial charge, I suppose?"

"I think I am his *especial* charge," she said. "He is head man in the stable, but he thinks he belongs to me. When Harold gave me the ponies for my very own, he told me that he was given too. He quite believes it. His orders come through me. Harold will not say a word when I am there."

"That cut across his head must have been a heavy one."

"It was through that that Harold got him. He was escaping from a blood feud in his tribe, up on the frontier, and Harold found him, gashed like that, and sewed up the cut himself. He is rather mad, I think, you know. He believes he is only safe as long as he stays with us."

"He is a sturdy escort, Mrs. Marston."

"Yes," she said, with a little well-satisfied smile. "I hope he may never have to strike any one in my defence. He would strike hard."

Then we talked of other things—her riding, and the big game she had seen her

husband shoot. He seemed to have shared everything with her, taking her about with him, and giving her a real, practical part in all he did. She had carried his second gun, and had seen a charging tiger drop almost at her feet.

"He says he feels safe with me behind him," she said, with evident pride. "A native once got frightened and let off his second gun, and the bullet went through his shoulder and all but killed him. No, I never feel afraid. Harold does not make mistakes."

"We all do sometimes, Mrs. Marston," I could not help saying.

"Harold does not," she said simply.

That is an instance of her tone in speaking of him.

I should think that, as far as her own claims were concerned, it would be hard to find any one of less assumption than Mrs. Marston; but in speaking of him her manner took at once an air of assured superiority which I almost wonder that I did not feel amusing. She not only took off her own shoes, as it were, before mentally entering his presence, but she expected others to do the same, and would have felt her religion outraged by a refusal. And I did not refuse. I knew nothing of Marston, of course; but faith is terribly convincing, and my voice fell involuntarily into the same reverential key as her own.

To be believed in like that must have something terrible about it. A man's life is but a flawed and seamy business at the best, and a saint would feel like an escaped convict with the dread of detection dodging him, in the presence of such absolute faith. I wonder he did not give it up and say, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man." Imagine the strain of living constantly up to an ideal self held before you in the mirror of a stainless mind.

By-and-by he came back and sat down. I was to be driven home in his buggy at half past ten, and it was close on that now. A servant came up and said something to him in an undertone.

"Call him here," he said in Hindustani.

"Darya Khan sends to say that old Stanby has gone lame again, Alice. Your ponies will have to come out."

I protested. I felt that the walk would be pleasant, and said so. It was not three-quarters of a mile.

"Well, we will hear what my wife's retainer says. I dare say it is nothing; an excuse to come up and be scolded. There is no keeping that fellow away."

The man came into the little circle of light. Grim, hideous, shambling in gait, with something in his look I had not noticed before — a look of abject fear. If he had been a dog he would have been growling and whining. He stood silent, shifting from foot to foot, and awaiting his orders from Mrs. Marston.

"Speak to him, Alice," said Marston. "Ask him what is the matter."

Her Hindustani was very imperfect; but she had received her order, and she spoke without the least embarrassment. The man knew hardly more of the language than she did. I translate their conversation literally; it was, of course, limited to the simplest words.

"Darya Khan!"

"Sahib!" (In a growl of abject humility.)

"What has happened to the horse?"

"Lame."

"When?"

"I took him out of the stall; then it appeared."

"Much?"

"Does not put the foot to the ground."

"Make ready my horses."

"Sahib!" (With a sidelong look to Marston.)

I interposed. I really meant to walk, I said. Mrs. Marston turned to her husband for instructions.

Marston told the man in an off-hand way that I did not want the pony-carriage, and intended to walk. The creature hesitated, looking from him to her with a sort of helpless terror. Marston laughed.

"My authority is not enough for him without my wife's. Alice, say in your best Hindustani, 'Do what the sahib tells you to do.'"

She paused for an instant to construct her sentence. Then she produced it, very seriously, of course, with the little stress on the last word which the form of the language necessitates, so that what she said really was, —

"What the burra sahib tells you to do, that do."

"Your order has been given."

He louted low and disappeared in the night; but as he went he looked at me. It was so strange a look, that I glanced inquiringly at my host.

Mrs. Marston had noticed it too.

"Did I say that right, Harold?" she asked. "He looked at Captain Hillyar so oddly."

"Very nicely indeed. There was a gravity about it that impressed Darya Khan a good deal. I dare say he thought

that you were much offended at your order being set at nought, and holds poor Captain Hillyar responsible for your highness's displeasure."

"I really should not wonder," she said. "He is very odd. But I will try and learn to speak like other people."

I think she waged constant war against the natural chill of her manner. Her farewell to me was quite cordial, poor child. She stood up to wish me good-bye.

"I wish you would have had my ponies, Captain Hillyar. We shall send to fetch you to-morrow quite early. Be sure you are ready to come directly."

Marston wanted to walk back with me, but I would not let him. As I turned, the two were standing together in the little circle of light, his hand on her shoulder.

v.

My way home was straight — a raised road with trees planted on the slopes of its embankment so as to form a continuous avenue. Very dark it was, of course, under them; but there was no losing the way. Fire-flies are not very common up there, but the heat following the heavy rain had brought a few out, tiny flecks of green fire flashing and vanishing in the blackness. Everything was very still; the sound of my own footfall was all I heard.

As I walked along I thought of the evening I had just passed. My mind had worn crape so long that happiness took me by surprise. Life seemed a brighter thing than I had fancied it. Of course the board was chequered, but after all there are only two pieces in the whole thirty-two whose destiny it is always to move on black squares. I had come away with my memory full of pictures — scenes of sweet domestic enjoyment, vignettes in which little details of the pleasant past, which was so soon to be repeated, were reproduced with photographic minuteness. Years and years afterwards I chanced to pick up an "Arabian Nights," and in the scene between the good spirit Maimoune and the accursed djinn, I saw the grave loveliness of Mrs. Marston as she laid her fatal command on her brutish vassal.

Suddenly I heard, close to me, not a footstep, but a deep-drawn breath. I turned, my left arm thrown up in instinctive defence. The next instant it received a heavy blow, and I was pitched over the embankment, on the edge of which I had been walking.

Something followed me headlong like a wild beast, and blundered over me in the darkness. I was left the higher on the

slope, and regained the road before my assailant could grapple with me. Half-a-dozen yards is not much of a start when one is handicapped with a broken arm, but that instant saved my life. I suppose I shouted for help; all I can remember is the sound of horses' hoofs coming up at a gallop, and the fear lest they should come right upon me as I lay in the road. I had half parried a second blow with my walking-stick, and was nearly stunned. I can vaguely recall the talk of my rescuers as they helped me along to the travellers' bungalow, and then, clearly enough, my arm being set by the doctor who was hastily fetched. The whole thing must have been over in twenty seconds. I had not even been robbed.

By-and-by I was in bed with a splitting headache and my arm in splints, trying to sleep, and only falling, over and over again, into that miserable intermediate state in which dreams and realities intertwine themselves in an endless maze of painful consciousness. A dozen times over I was convinced that I was lying in a long chair, telling some strange story to Mrs. Marston, some story in which her husband bore a leading part. And then the chair changed to a railway-carriage, under which I was lying crushed, and Marston stood looking at me with his hands on his wife's shoulder. Whenever I turned in my uneasy sleep, some variation of the same night-marish vision presented itself — always the same actors and always the same concluding tableau.

Waking up after a night so passed is uncomfortable enough. I felt feverish and wretched as I watched the grey light of a rainy morning struggle through the venetians. Presently my servant brought me a cup of tea. A sahib had come in the night, he said — a friend of mine who wanted to see me. By-and-by he came in.

It was Holroyd, of the 104th. He was returning from leave, and had managed to get across the river somehow and come up on an engine. He was going on by the line I had come by. But the train was to wait for the mails, and did not start till the afternoon.

My head ached hideously; but I was glad to see him all the same. Of course he had heard of my adventure. There was nothing very much out of the way in it, and nothing for conjecture to build upon. Some scoundrel had thought a sahib might be worth knocking down and looting, on spec. — and there was an end of it.

So we dropped the subject after a few minutes, and began talking over our acquaintances, and all that had happened since we met a couple of years before, as men do. Holroyd was rather amusing in his comments. He was full of prejudices, and no respecter of persons, with insight into character enough to make his criticisms pungent. Me, personally, he had always treated with kindly commiseration, as a poor thing not to be blamed too severely for natural limitation of intellect; and in this character I came off so much better than most of his acquaintances, that gladly I accepted a compromise not very flattering to my *amour propre*.

I was not in the least surprised to hear that he had the lowest possible opinion of Marston, who, I dare say, reciprocated it cordially. Holroyd was just the man to totally disregard Marston's assumption of superiority, and this must have fretted him like a hair-shirt.

"I haven't seen the fellow since the race-meeting at Bangalore in '63," he said. "I knew he was up here. Go and call! Not if I know it. So he's married again! Well, what sort is she?"

"Quite a child. Very pretty and nice. I didn't know he had been married before."

"I dare say he doesn't exactly *insist* upon talking of her. They didn't hit it off. She was a good woman. There's a bad drop in that chap. This won't turn out well, neither. You wait a bit and see."

"Well, they're very fond of one another now, at any rate. And he seems a hospitable fellow enough. Come, you haven't seen him for the last half-dozen years. You might be charitable, for once."

"Hospitable! As vain of his house as he is of his boots, that's about all of it. Never at peace till he can get some fool to tell him how much better his horses are than other people's, and his dinners, and his wife. *She* carried a lot of vanity for him for a bit, just at first, till she found him out, poor soul. I wonder which of my friend Howcaster's villainies it was that she came to know of. He sailed *uncommonly* near the wind in his racing matters in those days. But a woman would hardly understand that."

"Howcaster! I thought you were talking of Marston here!"

"Same thing. Changed his name four or five years ago. Got a pot of money with the new one, I hear. I hope it may have made him decently honest. It's more than he was when I knew him."

"Do you mean to tell me that Marston's name was Howcaster six years ago? Did he marry in Madras?"

"He did so," said Holroyd indifferently. "Seems to interest you. Lie down again. What is wrong now?"

"Holroyd," I said, "for Heaven's sake, let's have no mistake. Are you *sure* — absolutely *certain*? This is the devil's own business. *Who* is that riding into the compound? Holroyd, for Heaven's sake, don't let him come in here. My arm's broke, I can't defend myself. Keep him out, in the name of God."

Holroyd stared for a moment; then he said quite imperturbably, —

"If you don't choose to see him, he won't come into *this* room; make your mind easy about that."

He went out upon the verandah. In another moment I heard their voices.

Marston had recognized him, and some short greeting had passed between them. Then I heard him speak to his groom as he dismounted. Then, —

"How is Hillyar?" His voice was quite close, he was on the steps of the verandah.

"Arm broken and knocked about the head. Can't see you; asked me to say so."

"Some mistake," said the other, now on the verandah. "He *expects* to see me. If you will be so good as to stand aside" (with some asperity) "I will go in."

"Captain Hillyar asked me to tell you that he could *not* see you," said Holroyd doggedly. "I don't suppose you want to go in against his wish."

"Be so good as to let me pass," said Marston. "My business with him is connected with duty." (This with great hauteur.)

"Now look here, Howcaster," said Holroyd coolly, "what is the good of making a row? If you like to bring the doctor, he may take the responsibility of letting you interview Hillyar. That is his lookout. *Till then, you don't enter that room.*"

Silence followed. Then I heard a horse ridden away.

VI.

THAT day has left an impression of profound wretchedness on my memory. I came out of the panic of sudden terror in which I had appealed to Holroyd for protection with a strange feeling of remorseful shame. The conviction under which I had spoken faded away, effaced by the memories of the evening. Mars-

ton had come down the moment he heard of my accident with offers of help and hospitality, and he had been turned away from my door. It sounds absurd, but I believe I cried in thinking of the little hospitable preparations Mrs. Marston had doubtless made for my reception, and of what she must feel when her husband told her he had been in my hearing refused admission to my room. Bodily weakness makes us terribly conscious of the pathetic. In my suffering and exhaustion, the question whether Marston had or had not planned my murder seemed of small account; and all I wished was that what I had done could be recalled, that I could close my eyes and open them again to see him standing at my bedside — *quand même*.

I thanked Holroyd, of course; and to this day the thought of him is odious to me. He asked no questions when he saw that I did not volunteer an explanation. It was an X quantity added to the column of figures Marston had on the wrong side in the account he kept against him. He closed it finally that evening, and I have no doubt gave full weight to that mysterious item when he summed-up and struck the balance.

The doctor looked in in the course of the morning — a grave, sad, silent man. There was more fever than the injuries accounted for, he said, and he promised to call again early in the afternoon. I heard Holroyd ask him if he had seen Colonel Marston. No, he had not met him that morning.

And so the day went on, wearily and painfully, as it does before one begins to adapt oneself to new conditions. My thoughts had begun to flow back and busy themselves in arranging and weighing evidence. A great indignation against Marston slowly took possession of me — not on my own account; strange to say, my own injuries counted for hardly anything in my anger. No, it was the shameless effrontery with which he had suffered his wife to build up the fabric of her happiness upon the foul morass of his life, to embark all that she possessed in a ship whose rotted timbers only hung together by paint and varnish. I considered what could be done to save her — what poor Morris and the woman he had loved would have wished. At last I made up my mind that I should be justified in destroying the letters. I determined to write to Colonel Marston and say that I should do so, at the same time declining all further acquaintance with him.

My resolution was taken too late. About three the doctor came in. His depression seemed deepened into gloom. He examined my injuries silently, and then asked the usual routine questions with a strange, abstracted manner.

I thought something was going wrong, and asked him point blank what was the matter.

"No," he said, "no. There is fever, but that will pass, I trust. No, your arm is doing favorably."

He was hardly listening; his mind seemed to be preoccupied. How it all comes back to me! — the dull, grey light in the empty room and the unceasing rush of rain on the roof.

All at once he said, as if with a sudden resolution, —

"Captain Hillyar, you dined with Colonel Marston last night. Did you remark anything strange in his manner?"

I stared in surprise.

"Colonel Marston shot himself an hour ago," he went on, without waiting for my reply. "His wife is raving mad. Poor child! Poor child!"

I have passed through Sultanpur since, but I have never had the courage even to look from the window of the passing train at the group of trees that shelters Marston's house, or at the cross that marks the cemetery where he and his wife lie side by side. They stand together in my memory as I saw them last, the light of love on their faces, and all around them a blackness of great night.

From The Scottish Review.
ODD FOODS.*

It is not our intention to give our readers information relating to the dietetic properties of familiar foods, still less to weary them with tables showing their composition, cost, and alimentary value. We shall content ourselves with placing before them many facts relating to rare foods, which will have the recommendation of novelty, although at the same time we do not advise them to try these culinary eccentricities at their own tables, much less to introduce them into general favor.

Popular prejudices as to what constitutes wholesome and useful food continue

* 1. *On Diet in Relation to Age and Activity*. By Sir Henry Thompson. 1887.

2. *A Treatise on Food and Dietetics, Physiologically and Therapeutically considered*. Second edition. By Frederick W. Pavy, M.D., F.R.S.

singularly strong. Speaking generally, the dearer an article the more highly it is esteemed, and the more useful it is thought. Surely in these days of cookery exhibitions and food lectures such crass ignorance is unpardonable. The money cost is regulated mainly by the difficulty and expense of procuring the food in question, and seldom bears any relation to its dietetic value, so that it is not an exaggeration to say that sixpence laid out in one way will sometimes purchase more solid nutriment than a sovereign in another. All the same public opinion is being better guided, and radical changes are taking place, which cannot fail, in the long run, to affect the demand for certain familiar foods. There has, for example, been a salutary enlightenment in the estimation in which alcoholic beverages are held, and they have been ousted from their time-honored position. The change coming over the educated, or rather the medical mind, respecting them, is shown in the following passage from a recent number of the *British Medical Journal*. We do not know the author, but whoever he be, he would scarcely have escaped lynching in those not very remote days when insurance companies hesitated to accept the proposals of abstainers. As the *British Medical Journal* does not advocate total abstinence, the following lines are especially significant, and may be taken as proving what scientific observers have been compelled to admit, sometimes in spite of themselves:—

We take it as conclusively proved that alcohol is not a necessary food, and that the most perfect physical and intellectual vigor is compatible with rigid total abstinence. We may go a step further, and confidently assert that people in perfect health are, as a rule, better without alcohol. The evils of intemperance are manifest; the evils of total abstinence are unproved and improbable. We can affirm with confidence that while alcohol possesses a certain and considerable medical value, its therapeutic range is gradually becoming more circumscribed. Time was when it was the first suggestion and the last resort of the distressed practitioner: we are wiser now, less confident in its virtues, less ready to trust so potent a weapon to hands that may employ it in self-destruction. Alcohol should be rigidly prohibited in hysteria, and in all forms of quasi-hysterical debility, and it should be still more strictly withheld in every case where there is an undoubted hereditary tendency to intemperance.

The dietetic and medicinal value of pure, unmixed water is still imperfectly understood. Combined with milk, or with

any other substance, it loses most of its solvent properties, and must then be regarded as a more or less concentrated food. This certainly applies to many of the beverages brought to table. Sir Henry Thompson hardly goes too far when he asserts that tea, coffee, and cocoa are decidedly less valuable than pure water; while thick or thin rich soups are nothing but highly concentrated foods, and not beverages at all. We have still much to do to place water in the position it ought to hold, and perhaps nothing short of a prolonged residence in a tropical country, where good, cool water is never to be got, is required to teach our countrymen the blessing they rate so lightly in the inexhaustible supply of this wholesome beverage, which they enjoy at home.

Among many charming recent dietetic works we must speak with special praise of one by that able and entertaining writer, Sir Henry Thompson, whose own dinner parties are reputed to be among the most *recherchés* in town. May we venture to say that he advocates dietetic simplicity of a type that might do for baronets and wealthy squires, and describes entertainments which a city alderman would not despise. But let us not be unjust. Sir Henry does not *recommend* excess, and he warmly praises self-restraint, while much of his advice as to dietetics is excellent; would that we as a nation were only wise enough to take it to heart. "He thinks that our forefathers did not sufficiently consider this great subject. Like Mr. Squeers, they have been, he admits, very particular of our morals. He sees a wise and lofty purpose in the laws they have framed for the regulation of human conduct and the satisfaction of the natural cravings of religious emotions. But those other cravings equally common to human nature, those grosser emotions, cravings of the physical body, they have disregarded. No doubt, he says, there has long been some practical acknowledgment, on the part of a few educated persons, of the simple fact that a man's temper, and consequently most of his actions, depend upon such an alternative as whether he habitually digests well or ill; whether the meals which he eats are properly converted into healthy material, suitable for the ceaseless work of building up both muscle and brain; or whether unhealthy products constantly pollute the course of nutritive supply. But the truth of that fact has never been generally admitted to an extent at all comparable with its exceeding importance. Herein were our ancestors

unwise. The relation between food and virtue, Sir Henry maintains, as did Pythagoras before him, is very close relation. His view of this relationship is not the view of Pythagoras, who, as Malvolio knew, bade man not to kill so much as a woodcock lest haply he might dispossess the soul of his grandam."

What is precept worth, or practice either? How many admire thrift, and praise simplicity of diet, though practising them not, and satisfy their easy consciences with repeating moral truths, but never get beyond that first easy stage. To live on sixpence a day and to earn it is an infallible cure for half the ills to which flesh is heir; but what would doctors say to it, and as for the public, how they would rebel. "In matters of diet," run Sir Henry's wise words, "many persons have individual peculiarities; and while certain fixed principles exist as absolutely cardinal in the detail of their application to each man's wants, an infinity of stomach eccentricities is to be reckoned on. The old proverb expresses the fact strongly but truly: 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison.' Yet nothing is more common—and one rarely leaves a social dinner-table without observing it—than to hear some good-natured person recommending to his neighbor, with a confidence rarely found except in alliance with profound ignorance of the matter in hand, some special form of food, or drink, or system of diet, solely because the adviser happens to have found it useful to himself." It is not only the good-natured companion of the dinner-table who errs in this way. He were an ungrateful churl who would willingly say a harsh word about our ministers of the interior, so sympathetic, so patient, so courteous, so kind! Yet it must be owned that they are, some of them, a little apt to leave out of sight the varieties of the human constitution, to take all human stomachs as framed on one fixed, primordial pattern; above all are they, as old Lessuis complained, too likely to "bring men into a labyrinth of care in the observation, and unto perfect slavery in the endeavoring to perform what they do in the matter enjoin. Sometimes I think they do but flatter the weaknesses of humanity, and, when they meet, salute each other as the old augurs used. There are folk who will not so much as take a pill at their own venture, and never fulfil an invitation to dinner without a visit to the doctor next morning. He cannot afford to drive such inquisitive fools from his door; and so it may be that the healing hand, like a

dyer's, becomes subdued to what it works in. The answer given by his physician to Falstaff on his page's authority, is one it were hardly wise to risk to-day!" This hit at the doctors is very fair and good-natured; whatever wisdom they may preach and teach in public, in the consulting-room they must consider the weaknesses of their clients and employers, so that their advice needs careful weighing and testing before being carried into practice.

A very entertaining writer, under the pseudonym of "A Layman," contributed a remarkable paper to *Macmillan* a couple of years ago on the "Philosophy of Diet," in which he showed wonderful ingenuity, although the subject hardly admitted of great novelty or even of freshness. He observes that:—

An ingenious seeker after the truth not long ago published the result of his researches into the effect of tobacco and strong drink on the brain. It was a curious book, extremely amusing, and not at all so foolish as might be supposed. But some random utterances there were, and none so random as those of one abstemious student, nameless, if I remember right, but the style was much the later style of Mr. Ruskin, who violently denounced tobacco as a general curse, and refused it all virtues, on the ground that the great men of old did very well without it. "Homer sang his deathless song," so wrote this fearful man; "Raphael painted his glorious Madonnas, Luther preached, Guttenberg printed, Columbus discovered a new world before tobacco was heard of. No rations of tobacco were served out to the heroes of Thermopylæ; no cigar strung up the nerves of Socrates."

"A Layman" hardly errs when he credits the high pressure, the rapid travelling, and the pitiless competition of our age with aggravating much of the indigestion which is the bane of modern civilized life, and which makes so much work for the fashionable physician; but over-indulgence must be credited with its share. "Certainly," he continues, "our stomachs are more bounded than was Wolsey's. To read the domestic annals of the close of the last and the early years of this century, brings back the Homeric tales of the strength and prowess of the heroes who warred on the plains of Troy. No man of these degenerate days could do the work our fathers did, 'who gloried and drank hard'! They had, to be sure, some few points in their favor that we lack. They did not need, at least they did not use, those intermittent aids to the agreeableness of life that we seem to find so necessary. There were no brandies and sodas,

no sherries and bitters, no five-o'clock teas. They were content with one solid meal in the day, and they did not put that off till it was time to begin to think about bed. And I suspect, the most important point of all, they took life less hastily—not less seriously, but less hastily; their brains were not always at high pressure; they did not fritter away minds and tempers in an infinity of pursuits—pursuits of business and pursuits of pleasure. I suspect, too, tobacco may have something to say to it." This flattering estimate of the abstemiousness of the last century may be very true, although any one familiar with "Harry Esmond," the most perfect work which Thackeray ever wrote, must demur to some of the foregoing remarks. That wonderful picture of human character does not paint our ancestors as setting their posterity a particularly good example; and if they were less troubled with ill-health, a matter on which we are not clear, at any rate on the average their lives were sixteen years shorter than ours.

Before coming to what we may regard as the more practical and entertaining part of a very curious and not sufficiently studied subject, let us for a few minutes glance at the condition of our country a couple of centuries ago, and this will be a fitting introduction to the consideration of the odd foods favored by certain races and classes. In the seventeenth century wheat fetched fifty to sixty shillings a quarter, while a mechanic's wages, when in full work, ranged from sixpence to a shilling a day. Wheat is now hardly two-thirds as dear, while wages are at least five times as high. Of the eight hundred and eighty thousand families of which the population of England consisted in 1685, King computed that four hundred and forty thousand ate animal food twice a week, the other moiety not eating it at all, or not oftener than once a week; but the absence of animal food from the dietary would not necessarily prove that the people were ill fed, though there is a strong presumption that they were. London alone enjoyed the comfort of coal fires, while provincial towns burned wood and turf, and what that means let any one describe who has passed a winter in the mild climate of southern France or northern Italy. Even in the colliery districts coal was hardly at all used, and wood was the general favorite. As for the agricultural poor, how vastly their condition has improved in the present generation a week among the Dorset and Devon peas-

antry would make clear. Two hundred years ago matters were incomparably worse than anything which the last half century has passed through. Wages in the seventeenth century were lower in the rural districts than in the manufacturing towns, and we have hinted how things were in the latter. In the towns the living was luxurious compared with that of the villages. To come to minor matters, the working of pit salt, one of the chief necessities of life, was hardly attempted, and the little of that mineral which was used was obtained from sea-water evaporated in shallow troughs. The salt obtained in this rude fashion gave out a most offensive odor and was dangerous to health. Still worse, the great majority of the nation depended in winter for its meat supply on food preserved with the evil-smelling salt got from the evaporation of brine, and the consequence was scurvy and other loathsome diseases. In times of scarcity the distress of the poor was extreme, and the government was frequently forced to institute inquiries, and to interfere with the freedom of the subject, in a manner that would now be justly resented as intolerably tyrannical and inquisitorial. The golden age of England is not to be found in the seventeenth century, nor in the eighteenth either. Surely, too, it did not exist immediately anterior to the repeal of the Corn Laws, for it was the widespread distress of the time which compelled that wise and enlightened, but slow-moving statesman, Sir Robert Peel, to withdraw his opposition to fiscal reform, and forced him to support measures which cost him the support of many of his followers. Froude puts the golden age of England in the early part of the sixteenth century; but would the working classes of our day exchange places with their unhappy brethren of that era? Macaulay gives a depressing picture: "In the seventeenth century the laborer was glad to get barley, and was often forced to content himself with poorer fare." In Harrison's introduction to "Hollinshed," we have an account of the state of our working population in the golden days, as Mr. Southey calls them, of good Queen Bess:

The gentilitie [says he] commonly provide themselves sufficiently of wheat for their own tables, whylst their household and poore neighbors, in some shires, are forced to content themselves with rye or barlie; yea, and in time of dearth many with bread made eyther of beanes, peason, or otes, or of altogether and some acornes among. I will not say that this extremity is oft so well to be

seen in time of plentie as of dearth, but if I should, I could easily bring my trial, albeit there be much grounde eared nowe almost in everi place than hath bene of late years, yet such a price of corn continueth in each towne and market, without any just cause, that the artificer and poore labouring man is not able to reach unto it, but is driven to content himself with horse corne.

Lord Macaulay has been falling into discredit with a certain school of thinkers, who contend that he only cared for material prosperity, and not at all for high thinking and pure living. This may be doing him great injustice; but, however that be, in any comparison of the condition of England in 1830 with that of the middle of the sixteenth century, his authority and accuracy can scarcely be impugned. We quote the following passage from his review of Southey's "Colloquies of Society."

The laboring classes, however, were, according to Mr. Southey, better fed three hundred years ago than at present. We believe that he is completely in error on this point. The condition of servants in noble and wealthy families and of scholars at the Universities must surely have been better in those times than that of day laborers, and we are sure that it was not better than that of our present workhouse paupers. From the household book of the Northumberland family we find that in one of the greatest establishments of the kingdom the servants lived very much as common sailors live now. In the reign of Edward VI. the state of the students at Cambridge is described to us, on the very best authority, as most wretched. Many of them dined on pottage made of a farthing's worth of beef, with a little salt and oatmeal, and literally nothing else. This account we have from a contemporary Master of St. John's; our parish poor now eat wheaten bread.

It is the glory of our age that it is making the lives of the poor easier and happier, and bringing within their reach the comforts, nay the luxuries of two generations ago. Had the poor a better knowledge of cooking and some insight into the properties of food they might, in view of the low prices now obtaining, live, in the majority of cases, comfortably and well. Unfortunately that is not the case, and as long as herrings are set on fire and allowed to flare for a couple of minutes to prepare them for the table, and vegetables are served up half cooked, there is pressing room for improvement. Still movement is taking place, and on the whole it is in the right direction. But to turn from such reflections to the more homely part of our subject.

That "what is one man's poison is another's food," is a trite saying, but conveys volumes; it practically signifies that all the articles of diet used in different parts of the world are harmless; nay, positively nutritious and wholesome. The dishes which Englishmen relish and fancy man's proper food, may be an abomination to persons of a different race and creed; and the food eaten with pleasure in other lands may often fill us with disgust. Eating and drinking are, as Sir Henry Thompson so felicitously says, mainly matters of custom, and no rule can be framed that is absolutely right, and none entirely wrong. Man's natural food, — what is it but the diet which chance, or custom, or necessity places within his reach. One man eats fish, another flesh, a third fowl, a fourth fruit, and all thrive, showing the vastness of the resources which man commands, and his ready adaptability to the most varying circumstances. As far as is known, no kind of bird is absolutely unwholesome; none at least is poisonous. Few four-footed animals are uneatable, and it is perhaps only among fishes and vegetables that we find actual poisons. There are certain fishes, principally inhabitants of tropical seas, that at all seasons, when eaten, destroy human life; other species are poisonous only at certain seasons, and, still more extraordinary, individuals of some species are dangerous, while others are wholesome. As far as fish are concerned, it is not easy to give a satisfactory explanation; the health of the fish at the time of its capture, the food on which it had been feeding, or some idiosyncrasy of the eater may be important factors in the result. When it comes to vegetable products, we can then generally isolate the chemical principle that causes death. Amongst those terrible secrets of nature, which we shall probably never clear up, are the objects gained by giving strychnine, nicotine morphine, atropine and many other alkaloids properties so deadly that a few grains destroy life. Why does an infinitesimal dose of nux vomica convulse the frame of the strongest man, and bring his life to an almost instantaneous close, and with such indescribable agony and awful muscular contractions, that no death more full of horrors can be conceived? It ought to be a serious offence to put any animal to death with an agent that destroys life with the most excruciating torture. Again, why is prussic acid so pleasant to the smell, so immediately fatal when swallowed? Shall we ever know?

Seaweed is eaten on the coasts of Scotland and of Ireland in vast quantities, and though unpalatable and flavorless, is at times the chief food of some of the poorest. When dry it is richer than oatmeal or Indian corn in nitrogenous constituents, and takes rank among the most nutritious of vegetable foods. Laver is an exception to the low estimation in which seaweed is held, and is a favorite condiment. We have known it eaten in large quantities in North Devon, and with much relish. To prepare seaweed for the table, it should be steeped in water to get rid of the salt with which it is impregnated, and a little carbonate of soda removes the bitter taste which, to some palates, is most disagreeable. It should then be stewed in milk or water till mucilaginous, and is best flavored with vinegar or pepper. Under the name of *marine sauces*, laver was at one time esteemed a great delicacy in London. Some lichens are used in the Arctic regions, and a Swedish professor, Stanberg, has recently drawn attention to their nutritive properties. Iceland moss, when freed from its bitter taste, and mixed with rye meal, is said to make a cheap and nutritious bread, but one of no importance to Britain in these days of low priced flour, when the poorest can get a sufficiency of better food. Fungi are almost everywhere largely eaten, though in England less attention is paid to them than they deserve, and few kinds appear at table. The common field agaric every one knows, but perhaps the most excellent sort is the beautiful *Lactarius Deliciosus*, which, unfortunately, is not, like the *Agaricus Campestris*, cultivated, and so the market is dependent upon the uncertain and small supplies which chance or good fortune places within the grasp of the mushroom gatherer. In all probability, however, no unsurmountable difficulties exist in the way of cultivating many species of fungi, and distressed agriculturists might find less promising outlets for their energies. Fungi, like human beings, give off carbonic acid, and not oxygen, as do other vegetables. This peculiarity is probably due to the absence of green coloring matters. A curious error is to suppose that *fungi* are eatable and *toadstools* poisonous; no such line of demarcation exists, nor, strictly speaking, has the name toadstool any precise meaning. Very many fungi are edible, and the common agaric usually eaten in England is not the most palatable and wholesome. Few foods are more savory, and none are greater favorites, than well-cooked fungi, and the souls

of vegetarians yearn for them. They have the reputation of being very nutritious, but physiologists contend that this is an error, and that a given weight is not as valuable as from the chemical composition of fungi it ought to be. This must not be pressed to prove that mushrooms are not useful food adjuncts, and as flavoring ingredients they have few superiors. Far greater use of them ought to be encouraged, and the supply should be increased twenty fold, and in this way a most valuable industry might be developed, or, more correctly, created. A physician, whom we met at the Woolhope Fungus Dinner at Hereford, told us that twenty years ago he had freely experimented on fungi, and eaten many suspicious species with impunity. When the smell was pleasant he tasted the raw mushroom and then fried half a one. He rarely suffered temporarily, never permanently, and he believed that most fungi could be eaten with safety. We in England sometimes cultivate the common field mushroom, the *Agaricus Campestris*, but there we stop, although that distinguished mycologist, Dr. Cooke of Kew, tells us that probably many other species could be as easily cultivated, and that much remains to be learnt regarding the matter. We know from many experiments that the *Lactarius Deliciosus* and some of the *Agarici Proceri* are excellent; they are in places fairly abundant, and are equal, perhaps superior, to the sorts held in high favor by the English public.

The most repulsive food which human beings could eat is man. Fortunately, cannibalism, although once very general, is now mainly confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands, and to some districts of Australia and Central Africa. Professor Flower, in one of his charming lectures at the London Institution, has recently dealt with pygmies, more particularly with the fast disappearing Andaman Islanders, and his description of their culinary dainties must have amused his readers. These curious savages, from their small size and remarkable ethnological peculiarities, are deeply interesting to anthropologists. They have been accused of cannibalism, but, according to Professor Flower, unjustly—although they sometimes eat their food raw. Their diet is varied enough, though presenting no peculiar features, and consists of wild swine, birds, turtle, wild fruits, roots and seeds, the larvæ of insects, and honey. Other observers credit them, we believe, with a partiality for castor oil,

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXI. 3687

which, it is said, they gladly accept in payment of certain small services, and which we presume does not act upon them in its usual fashion. Froude in one place remarks that "The African Obeah—the worship of serpents, and trees, and stones—after smouldering in all the West Indies in the form of witchcraft and poisoning, had broken out in Hayti in all its old hideousness. Children were sacrificed as in the old days of Moloch, and were devoured with horrid ceremony; salted limbs were preserved and sold for the benefit of those who were unable to attend the full solemnities." But nearer home cannibalism had some supporters. Lindsay of Pitscottie relates that a man, his wife, and family were burnt to death, on the east coast of Scotland, for eating children whom they had stolen; and during the French Revolution the heart of the unfortunate Princess Lamballe was actually torn out of her body by one of the yelling savages near, taken to a restaurant, and there cooked and eaten. Human flesh is said not to be unpalatable, and this is confirmed by the horrible narrative given by Lindsay; he mentions that as one of the girls was being taken to execution, she exclaimed: "Wherefore chide ye with me, as if I had committed an unworthy act? Give me credence and trow me, if ye had experience of eating men and women's flesh ye would think it so delicious that ye would never forbear it again." The Tannese of our own day distribute human flesh in little bits to their friends as delicious morsels, and say that the flesh of a black man is preferable to that of a white one, for the latter tastes salt; other cannibals hold the same. The mild and gentle Caribs were cannibals, but of a peculiar kind. Human flesh, according to Père Labat, who visited them late in the seventeenth century, "was not their ordinary food, but they boucanned or dried the limbs of distinguished enemies, whom they had killed in battle, and then handed them round to be gnawed at special festivals." A certain religious superstition generally seems to underlie cannibalism, and perhaps the Maoris ate their enemies for other reasons than adding to their food supplies, although the scarcity of animal food in their islands has been thought to be a sort of excuse. We have recently noticed, however, that an able writer argues that cannibalism is not, after all, dying out so quickly nor so generally as is commonly supposed.

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, in an excellent paper on "The Lowlands of Mo-

ray" gives much valuable information respecting the rabbit. Except along the sea-board, rabbits were so scarce, that, when in 1830, Lord Kintore introduced fox-hunting in Banff, on the borders of Aberdeen, his keepers used to go all over the country carrying rabbits, which they dropped in couples, in order to provide tempting diet for the foxes! "Indeed, in these days of Ground Game Acts," she continues, "it seems difficult to realize that less than a century has elapsed since the British Parliament found it necessary to pass a special Act (A.D. 1792) for the 'Protection of Rabbits' throughout the Kingdom." And now these mischievous though pretty little rodents, whose gambols, near their favorite coverts, in the sunny evenings of May and June, greatly increase the pleasures of country rambles, are everywhere so plentiful that an apology is almost needed when one is brought to table, and many fastidious gourmets resent being expected to partake of what they affect to regard as little better than vermin. And yet what is nicer to the flesh eater — that abomination of the vegetarian — than a well-roasted, tender, young rabbit, served up with delicious gravy and well-cooked vegetables? Whatever may be the case in England, where the hare is threatened with speedy extinction, and even the rabbit is at last in many districts becoming less plentiful than it was a very few years ago, some other countries are more fortunate, and do not report any diminution in the abundance and variety of their game. For example, sportsmen will be interested with the following figures showing that Austria is still the finest sporting country of western Europe. The number of preserves in Austria, not counting those of Hungary, is 15,764, and on these in 1887, there were shot 32 bears, 113 wolves, 24 lynxes, 9,490 stags, 60,252 roebucks, 7,709 chamois, 2,998 wild boars, 26,411 foxes, 9,929 polecats, 1,055 otters, 2,672 badgers, 333 marmots, and 1,439,134 hares. Wild rabbits are scarce in Austria, and are not included in the general massacre, although 27,687 were shot in Bohemia, where warrens are most plentiful. When we have exterminated the British hare, we shall probably draw an abundant supply from central Europe, where for many a year no scarcity is likely to be felt, and no special precautions for its preservation will be required.

The late Bronson Alcot, father of the American authoress, was a vegetarian, and criticised meat eaters unmercifully. To

one of them he once declared that the eater of mutton became a sheep, and the eater of pork a hog. "And is it not also true," interposed a friend who humorously turned the tables upon him, "that eaters of vegetables become small potatoes?" Vegetarianism can however be both cheap, agreeable, and varied, although the Committee on the Army Estimates has just stated in its final report, that the Duke of Cambridge and other distinguished military authorities have, in their evidence before that committee, expressed a strong opinion that soldiers are not allowed enough meat, and that every man's daily ration should be increased from three quarters of a pound to one pound. This would mean an addition of £250,000 to the annual outlay on our army. Some knowledge of foods, more particularly of the unfortunate pulses, held so cheap by Burton in the "Anatomie of Melancholy," would enable the dietary to be reconstructed and put on a satisfactory footing without any increased expenditure. Colonel Burnett, commanding officer of the First Battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles, has just published a most interesting account of the reforms which he has made in the rations of his men, and which, without any increase of cost, have greatly added to the comfort of his battalion. He has made more use of those savory dishes in which the soul of the thrifty foreign housewife rejoices; for instance, he has had the bones removed from the meat, crushed and simmered for many hours, adding large quantities of vegetables — peas, lentils, and carrots among others. He has once more shown the value of cheap foods, such as herrings, as a relish, and he has fed his men more rationally and better, and at less money cost. We are glad to see that the Duke of Cambridge has warmly commended Colonel Burnett, and has ordered copies of his report to be forwarded to all other commanding officers for their guidance and instruction.

The following royal bills of fare show the marked contrast between 1767 and 1888, and are worthy of more than passing attention. The first was found among the papers preserved at Alwick Castle, and has been recently published in the "Percy Family History." It is marked "Windsor, February 6th, 1767." "Pottage of Rice. Roasted pullets. Mutton collops. Leg of Pork roasted and Potatoes. Hare roasted. A Guinea fowl roasted. Spinnage and Sweatbreads. A Pippin Tart. Oysters in Scollops. Macaroni

Sweet. Beef, cold and collared. Boar's Head." Altogether an ample and sufficiently varied *menu*. The second is the *menu* of the entertainment given by the emperor of Austria, at Innsbruck, when our queen lunched with him, on her way from Florence to Berlin. It shows the change of names, although it may not be superior in other respects: "Consommé Royal. Fruités de rivière au bleu; Sauce Hollandaise. Filet de boeuf à l'Impératrice; Asperges en branches. Poulard de Styrie. Salade à la Française. Compotes."

To return to odd foods. The lion is eaten by some African races, although its flesh is in small favor with them, while the Zulus find carrion so much to their liking that, according to Dr. Colenso, they apply to food teeming with large colonies of grubs, the comprehensive word *uborni*, which signifies, in their uncouth jargon, "great happiness." David Livingstone tells us that the aboriginal Australians and the Hottentots prefer the intestines of animals, and he adds that "it is curious that this is the part which wild animals always begin with, and that it is the first choice of our men." The hippopotamus is another favorite meat of the Africans, when they can catch it; its flesh when young is tender and palatable, but it becomes very coarse and unpleasant with advancing years. The Abyssinians find the rhinoceros much to their liking; so they do the elephant, which is also eaten in Sumatra. Dr. Livingstone speaks of elephant's foot as excellent. "We had the foot cooked for breakfast next morning, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous and sweet like marrow. A long march to prevent biliousness is a wise precaution after a feast on elephant's foot. Elephant's tongue and trunk are also good, and after long simmering much resemble the humps of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox, but all the other meat is tough, and from its peculiar flavor only to be eaten by a hungry man." The elephants eaten during the Siege of Paris were said to be a great success, and the liver was pronounced finer than that of any goose or duck, while some steaks cut off Chuneé, the elephant shot at Exeter Change, on being cooked were described as pleasant meat.

The bison, once so plentiful in America, but now almost extinct, may be regarded as the representative of the British ox. Probably no one, who, at the American Exhibition, three years ago, saw a few shaggy survivors of the countless millions

that so recently roamed over the American plains, was particularly impressed by their appearance. Small, dark, uncouth, and with very short legs, they bore little resemblance to the huge monsters whom Cooper described and Catlin depicted, but we need hardly observe that persons who knew the bison as he is, admitted that the specimens, which were one of the chief attractions of the American Exhibition, were thoroughly representative. The coarse flavor and great toughness of bison flesh are not pleasant to the civilized palate, and the meat cannot be called a luxury, though the hump and the tongue are superior to the remainder of the carcass. The author of an excellent work on America, Charles Augustus Murray, while not caring for bison meat in general, adds that the udder of a young cow is a most exquisite dish, and when well cooked — that secret of all good cooking — is extremely sweet and delicate. Mr. Murray remarks, however, that more than once, after being without food or drink for forty-eight hours, he was literally mad, and in spite of Eton traditions he threw aside the last vestige of refinement, and tearing open some buffalo bull or cow, which had fallen a victim to his rifle, devoured large pieces of the liver hot and reeking with blood. No cooking was necessary, and he continues that, although almost ashamed to say so, he never made a more delicious meal, nor, on one occasion, did he stop till nearly the whole of the large liver had been swallowed. Savages always have preferred and always will prefer quantity to quality, and the huge lumps of raw meat, sometimes burnt on one side and almost cold on the other, which are the chief features of an Indian banquet, would not tempt our fastidious appetites. Mr. Murray was naturally surprised to see how early they are taught to be gluttons:—

In our tent was a little girl, nearly two years old, so dreadfully affected by the whooping-cough, that it frequently caused me to be awake half the night, and I hourly expected it to break a blood-vessel and die. This poor little wretch's temper was as bad, and as badly nursed as her health; she governed the whole tent, and I cannot conceive how she survived a week, considering that her mother and aunts used all the means in their power to kill her, short of a lethal weapon. I have seen her in the course of one morning, she being only two years old, eat a good bowl of half-boiled maize, then enough *green* grapes and plums to give cholera to a bargeman, then a large hunch of buffalo meat nearly raw, in the midst of which she stopped, and began to

cry and scream for *what* I knew not, but her mother knew better, and the poor woman was obliged to open her blanket and suckle the young screamer, who still held the half-eaten slice of buffalo meat in her hand. Even the hints that kindly nature gave were lost upon them, for after she had rejected the unripe fruit, with evident proof of her aversion too disagreeable for me to forget, within ten minutes I saw the child again taking another, and at least as large a dose, of the same composition. So much for infant diet among the Pawnees.

Savages, when they have the chance, eat to repletion, although when they cannot get food they bear the pangs of hunger with great composure, like the Grub Street hack, who could gorge or starve with equal fortitude, but could not be moderate. Johnson's insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal pies would have made him at home among these western savages. Great allowance must nevertheless be made for people who are often for weeks at a time without regular and sufficient supplies; when an opportunity of satisfying the appetite offers itself it is not allowed to pass, and the disgusting voracity of Indian warriors proceeds from much the same cause that made Johnson at table a particularly objectionable neighbor, for like a famished wild beast, he tore his food, with the veins swelling on his forehead and the perspiration streaming down his face. The poetry and glamour of savage life vanish as soon as the curtain of romance is lifted from it; it is only in civilized circles that abundance can be used without being abused. The exploits of members of English friendly societies on one of their annual feast days have always seemed to us to show how very thin is the veneer of civilization in some classes in our own country. We once overheard a conversation in which one of these worthies was complaining that a club doctor had refused to pass him. "Said I wasn't strong!" thundered the ill-used Staffordshire mechanic; "why, I've eaten a whole leg of mutton at one sitting! Who says I'm not strong? Fit for any club." Such an individual would consume anything set before him. He would not be unworthy to take his place among the low caste inhabitants of India, who would not find fault with the bison, as they not only relish the dog, the cat, and the rat, which some other nations, farther advanced in civilization, do not despise, but they consider the fox, the wolf, the leopard, and the jackal, savory.

What constitutes good manners at table? On this point let Mr. Murray give us a lesson:—

I had been lucky enough to kill a fawn, the only deer seen since we left the fort, which furnished us with a good supper and no more, for never did I see anything equal to the appetite of our Indian—ribs, head, shoulders, disappeared one after the other. He quietly ate everything placed before or near him without the slightest symptom of diminished power, but I was not then aware of the incredible capacity of Indians, or of their notion that it is impolite to decline proffered food under all circumstances whatsoever.

The same charming writer gives a very amusing account of a great medicine-feast of powerful Pawnee chiefs, to which he had the signal honor of being invited. As usual on such occasions it consisted of only one kind of food. Fifty guests were expected to empty an enormous cauldron of maize, which was boiling on a fire before the tent. Mr. Murray had often admired at other feasts the capacity and perseverance of hungry Indians, but never before had he witnessed such a trial of speed as the present. On ordinary occasions Pawnee etiquette allows the invited guests, when they have eaten as much as they can, to stop, but the present feast proceeded on a different rule; it was *de rigueur* that everything must be eaten on the spot, and be devoured as quickly as possible, those who were last in the race being laughed at and lightly esteemed. The guests were arranged in pairs, and to each pair was assigned a three-quart bowl of boiled maize, that from protracted simmering had acquired a glue-like consistency. This sticky mass was to be swallowed without water or milk, or any other kind of fluid. To crown Mr. Murray's misfortunes, besides having already had his usual dinner, he had, before receiving the honor of an invitation to the banquet, taken part in two common feasts. His first impulse was to look at the proportions of his partner, but instead of a lean and hungry man, capable of swallowing an ox, he saw a little fat chief, who made him understand that he was not in good form. Hardly had Mr. Murray realized the horrors of the situation than the signal was given and the banquet commenced. In a few moments the plump chief gave out, pleading severe illness, when his left-hand neighbor, a huge, hungry warrior, who had already eaten his bowl, was permitted to replace him. With his aid the bowl was attacked with redoubled ardor; the big chief covered himself with dis-

tion, without turning a hair or resenting the artifices of Mr. Murray to get him to take two-thirds of the bowl, but by the time it was emptied nearly all the other guests had finished, and Mr. Murray, somewhat to his chagrin, found himself the last but one. His great wish was to prove to the Pawnees that he could beat them in any trial of strength, but he had to confess that he was no match for them at a state banquet. What a contrast to good Bishop Ken, who, during part of his life, subsisted, and very comfortably too, on one frugal meal a day.

The people of Zanzibar should stand high for the comprehensive character of their cuisine. Among other delicacies are a small monkey, the *Cercopithecus Gris-coviridis*, and a fruit-eating bat. Locusts are relished by the Bedawin of Mesopotamia, and some other Eastern tribes; they are placed on strings and eaten on journeys with bitter and unleavened bread. The Jews, who were prohibited eating many kinds of food, which our larger experience teaches us are palatable and wholesome, as well as some that we do not venture to touch, were permitted to have their fill of locusts, "Even of these ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper." (Lev. xi. 22.) John the Baptist also ate locusts and wild honey, and thrived exceedingly upon them, till Herod put a period to his splendid labors, and we might learn many a useful lesson from his abstemiousness. The locust is an article of diet to this day, but only of the very poor; it is thrown into boiling water, and eaten with salt. To live on locusts and wild honey conveys a more accurate picture of extreme poverty and frugality to a traveller in the East than to any one else. Locusts, however, are not always cooked; sometimes they are eaten fresh. They are said to have a strong vegetable taste, the flavor largely depending, as might be expected, on the plants on which they have been feeding. Dr. Livingstone, who showed his common sense by not being fastidious, considered them palatable when roasted. Besides being taken by the Bedawin they are eaten by the Persians, Egyptians, and Arabians, and by the Bushmen and North American Indians. Nor is the locust a dish of recent times only. Diodorus Siculus and Ludolphus both mention a people in Ethiopia who ate locusts. The latter says: "It is a very sweet and wholesome sort of dyet, by means of which a certain Portuguese garrison in India, that was

ready to yield for want of provisions, held out till it was relieved another way." Madden speaks of the Arabs drying locusts, grinding them to powder, and mixing the latter with water, and then moulding the dough into round cakes, which when cooked served as bread.

Some of the savage tribes of South America are accused of eating everything that by any possibility will support human life. Humboldt saw children drag enormous centipedes from their holes and crunch them between their teeth; but, as we have already said, insects and their larvæ are favorite foods in many parts of the world. In the West Indies a large caterpillar, found on the palm-tree, is reckoned a great delicacy, and why not, let us ask. To our civilized taste, however, carrion and bad eggs seem foods which no human being could relish. Not so—the Chinese prefer stale to fresh eggs, and the Pariahs of Hindostan fight greedily with the dogs and jackals for putrid carrion. They would relish the roussette, a kind of bat plentiful in Java, which the natives value; but although its flesh is white, delicate, and tender, it generally smells strongly of musk. The Nagus also eat raw meat.

Among the Greenlanders and the Eskimo the seal is an important food; and in spite of being coarse and oily, was formerly eaten in England. The porpoise was also an English dish, and the liver is, when fried, still, we believe, relished by sailors. Arctic explorers have found the walrus very palatable, and it is largely consumed by the Eskimo. The Japanese, New Zealanders, and western Australians consider the whale good eating; and the Eskimo, we need hardly remind the reader, highly approve of blubber, and get through enormous quantities. The blubber and flesh of the narwhal are one of the Greenlanders' dainties, while the Siberians and the Eskimo—those heroic consumers of everything that they can get—live in part on reindeer flesh. The crocodile is greedily devoured by the natives of certain districts of Africa; but Livingstone naively writes: "To us the thought of tasting the musky-scented, fishy-looking flesh carried the idea of cannibalism," though he remarks that its eggs are dug out of the ground and devoured by the natives. This is not surprising, as he adds that in taste they resemble hens' eggs, with perhaps a smack of custard, and they would be as highly relished by the whites as by the blacks were it not for their unsavory origin in men eaters.

The foregoing do not exhaust the strange foods of the world,—dogs, cats, horses, lizards, bears, hedgehogs, frogs, otters, skunks, rats, mice, wolves, camels, and, indeed, almost every creature that runs, or flies, or crawls, or swims, is in favor in some part of the world or another, and properly served up is palatable. Surely culinary eccentricity could no further go than the Germans in preparing sauer kraut. This dish is a vegetable delicacy prepared from the leaves of cabbages; the stalk and mid rib having been removed, the leaves are cut up and placed in a suitable receptacle in layers, with plenty of salt. The strange mess is next subjected to pressure, and allowed to stand until it becomes sour from acid fermentation, then, being fit for food, and, as wholesome as it can ever become, it is stewed in its own liquor and eaten.

To come to our own country, where we do not eat sauer kraut and blubber, birds' nests and puppies, we shall nevertheless find some odd foods. The hedgehog, a favorite dish in Barbary, and not disapproved in Spain, is eaten by gipsies; squirrels, too, are occasionally cooked in this country, and are most delicious, and fully as palatable as jugged hare; at any rate we have ourselves stewed them, and we can testify that they are excellent. It is even said that frogs—the *Rana esculenta*—are often eaten in the north of England, while we know how the poor turtle fares when city aldermen get him within their clutches. We do not eat toads, but the negroes do, and they consider them very palatable, and a species known as *Rana Bombina* is in some places eaten like fish. Sharks are good eating, and are relished by the Gold Coast negroes and the natives of New Zealand, but not by those of western Australia; the Polynesians feast on them raw, and gorge themselves in a most disgusting fashion. In the north of Scotland the small, smooth hound shark is still often eaten, and is esteemed a dainty, while the wealthy Chinese enjoy the fins of another species of the same formidable fish. Bees, grubs, white ants, grasshoppers, moths of many varieties, spiders, caterpillars, the cicada, and even flies, and the chrysalis of the silkworm are eaten. During Lent, in the south of Europe, the vineyard snail is in request. Apropos of snails—a resident in Wilts recently wrote to the papers in some amazement; he had actually seen a man hunting for snails, intending to eat them, and, still more extraordinary in the opinion of the writer, this man praised

them. Roasted on the bars of the grate and eaten with pepper and vinegar, they are said to be delicious, but when soaked in salt and water, and cooked and served after the fashion of whelks, they were still better. The common garden snail puts on a load of fat just before retiring for the winter, and this Wilts snail-hunter, without perhaps understanding the reason, was of opinion that it was only during that season that these molluscs were fit for human consumption. Most likely he was wrong, but, in supping on such dainty morsels, the Wilts gourmet proved himself more sensible than many people, who would call him hard names, and then swallow a dozen raw oysters, and a piece of cheese swarming with parasites. In some parts of England snails are still eaten, not as ordinary articles of diet, but at stated feasts. The Newcastle glass-workers were once, tradition says, famous for a partiality for snails, and every year had a sort of gastronomic festival, at which snails figured as the principal dish. Whether this good old custom continues we do not know, but the iron-puddlers of some parts of the Black Country still enjoy the same dainty, and it is not uncommon both in England and on the Continent to hear of snails boiled in milk being prescribed, like the viper broth of Carolean times, for consumptive patients, though we should not venture to say that the medical profession should include snails among its weapons. We have in bygone days, when living on the borders of the nail-making districts of Staffordshire, seen men filling paper bags with snails to make soup, and we remember being told that they were excellent eating. Near Bromyard, in Herefordshire, and in Scotland the same use has been made of them. It is less pleasant to know that they were once employed in the manufacture of imitation cream, and that they are still bruised and stewed in milk to make an article passing under that most comprehensive name.

Science leaves no room to doubt the eminently nutritive properties of snails. It has been asserted that the large quantities of these molluscs seen in the chalk pastures after rain, and which are eaten by the sheep along with the short sweet herbage on which both sheep and snails feed, have their share in giving that peculiar flavor to which South Down mutton owes its celebrity. The English prejudice against snails is singular, since, from time immemorial, considerable quantities have been collected round London

and on the Kent pastures for export to France. In the latter country there is no squeamishness; most people there only regret that snails are too expensive to be indulged in frequently. In Covent-Garden the common snail often appears for sale; the purchasers, however, are almost exclusively members of the French, Austrian, and Italian colonies of London; while the Lisbon fruit market is said in autumn to be well supplied with huge basketfuls of snails, and in Madrid and other wealthy Spanish cities, fifteen different kinds have been counted on the slabs of the dealers. In Italy they are very popular; but no sooner are the Alps passed than the snail begins to disappear from the table, until, when Denmark and Sweden are reached, it is never seen there. In Switzerland, however, snails are reared and fattened with great care and are regarded as luxuries, and some are exported pickled. In some large northern towns with a cosmopolitan population the snail has, as in London, a few patrons; but as a broad rule, the Latin races are its friends, just as they are of a dozen other foods which we neglect. In southern Europe the vineyard snail is the sort held in most esteem. This species occurs in England, and is thought to have been introduced by the Romans, while other authorities hold that it was not brought over till the fifteenth or sixteenth century. It is extremely common in the neighborhood of old Roman camps, and is very plentiful on chalk and other dry soils. An opinion now very generally held is that the *Helix pomatia* is a native British species. The rulers of the world were not content with merely eating it in every form, they even fattened it in *cochlearia*, on meal boiled in wine, which was regarded as the best food for producing large and juicy specimens. The trade in snails is perhaps greater than even during the palmy days of Roman luxury. In the neighborhood of Dijon, a small farmer is said to have cleared three hundred pounds from his annual snail harvest; the vine growers keep them in dry cellars, or in trenches under a layer of leaves and earth; and from certain *escargotières*, near Ulm in Würtemberg, ten million vineyard snails are sent every year to other gardens, to be fattened before being sold for the use of the Austrian convents during Lent. From Troyes it has been calculated that snails to the value of twenty thousand pounds—the wholesale price being, it is said, as high as four shillings a hundred—are forwarded to the Paris markets. Packed in casks,

some are even exported to the United States.

If a choice is to be made, land snails ought to be preferred to sea ones. They are more delicate in fibre and flavor, and being for the most part vegetable feeders, are more cleanly in their habits; though, as we are not influenced by the filthy food of the swine to banish him from our tables, this objection is perhaps rather far fetched. Their wholesomeness is unquestionable. No one ever heard of a case of poisoning, or, when taken in moderation, of dyspepsia or colic, from a dish of land snails, while these troubles not infrequently follow moderate indulgence in mussels, clams, cockles, craw fish, crabs, and lobsters. Snails are not the only excellent and cheap food which we reject. Eels are frequently refused from a notion that they are water snakes, though it is hard to find any dietetic reason for holding the flesh of one reptile in esteem, and that of another in loathing. The English frog is not the species most favored by Parisian restaurants; and even in the French capital only the hind legs of the green one are eaten, although in Germany all the fleshy parts are used; and in Vienna, where there are regular frog preserves, almost any species is considered eatable. In the West Indies the grunting frog is in high favor, and in South Africa a large species which, when cooked, might be mistaken for chicken. Young seal, as a material for soup, is equal to hare; while the skin of any cetacean, especially of the whalebone producing sort, is, when boiled to a jelly, a dish fit for a king. It is often sent in hermetically closed tins from Greenland to Christian IX. of Denmark. An Italian is practically omnivorous, and eats almost anything, not despising unfledged black-birds and other such dainties. Gruesome tales are told of the terrible creatures which sometimes appear on the tables of old-fashioned Roman families; and some very peculiar animals hang up in the markets of the Eternal City. Prince Lucien Bonaparte remarked that it was possible to make a comfortable meal on most of them, the turkey buzzard always excepted, though the objection to it lies in its toughness and coarseness, not in its unwholesomeness. The reason for our insular suspicion of so many excellent foods, is probably that we have never known the straits which nearly every other country in Europe has experienced. Devastated by civil and foreign wars, laid waste by mercenaries, or by vast armies marching

over their soil, it has often been the lot of the people of Germany, Italy, and France, to face the alternative of eating anything which they could swallow, or of dying of hunger, and in this way experience has been the best teacher.

After all it is not so much the variety of the civilized epicure's dietary that fills one with surprise; the quantity of which he can dispose without difficulty proves him to be the brother of the Red Indian warrior.

The sense of satiety is produced in us [says Christopher North] by three platefuls of hotch potch; and to the eyes of an ordinary observer our dinner would seem to be at end; but no, strictly speaking, it is just going to begin. About an hour ago, did we, standing on the very beautiful bridge of Perth, see that identical salmon, with his back fin just visible above the translucent tide, arrowing up the Tay, bold as a bridegroom, and nothing doubting that he should spend his honeymoon among the gravel beds of Kinnial or Monleearn, or the rocky sofas of the Tummel, or the green marble couches of the Till. What now has become of the sense of satiety? John — the castors! — mustard — vinegar — cayenne — catsup — peas and potatoes, with a very little butter — the biscuit called "ruste," and the memory of the hotch-potch is as that of Babylon the Great. Sense of satiety, indeed! We have seen it for a moment existing on the disappearance of the hotch-potch — dying on the appearance of the Tay salmon — once more noticeable as the last plate of the noble fish melted away — extinguished suddenly by the vision of the venison — again felt for an instant, and but for an instant, for a brace and a half of as fine grouse as ever expanded their voluptuous bosoms to be devoured by hungry love.

Long ago Dr. Kitchener advised gourmets to eat until there was a sense of satiety — variety of diet being a whip to the appetite, and so the feeling of satiety might be experienced a dozen times in the course of a banquet. The old proverb calls it an ill wind that does not blow some one good, and the variety of dishes and the keen appreciation in which they are held by the luxurious, replenish the empty coffers of many a rising physician, who, were greater abstinence the rule, would have far less paying work to do. Gout and dyspepsia are invaluable complaints to the fashionable doctor and great friends of the undertaker, and in the interests of the latter we must not preach wisdom too loudly, and must hasten to topics less painful.

Dr. W. F. Ainsworth, in his recently published "Personal Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition of 1834," gives the

following admirable sketch of a Persian lunch. Its comprehensive character cannot be denied, and the curious medley it presents is to us very strange: —

Decidedly, then, for the use of the future traveller, we would say that the best overture to a wayside repast is a water-melon, not cut in slices, as is done by some neophytes, but eaten like an egg, one end being cut off and the cellular parenchyma within extracted with a wooden spoon — that of the pear-tree is the best — the roseate fluid percolating all the time to the bottom, and affording a fragrant beverage when the first proceeding is over. For a second course a cold fowl, with slices of snake and cucumber, can be recommended; and for *hors d'œuvres* the most refreshing are sour milk with chopped sage or rose leaves, also eaten with a pear-wood spoon or cucumber smothered in cream. In Faristan, ice can frequently be obtained to add to these cooling preparations, which may be also flavored with rose water. For dessert the most easily procured dainties are prepared cream or "kaimak," flaked with sugar, fresh almonds, iced rose water sweetened with honey, or rendered more fragrant with the aroma of mountain thyme and absinthe or wormwood. Bread is made of acorns, and must be avoided. Sometimes a kind of *bec-a-figue* can be obtained. They must be cooked on a skewer of cedar. The young onion is less ardent in these countries than with us. Many little additions to make up the "poetry of a repast" may be occasionally obtained, as a bunch of delicious grapes suspended for an hour under the moistened frond of a date-tree, figs served up in cream, dates lightly fried in olive oil, or apricot paste dissolved in fresh milk. The repast must be followed by a chibuk or a kahyn, according to taste or habit. But the one is tobacco, the other a herb akin to it; the one is smoked, the other is inhaled.

We cannot close our article without some comments on earth eating or "geophagie." At first sight inexplicable, disgusting, and unnatural, when understood it supports our contention that man can eat without serious discomfort all kinds of animal organisms. Some of the earths used for this purpose have been found to consist in part of the remains of minute organisms. Humboldt described a tribe of Otomacs that, during the rainy season, lived on a fat, unctuous clay, which appeared to consist of a red earthy matter — hydrous silicate of alumina called bole. The Japanese also eat earth made into thin cakes; they are offered for sale, and are used by the women to give themselves beauty and slenderness of form, and so must derange the digestive functions much as the more familiar vinegar so often used

among us for the same unnatural purpose. Ehrenberg found that this edible earth consisted of the remains of microscopic animals and plants that had been deposited from fresh water. In northern Europe an earth mainly composed of the empty shells of minute infusorial animalculæ is still much eaten, and in times of famine something very similar, called mountain-meal, has been used in northern Germany. A mid-African tribe eats clay, preferring that of ant hills, in the intervals between meals. The colored people of Sierra Leone devour the red earth of which ant hills are composed. It has, however, been asserted and on good evidence that much of the clay eaten by the inhabitants of tropical countries is dirt pure and simple, and without any alimentary value. The Agmara Indians eat a white clay, which is rather gritty, and which careful analysis proves to be totally devoid of any organic matter affording nutriment. Sir Samuel Argoll gave one of the earliest notices of this practice in a narrative of a "Journie in Virginia" in 1613. "In this journie," he says, "I likewise found a mine of which I have sent a triall into England; and likewise a stronger kind of earth, the virtue whereof I know not, but the Indians eat it for Physicke, alleging that it cureth the sickness and pain of the belly." Geophagy becomes at last an incurable vice, and Dr. Galt speaks of having seen a Mestizc soldier dying from dysentery with a lump of clay in his mouth half an hour before his death.

Our subject is very far from completed, and we have done little more than touch the fringe of practically an inexhaustible study. Truly man is *par excellence* a cooking and an eating animal. He can find something to satisfy his appetite, if not always to please his palate, wherever he betakes himself, and he is never so happy as when exercising his ingenuity in discovering fresh additions to a dietary already formidable from its variety and dangerous from its temptations. Every month something fresh is discovered, compounded, or invented. Every improvement in the arts furnishes us with additional luxuries, often to the neglect of simpler, cheaper, and more wholesome foods; while every fresh investigation of the remoter parts of the globe brings to light hitherto unheard-of culinary dainties. If things go on as they are going, the day will come when not even the omnivorous appetite of a city alderman will, in the course of a long tenure of office, be able

to do justice to all the costly delicacies which human industry and ingenuity can bring together for its delectation. Courage, dear gourmand, you will never exhaust all the culinary supplies awaiting you; do not despair, dear gourmet, your many wants are not forgotten, and ingenious cooks are striving to provide you with still greater variety.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN
MEMOIRS.

II.

MY MUSICIAN.

ONE'S early life is certainly a great deal more amusing to look back to, than it used to be when it was going on. For one thing it isn't nearly so long now as it was then, and remembered events come cheerfully scurrying up one after another, while the intervening periods are no longer the portentous cycles they once used to seem. And another thing to be considered is that the people walking in and out of the bygone mansions of life were not, to our newly opened eyes, the interesting personages many of them have since become: then they were men walking as trees before us, without names or histories; now some of the very names mean for us the history of our time. Very young people's eyes are certainly of more importance to them than their ears, and they all *see* the persons they are destined to spend their lives with long before the figures begin to talk and to explain themselves.

My grandmother had a little society of her own at Paris, in the midst of which she seemed to reign from dignity and kindness of heart; her friends it must be confessed have not as yet become historic, but she herself was well worthy of a record. Grandmothers in books and memoirs are mostly alike, stately, old-fashioned, kindly, and critical. Mine was no exception to the general rule. She had been one of the most beautiful women of her time; very tall, with a queenly head and carriage, she always moved in a dignified way. She had an odd taste in dress, I remember, and used to walk out in a red merino cloak trimmed with ermine, which gave her the air of a retired empress wearing out her robes. She was a woman of strong feeling, somewhat imperious, with a passionate love for little children,

and with extraordinary sympathy and enthusiasm for any one in trouble or in disgrace. How benevolently she used to look round the room at her many *protégés*, with her beautiful grey eyes! Her friends as a rule were shorter than she was and brisker, less serious and emotional. They adopted her views upon politics, religion, and homœopathy, or at all events did not venture to contradict them. But they certainly could not reach her heights, and her almost romantic passion of feeling.

A great many of my earliest recollections seem to consist of old ladies, — hundreds of old ladies so they appear to me, as I look back through the larger end of my glasses to the time when my sister and I were two little girls living at Paris. I remember that after a long stay in England with our father, the old ladies seemed changed somehow to our more experienced eyes. They were the same, but with more variety; not all alike as they had seemed before, not all the same age; some were younger, some were older than we had remembered them — one was actually married! Our grandmother looked older to us; we were used to seeing our father's grey hair, but that hers should turn white too seemed almost unnatural. The very first time we walked out with her after our return, we met the bride of whose marriage we had heard while we were away. She was a little dumpy, good-natured woman of about forty-five, I suppose, — shall I ever forget the thrill with which we watched her approach, hanging with careless grace upon her husband's arm? She wore light, tight kid gloves upon her little fat hands, and a bonnet like a bride's cake. Marriage had not made her proud as it does some people; she recognized us at once and introduced us to the gentleman. "Very 'appy to make your acquaintance, miss," said he. "Mrs. C. 'ave often mentioned you at our place."

Children begin by being Philistines. As we parted I said to my grandmother that I had always known people dropped their h's, but that I didn't know one ever married them. My grandmother seemed trying not to laugh, but she answered gravely that Mr. and Mrs. C. looked very happy, h's or no h's. And so they did, walking off along those illuminated Elysian fields gay with the echoes of Paris in May, while the children capered to itinerant music, and flags were flying and penny trumpets ringing, and strollers and spectators were lining the way, and the long, interminable procession of carriages in the centre of the road went rolling

steadily towards the Bois de Boulogne. As we walked homewards I remember how evening after evening the sun used to set splendidly in the very centre of the great triumphal arch at the far end of the avenue, and flood everything in a glorious tide of light. What indeed did an aspirate more or less matter at such a moment!

I don't think we ever came home from one of our walks that we did not find our grandfather sitting in the twilight, watching for our grandmother's return. We used to ask him if he didn't find it very dull doing nothing in the twilight, but he used to tell us it was his thinking-time. My sister and I thought thinking dreadfully dull, and only longed for candles and "Chambers' Miscellany." A good deal of thinking went on in our peaceful home; we should have liked more doing. One day was just like another; my grandmother and my grandfather sat on either side of the hearth in their two accustomed places; there was a French cook in a white cap who brought in the trays and the lamp at the appointed hour; there was Chambers on the bookshelf, "Pickwick," and all my father's books of course, and "The Listener," by Caroline Fry, which used to be my last desperate resource when I had just finished all the others. We lived in a sunny little flat on a fourth floor, with windows east and west and a wide horizon from each, and the sound of the cries from the street below, and the confusing roll of the wheels when the windows were open in summer. In winter time we dined at five by lamp-light at the round table in my grandfather's study. After dinner we used to go into the pretty blue drawing-room where the peat fire would be burning brightly in the open grate, and the evening paper would come in with the tea. I can see it all still, hear it, smell the peat, and taste the odd, herbaceous tea and the French bread and butter. On the band of the *Constitutional* newspaper was printed "M. le Major Michel Eschmid." It was not my grandfather's name or anything like it, but he would gravely say that when English people lived in France they must expect to have their names gallicized, and his paper certainly found him out evening after evening. While my grandmother with much emphasis read the news (she was a fervent republican and so was my grandfather), my sister and I would sit unconscious of politics and happy over our story-books until the fatal inevitable moment when a ring was heard at the bell and evening callers were announced. Then

we reluctantly shut up our books for we were told to get our needlework when the company came in, and we had to find chairs and hand teacups, and answer inquiries, and presently go to bed.

The ladies would come in in their bonnets, with their news and their comments upon the public events, which, by the way, seemed to go off like fireworks in those days expressly for our edification. Ours was a talkative, economical, and active little society, — *Cranford en Voyage* is the impression which remains to me of those early surroundings. If the ladies were one and all cordially attached to my grandmother, to my grandfather they were still more devoted. A major is a major. He used to sign their pension papers, administer globules for their colds, give point and support to their political opinions. I can see him still sitting in his armchair by the fire with a little semi-circle round about the hearth. Ours was anything but a meek and disappointed community. We may have had our reverses — and very important reverses they all seem to have been — but we had all had spirit enough to leave our native shores and settle in Paris, not without a certain implied disapproval of the other people who went on living in England regardless of expense. My father was no exception to this criticism. Why, they used to say, did he remain in that nasty smoky climate, so bad for health and spirits? Why didn't he settle in Paris and write works upon the French? Why didn't I write and coax him to come, and tell him that it was our grandmother's wish that he should do so, that the speaker, Mademoiselle Trotkins (or whoever it might be) had told me to write? I remember going through an early martyrdom at these friendly hands, and bitterly and silently resenting their indignation with any one who could prefer that black and sooty place, London, to Paris. Though to be sure the *loyers* were becoming more exorbitant every day, and as for the *fruitière* at the corner she was charging no less than forty *sous* for her Isyngy. We always talked in a sort of sandwich of French and English. Oddly enough, though we talked French and some of us even looked French, we knew no French people. From time to time at other houses I used to hear of real foreigners, but I don't remember seeing any at ours, except a *pasteur* who sometimes came, and a certain Vicomte de B. (I had nearly written Bragelonne) whose mother, I believe, was also English. *Jeunes filles, jeunes fleurs*, he used to say, bowing to

the young ladies. This was our one only approach to an introduction to French society. But all the same one cannot live abroad without imbibing something of the country, of the kingdoms of the air and the earth and the waters among which one is living. Breath and food and raiment are a part of one's life after all and a very considerable part; and all the wonderful tide of foreign sunshine and the cheerful crowds and happy voices outside, and the very click of pots and pans in the little kitchen at the back seemed to have a character of their own. And so, though we knew nothing of the French, we got to know France and to feel at home there beneath its blue sky, and I think to this day a holiday abroad is ten times more a holiday than a holiday at home. From mere habit one seems to be sixteen again, and one's spirits rise and one's exigencies abate. Besides the dwellers in the *apartements* and the regular customers of the extortionate *fruitière* there used to be passing friends and acquaintances who visited us on their way to other resorts — to Italy, to the German baths. Some stopped in Paris for a week or two at a time, others for a few days only. I remember three Scotch ladies, for whom my grandmother had a great regard, who were not part of our community, but who used to pass through Paris and always made a certain stay. I was very much afraid of them, though interested at the same time as girls are in unknown quantities. They were well connected and had estates and grand relations in the distance, though they seemed to live as simply as we did. One winter it was announced that they had taken an apartment for a few weeks, and next morning I was sent with a note to one of them by my grandmother. They were tall, thin ladies, two were widows, one was a spinster; of the three the unmarried one frightened me most. On this occasion, after reading the note, one of the widow ladies said to the spinster, Miss X., who had got her bonnet on, "Why, you were just going to call on Mrs. A. B., were you not? Why don't you take the child back with you in the carriage?" "I must first go and see how he is this morning," said Miss X., somewhat anxiously, "and then I could take her home, of course. Are the things packed?" A servant came in carrying a large basket with a variety of bottles and viands and napkins. I had not presence of mind to run away as I longed to do, and in a minute I found myself sitting in a little open carriage with the Scotch lady,

and the basket on the opposite seat. I thought her, if possible, more terrible than ever—she seemed grave, pre-occupied. She had a long nose, a thick brown complexion, greyish sandy hair, and was dressed in scanty cloth skirts grey and sandy too. She spoke to me, I believe, but my heart was in my mouth; I hardly dared even listen to what she said. We drove along the Champs Elysées towards the arch and then turned into a side street, and presently came to a house at the door of which the carriage stopped. The lady got out, carefully carrying her heavy basket, and told me to follow, and we began to climb the shiny stairs—one, two flights I think—then we rang at a bell and the door was almost instantly opened. It was opened by a slight, delicate-looking man with long hair, bright eyes, and a long, hooked nose. When Miss X. saw him she hastily put down her basket upon the floor, caught both his hands in hers, began to shake them gently, and to scold him in an affectionate reproving way for having come to the door. He laughed, said he guessed who it was, and motioned to her to enter, and I followed at her sign with the basket—followed into a narrow little room, a dining-room or passage, with no furniture in it whatever but an upright piano against the wall and a few straw chairs standing on the wooden shiny floor. He made us sit down with some courtesy, and in reply to her questions said he was pretty well. Had he slept? He shook his head. Had he eaten? He shrugged his shoulders and then he pointed to the piano. He had been composing something—I remember that he spoke in an abrupt, light sort of way—would Miss X. like to hear it? “She would like to hear it,” she answered, “of course she would dearly like to hear it; but it would tire him to play; it could not be good for him.” He smiled again, shook back his long hair, and sat down immediately; and then the music began and the room was filled with continuous sound, he looking over his shoulder now and then to see if we were liking it. The lady sat absorbed and listening, and as I looked at her I saw tears in her eyes—great clear tears rolling down her cheeks while the music poured on and on. I can’t, alas, recall that music! I would give anything to remember it now; but the truth is I was so interested in the people that I scarcely listened. When he stopped at last and looked round the lady started up. “You mustn’t play any more,” she said; “no more, no more, it’s

too beautiful,”—and she praised him and thanked him in a tender, motherly, pitying sort of way, and then hurriedly said we must go; but as we took leave she added, almost in a whisper with a humble apologizing look, “I have brought you some of that jelly, and my sister sent some of the wine you fancied the other day; pray, pray, try to take a little.” He again shook his head at her, seeming more vexed than grateful. “It is very wrong; you shouldn’t bring me these things,” he said in French. “I won’t play to you if you do,”—but she put him back softly, and hurriedly closed the door upon him and the offending basket, and hastened away. As we were coming down-stairs she wiped her eyes again. By this time I had got to love her, plain, tall, grim, warm-hearted woman; all my silly terrors were gone. She looked hard at me as we drove away. “Never forget that you have heard Chopin play,” she said with emotion, “for soon no one will ever hear him play any more.”

Sometimes reading the memoirs of the great musician, the sad story of his early death, of his passionate fidelity, and cruel estrangement from the companion he most loved, I have remembered this little scene with comfort and pleasure, and known that he was not altogether alone in life, and that he had good friends who cared for his genius and tended him to the last. Of their affection he was aware. But of their constant secret material guardianship he was unconscious; the basket he evidently hated, the woman he turned to with most grateful response and dependence. He was to the very end absorbed in his music, in his art, in his love. He had bestowed without counting all that he had to give; he poured it forth upon others, never reckoning the cost; and then dying away from it all, he in turn took what came to him as a child might do, without pondering or speculating overmuch.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

THE KINGS OF SWEDEN AND HOLLAND.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

IN the lovely town of Pau, romantically situated in the French Pyrenees, stands, close by the church of St. Jacques, a small, grey, one-storied, unpretentious house. Over its door runs an inscription, and from it the passer-by may learn how Charles Jean Bernadotte, who was born in this house in 1763, became in after years King Charles XIV. (John) of Sweden. A

truly romantic history that of the Bernadottes, who, thanks to an historical accident, were raised from simple obscure burghers of Pau to be rulers of the finest kingdom in northern Europe. But if mere chance raised them to this proud position, it was not mere chance that enabled them to retain it. In the general hurly-burly that followed the fall of Napoleon, the Bernadottes were among the few newly made dynasties who were able to retain their thrones, and this because the king, like his after-time successors, had proved to his people that though he might be a *parvenu* among sovereigns, he was a sovereign among men — a person of superior mind and merit, who had quickly learnt to comprehend the character and requirements of his subjects, and whose one desire was to satisfy the same. King Charles John, the first Bernadotte sovereign, was succeeded by his son Oscar I., and he in his turn by his son Charles XV.; and all their reigns, from 1818 down to the present date, were years of peace and prosperity for Sweden.

It was in 1872 that the fourth regent of the burgher family of Pau ascended the Scandinavian throne. King Oscar II. (Frederick), the reigning monarch, is the third son of King Oscar I. and his consort, Princess Josephine of Leuchtenberg, a daughter of Eugène Beauharnais, the stepson of Napoleon the Great. When Prince Oscar Frederick was born his father was crown-prince, and his grandfather, King Charles John, still reigned with undiminished vigor, notwithstanding his great age. There seemed, therefore, little prospect that this younger son would ever ascend the throne. It was consequently not thought needful to educate him with this goal in view, and he was permitted to follow his own inclinations, which attracted him powerfully to a sailor's life. At the age of eleven he entered the Swedish navy. Here he worked just like any common midshipman, and passed all the grades before he was promoted to be lieutenant. The thoroughness that characterizes his mind was noticed already then. He insisted on studying *au fond* all that bore on his profession directly or indirectly; and the notes made by him of his voyages at the time attest to his powers of observation.

His first sea voyage took him to England and the Mediterranean on board the frigate Eugénie, which at that time (1846) was commanded by Captain von Krusenstjered, an officer to whom the young subordinate became deeply attached, and

on whose death he wrote a powerful poem, full of deep feeling. The prince was twenty when he returned from this cruise, his mind enlarged, his stock of knowledge enriched. He then, at his father's wish, visited the University of Upsala, where he distinguished himself in mathematics, while never neglecting or abandoning his naval pursuits; so that in due course he rose to the rank of admiral. His excellent abilities, his personal amiability, made him beloved of his equals and inferiors in the navy, a love he returned, as is proved in his poem, "Memories of the Swedish Fleet" — a fleet in which, as he says in his dedication, he passed the happiest and most careless years of his youth; on the sea were dreamed his brightest youthful dreams; were knit his dearest friendships. This poem, which was a competition work written at the instigation of the Swedish Academy of Science, carried off the prize. It had been sent in anonymously. Indeed, to this day the king signs all his writings either simply "Oscar Frederick," or "Oscar."

After leaving the university and passing the needful military studies, Prince Oscar once more resumed his naval life, visiting in the course of his travels many lands and courts. In 1852 the sudden death of his brother Gustav, a prince endowed with rare musical ability, for the first time made the world regard him as a possible Swedish ruler, for up to that date his brother Charles's marriage had proved childless. This event made it desirable that Prince Oscar should marry, and his father sent him forth to the Continent, to visit the courts of Europe, and seek for himself the wife that should please his fancy, for at the Swedish court mere marriages of reason and politics were not *de rigueur*. What distinguished the Swedish Bernadottes, and distinguishes all their descendants, is their truly noble and loving family life, whence spring grand and beautiful human beings, ennobled by this the most potent factor of education. It was at the little court of Wied that Prince Oscar first saw the woman who has been to him a true helpmate and loving consort. His meeting with her is told in his poem "Monrepos," the name of the Prince of Wied's family castle. In 1857 he led to his far northern home his "angel bright and good," the Princess Sofia of Nassau.

A quiet, happy, retired life was that led by the young couple, the mother occupied with the care of the baby boy who the following year came to charm their hearts,

and that of the delighted grandfather ; the father busy with his scientific studies, with projects for the development of his country's navy, with art, music, and literature. It was then he wrote his drama (" Castle Kronberg "), since often acted both in Sweden and abroad, originally written in French. He also at this time devoted much care to the study of military art, giving an impetus to the founding of the Swedish Military Literary Union, in which society he himself delivered a number of most admirable lectures on themes bearing upon army matters. Voyages and voyagers naturally claimed his vivid interest as an ex-sailor. He especially encouraged all Arctic explorations ; wherefore a land discovered by Swedish explorers has been named after him — Prince Oscar's Land. Many academical dissertations by the prince also date from the time ere he was called to rule.

Most notable among these, and afterwards collected into a volume, are the " Musical Festival Speeches," delivered at various intervals from 1864 to 1871. In these the king shows himself not only the excellent musician he is, but also an admirable critic. He does not treat music as an abstract art, detached from all other human endeavors ; he considers it rather as part of the grand whole of our intellectual life, bound up with the sister sciences, and reflecting with them in intimate union the whole spiritual character of the people among which it takes birth. Both as regards form and language, these addresses are far above the average. Indeed, their language often rises to poetic eloquence ; as in the first, in which the speaker sets forth his musical creed, of which the main dogma is that nature is inseparable from harmony. " When God spoke that mighty word, ' Let there be light,' he created at the same time with the outer world, the world of harmony, the world of sound." In " winged language " he then goes on to tell of the cosmopolitan character of music — cosmopolitan, and yet national — for each people gives it its own peculiar stamp.

A poetical translation of Goethe's " Torquato Tasso " into Swedish earned for its author the honor of election as a corresponding member of the Frankfort Academy of Sciences. It was preceded by an exquisitely graceful dedication to his wife, telling how what Leonora had been to Tasso, she had been to him — the love, the inspirer, the crowning happiness of his existence. Indeed, this royal poet is specially felicitous in translation,

as he proved also in a version of Herder's " Cid," and as he may yet prove some later day, when the piles of manuscripts, original and translated, that have accumulated unprinted since he ascended the throne are allowed to see the light of day. Hitherto his royal duties have hindered him from finding the needful time for press revision, and so also has a certain timidity ; a fear lest they should earn praise merely on account of their writer's rank, rather than for their intrinsic merits.

Not long, however, could Prince Oscar thus live the life of a simple burgher who has no duties to the masses. In 1859 his father died, and his brother ascended the throne. As the new king was still childless, it fell to Prince Oscar to fill the rôle of crown-prince and undertake all the onerous offices of that post, a post from which he never was relieved until his brother's sudden and unexpected death in 1872 placed the crown upon his own brow. His poetic gifts hence had to rest awhile, but only for awhile. In intervals of business, in spare moments, Oscar Frederick is always ready to use his pen. The list of his published works alone is a long as well as a worthy record. After Gustavus III., he is certainly the most literary monarch Sweden ever possessed. While acting as crown-prince, it was history that chiefly attracted his attention, and he then wrote his memoir of Charles XII. of Sweden, which he first delivered publicly in the form of a speech. Notwithstanding Voltaire's immortal work on the same theme, the king of Sweden's memoir holds its own for grace of style and narrative form, and is besides far more accurate as regards fact than that of his French predecessor on the same domain. The poems of the same date are all inspired by the royal author's keen love of nature. His sailor life awakened his powers of observation ; he is familiar with nature in all her moods ; and this knowledge is variously reflected in his verse. His very real and simple piety, too, finds an outlet in his poems. His " Easter Hymn " has taken rank among the best evangelical church songs. A German translation of these poems was, by the king's express desire, dedicated to the then crown-prince Frederick William (Frederick III.), as " the patron of work, of peace, and humanity."

Perchance one of the most charming poems the royal author ever penned is that he calls, " In my Home." It refers to his favorite castle in the Sound of Hel-

singborg (Sofiero); so called in compliment to his wife. And the verses tell of a stroll through the domain under the guidance of its lord. It is a cycle of five poems, describing what may be seen from the various windows. "A few square panes of glass," he sings, "but how many pictures it affords me!" He then describes the view; he recalls the old strange Sagas of Sweden's past; he knits that past so skilfully in union with the present that the cycle forms a perfect series of pictures of Sweden's story.

"In my home," writes the worthy host, "many a window remains unclosed. I love to feel the summer's breezes, I love to feel the sky my roof. From far the vaporous sea wind fans my brow. Here is the room in which I dwell myself. Enter it, guest, from out the breezy balcony."

After leading his guest from room to room, the royal poet arrives at last at those dwelt in by the hostess. "These," he sings, "are *her* favorite rooms; here flowers are bathed in sunshine. There is no sweeter freehold than this that she has chosen for herself. An awning covers the verandah, whence resting, our eyes look over the ocean spread beyond. And round about is room for children's sports; to learn to play, also to slumber, ever near the mother, for such is our custom. Above is my small treasure-house of books that has the view I speak of, and room is here besides for many a faithful friend, a dear acquaintance. Then tell me, could I desire a larger house, more brilliant rooms? My bed stands peacefully under a peaceful roof, my days are filled with art, science, and poesy; and day by day I drink rich draughts of nectar from the balmy forest airs, from ocean's wave."

Indeed, Prince Oscar's ambition did not rise above the laurel of poetic fame. When the kingly crown descended on his head he accepted the burden with resignation. He sighed sadly at exchanging his quiet burgher existence for the uneasy honors of a throne. He accepted the post as his duty, and conscientiously has he fulfilled what he then undertook.

It was in 1872 that the Duke of Oester-Götland (as Oscar Frederick was called till then) ascended the dual throne of Sweden and Norway. In his first address to his Riksdag he sketched the programme of the policy to which he has ever remained faithful.

"Like my noble predecessors," he said,

"I too have decided to choose a device. I am deeply penetrated with the sense that the royal crown which has fallen to me as heir is not lent to me for mere outer splendor. Rather I know and admit that my responsible royal mission, of which the crown is a symbol, has been laid upon me to promote *the welfare of the brother nations*. May these words be my motto, 'Brödralfolkens Väl'! May they give expression to my ardent love for the two nations united by my great predecessor, whose happiness is my highest earthly goal! May they indicate the nature to which, with God's help, my actions, as Sweden and Norway's king, will give expression!"

The device King Oscar chose for himself showed that he had realized of what nature would be his regal difficulties. Most earnestly, most conscientiously, has he striven to promote the welfare of the dual Scandinavian domain, but it has been no easy task, nor can it be said to have been crowned with entire success. The fault, however, is not the king's, it lies inherent in the character of the position, which presents an insoluble difficulty. Two nations have here been artificially put together into harness whose past history and present aims are as the poles asunder. The one has a long and varied history behind it, full of warnings and lessons — a history that tells of doughty deeds as well as of deep humiliations; the other counts its re-birth as a people but by few decades. Add to this a difference of language, an intense mutual jealousy, a fundamental leaning on the one side to Conservatism, on the other to Radicalism, and we have some faint idea of the problem with which King Oscar has to deal. No wonder he has less leisure to indite poetry.

The inimical spirit made itself felt from the first moment. Thus one of the first acts of the Riksdag on his accession was to cut down his moderate civil list of nine hundred thousand rixdollars by one hundred thousand, and it is well known that the king was crowned at his own expense. Since then his one task and aim has ever been to prevent the dominant Radical party from going too far, at the same time keeping within the bounds of his very limited prerogative. The strained relations that have ever existed between Sweden and Norway since their forcible union has led to some bitter polemics. The extreme Norwegian Radicals desire a republic, and their leaders — and in particular the poet Björnson — have assailed

the king of Sweden most virulently and most unjustifiably. Björnson at last went so far as to challenge the king to give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another for an alleged libel, the king having been reported to have said that there was not one of the Ten Commandments which Björnson had not broken. The poet was obliged to leave Norway for a time in consequence of the scandal he had upraised, but has since returned, mightier than ever, and with increased power as a demagogue. The author Ibsen, too, is among those who make opposition to the monarchy, and he too went into voluntary banishment.

So far, therefore, Oscar's desire to be a union king has not been realized, and that was what he wished above all. It is, indeed, a difficult task to rule with three Chambers, of which Sweden has two and Norway one, the latter country having by decree abolished the nobility, and with it the second house. That under these circumstances the king has never lost his personal popularity is almost marvellous; and yet so it is. He is esteemed by all, excepting, perchance, a few of the extreme politicians, who are so blinded by party as to confuse the man with the cause. That Oscar II.'s reign has been important and efficacious for Scandinavia it would be hard to deny. He has raised the country commercially and industrially; has encouraged art and science. By every means in his power he tries to get at the real requirements of his people. He travels much in the provinces, he interviews both public and private personages, he insists as far as in him lies on having the truth concerning all matters. He even often appears unexpectedly in the police courts to hear the trial himself, and frequently he exercises his royal prerogative of pardoning if the offences be small. Since 1823 no Swedish king had availed himself of this right, and that such actions, and many others of a like peaceful nature, endear him to his subjects, can easily be understood.

It is beyond a question that this king takes his duties strenuously. Among the "Thoughts and Leaflets from my Journals," which he has issued from time to time, can be read this utterance: "A king must ever know how to subordinate all the inclinations of his character — even the most legitimate — to the exigencies of political wisdom and to the real, well-comprehended advantages of his Fatherland." Oscar Frederick's active, sincere piety makes it easier for him to accom-

plish these acts of self-sacrifice — often in his case very great, for his character, like that of all individual thinkers, is well pronounced, and his inclinations marked.

A valuable support has he found in his wife, who has made the welfare of the less fortunate of her husband's subjects her great care — the crippled, maimed, sick, and weary. Above all, everything bearing on the happiness of children elicits her interest. She holds by the maxim that the world's history is made in the nursery, and first for her own and now for the nation's young ones she has a tender care. She has her reward in her four stately sons, who are the pride of the country, beloved and respected of all. Her own health of late years has been far from strong, and it is this that gives to her face so pathetic an expression; but she is happy, nevertheless, in her quiet, retiring way; and her counsels are sought and valued by her consort.

The four sons who hopefully surround the Swedish throne are respectively the crown-prince, the Duke of Götland, the Duke of Westergotland, and the Duke of Nerike. The eldest, Prince Gustav, has inherited much of his father's ability, and has distinguished himself both as a traveller and as a soldier. Those who know him intimately praise his cool judgment and his penetrating powers of reasoning. He is slow to take decisions, studying a matter from all sides; but a conclusion once arrived at, he is inflexible in its execution. He married, in 1881, the granddaughter of the late emperor William I., Princess Victoria of Baden, a marriage that gave universal satisfaction. Indeed, it became, quite unintentionally, an act of historical restitution, for it happens that the princess is the great granddaughter of the banished Swedish King Gustav IV. (Adolf). Thus the great-grandson of Bernadotte led back to Scandinavia the great-granddaughter of the monarch whom his forefather had chased from the throne. Two bonnie little boys have come to bless their union — children to whom their mother devotes herself with fond pride.

The second son (Prince Oscar, once Duke of Götland, now, since his marriage, simple Prince Bernadotte) was awhile ago the object of much European interest on account of his romantic attachment to Mlle. Ebba Munck, his mother's favorite maid-of-honor. For a long time King Oscar would not hear of the match. He remembered how he himself, born far dis-

tant from the throne, had been called upon to assume it, and the lady, though charming and unobjectionable in all respects, was not of royal birth. The situation of the Bernadottes as *parvenus* among the European royalties was difficult enough, and such a marriage might render it more difficult for Prince Oscar were he ever called on to rule. In vain the prince begged to be allowed to renounce his birthright, pointing to his three stalwart brothers; in vain the queen pleaded for the lovers. Prince Oscar travelled to see if he could forget his affection. Mlle. Munck was removed from the court. All proved useless. It then happened that the queen was seized with one of her serious attacks of illness—so serious this time that her recovery was despaired of. An operation was needful. Before submitting to it the queen made the king promise that should her life be saved, he would consent to the marriage of the lovers. Reluctantly he promised. The operation was made, and was successful; the queen recovered. She then sent for her favorite maid-of-honor to have her once more about her. It was Christmas evening, all the family were assembled in the invalid's room, and Mlle. Munck, who has a lovely voice, was singing with feeling a poem of the king's, in which he pleads for the rights due to love. The charming singer emphasized her words, whether by accident or design. The king listened enrapt. Did he notice that all eyes were fixed on him in petition, and especially those of his wife? Be it so or no, the song ended, he remained for a while in deep thought, then rose up suddenly from where he sat, and approaching Prince Oscar, took his hand and laid it silently into that of Ebba Munck. He can have little reason to repent his resolution; the young couple are truly happy. Since their marriage—celebrated quite quietly at the English seaside town of Bournemouth—they have led a modest retired life in their castle by the sea (Karlsrona). A quiet, but not an idle life. The prince is busy all day with the pursuits of a private gentleman and the occupation of a sailor prince. The other day he emulated another northern prince, great Peter of Russia, in valiantly rescuing a number of drowning fellow-creatures from a watery grave. He saw from his windows that a sailing-boat containing four men was upset in a furious gale. He ran down at once, and, together with a fisherman of the neighborhood, rode through the wild waves and succeeded in rescuing three of

the shipwrecked men. He takes a keen interest in all charitable works, and is at the head of various benevolent societies, spending for them not only his time but his money. Like his brothers, he is remarkably handsome, of a dark type of beauty, such as is common to all the Bernadottes.

Prince Charles, who is the military prince, is as yet unmarried. He has travelled much in the East, and has written a vivid account of his adventures, which modesty has hitherto prevented him from publishing.

The youngest scion of the house, Prince Eugène, is devoted to the fine arts, and is at present studying in Paris with a view to fitting himself to be a painter. His work so far shows a leaning towards the prevalent rationalism, but it is too early to decide whither his undoubted talents may lead him.

Until 1889 yet another noble soul enriched the Swedish royal family circle—namely, Princess Eugénie, the king's sister, a pious, self-sacrificing woman, whose sickly health did not hinder her from devoting herself to music and poetry, in both of which branches she achieved some charming successes, though often at the cost of bodily strength. Her charity too was unslacking, her benefits to the poor never-ending. A touching trait told of her characterizes her better than volumes of description. A poorhouse was needed near the castle on the isle of Götland, where she always spent her summers, but there were no funds to erect it with. Without making any parade of the matter, she secretly sold her diamonds and gave the money that resulted to this end. A year after, when she came again to visit this spot, the workhouse stood ready. The welcome she received from the poor people, for whom she had thus provided a home, was enthusiastic. All greeted her with smiles and cries of joy. Only one old man among the crowd wept bitterly. The princess asked the cause, and was told that he was a hardened sinner, who had only begun to work since he came to this house, and who there had learnt to turn to God. Until this day none had ever seen him weep. His tears flowed for the first time at sight of her whom he called the "saviour of his soul." When the princess heard this, she said, "In these tears I see my diamonds again."

It would certainly not be easy to find a more worthy family in private or royal

life than this of Sweden. As for the king, he is almost an ideal personage, with his talents, his immaculate private life, his pleasant and winning personality. In public the court life is stately, but even there he is not unapproachable. Once a week he holds open audiences, and all who like to come are received. He talks to these visitors, not with mere ceremony, but strives to enter into the true requirements of those who seek him. When at his country seat, he particularly encourages the visits of naval men. Whenever he can he wears his admiral's dress, because he loves the sea, and he likes nothing better than a long yarn with some old sea comrade. In the love of his family and of his friends Oscar of Sweden's life may truly be counted happy.

THE KING OF HOLLAND.

THERE is perhaps no more comic incident in all history — indeed it savors rather of *opéra bouffe* than of serious story — than that which occurred in May, 1889, in the little kingdom of Holland. For some months previously its ruler had lain dying, bulletins as to his sinking condition were daily issued to all Europe, the most eminent physicians had pronounced him beyond hope, his necrology lay ready for print in every newspaper office of the world, and all details as to the succession were arranged. This succession was to fall on the little Princess Wilhelmina, the only surviving child of the king, in whose favor the Dutch constitution was revised only two years before. But since the small grand duchy of Luxemburg is under the Salic law, this onerous possession could not pass into the little girl's hands, but falls instead to Duke Adolf of Nassau, the nearest male agnate of the house of Orange and Nassau, a relationship that dates back to the thirteenth century. Seeing the desperate state of the king, the new Dutch regents thought it became them to call upon this duke to enter upon his future estates provisionally as regent, but with the assurance, as all thought, of being in a few hours, at most days, its sovereign. Duke Adolf, himself but a few months the junior of the dying monarch, hastened to obey the summons. He certainly did not display too much tact in his act of taking possession, and he spoke with an assurance, destined to prove too assured, of his future government. May day was fixed for the formal ceremony of installation. On the eve of that day, to every one's astonishment, the king of Holland upraised himself from what all be-

lieved to be his death-bed, and, with a clearness of thought which none expected from a brain authoritatively pronounced to be paralyzed, stated that so long as he breathed, the reins of power should not pass out of his hands, and that Duke Adolf of Nassau might return whence he had come.

The event caused no little amusement throughout Europe and much mortification to the duke, who had to return crestfallen to his villa on the Rhine, his dream of being a reigning sovereign once more demolished. The Prussians had deprived him of his hereditary little State of Nassau, and now a sudden resurrection from the dead deprived him of a realm of which he already — so ran his public declaration to his hoped-for subjects — felt himself a citizen in heart and soul. He permitted some very ill-judged criticisms of the event to appear in papers friendly to him, remarks that evinced all too clearly his keen annoyance at the sorry figure he had cut. Meantime the king of Holland no doubt laughed in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his disappointed successor, whom, after all, he may perchance survive, for it is clear William III. is made of tough material.

The whole affair inevitably reminds us of the scene in which Prince Hal all too hastily puts on his head his father's crown, deeming him dead.

"Is he so hasty that he doth suppose my sleep my death?" asks the sick monarch, and when he taunts the prince with the famous saying, "Thy wish was father to that thought," the would-be heir can find, like Adolf of Nassau, no better answer than, "I never thought to hear you speak again."

Certainly no one but Charles V. ever cared to attend his own obsequies or survive his own death. Perhaps this episode of his death being too soon discounted is the first time the king of Holland has won the sympathies of Europe, for he was not a popular figure, and did not deserve to be. He was of the old type of sovereigns, now fast dying out, who did not take a serious view of their profession, but regarded their exalted station as an aid towards obtaining the maximum of pleasure and amusement out of life. At the same time, while desirous of having all personal freedom possible, the king, it is fair to add, did not deny it to his subjects. He was a strictly constitutional ruler, liberal in his ideas, and desirous to do all he could for the welfare of his subjects, provided their desires did not clash with his

own, which happily they never did. Hence even if his private character left much to be desired, as a ruler he was not exactly undesirable. As Edmonds de Amicis has well said: "The country is *au fond* Republican, and its monarchy is a sort of presidency without the least monarchical pomp. The king of Holland is looked upon almost more as a *stadtholder* than as a king. There is in him that which a Spanish Republican said of the Duke of Aosta, 'the least quantity of king possible.'"

William's qualities were such as specially to appeal to a people who are by nature staunch Republicans, and who look on a king, *quâ* king, as a State figurehead barely worth the expense of an annual coat of paint. The king detested all forms and ceremonies, spoke his mind to all the world, was "hail fellow well met" with every class of the community, and had further the great and rare virtue of being parsimonious with the money of the State while very prodigal with his own. According to an article of the Dutch constitution of 1848, "the king orders his home as best he likes." This was interpreted in unexpected manner by William III., who reduced his civil list from a million florins to six hundred and fifty thousand. Certainly at that price the Dutch did not pay dearly for their sovereign.

Women have been the arbiters of William's life, for good or evil, from his cradle. His mother was the first of these determining influences.

William III., king of the Netherlands, Prince of Orange and Nassau, and grand duke of Luxemburg, was born February 19th, 1817, the son of King William II. and his wife, Queen Anne, daughter of the czar Paul of Russia. This princess was the subject of various matrimonial projects. Intended first for one of the spoilt children of Europe, a prince of Saxe-Coburg, she was, after Tilsit, destined for Napoleon I. This plan fell through, and instead the Duke of Berry was substituted. This too failing, thanks to Talleyrand, the grand duchess had to content herself with the heir to the Netherlands throne, which she ascended with him twenty-four years after their marriage. Of this union William III. was the only male issue, and since two living generations separated him from the throne, he did not apply himself with great ardor to learning the art of governing. Nor did he excel in study generally. For only one thing did he show a pronounced taste, and that was music, into which he threw himself with real ardor,

even taking singing lessons from Malibran. And this love for music remained with him all his life. From his own purse he founded a conservatoire for Holland, and gave during the course of his reign really notable musical *fêtes* at his palace.

At twenty-two it was thought needful to marry him, and choice fell upon the Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, one year his junior. That this marriage proved ill-suited is a matter universally known. Yet Queen Sophia, though not beautiful, was attractive and singularly charming, and her intelligence was rare. She took a keen interest in politics, had a fine taste for literature, and was desirous to make the Hague a centre of intellectual influences.

Incompatibility of tastes and manners made itself felt at once, and on his side still more divergent tendencies widened the breach, and time but increased the difference between the couple.

The ill-assorted union had dragged on for ten years, when in 1849 William succeeded to his father's throne, where stern duties awaited him. He despatched them all with a certain conscientiousness, but his change of station made no difference in his domestic relations. Indeed, it made things rather worse than better for the poor wife. Every courtier—as is the wont of courtiers—naturally desired to stand well with the ruler. There were formed factions for the king and factions for the queen, and discord among these rival parties waxed sharp and keen. At last their ardor cooled, and while the queen kept the respect and esteem of all the court, questions of interest gradually brought over all, in appearance, to her husband's side. It was a sad life that was led by Queen Sophia. Well for her that she found so much in literature to comfort her.

In 1877, regretted by her people, if not by her liege lord, she was released by death. But scarcely was she dead than there occurred a strange phenomenon. Whether in consequence of his wife's death, or whether by coincidence merely, William of Holland became a model monarch and man. He further contemplated the wisdom of re-marrying, for the two sons Queen Sophia had borne him could scarcely be counted on as heirs. The eldest, the Prince of Orange, had at twenty-five worn out his constitution; the youngest was rickety in the highest degree. The royal choice fell upon Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and loud and long was the European pity expressed for this young

girl of twenty about to make a May and December marriage. But contrary to all expectation the marriage turned out well, and Queen Emma appears to have been happy with the sexagenarian spouse, over whom she obtained great influence. They were wedded in 1879, and soon after the event the Prince of Orange died in voluntary exile at Paris after a miserable career of public and private scandal. He was followed five years after by his brother, who had been a lifelong invalid. As consolation for these losses there had been born to the couple in the mean time a little princess, Wilhelmina, who is the apple of her aged father's eye, and upon whose tender head will descend the crown of the Netherlands.

Of the character of such a mere child nothing can as yet be said. All that is known of the princess's tastes is that she has a perfect passion for outdoor amusements of all kinds. She loves driving, and skilfully handles a team of six ponies, which she drives in a little carriage two abreast.

She is a pretty, merry little child, who will no doubt win the hearts of her stolid and steady-going Dutch subjects, as her mother has done before her. Nor has she any enemies to dread, unless perchance the Germans, whom it might please some day to remove her from her little ocean-rescued kingdom in order to obtain a larger seaboard for themselves. Her sex would then prove to her disadvantage, for the worshippers of blood and iron would make little scruple of sweeping away a throne possessed by a woman. But that day happily has not yet dawned. The whirligig of time and the events that follow in its train may work changes in the ponderous German Empire, caused by a revolt of even that patient people against the crushing burdens of militarism. In any case, Holland still stands safe on her watery foundation, and in material progress she has certainly advanced under the forty years' reign of William III., a reign that has witnessed a revival of Dutch trade and fostered two great engineering enterprises: the draining of the Zuyder Zee and the desiccation of the Sea of Haarlem.

From The Spectator.
CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THERE are deaths yet to come which will agitate the English world more than

Cardinal Newman's; but there has been none, and will be none, so far as we know, that will leave the world that really knew him with so keen a sense of deprivation, of a white star extinguished, of a sign vanished, of an age impoverished, of a grace withdrawn. To many, and to many who are not Roman Catholics, it will seem the nearest approach in their own experience to what the death of the apostle John must have been to the Church of the Fathers, when the closing words of his epistle, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," were still ringing in their ears. Cardinal Newman was one of those who did not lean on others, but on whom others leaned. He has told us in his "Apologia" that Dr. Whately had attributed to him the ambition to be the head of a party, but he thought he had attributed it unjustly: "My habitual feeling then and since has been, that it was not I who sought friends, but friends who sought me. Never man had kinder or more indulgent friends than I have had, but I expressed my own feeling as to the mode in which I gained them in this very year 1829, in the course of a copy of verses. Speaking of my blessings, I said: 'Blessings of friends, which to my door *unasked, un hoped,* have come.' They have come, they have gone; they came to my great joy, they went to my great grief. He who gave took away." Dr. Copleston said of Newman, "Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus," — and that is one reason why he leaves such a blank behind him. It is always the lonely spirit on which more social natures lean. And yet Newman was quite right in saying that ambition was never his weakness. As he himself confesses, he soon lost all hold of the Tractarian movement, and found it proceeding on lines of its own without much relation to his own wish or will; nor did it evidently trouble him to find that he had lost his hold of it. He speaks of a sense of relief rather than of a sense of mortification when he found himself, after the publication of Tract 90, posted up on the buttery-hatch of every college, "like a discommoded pastry-cook." He found it hard enough to make out whither he himself was going; but it was a much easier inquiry, and one less embarrassed by all sorts of moral perplexities, than it had been at the time when he felt himself more or less responsible for a whole host of other men's movements, and, indeed, for the action of a great party in the Church. He might have said of himself what he said of St. Gregory Nazianzen

in his own poem (Palermo, June 12th, 1833):—

Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not
rule:
So, gentle one,
Heaven set thee free,—for, ere thy years
were full,
Thy work was done;
According thee the lot thou lovedst best,
To muse upon the past,—to serve, yet be at
rest.

That was a lot which, for the last twenty years at least of his long life, Cardinal Newman enjoyed. Yet, though he served and was at rest, the mere knowledge that he was living in the quiet oratory at Edg-baston helped men to realize that the spiritual world is even more real than the material world, and that in that lonely, austere, and yet gracious figure, God had made a sign to Great Britain that the great purpose of life is a purpose to which this life hardly more than introduces us.

For it is impossible to find any life in this century so singly and simply devoted to spiritual ends as Cardinal Newman's. There have been more heroic lives, more laborious lives, more apparently beneficent lives,—the lives of soldiers, martyrs, missionaries, all lived nobly in the sight of God,—but none of them at once so detached from the common human interests, and yet so natural, genial, and human as Newman's. He was not sixteen when the impression first came upon him that "it was the will of God" that he should lead a single life. "There can be no mistake," he tells us, "about the fact," and it was an anticipation, he added, which "has held its ground almost continuously ever since, with a break of a month now and a month then up to 1829, and after that date without any break at all." That admission of the breaks marks the difference between Newman and the ordinary ascetic, who would have been so possessed by the importance of the divine call to celibacy, that he would have unconsciously exaggerated its completeness and its rigor. But Newman was always human, and even when, on his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, he finally determined to become a religious, he chose no regular order, but preferred a semi-monastic life, feeling the supreme attraction of a saint who, like St. Philip Neri, lived half in the world, and whose home was called "the home of Christian mirth," rather than of the more austere and romantic founders of great religious orders. He paints in the most natural way his deep sense of his own

frailties and sensitiveness, when he is setting before himself St. Philip Neri's example:—

I'm ashamed of myself, of my tears and my
tongue,
So easily fretted, so often unstrung;
Mad at trifles, to which a chance moment
gives birth,
Complaining of heaven, and complaining of
earth.

In fact, Cardinal Newman, though he lived a life so detached from the ordinary pleasures and cares of this world that it is hardly intelligible to an ordinary Englishman who gives his whole soul to those pleasures and cares, was altogether human. There was nothing in him of the spiritual pride and grandiosity of detachment from the world. He was detached from it in the simplest and most sensitively natural manner, as of one who was all compact of the tenderest fibres of human feeling, even though he did not permit himself to plunge into its passions and its fascinations. Yet how delicately, how truly he read human nature,—its smallness as well as its greatness; its eagerness about trifles; its love of the finest gossamer threads which connect it with its kind; its immense satisfaction in dwelling not merely on all the external incidents of life, but even on all the possible incidents which might have been but were not,—in building up in imagination the fortunes which some averted accident would have revolutionized if it had not been averted, in entering into the influences which made this or that man what he was, and might have made him richer or poorer if only some other not improbable event had occurred to modify his actual destiny; how exquisitely he depicted the stir of pleasurable emotion with which men reflect that in their youth they knew some great personage, or heard some great speech, and with which they felicitate themselves on having been so near the focus of a considerable drama as actually to touch one of its leading figures; all this Newman represented to himself and to his hearers and readers with a vivacity which made his own detachment from the world all the more impressive, his own passionate absorption in the spiritual interests of life all the more unique and emphatic. There was no finer genius than his for understanding the gentle vividness, the happy reciprocal affections, the light play and irony and tender surprises of life. Yet when he was only thirty-two years old, he could truly write this of himself:—

But thou, dear Lord,
 Whilst I traced out bright scenes which were
 to come,
 Isaac's pure blessings and a verdant home,
 Didst spare me and withhold Thy fearful
 word;
 Wiling me year by year, till I am found
 A pilgrim pale with Paul's sad girdle bound.

Never surely was there an intellect which combined a happier and more delicate insight into the concrete side of life, with a larger and more daring grasp of its abstract truths, and of that fine and intricate middle region which connects the logic of facts with the logic of the understanding.

For Newman was very much more than a masterly thinker. There have been many more masterly thinkers of the kind which men call "systematic." But Newman perceived more vividly than any English thinker of our century the weakness of what is called systematic thought, and the faint influence exerted by any abstract system over the practical life of men. There is no religious thinker in our country, we will not say merely of the present century, but, so far as the present writer knows, of any century, who has apprehended more clearly how various and how mixed and unrecognized by men in general, are the elements of motive and perception which go to make up practical genius, the genius for *doing* successfully what most men only try to do and wish to do. The implicit reason by which those are practically guided who succeed in what they attempt, as distinguished from the explicit theoretic reason with which they are formally furnished by those who profess to educate them and to fit them for their actual careers, had never been analyzed by any English thinker as it was analyzed by Newman, especially in the Oxford University sermons; and this, indeed, was the great source of his religious influence. As he measured rightly the width of the chasm between blundering good intentions and social tact, the immense distance between practical genius and the formal theoretic teaching of which men of practical genius make so little, so he had apprehended clearly the immeasurable gulf that divides real religious motive from the formal appeals which are supposed to produce religious habits of mind. He delineates again and again the utter dreariness with which the mere mention of the word "religion" fills the heart of young people, and what is more, he knew how to charm all that dreariness away, how to fill the heart with

gratitude, with devotion, with ardent zeal, with loving ambition. He knew the awakening effect of presenting to his hearers what was the actual life of the primitive Church, and asking them how far that life resembled the life of religious faith of our own day. He knew how to prick with his irony the sluggish will, how to move with his pathos the obtuse heart, how to transfer, in short, his own reality of insight into the actual life depicted in the New Testament to those who had so accustomed themselves to hear of it without realizing it, that it had lost all vivid practical meaning for them altogether. He insists in many of his University sermons on the difference between a really great general's appreciation of the facts of a campaign and the theoretic general's idea of the formal treatment of those facts, between a really practised climber's command of the various points at which he can make his way up a precipice, and the inexperienced man's futile conception of the proper way to climb it; and he himself showed just the same piercing vision into the most effective ways of moving men to be Christians, which he ascribed to the military genius in his insight into the true treatment of a campaign, or to the mountaineer in his mastery of the deftest way of scaling an apparently inaccessible rock. And he could not only do this; he could analyze the mode in which it was done. He could justify theoretically the potent implicit reason of man against the fruitless and formal explicit reason. He could show how much more powerful was the combination of humility, trust, imagination, feeling, perception, in apprehending the revealed mind and will of God, than the didactic and formal proofs to which the popular religious appeals of our day usually have recourse. Never was there a bolder appeal than his to the craving of the heart for a great example, never was there a more delicate mixture of reason and imagination than his in stirring up the heart to great resolves. His practical sermons illustrated in the most powerful way what the University sermons philosophically analyzed and justified. He was much more than a great thinker, — a great thinker who could wield that "zigzag lightning of the brain" which presses home the thought it gauges and measures.

Of Newman's literary style it is hardly possible to speak too highly. It was so pure and delicate that it fascinates even those who have least sympathy with his intellectual and moral creed. Mr. John

Morley, himself master of one of the purest styles in England, spoke of it only two or three months ago as an illustration of the perfect style. Newman's English was simple, graceful, subtle, real; and it often displayed all these great qualities at once. There was passion in it, and yet there was that pleading, subdued tone which chastens and softens passion, and moulds it to all the tenderest purposes of life. Even the most bitter Protestants cannot read his appeals to men to submit to the Church without emotion: "O long sought after, tardily found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms, come to her, poor wanderers, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold the secret of your being, and the meaning of your destiny." Still higher, for more completely free from the ring of rhetoric, is the exquisite farewell uttered to his Anglican friends, which so long anticipated the actual severance of his tie with the English Church and his conversion to the Roman Catholic communion: "And O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you know about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well-inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times may be ready to fulfil it." That is the conclusion of the sermon on "The Parting of Friends," and it will echo in the hearts of many, Catholic and Protestant, Anglican and Nonconformist, during that final earthly parting when the remains of the great Anglican, the great Catholic, the great Englishman, are committed on Tuesday to their quiet grave.

From The Speaker.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S life was evenly divided between the Church of England and that of Rome. He was forty-five years of age when he left the English

Church, and he died after forty-five years' service in the Church of his adoption. It is too early yet to say which of the two periods has had the greater influence on his own generation or will contribute most to his own fame. Newman himself—we pay him the homage of dropping all titles—declared that the Oxford movement owed more to Keble's "Christian Year" than to any other influence; and it is undoubtedly true that any movement, political or religious, which is so fortunate as to command the services of a genuine poet gains an immense accession of strength. Men are moved by their imaginations and feelings more than by their reason, and it is to these that the poet makes his appeal. We are not disposed therefore to underrate the influence of the sweet singer of the "Christian Year." Yet we believe that if any single man is to be picked out as the leading and stimulating spirit of the Oxford movement, that man is undoubtedly Newman. The movement was fortunate in the number of able and brilliant men who rendered it loyal and ungrudging service, but Newman was the only man of real genius among them. It is possible that even as a poet posterity may rank him higher than Keble. If he does not keep uniformly on Keble's level, he has certainly soared to loftier heights. His keen, subtle, and resourceful dialectic was thus illuminated by the glow of his poetic temperament, and the personality of the man pervaded his work. There was not a leader among the Tractarians who could approach him in the gift of personal influence. It was not till after he left Oxford, as he tells us in a humorous passage in the "Apologia," that he learnt that he was an object of imitation to crowds of young men at the university. His dress, his gait, the pose of his head, the play of his features, were copied by his admirers. On one occasion he was obliged to wear a shoe with the heel turned down, on account of a chilblain, and it immediately became a fashion for a time among undergraduates who had fallen under his spell to go about with the heel of one shoe turned down. By way of reaction against the modern exaltation of preaching, the early Tractarians discouraged extempore sermons and all graces of delivery. Newman accordingly wrote all his sermons, and delivered them without gesture and nearly in monotone. Yet so vividly did the personality of the man speak through the tones of that silvery voice, that he managed to express more feeling by his monotone than other preach-

ers could express by all the arts of oratory. And then, as a writer, his style is the perfection of that art which conceals art. It reads as if it grew out of his mind spontaneously and without effort, but is in reality the result of laborious training, and he has himself let us into the secret of its acquisition in one of the charming essays which he published while rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin. One of the best specimens it may be seen in the series of brilliant letters, under the *non de plume* of "Catholicus," which he contributed to the *Times* forty years ago in reply to the late Sir Robert Peel's Tamworth address. The letters made a sensation, and the *Times*, we believe, offered him a tempting inducement to become a regular contributor; but Newman would not agree to receive his inspiration from the *Times* office, and the *Times* thus failed to secure the most brilliant writer of our generation.

It is instructive to compare what the world says of him now with what it said of him and his fellow-laborers in the Oxford movement fifty years ago. The public opinion of our day, whatever it may think of the Tractarian movement theologically, does ample justice to the honesty, unselfishness, great learning and talents, and noble aims of the Tractarian leaders. But what did the public opinion of their own day think of them, Newman included? The secular press was almost unanimous against them; the *Times*, after an interval of halting between two opinions, leading the chorus of persecution and abuse. The bishops were equally rampant, as a few excerpts from their charges will show. "Let us diligently search the well of life," said one, "and not run after the stinking puddles of tradition devised by men's imagination." "It is a subject of deep concern," said another, "that any of our body should prepare men of ardent feelings for a return to the Roman mass-book." "Already," said a third, "are the foundations of apostasy laid. Antichrist is at the door. I am full of fear; everything is at stake; there seems to be something judicial in the rapid spread of these opinions." "Our glory is in jeopardy," cries a fourth. "Tractarianism is the masterpiece of Satan," says a fifth. In short, the leading Tractarians were denounced as "superstitious," "zealots," "mystical," "malignants," "Oxford heretics," "Jesuits in disguise," "tamperers with popish idolatry," "agents of Satan," "a synagogue of Satan," "snakes in the grass," "men who were walking about our beloved

Church, polluting the sacred edifice and leaving their slime about her altars," "miscreants, whose heads," said a pious bishop, "may God crush." These maligned men are to-day, with their most distinguished leader, all objects of admiration and praise. So, we suppose, it will ever be. One generation slays the prophets, and the next adorns their sepulchres. The Tractarian movement is by no means a solitary example. Time always brings these revenges; but it is seldom that the martyrs live to witness their own vindication.

The secession of Newman was thought at the time to be a staggering blow to the English Church, while at Rome it raised hopes of the speedy conversion of England. The event has proved how independent institutions and causes commonly are of the fortunes of their human instruments and leaders. The Church of England is now much stronger and more popular than it was when Newman left it, and England is less likely than ever to submit to the pope. But how shall we account for Newman's secession? His was no ordinary conversion. He had surveyed the whole field of controversy between the English and Roman Churches, and had entered the arena and returned, as was thought, with the spoils of victory. Besides numerous essays dealing with the main points in dispute, he published a powerful attack on the Roman position in a series of brilliant lectures. Yet, like the Sicambrian of old, he suddenly changed sides, "burning what he had adored, and adoring what he had burnt." Newman's conversion was probably due to many causes. He was evidently afraid of his own intellect. A vein of scepticism lay at the bottom of his character, and he had the example of two brothers to warn him. Frank Newman passed from a fervid Evangelicalism to a pale Theism without Christianity; and the third brother, of whom the critics appear to be ignorant, became an Atheist, and died a few years ago at Tenby, where he had for years lived the life of a recluse. Newman therefore craved for some recognized authority to whom he could bow, and found it at last in Rome. And yet it was on rationalistic principles that he became a Roman Catholic. He knew history too well to be able to reconcile the modern Papal system with the Christianity of the first six centuries, which he had studied so carefully in writing his "History of the Arians," and he could not bend his conscience to the dictates of any authority until his rea-

son was convinced. His faith demanded some sort of rational basis, and so he wrote his "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," before he could accept the creed of Rome. Having thus satisfied his reason, he made his submission to Rome, and was satisfied. Then "for the first time," as he tells us in the "Apologia," he "looked up at the Church of Rome from within." That admission reveals much. He had never looked up to the Church of England from within. He always viewed it from without, experimenting upon it and theorizing about it, but never really yielding it the loyal submission of a son. But it is probable that a more sympathetic treatment from those in authority would have prevented his secession. What a nature like his needed was sympathy and active service. The responsibility and duties of a bishop's office would have diverted his mind from unhealthy brooding, and left him no time or inclination for spinning out theories. But instead of sympathy he received abuse, and was bidden to leave. How deeply he felt this treatment is shown in the last sermon he preached in the English Church. Even at this distance of time it is difficult to read passages like the following without emotion: —

Oh, my mother, whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and barest children yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the wish to use their services, and the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, or deep in devotion — thy flower and thy promise — falls from thy bosom, and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have "a miscarrying womb and dry breasts," to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eyes cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost look upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence; at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them "stand all the day idle," as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?

A sensitive mind thus yearning in vain for sympathy, and finding itself misunderstood and misrepresented, is apt to make a leap in the dark, under the conviction that the change may be better, and cannot

be worse. That Newman, having made this complete, and, indeed, first submission to authority, never desired to change again is unquestionable, for he has said so. Yet he was disappointed in his new communion. He found many things different from what he had expected, and he made no effort to get others to follow his own example, lest the shock of disappointment might drive them into infidelity. He received slights and met with injustice where he had a right to expect a very different treatment. Cardinal Wiseman, for example, was guilty of a distinct breach of faith towards him. It was Wiseman who prevailed upon him to attack Achilli, on the distinct promise that in the event of a libel action, he would supply Newman with overwhelming evidence to sustain his accusation. But when Achilli brought his action, Wiseman flatly refused to fulfil his promise, lest damage should accrue to the Church of Rome from the revelations that would ensue. He preferred that Newman should be ruined in character and fortune rather than that the doings of Achilli, while a Roman priest, should be exposed. Newman was therefore forced to obtain evidence in self-defence as best he could. In the end he entirely crushed Achilli, who disappeared forever, and the verdict was a scandalous miscarriage of justice. There is no doubt that Newman was out of favor at Rome during the papacy of Pio Nono. He was too independent for the policy of the Vatican, and too outspoken as to the shortcomings and errors of his adopted communion. He was therefore passed over, while men immeasurably his inferiors were honored. The present pope redressed the wrong, and the last eleven years were probably the happiest years of Newman's life, at least in the Church of Rome. To the last he remained a thorough Englishman, and would doubtless have been as ready to say in 1890, as as he did in 1875: "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which does not seem quite the right thing), I shall drink — to the pope, if you please — still, to conscience first, and to the pope afterwards."

It may seem strange that Pusey rather than Newman should have given his name to the Tractarian party; yet here, as generally, the instinct of the popular mind was just. What Newman himself has said of one of the saints of old was in a measure true of himself: "Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule." The popular judgment recognized truly in

Pusey, not in the brilliant Newman, the staying power which was necessary to guide the Oxford movement to a successful issue.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE LOST LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

Terra tremit: fugere . . . — *Virg.*

MANY years ago I found myself in lodgings at Auckland, uncertain where to go, or what to do. I had the casual company of a naval friend, and it was in our minds to try our luck at farming. But first we would see a little more of the country than we had hitherto been able to do, and as at this juncture a brother of my friend's—a lawyer practising in Sydney—swooped down on us for an outing, we thought it a good opportunity to put our plan of sight-seeing into execution.

It was a Sunday afternoon when the young barrister arrived, and while he went out to dine with one of the judges, his brother and I got out maps and charts, planning and sketching excursions for the general benefit. When the lawyer came in from his dinner, he joined heartily in our schemes; and finally, long after midnight, we narrowed things down to the Bay of Islands and the Hot Lakes—the latter winning the toss. It is well to have seen those marvels while they were yet in their primitive state. Later on, they grew horribly vulgarized and spoilt; gangs of tourists crowding in upon them with shrieks of ill-timed merriment. I cannot much blame the earthquake that came and swept the place away. I think, if I had been an earthquake, I should have done the same thing myself. How could the mildest, meekest of earthquakes be expected patiently to put up with Paris fashions, tennis, and a brass band by the shore of Rotoiti; or fat and greasy citizens at luncheon on the sacred isle of Mokoia?

Far be it from me to indulge in any long description of the Hot Lake country; for who does not know, who has not read, the graphic account of that wonderful region in the delightful book "Oceana"? Nevertheless, as we were amongst the first white men to dive into that wild land, it may be of interest to recount the worry and harass that beset the hardy traveller at every step in those unsophisticated days, before the invention of "globe-trot-

ting," with all its luxurious paraphernalia of travel. To that end, I venture on a few extracts from our daily log:—

Monday, March 11.—Filled in the sketch of our tour, before blurred in outline and vague; struck a bargain with the master of a small ship, and went to bed, full of the hot lakes of Rotorua and Roto-mahana, volcanoes, solfataras, and geysers, and the pleasant excitement of finding our way through untrodden bush, and tribes of suspicious, perhaps hostile, natives. Our landlady weeps, and says she is sure she will never see us again in *this* world. I take her laying stress on the word *this* in very good part, and indeed as giving us quite a character. She is a fiercely religious old sectary, and I know well her private opinion as to the ultimate fate of those who do not agree with her is by no means a cheerful or hopeful one. Indeed, once, after a frightful smash of crockery (her own doing), she gave vent to her wounded feelings by hurling at us, point blank, the place of our destination. "St. Alphonso Liguori" (retorted I) "tells us that the good God has provided woman with her tongue on the same principle that he has armed the wasp with her sting; but," adds the saint, "let the wise man flee from both"—and I fled. However, she is on the whole a respectable body, in high repute among her fellow believers, and (what is more to our present purpose) a thrifty housewife; and I have a pleasing fancy we are the grand exception that proves the general rule of her harsh creed. Be that as it may, it flattered us to see her sorrowful and lachrymose at our going. Her children, moreover, had dismal forebodings that the days of sweets and odd pence were over forever; hence they added their shrill trebles to a very gratifying chorus of woe.

Tuesday, 12.—At noon went aboard a little fore-and-aft schooner of twenty-two tons, bound for Tauranga in the Bay of Plenty, and soon after got under weigh, light and variable airs giving us leisure to observe and mark whatever of interest lay on either hand. At sunset we were in the Hauraki Gulf, nearing the fair mountain of Coromandel. As for the breeze, however, "at evening it hath died away," leaving us with idly flapping sails to drift on the flood-tide in a direction away from our proper course.

Wednesday, 13.—Calms and contrary winds. We tacked frequently, which to us, who were masters of our own time, was

not so irksome a thing, because we thus obtained good and near views of lofty capes and mountains clothed with kawri-pine and evergreen forest, of fantastic needle-shaped islets and rocky knolls, of sunny bays and sheltered coves innumerable, and of never a house or human abode in all the country round. At night, under the Southern Cross and Magellanic clouds, we lay in a sultry calm. The stillness was complete. As I sat smoking on deck, with only a sailor, a Swede, steering — or at least standing by the tiller, for there was little of steering to be done — occasionally we could hear the surf breaking on the Mercury Islands, off which, at the distance of a mile or so, we lay becalmed, idly rising and falling with the gentle swell. At times, too, the blowing of a restless whale would break in on the solemn stillness of the hour. I spent the night-watches in fishing. As I hauled up great creatures from a vast depth, I could see them coming long before it would have been possible to do so had it been daylight, because, by their hasty movements of anguish, they made around themselves a luminosity of water. By-and-by I sat down and talked sea-talk with the man at the wheel. Our crew consists of three persons, and our three selves are the only passengers — two Englishmen, one Irishman, a Maori, a Creole, and a Swede.

Thursday, 14. — From daybreak to sunrise — no long space of time in these latitudes — I was on deck, to see a natural arch in close proximity to which we were sailing. It was very fine and curious, and, if I am not mistaken, had attracted the attention of Captain Cook. After this, we sailed by many inaccessible islets; some of them like sugar loaves and spires, and one like a haystack. Others were verdant cones or mounds of fern. At sundown we passed Flat Island, where an old murderer lives all by himself. On calm nights his cries of remorse and agony, as he wanders up and down in a frenzy, are wafted across to the mainland, and appal those that hear them. Soon after dusk, having been favored all day with a nice leading wind, we rounded the bluff headland of Tauranga, and let go our anchor in smooth water. It was then too dark, and the channel too narrow and intricate, for us to proceed to the place of our destination — a Maori pah further up the estuary — so we made ourselves snug for another night, and ready for an early start on the morrow.

Friday, 15. — After daybreak we left the road where we had anchored on the previous night, and, drifting further up, anchored again off a sheltered island — the Mission Station — where, when I came on deck at sunrise, I heard their little bell tinkling for early prayer. The missionaries — evil spoken of by so many — are to be respected and pitied. When I see how very little good, after years of weary toil, comes of all their labors, I respect their rare faith; and I pity them because, when their exertions chance to have some slight reward, then comes the trader with his gin, following hard on, yet always abusing, the missionary pioneer, and makes the reclaimed savage seven times worse than he was before. But to return. We arrived at the Maori pah in the course of the morning, and canoes full of natives soon put off to our vessel. Presently we went ashore and entered the picturesque and stockaded pah, where the native huts or "wharries" lay close by the clear rippling sea, shaded by peach groves and surrounded by melon gardens, with plots of sweet potato and plantations of maize. In the stockade of the pah, short distances apart, stood upright trunks of trees about twenty feet high, their tops carved into grim and grotesque resemblances of tattooed devils, with immense heads, and uncouth, squat, distorted limbs. Their eyes of fire glisten with the light of mother-o'-pearl. As one approaches a pah at dusk, these effigies glare like cannibals, looming in the twilight. We went to the chief of the tribe and soon disclosed the purpose of our visit. It was a disappointment to him to find we were not on a trading errand, with oceans of gin and fire-water, but he was tolerably civil and obliging notwithstanding, and sent out to see about getting us a guide to Rotorua. Meanwhile, we became objects of the greatest interest and curiosity to all the people — chiefly women — who were left in the pah. They sat squatted in a circle round us in most unpleasant proximity. The weather was warm, and their smell strong. I don't think their remarks were altogether complimentary, because sometimes they would burst into fits of jeering laughter. A few ventured to give us little sly pokes and pinches, to see if we were truly flesh and blood. We sustained the interview (and their attentions) as best we might, and were not sorry when the return of the chief's envoy, with our future guide, made a little stir and diversion in our favor. We bargained with the man — his

name was Pere-nara — to go with us, out and home, for three pounds; and we agreed to start without further delay, this being a busy time of year with the natives, and our man wanting to be back again as fast as possible. We began our journey at 2 P.M. For the first few miles of our march we went occasionally through small patches and scratchings of cultivation, helping ourselves to rock and water-melons and peaches, or munching the tender stalk of maize, which is a sweet and thirst-allaying thing. Then, walking fast across a stretch of desolate fern-land, we came to a narrow sluggish stream which we had to swim. No sooner had we dressed and got a few hundred yards further on our way, than we were confronted by that odious stream again. And this sort of thing went on so long — the river, of malice aforethought, greeting us at every turn — that the younger Allingham swore he would dress himself no more, but walk along, in native fashion, with his clothes on his head, ready for the next plunge. He tried it for half a mile or so; and at the end of that half-mile repented of his oath and gave in, scratched and torn, a spectacle to all beholders. We came, after sunset, to a pah on the very verge of the forest. It was quite deserted; the inhabitants — wives, pigs, dogs, and all — having migrated to some land of their holding on the seacoast, to thresh out corn. We took possession of one of the empty huts, and, crawling in, lighted a fire of faggots in the middle of the floor, lay down on either hand, and having eaten biscuits and hard-boiled eggs, lit our pipes and soon fell asleep.

Saturday, 16. — Rose with the sun, and after a breakfast of biscuit and melon, with water for our drink, set diligently off into the forest, whose great arms soon closed in upon and embraced us. All day, with but few intervals of rest, and not overburdened with food, we went quickly and perseveringly through the dense and sombre jungle, pushing our way through thickets of fern and tree veronica, with clothes nearly torn off our backs by thorny climbers, till 4 P.M., when we halted half an hour by the graveside of a Maori who had perished in the wilderness. His friends had put up, by way of tombstone, the wooden image of an idol, capped with a battered old wide-awake. It was a gruesome place to choose for a halt, but it was the only piece of open ground we came across where there was room enough to sit down. After that we plodded on,

often stumbling over hidden trunks and "windfalls;" great trees, and the epiphytes that grew on their branches, and the climbers that crept up their stems and spread along their boughs, excluding the rays of the sun, and making a green and grateful twilight. Exquisite tree-ferns, too, and stately palms spread everywhere their feathery umbrellas overhead. At nightfall we came to a gorge, through which, at a great depth, flowed a mountain stream. This stream we determined to cross, and then camp for the night. It is ever the aim of the wise traveller in this country to rest on the far side of his river, and so be secure from sudden flood. Plunging hastily in, all heated as I was, and swallowing at the same time draughts of icy water, I took a chill, and by the time sticks were collected and a fire kindled under the trees, I became extremely sick and ill. We had no food left but a few dry old biscuits, and a hunch of still staler bread, and what with mosquitoes and rain we had but a poor time of it that night.

Sunday, 17. — Rose at daylight, still unwell, but better (all praise to the blessed Patrick!), and set off at once. It was no use waiting for breakfast, because we had none to wait for, and our best plan seemed to be to push on as fast as we could. I was too faint and miserable to take much note of anything I saw by the way. At night we slept at the native settlement of Owható, which is opposite the high island of Mokoia in Lake Rotorua. The natives here were tolerably civil and hospitable. "This village," says Thomson in his "Story of New Zealand," "was the place where the beautiful Hine-Moa first heard the trumpet of Tutanekai on the island of Mokoia."

The morning of the eighteenth proved wet and misty. Started about 10 A.M., but owing to the fog and rain got only as far as the village of Ohinemotu. Here are the first hot springs, and wonderful things indeed they are; waters bursting and boiling out of the bowels of the earth, throwing themselves in transport many feet into the air, and falling back to the ground in a shower of diamond drops that glint and glitter against a dark and steamy pillar of fog. Near here, at the chief's house, we ate our dinner, and an excellent one our famished appetites found it. Everything, no doubt, was slightly tinged with a sulphurous taste, as the dinner had been cooked in one of the hot-water holes close at hand. But we were not in a mood to stick at trifles, and ate with great hearti-

ness of the things set before us. After dinner we were led out to disport ourselves in the hot baths. The luxury of these baths is delightful, and they are to be had of any temperature that may seem most agreeable to the bather. The Maori almost live in them during cold weather; we saw at least a dozen little black imps sitting cuddled up in one of the baths not twelve feet square. Not much bothered with clothes at the best of times, if they feel cold they just take a *header* into the water, as we at home poke the fire or put our feet on the fender. It is only the difference between toasting and boiling; with this advantage in favor of the latter process, that it warms you equally all over, whereas in the former it is necessary to turn round, or shift one's place, before being nicely done on both sides. The first bath in which we plunged to-day was almost unpleasantly hot, and the elder Allingham, as he rose to the surface, spluttered out from Anstey's "New Bath Guide:"—

To-day, many persons of rank and condition
Were boiled by command of an able physician;

the able (and black) physician standing by grinning, as we wriggled about like eels in the scalding steam. Many of the baths were only little square holes twelve or fifteen feet across, with flags along their sides, and about four feet deep, with stony bottoms. After bathing till we were par-boiled, we slept again at the chief's house. He treated us well, but charged us accordingly. One old villain of a Maori urged us with kind entreaty to mount his horse and ride dry-shod across a river that lay before us. We took him at his word as he had pressed his horse so strongly upon us, thanked him, mounted, and crossed. When he had ferried us all safely over, the truculent hang-dog old churl turned round and demanded payment—quite a heavy toll—in loud tones and with extravagant gestures.

On the nineteenth we made an early start, and reached Lake Terawera at mid-day. Called on Mr. Spencer, the missionary, and found him very attentive and hospitable. He was the only white man we encountered in the course of our travels, and he expressed himself as much surprised to see us there, in the then unsettled state of the country. He gave us every information as to how we might best cross Lake Terawera, and reach Roto-mahana. After luncheon with our kind

host, we chartered a canoe to carry us across the lake. Paddling briskly along till sundown, we came to a lone promontory, where we encamped for the night in a close Maori hut. Our friends practised their invariable custom of getting up a blazing fire on the middle of the floor, and shutting tight the sliding door of their hut, so that what with smoke, heat, stench, and fleas, we were driven nearly frantic. Luckily there was a splendid peach orchard close at hand; so we turned out at midnight and lay down under the trees much to the surprise of the natives, who thought us mad thus to forsake the comforts of civilization for the pleasure of lying *sub Jove frigido*.

On the morning of the twentieth we left this place before 7 A.M., and got to Roto-mahana at noon. What we saw there was well worth all the trouble we had taken to see it. Nature seems to have invented this weird, infernal spot when in one of her wildest freaks of creation. Her chief wonders here are the flinty rocks, which form a broad flight of steps full a hundred feet in height, and each step higher than those of the Pyramids. In cavities of the top steps are pools and basins of boiling water, becoming tepid as it trickles down step by step to lower levels. In the bottom steps, and till you have ascended about fifty feet up this strange staircase of marble, there is no water at all. These steps are white, pure white, in color, and from a distance, with the sun shining on them, look as white as new-fallen snow.

After visiting the small island on Lake Roto-mahana—where there are a few raupo huts inhabited by squalid-looking savages—and looking at some more wonderful springs both on the mainland and the island itself—where was one covered with a flag of stone at least nine inches thick, and yet so hot from the steam below that you could scarcely touch it for a moment without being burnt—we came to a most remarkable spring, which sends up steam through a deep funnel raised above the surface. The steam in escaping makes a noise louder than what one hears in a large engine-room, and our guide would not let us go too near, for fear of falling through the thin crust into the hell beneath. After spending a couple of hours in this extraordinary region, we returned across the warm waters of Roto-mahana, paddling in our canoe over one little bit where, if we had tumbled out, we should have been boiled to death in no time. Allingham said he felt quite thankful to

think the Maoris have renounced human flesh as food. When we got back to the Mission Station on Lake Terawera, Mr. Spencer made us stay the night with him, and a very agreeable evening we spent. We were all anxious to go on to the great Lake Taupo, but Mr. Spencer quite dissuaded us from undertaking the expedition. He told us that even he himself would not attempt it at that time, and he thought we should be guilty of a public wrong in attempting it, as if anything happened to us, it might lead to serious complications. We took the advice given us, and next morning left on our return journey. Passing through Ohinemotu about noon, we reached Owahato after dark, and slept there that night. Our guide was quite knocked up and ill with influenza, and could go no further, so we left him behind at Owahato to recover his health. Next morning I parted from my companions, who were bent on a three days' excursion to Mount Edgcumbe. I was quite unequal to the exertion, not having recovered from the chill I got in crossing the river Maungorewa, and I thought it best to get down to the coast while I had strength left for the journey. I hired a second Maori to guide me into the path that led to the river, and by nightfall arrived at the same spot where we had camped on the night of the sixteenth.

There I slept once more, and on the morning of the twenty-second rose with the sun, and continued my walk. The rain came down in unceasing torrents. With swollen, festering feet, that made every step a torture, I floundered on through the dripping forest, so weak from fever and want of proper food that I could scarcely stumble along, reeling like a drunken man. The path, which was everywhere difficult to make out and keep to, I eventually lost altogether, and found myself completely at fault in the densely matted jungle. The sun being hidden, I could not give even a guess at the direction I ought to take. By nightfall I contrived to hit the open space by the grave of the Maori who had perished in the wood. This uncheerful place I made my camping-ground, suffering much during the night from the raw damp of the air and the furious attacks of countless hosts of mosquitoes. Cold, the pain of my feet, and the grunting of wild pigs all about, prevented sleep, and I lay awake, too ill to smoke, waiting for the dawn.

Saturday, 23. — After daylight it began to rain again, and never once stopped the

whole day. Weak and wretched I wandered on, and soon got off the trail. It was high noon before I picked it up again, and, after following it till dusk, it brought me to the very place where I had camped the night before! This was a dismal state of affairs, and though I lay down during the hours of darkness, it was only because I did not see my way to move onwards. Drenched to the skin, half-famished, and ill into the bargain, sleep was out of the question; moreover, I was uneasy at the scrape I had got myself into, not seeing my way well out of it.

Sunday, 24. — To-day, more exhausted and slower than ever — "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow" — I pursued my path, and late in the afternoon, when no longer able to drag myself along, I lay down by the side of the track. I had been there I know not how long when a dog scented me out, and no words can describe the joy with which I presently saw in the gloom ahead the dusky forms of some naked Maori approaching — a travelling party of three men and a woman. Their friendliness I shall never forget; it was like that of the good Samaritan to the man in the parable. They gave me ripe peaches, and water out of their calabash, and lighting a fire of leaves and moss hastily cooked me some potatoes in the ashes. When they had seen me eat and drink, and found that I was somewhat revived, they rose to depart, for they had far to travel, and night was at hand. Before taking their leave they gave me food sufficient for a day's journey. Cheered by the kindness of these simple children of nature, and refreshed by their food and water, I made an effort to push on, and by dark arrived at that empty pah where we had slept on the fifteenth. Crawling into a hut, I ate some more peaches and potatoes, and then slept soundly, despite the extreme multitude of wooden devils that stood sentry round my sleeping-place. Perhaps the spirits were scared out of them, or rendered impotent, by my loud *Te Deum*.

Monday, 25. — Early astir; and drawing a stick from the palisade to be my staff, support, and comfort, plodded slowly along, thankful to be clear of that forest at last, and once more out in the open country. In the afternoon I saw an old Maori, wrapped in his blanket, and squatted in the sun at the door of his hut, a few hundred yards from the track. I went up, and asking for something to eat, he gave me a large and ripe watermelon. I, in

return, gave him a meerschaum pipe and its case. And then what must this dreadful old man do, but (not to be outdone in liberality) enter his hut, lug out his young daughter, and make me an offer of her! As I was bent on reaching the coast, if possible, ere nightfall, the courtship and honeymoon must necessarily have been of the briefest. Besides, there was no priest handy, and canonical hours were over for the day; so, shaking my head and muttering some lame excuse, I left the lady unwedded and sulky, and my would-be father-in-law in astonishment at my lack of interest in his daughter's charms. There were still many streams to ford, and one, where the tide happened to be high, I had to swim; and so it came to pass that it was after midnight when I made the coast. Hailing the schooner, which was still at her anchorage, with a loud "Kestrel, ahoy!" and lighting a little fire to show my whereabouts, a boat soon shoved off, picked me up, and conveyed me on board. There, for many days I remained a close prisoner, worn and emaciated, with feet in so bad a state that I was scarcely able to stand. Indeed, it was not till three months afterwards that I was able to get about without the aid of sticks. Whilst cooped up on board the schooner, I saw and heard a great deal that met with my strongest disapprobation. The schooner was here for purposes of trade; gin, and gin alone, was the medium of all bargains made, the axis, if I may so say, round which all the trader's transactions with the natives revolved. No bargain could be struck without it; at least so the trader told me, and I suppose he knew best what was for his own interests. It is a monstrous thing that the government should tolerate such an inhuman mode of traffic with the poor unfortunate natives. They are powerless to withstand the charms of gin, and, under its stupefying fumes, part idiotically with all they most prize. The men become sots, and the natural licentiousness of their women, which requires no inflammatory excitement, sinks to beastly and disgusting depths.

Five days after my arrival on board, the Allinghams returned, by way of Opotiki and Manawatu, from their excursion to Mount Edgcumbe. They had scarce a shred of clothes left on their backs, and looked like two sticks of mahogany. The days now passed merrily by in stitchings and patchings; and we had brought with us a little library of books wherewith to

do battle against the tedium of the voyage, and over which we were able to dispute and wrangle at will. When our books were done, and we ourselves beginning to get impatient and cross — when, too, the captain found his gin had run out, and his trade, in consequence, grown slack, he weighed anchor rather unexpectedly one afternoon, and stood out to sea. When clear of the land we met with baffling head winds and a nasty choppy cross-sea, against which there was no hope of making way; and seeing it now, at eventide, begin to blow hard, with every appearance of a rough dirty night, we put the ship about, and, by the light of a full moon, ran back inside the Head, and anchored in a sheltered cove. There, though the wind roared and the rain fell, we lay snug and secure. At 8 A.M. next morning, the wind having veered, we made a move, and finally left the capacious harbor of Tauranga. All day we ran with speed before a strong and fair breeze, and an hour or so after sunset, cast anchor in a sweet little land-locked bay amongst the Mercury Islands. When the full moon rose from behind a cone shaped hill, and shed a slanting light across our little port, I thought I had seldom seen a more entrancing and peaceful scene. The placid water, so in contrast with the stormy waves on which we had been tossed outside — the dark, glossy rata-trees, dipping their gnarled boughs in the tide, with a dancing reflection of leaves, two or three, only two or three, Maori cottages, in which, though we saw lights, there was no sound — and all around, except at the narrow entrance by which we had come in, a ridge of low hills that kept off the wind! We could hear the surf breaking heavily outside, but where we lay the sea was like a mill-pond. In this pleasant harbor of refuge we rode at anchor two days, weatherbound — weatherbound not by reason of storm, but because, with the wind as it then was, we could not have fetched Lake Colville. We would often take our boat and pull ashore, or row about among the little islets at hand, collecting oysters for supper, bathing, botanizing. The third day, very early, we went on our way to the sea outside. The wind being strong and foul, we were close-hauled all day in a nasty *jumping* sea, much to the discomfort of those amongst us who were not proof against sea-sickness. I was not of the number, and yet, somehow or other, I found the day drag tediously along, and was glad when it came to an end, and the

wind lulled down to a calm. Next morning, we were in smooth water under shelter of the island of Waihaki, and at six in the evening brought our expedition to an end, and let go our anchor off the wharf at Auckland. The evening was chilly, and we were quite glad to see a cheerful blaze of logs on the hearth of our cottage; glad, too, to get letters and papers, and hear the news of the day, from which we had long been cut off.

J. LAWSON.

From The Times.

A GREAT RUSSIAN POLICE OFFICER.

GENERAL TREPPOFF was one of the most remarkable men of the time of Alexander II. He will be remembered as the police prefect of St. Petersburg who was shot at and wounded by the female Nihilist, Vera Sassulitch. The deceased was a foundling; and his name, which was at first written "Trepoff," was generally believed to be compounded of the German words *Treppe* (stairs) and *Hof* (court), and was supposed to signify the particular spot where he was first found as an infant. As a young man he served in the cavalry, and afterwards received the command of a regiment of gendarmes at Kieff. But he first became generally known as head police-master of Warsaw in the revolutionary times of Poland. He was steeped in military discipline and severity, and had a most uncompromising manner of fulfilling his duties which brought him into conflict with the milder personality of Prince Gortchakoff, the governor-general, who dismissed him from his post in 1861, at the request of a Polish deputation, after first advising him to give a pretext for his resignation by declaring himself ill. The emperor Alexander II. was annoyed at the dismissal of Trepoff, and gave him a valuable piece of landed property at Kieff as compensation. In 1863, in the heat of the Polish revolt, General Trepoff was called upon to resume the office of police-master at Warsaw, and he set about the repression of the rebellion and the capture of its principal supporters with an energy and unrelenting severity that created intense hatred against him among the Poles. One day he was attacked in the street by a man named Anton Ammer, armed with an axe, and received several serious wounds. As prefect of St. Pe-

tersburg, Trepoff became known throughout Russia as well as abroad. He was a typical specimen of the Russian military despot, and the police-masters of other Russian towns set themselves to imitate his example. He was in every sense of the word the emperor of St. Petersburg. When he walked along the streets the inhabitants treated him with extraordinary respect, not unmixed with dread. On the appearance of the czar-liberator on the pavement of the Great Morskaya Street, when the czar entered the capital after a long absence, Trepoff drove at a gallop in front of his Majesty through the crowded streets, standing erect in his open carriage, glaring round with knitted brows, and commanding the people to cheer. When the present writer first saw one of these scenes he was struck with amazement at the difference between the reality and the spontaneous enthusiasm of which he used to read in London in the telegrams sent to the English newspapers. Trepoff, it was said, once knocked an Englishman's hat off at a conflagration because the emperor was there looking on and all civilians were expected to uncover, although, as the Englishman had never seen the czar, it was impossible for him to distinguish his Majesty among the crowd of other generals and officers. The most wonderful stories were circulated of Trepoff's vigilance and energy. It was popularly believed that he always passed the night in an armchair, and never slept in bed. Whatever happened in the city Trepoff was expected on the spot, whether in the daytime or in the middle of the night. He did a great deal of good for the health, safety, comfort, and convenience of the inhabitants. He was the model Russian governor, in reality, of St. Petersburg, although called a prefect, and his successors have all endeavored more or less to imitate him. His official career came to an end in 1878, after he had been shot at and seriously wounded in his own reception-room by Vera Sassulitch, who perpetrated the act to revenge a friend, a woman whom Trepoff had caused to be flogged in prison. Sassulitch was acquitted by a Russian jury and escaped abroad, and the incident proved to be the introductory chapter to the long line of political assassinations which followed. The deceased general was eighty-six years of age, and had been prefect of St. Petersburg for twelve years, from 1866 to 1878.

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVI. }

CONTENTS.

I. ROBERT BROWNING,	<i>Church Quarterly Review</i> ,	771
II. PROGRESS IN JAPAN,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	785
III. EIGHT DAYS. Part IV.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	799
IV. THE MODERN SPIRIT IN ROME,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	811
V. DRYDEN AND SCOTT,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	817
VI. FIVE O'CLOCK TEA,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	822

. Title and Index to Volume CLXXXVI.

POETRY.

HAPPINESS,	770 "THE DRIFT," LINCOLNSHIRE,	770
MISCELLANY,		824

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HAPPINESS.

"THOU shalt be happy!" So I told my heart
One summer morning many a year ago:

"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy
part
Of mirth and feasting in the great world's
show.

Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame
and praise,

Thy place shall be with those who sit above;
Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days,
And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have
love."

Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake
Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:
"The world is all before us, we can make
Joy for ourselves, a never-ebbing tide."
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,
To seek for happiness — upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth, and we were
glad

Thus for a season, waiting joys to come;
God gave us fame and praise, a little sad
We were, my heart and I, amid the hum
Of voices lauding us, till one, more dear
Than all the rest, spake gentle words and
sweet.

Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,
And happiness came on with flying feet,
Drew near — but passed. Alas! my heart
and I,

We could not hold the radiant wanderer
fast.

One rose-touch of her lips in fleeting by
Was ours; one precious look — the first, the
last.

She will return, we said, with love's new birth,
There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell
Sore sick; were sorrowful, found dreary
ways.

We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell
Of comfort waiting us in better days.

But where is happiness? Alack! we find
She is not ours to beckon as we list;
We have no magic spell wherewith to bind
This rare, bright visitant to earth. We
missed

The royal road to happiness; but lo!
Something is saved us from the wreck of all:
We have content, though doubtful blessings
go,

And peace entwines our crosses great and
small.

We learn, my heart and I, the world's true
worth,
And seek for happiness — but not on earth.

All The Year Round.

"THE DRIFT," LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY KATHARINE COOPER.

THERE, in Spring, the violets blue
Lift them with so deep a hue,

As, in seeking, they had caught
More of heaven than they sought;

Dazzled by that azure bright,
Drank too deep of its delight;

And, in penance for their theft,
Glad to be as carpet left;

Breathing odors that have given
Wonder which were earth or heaven.

There in Summer bluebells quiver,
And there runs a rippling river

Of fair grasses where the bee
Dips in golden ecstasy.

There great boulders, time-embossed,
Bleachen grey or richly mossed,

Are as footstools fair and sweet
For Diana's wandering feet.

Safe as lion in his lair
Fearless sits the fresh-eyed hare.

And the couchant rabbit sleeps
Where the speckled partridge peeps,

Scared by every breeze that stirs
Round that nested charge of hers.

Here and there a lonely tree
Woos some breeze adown the lea,

Breeze that soon must sink and tire,
Unclasped by that lisping lyre.

Ah! how often there reclined
Weary form with weary mind,

By that whispering song beguiled
Grew gay-hearted as a child,

And bird and bee and butterfly
Seemed merrier for the minstrelsy.

To that patch of charmed shade
Wandering odors, weary, strayed,

Some from bindweed in the corn,
Some from roses on the thorn;

One, of honied fragrance fine,
From gold crowns of wild woodbine.

While but flowers bedeck thy soil,
Drift! thou dream'st through harvest toil.

There the barley, silvery green,
Vests the vale with rippling sheen.

There the wheat spreads far and wide;
Plenty laughs from side to side.

On thou windest till the sky
Wears thy ferns' faint tracery,

Rising, as should all earth's joy,
To that Heaven where's no alloy.

Good Words.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
ROBERT BROWNING.*

IT is six months and more since the winter morning when the news of Robert Browning's death came to us from Venice, and we woke to the consciousness that one of the greatest minds of the century had passed away. And now, in the midst of that busy London life from which he has vanished, our loss makes itself sadly and sorely felt. Everywhere we seem to miss him in the accustomed ways, at the doors of houses and at the corners of the streets, in the picture-gallery and the concert-hall, at the social gatherings where he was always a welcome guest. We look in vain for the familiar form and the beaming smile which gladdened our eyes with its genial light, and ask ourselves if it can be true that the ringing voice is silent and the hand which held ours in its warm, living grasp stiff and cold. He was so full of life and vigor, his intellect was so keen and alert to the last, it is hard to believe he is gone, hard to realize that death with whom he seemed to have so little in common has at length claimed him. And, as we write, his own words seem to rise up and reproach us: "Never say of me that I am dead!"

The notes of that many-stringed lute are hushed, and the brave tones which through more than half a century of song spoke to us of faith and hope and undaunted courage will be heard no more, but still the air is thick with memories of him. During the last few months a whole mass of interesting recollections have appeared in print, both in England and in America, where he was known and loved almost as well as he was here. Biographical details, portraits, letters, impromptu verses, fragments of conversations, little anecdotes full of charm, as setting forth some well-known characteristic, and valuable as

illustrating some new feature of the poet's mind, have been poured out on all sides. Everything relating to such a man is worthy of record. Every detail is precious which helps us to know him better. As Mr. Browning himself wrote in the Shelley essay, "In our approach to the poetry, we necessarily approach the personality of the poet; in apprehending it we apprehend him, and certainly we cannot love it without loving him. Both for love's and for understanding's sake we desire to know him, and as readers of his poetry must be readers of his biography also." And in Mr. Browning's case there is nothing to shun, nothing to pass over; in all that has come to light since he died there is not a single word which detracts in the least from the nobleness of the figure or the beauty and completeness of a life which was from first to last as great and good as the poems which it inspired.

The true life has, of course, yet to be written, and while we wait eagerly for the promised memoir from the pen of one who knew the poet intimately and could share his thoughts in a way that has been given to a few, we are grateful to all who add their touches to the picture before time has dimmed their remembrance.

The most important biographical notice of Browning which has yet appeared is the life written by Mr. William Sharp in the "Great Writers" series, a volume published within four months of the poet's death. A work so hastily produced must necessarily be wanting in many respects, and it would be easy to point out both omissions and defects, but, as Mr. Sharp has been careful to inform us in the preface, his volume does not pretend to be more than a *mémoire pour servir*, we are more inclined to quarrel with the writer for giving us too much of himself and his own notions and opinions than for these evident traces of hurry. Still the memoir gives a correct and lucid account of the chief incidents in the poet's life, and of the gradual development of his genius, with fuller glimpses of his personality here and there. Mr. Sharp's account of Mr. Browning's early career is in a great measure borrowed from an extremely interesting paper by Mr. Edmund Gosse,

* 1. *Life of Robert Browning*. By William Sharp. "Great Writers." London, 1890.

2. *Robert Browning: Personalities*. By Edmund Gosse. London, 1890.

3. *A Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. Fifth edition, revised. London, 1890.

4. *On Some Points in Browning's View of Life*. A paper read before the Cambridge Browning Society, November, 1882. By R. F. Westcott. Cambridge, 1883.

which appeared in the *Century* some years ago, and which has now been reprinted, together with some later reminiscences of the poet, charmingly put together in a small volume bearing the title of "Personalities." Mr. Gosse's information was derived from the lips of Mr. Browning himself, who, tired of what he called "the jangle of facts and fancies" published about him, partly dictated and afterwards revised the article.

Robert Browning was born on May 7, 1812, at Camberwell. He sprang from an old, west-country family, and his great-grandfather had been a small proprietor in Dorsetshire. His grandmother on the father's side was a Creole, and on the mother's Scotch, while his maternal grandfather was a German from Hamburg, Wiedemann by name, an accomplished musician and artist, a pedigree which, as Mrs. Orr remarks, "throws valuable light on the vigor and variety of the poet's genius." His father, a clerk in the Bank of England, who lived till eighty-four and never knew a day's illness, was a scholar and a writer of verse himself, fond of classics and steeped in mediæval legendary lore. From him Browning inherited his splendid physique and love of books, from his mother his artistic and musical tastes. One of the earliest recollections of his childhood was that of sitting on his father's knee listening to the story of Troy, while his mother sat at the piano, "her chief happiness," playing Scotch melodies in the twilight. And when he first went to school at Peckham his chief delight on holiday afternoons was to lie and dream on the grass in a lonely spot, under three big elms looking over distant London, the towers of Westminster, and the dome of St. Paul's. The sight of the vast city, seen through the veil of drifting fog and cloud, had for him a strange fascination.

One of the memorable nights of his boyhood [says Mr. Sharp] was an eve when he found his way, not without perturbation of spirit, because of the unfamiliar solitary dark, to his loved elms. There for the first time he beheld London by night. It seemed to him then more wonderful and appalling than all the host of stars. . . . It was then that

the tragic significance of life first dimly awed and appealed to his questioning spirit; that the rhythm of humanity first touched deeply in him a corresponding chord (p. 28).

At eight years old he began to translate Horace, and his sister remembers him walking round and round the dining-room table, spanning out the scansion of his verses with his hand on the smooth mahogany. But, not content with one sphere, he aspired to be famous in all the arts. When at twenty he wrote "Pauline," this dream had not yet been abandoned. He still thought of being a universal artist, producing poems, operas, and comedies under different names, while his real identity remained hidden from the world. But it soon became clear to him that poetry was to be his vocation.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,
Make you music that should all express me;
This of verse alone, one life allows me
Other lives in other heights, God willing!

By the time he was twelve he had written poems enough to fill a volume; and the reading of Shelley, whose poems his mother brought home one memorable day, fired his muse to fresh and higher flights. After he left school in 1826 he studied with a tutor at home, and then for a very short time at the London University. One day his father asked him what profession he intended to enter, upon which he begged to be allowed to follow his own inclination, see life in the best sense, and cultivate the powers of his mind. "He had," says Mr. Gosse, "the singular courage to decline to be rich" (p. 26). His father, full of belief in his son's genius, and aware that he could provide for both Robert and his sister, agreed in his decision, with a cordial approval for which the poet was always grateful. "My dear father," he said to an American friend a few weeks before he died, "put me in a condition most favorable for the best work I was capable of. He secured for me all the ease and comfort that a literary man needs to do good work. It would have been shameful if I had not done my best to realize his expectations of me. . . . When I think of the many authors who

have had to fight their way through all sorts of difficulties, I have no reason to be proud of my achievements" (p. 22).

Already his brain was full of colossal schemes. He planned a series of dramatic poems descriptive of the history of typical souls, and actually sketched out several. Only one of these, however, saw the light, the fragmentary poem "Pauline," which was anonymously published in January, 1833, an aunt of the poet supplying the necessary funds. Unknown as the author was, his first effort attracted more than common notice. Allan Cunningham wrote a sympathetic review in the *Athenæum*, and John Stuart Mill was so much struck by the poem that he wrote to the editor of *Tait's Magazine* asking leave to review "Pauline," but was told that unluckily the week before the poem had been contemptuously dismissed with a notice of a line and a half. Many years afterwards Dante Rossetti read "Pauline" at the British Museum, and admired it so much that he copied the whole poem out, and, convinced that it must be by the author of "Paracelsus," wrote to Browning, who was then living in Florence, and asked him if this were not the case. Browning, who had never heard the young painter's name before, called upon Rossetti on his return to London, and so the two men became friends. Crude and boyish in conception as "Pauline" is, there were beauties enough in this immature production to captivate the lovers of true poetry. The influence of Shelley, who is invoked under the name of "Sun-treader," is apparent at every page, but still more remarkable is the startling novelty of its whole line of thought which marks the poem from beginning to end. Nothing like this had ever been heard before in English poetry. Already the poet goes to the root of the matter, busies himself with the problems of life, asks what it means, not for mankind in general but for the individual soul. Here is the stuff out of which all his future works are to be made. This poet of twenty, who cries "I am made up of an intensest life," who would "be all, have, see, know, taste, and feel all," and who yearns already after the infinite:—

This is myself, not what I think should be,
And what is that I hunger for but God?—

this is the Browning whom we all know.
And these last lines, which come back to us now with prophetic meaning, were as true when the end came last December as when he had written them fifty-seven years before.

Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth,
And love . . . but chiefly when I die . . .
Know my last state is happy—free from
doubt

Or touch of fear.

So true the great thinker was to these early ideals of his youth.

That autumn Browning went to Italy for the first time. After a year's absence he returned full of enthusiasm for the country which was to become half his own, and described the glories of Venice, the splendor of its sunsets and moonrises, of its palaces and water-streets, in glowing language to his friends. "Italy," he often said when asked if he had been at Oxford or Cambridge, "was my university."

The next winter "Paracelsus" was published at his father's expense. Here again we have the study of a human soul, this time in the form of a drama with four characters. The vague thoughts of the dreamer in "Pauline" have taken more definite shape, and find expression in passages of wonderful beauty and melody. Every one knows the fine lines which were so dear to Gordon and cheered the loneliness of that heroic heart in the hour of sternest trial:—

I go to prove my soul.

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first
I ask not; but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow.
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good
time.

But a drama of so shapeless a kind, a play with monologues of more than three hundred lines put into the mouth of one of the characters, was not likely to win popular approval. The critics were contemptuous, and very few copies were sold. But here again a few minds of the finer order were attracted. John Forster made friends with the poet on the spot, and

reviewed the poem in the *New Monthly Magazine*. "Mr. Browning," he said there, "has in himself all the elements of a great poet, philosophical as well as dramatic." And the actor Macready expressed his conviction in his journal, as he laid down the poem, that the writer could scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time. More important results followed. Macready asked Browning to his house at Hampstead; three months later he was among the personal friends of the actor, and invited to a supper at Talfourd's rooms after the first performance of the author's successful tragedy "Ion." On that occasion Browning sat opposite Wordsworth and Landor, and, to his surprise, the host, on proposing the toast of "The Poets of England," coupled it with the name of the youngest of her bards, "Mr. Robert Browning, the author of 'Paracelsus.'" That same memorable evening Macready asked Browning to write him a play, and the young man replied, "Shall it be historical and English? What do you say to a drama on 'Stratford?'" So the noble and pathetic play, recently revived among us with so large a measure of success, was brought to life. In less than a year's time the tragedy was finished, and brought out by Macready at Covent Garden on May 1, 1837, the same day, Mr. Sharp remarks, that Carlyle gave his first lecture in London. It has been said repeatedly that Mr. Browning's plays have always failed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gosse points out, the three which he brought out have all succeeded, and owed their short tenure of the stage to purely accidental circumstances. "Stratford" was received with applause, and only withdrawn after five nights, owing to the financial difficulties in which the theatre was involved. "The Blot on the Scutcheon," which Macready brought out at Drury Lane in February, 1843, and "Colombe's Birthday," which Miss Helen Faucit, afterwards Lady Martin, produced in 1852, were in the same way cut short in the midst of a successful run.

Encouraged by the success of "Stratford," Browning wrote other tragedies, but, finding no managers who would take them, went back to his first dream, and gave us another record of a human spirit which soars beyond the limits of this finite existence and learns humility in failure and defeat. "Sordello" was written and published in 1840. It proved a failure then, and ever since has been, in Mr. Gosse's words, "an eminent stumbling-block, not merely in the path of fools, but

in that of very sensible and cultivated people" (p. 48). Mr. Browning himself, "in the philosophic afternoon of life," frankly confessed its difficulties, and referred to it with a grim smile as "the entirely unintelligible 'Sordello.'" And to an anxious admirer who asked him to explain its meaning he replied, "When I wrote it, only God and I knew; now God alone knows!" Certainly no one derived more amusement than he did from the stories of the vain endeavors made by his friends to grapple with this hopeless puzzle. Carlyle wrote: "My wife has read through 'Sordello' without being able to make out whether Sordello was a man, or a city, or a book." And Tennyson is reported to have said that he only understood two lines in the poem, the opening and closing lines:—

Who will may hear Sordello's story told;

and

Who would has heard Sordello's story told;

and that both of these were lies!

It is interesting to learn how many of the defects which make "Sordello" and other of Browning's poems such hard reading, and notably the excessive rapidity and condensation of style, which add so much to the difficulty of grasping the poet's ideas, were in the first place the result of an adverse criticism on his "Paracelsus." Browning was informed that John Sterling and Miss Caroline Fox had been repelled by its verbosity; and in his anxiety to avoid this error the poet strove to be content with two words where he would rather have used ten.

The harsh and involved passages in "Sordello," which add so much to the remoteness of its thought [says Mrs. Orr] were the first consequence of this lesson. "Pauline" and "Paracelsus" had been deeply musical, and the music came back to their author's verse with the dramas, lyrics, and romances by which "Sordello" was followed. But the dread of being diffuse had doubly rooted itself in his mind, and was to bear fruit again as soon as the more historical or argumentative mood should prevail (p. 11).

In 1863, tired of being continually reproached with this obscurity, Browning set himself to re-write "Sordello" in a more transparent manner, but came to the conclusion that the result would not be worth his labor, as he says in the memorable dedication to the French critic, M. Joseph Milsand, of Dijon, who had been one of his earliest admirers:—

I wrote it twenty-five years ago for a few . . . My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study; I at least always thought so. My own faults of expression were many; but with care for a man or book such would be surmounted, and without it what avails the faultlessness of either? I blame nobody, least of all myself, who did my best then and since, for I lately gave time and pains to turn my work into what the many might, instead of what the few may, like; but after all I imagined another thing at first, and therefore I leave it as I find it.

But at the time the failure to be understood cut the sensitive young poet to the quick. We who only knew him in his days of sunny prosperity can perhaps hardly realize the long-drawn trial of those years, the desolation of the soul which pined for sympathy and recognition. It needed all the moral strength of his character, all his courage and faith, to support him in the struggle and maintain that loyal devotion to the principles of his art from which he never swerved. Still he sang, although there were so few to listen. But after the pecuniary failures of "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" he was unwilling to put his father to further expense, and when Moxon the publisher offered to bring out his poems in a cheap form as pamphlets he caught eagerly at the chance. Under the curious title of "Bells and Pomegranates," eight thin booklets of sixteen pages bound in yellow boards and printed in double columns of small type were brought out by Mr. Moxon between the years 1841 and 1846, and sold at very low prices. So rare is the series now that it cannot be had for less than ten or twelve pounds. In this singular form some of the noblest poetry which Mr. Browning has ever given the world appeared. First came "Pippa Passes"—which was sold for sixpence, with the following characteristic preface:—

Two or three years ago I wrote a play, about which the chief matter I much care to recollect at present is, that a pitiful of good-natured people applauded it. Ever since I have been desirous of doing something in the same way that should better reward their attention. What follows I mean for the first of a series of dramatical pieces, to come out at intervals, and I amuse myself by fancying that the cheap mode in which they appear will for once help me to a sort of pit-audience again. Of course such a work must go on no longer than it is liked; and to provide against a certain and but too possible contingency, let me hasten to say now what, if I were sure of success, I would try to say circumstantially enough at the close, that I dedicate my best

intentions most admiringly to the author of "Ion"—most affectionately to Serjeant Talfourd.

"Pippa Passes" is hardly to be called a drama; it is rather, in Mr. Sharp's words, a lyrical masque with dramatic episodes. But it is one of the most beautiful poems which Browning ever wrote, and, as it is also one of the simplest, its popularity was from the first unquestioned. Mr. Gosse is probably right in saying that it first won the public to Mr. Browning. The idea of the humble little silk-winder of Asolo walking alone through life and exercising an unconscious but real and enduring influence on other souls by her innocent song first flashed upon the poet as he was walking alone in a wood near Dulwich. And in the simple words of the songs which are employed with so truly dramatic an effect we have one of those profound convictions which lie at the heart of the poet's philosophy.

All service ranks the same with God—
With God whose puppets best and worst
Are we: there is no last nor first.

And that other:—

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Next to "Pippa Passes" in the series came the tragedy "King Victor and King Charles;" then the Dramatic Lyrics, which contained such immortal poems as "In a Gondola," "Christina," "Waring," "My Last Duchess," "The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister;" and finally "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," which, originally written to amuse Macready's little son Willy, was only given to the printer at the last moment to make up the required amount of copy. Next came several more plays, including "A Blot on the Scutcheon" and "Colombe's Birthday;" then the volume of Dramatic Romances, including "Italy in England," "The Lost Leader," "The Flight of the Duchess," and "Saul." Last of all, in 1846, the eighth volume, containing "Luria" and "A Soul's Tragedy." That same year witnessed a more memorable event in the poet's life, and, on September 12, Robert Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett in Marylebone parish church.

Three years older than her husband, the poetess had already written many of the poems which had made her famous, although the greater part of her life was spent on an invalid couch. She "lived with visions for her company instead of men and women, nor thought to know a

sweeter music than they played." But in 1846 she met Mr. Browning at her father's house in Wimpole Street, and from that day the world was changed for her. For many years she had admired his works and took especial delight in the *Dramatic Lyrics* published in "Bells and Pomegranates." Two years before she had herself written:—

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate,"
which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a
veined humanity.

In him she had already complete faith both as poet and prophet, and when she saw Browning, who, with his impassioned air and dark, curling locks, looked, Macready said, more like a poet than any man he ever saw, the rare sympathy between them quickly ripened into love. The secret of their marriage was so well kept that their best friends were taken by surprise. When Mrs. Jameson heard in Paris that Robert Browning was there with his wife on their way to Italy, she cried, "God help them, for I know not how two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world;" and Wordsworth remarked: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together! Well, I hope they may understand each other—nobody else could!"

That winter was spent at Pisa, where the poet pair lived in a palace built by Vasari, within sight of the Duomo, looking down upon the waters of Arno. Together they attended vespers in the Duomo, heard mass at All Souls in the Campo Santo, read Vasari, and dreamt of seeing Venice in the spring. And here, for the first time, Browning saw the MS. of his wife's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," perhaps the most touching confession of love ever made by a woman-soul in verse. Mrs. Browning's health improved wonderfully under the influence of her new-found joy. "She is getting better every day," wrote her husband, "stronger, better, wonderfully beyond all our hopes." To the friends who saw her she seemed transformed. When spring came they journeyed on to Florence, which Mrs. Browning saw for the first time, then to Ancona, and Loretto, and along the coast to Ravenna. They stood together by Dante's grave, and caught wonderful visions of beauty and glory in the distant Apennines. On that journey Browning wrote his lovely little poem on Guercino's "Guardian Angel" in the church at Fano which he and his wife—"My angel with

me too"—visited three times. A new note was struck in this poem, dedicated to his old friend Alfred Domett, the original of "Waring." Something of the peace and serenity that filled his own mind at this moment seems to have passed into the well-known lines:—

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies

And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty;
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

That winter they settled at Florence, in the Palazzo Casa Guidi, near the Porta Romana, which gave its name to a volume of Mrs. Browning's verse, and which bears an inscription to the memory of the poetess whose verse made a golden ring between England and Italy. This remained their home until Mrs. Browning's death, and their life here was only interrupted by occasional visits to England or to Normandy, and later on by summer flights to the baths of Lucca, and winters spent in Rome for the good of Mrs. Browning's health. The descriptions left us by the Hawthornes and other of their intimate friends have made us all familiar with the ideal home, with its books and paintings, its terrace and balcony full of flowers, and the large drawing-room, where "she who was the glory of it all" sat in her low armchair. Here, in March, 1849, was born their son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning; and here in 1850 "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" was written. Five years later "Men and Women" was completed, and Browning placed it in his wife's hands with the touching dedication, "One Word More:—"

There they are, my fifty men and women,
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, love, the book and me together.
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

That summer Mrs. Browning's largest work, "Aurora Leigh," was published, and met with great and immediate success. But the fiery soul was fast wearing out the frail body. She watched the struggle of 1859 with the keenest anxiety, and the next year her ardent sympathy for the Italian patriots burst out in the "Poems before Congress." After wintering in Rome she returned to Casa Guidi in June, 1861, and a few weeks later Robert Browning, who had nursed his wife with untiring care and tenderness, had the

inexpressible grief of seeing her die. She passed away with her hand in his, whispering words of hope and joy to the last.

For six years Browning had published nothing, but in the following autumn, with the memory of that parting fresh in his mind, he wrote his wonderful little poem, "Prospice." In 1864 it appeared in print, together with several more of his noblest confessions of faith, "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "A Death in the Desert," under the title of "Dramatis Personæ."

In November, 1868, came his longest and most sustained effort, "The Ring and the Book." Three years before, one summer day, he had picked up a parchment-covered book on a stall in Piazza San Lorenzo containing the whole history of a murder which had taken place in Rome in 1698, with all the pleadings, counter-pleadings, and evidence brought to light at the trial. He bought it for a lira, and took it home with him to brood over.

The separate scenes of the Franceschini tragedy [says Mrs. Orr] sprang to life in Mr. Browning's imagination within a few hours of his reading the book. He saw them re-enacted from his terrace at Casa Guidi on a sultry summer night—every place and person projected, as it seemed, against a thundery sky; but his mind did not yet weave them into a whole. The drama lay by him and in him till the unconscious inspiration was complete, and then one day in London . . . "The Ring and the Book" was born (p. 78).

Here, in four volumes containing twelve parts, numbering in all twenty-one thousand lines, we have Browning's greatest constructive work, a dramatic poem in his favorite monologue form. From an artistic point of view it may be a failure, but none the less it remains the grandest and most entirely characteristic monument of his genius. At this time of day it is idle to single out beauties which are known to all the world. It is enough to say that for pathos and dramatic power nothing in our literature surpasses the dying words of Pompilia, the defence of Caponsacchi, and the speech in which the pope delivers his sentence.

"The Ring and the Book" marks the culminating point of Robert Browning's career. Since then he has written many fine and touching poems, but never again has he risen to the same heights. About this time a change was made in his ways of life. Two years before his old father had died in Paris, at the age of eighty-four, and from that day his sister Sarianna became her brother's inseparable companion. They settled at a house in the Pad-

dington district, 19 Warwick Crescent, where they lived until, three or four years ago, the poet moved to a larger house in De Vere Gardens, Kensington.

During these last twenty years Mr. Browning has been a well-known figure in London society. He went everywhere, knew every one, and read everything. He was never absent from private views of the Royal Academy or Grosvenor Gallery, and his own artistic sympathies were heightened by the success of his son, in whose career, both as painter and sculptor, he took the keenest interest. Again, his thorough knowledge of music made him a frequent listener at the best concerts, whether they were given by Joachim, Hallé, or Richter, although he stoutly resisted the claims of Wagner to supremacy, and always declared himself a musician of the old school. To the end of his life he retained his gift of musical improvisation, but he only played for a few of his intimate friends. His correspondence was large, he had friends in all parts of the world, and a circle of acquaintances which grew every year more extensive. No great poet, Mr. Gosse observes, was ever more accessible. "The subtlest of writers was the simplest of men." To him "the whole world was full of vague possibilities of friendship." He met newcomers with the same frank warmth, the same genial manner, ever ready to be amused and pleased, to enter with the same zest into every subject that was discussed. No wonder his presence at the dinner-table or evening party was a keenly coveted honor. But although his conversation, even in public, was always worth hearing, it was a very different and far finer thing in private.

To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms [continues Mr. Gosse] the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner-party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then in his own study or drawing-room what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low armchair's sofa-lap of leather, and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannize, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio,

talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigor, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength (p. 82).

Keen arguer and great talker as he was, there was a charm of manner about him which was very captivating in a man of his age. He had a pleasant way of doing things, if it were merely handing a flower or a chair, a knack of saying the right thing which never deserted him. The notes with which he accompanied gifts of his books were often as much valued as the present itself. Nothing, for instance, could be more charming than the letter to Miss Alma Murray, which he wrote in July, 1889, and which Mr. Sharp quotes as a happy example of his lighter style:—

29 De Vere Gardens, W., 6th July, 1889.

MY BELOVED ALMA,—

I had the honor—I had the honor yesterday of dining with the Shah, whereupon the following dialogue:—

“Vous êtes poète?”

“On s’est permis de me le dire quelquefois.”

“Et vous avez fait des livres?”

“Trop de livres.”

“Voulez-vous m’en donner un, afin que je puisse me souvenir de vous?”

“Avec plaisir.”

I have been accordingly this morning to town, where the thing is procurable, and as I chose a volume of which I judged the binding might take the imperial eye I said to myself, “Here do I present my poetry to a personage for whom I do not care three straws; why should I not venture to do as much for a young lady I love dearly, who for the author’s sake will not impossibly care rather for the inside than the outside of the volume?” So I was bold enough to take one and offer it for your kind acceptance, begging you to remember in days to come that the author, whether a good poet or no, was always, my Alma, your affectionate friend,

ROBERT BROWNING.

To those who shared his intimacy Robert Browning was the truest and most loyal of friends. When he did love, he brought a heart such as few can give to love. Whether it was the friend of thirty years’ standing or the young girl not a third of his own age, there was room and to spare in that large heart for all. For all alike there was the same overflowing affection, the same readiness of service. His time, his attention, his sympathy, whatever help he had to give was freely at their disposal. “Remember,” he said, in parting from a friend, “wherever you are, if you need me, send for me, I would go to

the ends of the earth to serve you.” And those who loved him knew that this was no empty form of words.

Upon all who met him he made the same impression, that of being an exceptionally happy man. Fortunate in the outward circumstances of his life, blest too with a nature which to the last retained its full capacity for enjoyment, conscious of using his powers to the best advantage, and raised above the changes and chances of this world by his sure faith in a future life, Browning enjoyed certainly a larger share of good things than is given to most of us. Much of this, no doubt, was owing to the splendid health and robustness of constitution which he inherited from his fine old father. On the other hand, his optimism, it is equally certain, was founded on a profound intellectual conviction. Life in his eyes was not only a probation but also a boon to be enjoyed. And he enjoyed it to the uttermost. Like his own Luigi he felt:—

Was not life pressed down, running o’er with
joy . . .

I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content,
God must be glad one loves his world so much.

But while to all appearance he was a man of leisure, free to go where he would and enjoy himself as he chose, he was working hard. At the height of the London season, when he was dining out every night and giving up the afternoons and evenings to social intercourse or sight-seeing, he devoted his mornings to composition, and went to work with as much regularity as any professional man. So one by one, between the years 1870 and 1890, those fourteen volumes were produced and sent out into the world, containing poems of every variety of subject and different degrees of excellence, but all marked with the same marvellous insight into human character, the same love of analyzing the motives and springs of action in each individual soul.

Every autumn he went abroad with his sister, often accompanied by a friend, for a holiday of several months. As a rule their destination was kept secret, for, sociable as he was, Mr. Browning liked to enjoy a period of seclusion, and to be free from the invasion of admiring strangers. Generally some secluded part of the coast of Normandy or Brittany was the favored spot, where he could live among the French people whom he loved, and who had learnt to love him, and look

down on the sea. Germany, he always said, was an unknown land to him. But in later years he often went to the less-visited parts of Switzerland, the mountain valleys near Geneva or Lucerne — anywhere off the beaten track. For long he shrank from seeing Italy again. Rome and Florence, he said, held his past, and could never be the same for him again. Those days were gone, the faces which belonged to them had vanished, and without them Rome, he could truly say, would not be Rome for him. But one autumn he went to Venice, and after that his old love for the place revived, and the city of his youthful dreams became associated with the memories of his last years. There, when the time came, he was glad to die.

One of these autumn holidays was rendered memorable by a mournful event which inspired the finest of Browning's later poems. In 1877 he and his sister spent some weeks at La Saisiaz (Savoyard for Le Soleil), a villa in the mountains near Geneva. They were accompanied by an intimate friend, Miss Egerton Smith, who on September 14 died there very suddenly of heart disease. Mr. Browning had actually planned to ascend Le Salève with her on the day when she was found dead in the early morning, and in the poem which describes the tragic incident has told us how the day after she was laid in the grave he climbed the mountain alone and stood on the summit without her.

Dared and done: at last I stand upon the summit, Dear and True!

Singly dared and done; the climbing both of us were bound to do.

Climbing — here I stand: but you — where?

Then once more the poet, deeply stirred, asked himself if this life were all — if the face and form he lifted as it lay dead revealed the loss not alone of life but of soul, and nothing but a memory remained. "Was ending ending once and always when you died?" Once more in the presence of death he wrestled with the old problems, and standing by that new-made grave once more declared his faith in a life beyond. The strength of his convictions on this subject was well known to his friends.

Death, death! [he said to Mr. Sharp one day] it is this harping on death I despise so much . . . this idle and often cowardly as well as ignorant harping! Why should we not change like everything else? In fiction, in poetry, in so much of both French as well

as English, and, I am told, in American art and literature, the shadow of death — call it what you will, despair, negation, indifference — is upon us. But what fools men who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crapelike, churchyardly word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Pshaw! it is foolish to argue upon such a thing even. For myself, I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead! (p. 196).

To the last there was a youthful vivacity and buoyancy of spirits about him which nothing could touch. He never seemed to grow old. His love songs had still all the fire and passion of youth's ardor. No one would dream that such glowing lines as "Never the time and the place and the loved one altogether," or "Out of your whole life give but a moment," in his very latest volume, were the work of a poet who was a good deal upwards of seventy.

It was during the winter of 1888-89 that Mr. Browning's friends first noticed signs of decay in his vigorous frame, but last season to the ordinary observer he showed no trace of failing strength. He dined out every night, and was as full as ever of activity and brightness. He took the keenest interest in questions of the day, and the protest against women's suffrage, which appeared in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*, excited his sympathy in an especial manner. But among all the recollections of that last summer none is more precious than a conversation which he had at Cambridge with Mr. Gosse, on the first Sunday in June. There, as he sat at rest in the lovely fellows' garden at Trinity, with a cloudless sky above, and the pink may blossoming beside him, the poet went back to the old days and far-off ideals of his youth.

He sat and talked of his own early life and aspirations; how he marvelled as he looked back at the audacious obstinacy which had made him, when a youth, determine to be a poet and nothing but a poet. He remarked that all his life long he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to superabundance of production, since on looking back he could see that he had often, in his unfettered leisure, been afraid to do nothing. Then, with complete frankness, he described the long-drawn desolateness of his early and middle life as a literary man; how, after certain spirits had seemed to rejoice in

his first sprightly runnings, and especially in "Paracelsus," a blight had fallen upon his very admirers. He touched, with a slight irony, on the "entirely unintelligible 'Sordello,'" and the forlorn hope of "Bells and Pomegranates." Then he fell, more in the habitual manner of old men, to stories of early loves and hatreds, Italian memories of the forties, stories with names in them that meant nothing to his ignorant listener. And in the midst of these reminiscences a chord of extreme interest to the critic was touched. For in recounting a story of some Tuscan nobleman who had shown him two exquisite miniature-paintings, the work of a young artist who should have received for them the prize in some local contest, and who, being unjustly defrauded, broke his ivories, burned his brushes, and indignantly forswore the thankless art forever, Mr. Browning suddenly reflected that there was, as he said, "stuff for a poem" in that story, and immediately with extreme vivacity began to sketch the form it should take, the suppression of what features and the substitution of what others were needful; and finally suggested the non-obvious and inverted moral of the whole, in which the art of spirited defiance was shown to be really an act of tame renunciation, the poverty of the artist's spirit being proved in his eagerness to snatch, even though it was by honest merit, a benefit simply material. The poet said, distinctly, that he had never before reflected on this incident as one proper to be versified; the speed, therefore, with which the creative architect laid the foundations, built the main fabric, and even put on the domes and pinnacles of his poem was, no doubt, of uncommon interest. He left it, in five minutes, needing nothing but the mere outward crust of the versification (p. 87).

On August 5, just before leaving London, he wrote the generous birthday letter to the laureate which has since been made public. Two months later he wrote another touching letter to Mr. Meynell about a young author, and ended with the significant words, "I shall soon depart for Venice on my way homewards." He was then at Asolo, the white-walled hill city, in the birthplace which had, when he was there fifty-five years before, filled him with "delight and surprise," and where Pippa's songs still seem to haunt the air. There, on October 15, he wrote the dedication of his last volume of poems — "Asolando" — which is now forever associated with the city of Bembo and Catarina Cornaro. The book came out in London in December, and was reviewed in flattering terms in the *Times* and *Standard* on the very day of his death. He went on to Venice to join his son and daughter-in-law at their home in the beautiful Palazzo Rezzonico, where he was to have "a corner for his old

age." His activity of body and mind was still as great as ever. He worked for several hours every day, took long walks on the Lido, went to the opera, and saw friends in the evening. But the action of his heart had lately become weaker, and, when a bronchial attack came on, his strength failed rapidly. He suffered no pain but that of weakness and weariness, and was touchingly grateful to those who nursed him. As he lay dying, his son read him a telegram from his publishers, telling him of the favorable notices of "Asolando" which had appeared in that day's papers. He smiled and murmured, "How gratifying." A few moments afterwards the bell of St. Mark's struck ten, and the great soul passed quietly away.

He had lived long enough to see his genius recognized by his own countrymen, and his greatest admirers were surprised at the widespread marks of grief and sympathy in London on the day when his remains were laid to rest in the Abbey. During the last ten years there has been a great change in the popular feeling with regard to Browning's poetry. For long he had for his readers not the crowd but a few whom he valued more. Now every one reads or tries to read Browning. One of the most remarkable signs of this alteration has been the rise of the Browning Society, which, first formed in 1881, has devoted itself in the most enthusiastic manner to the study of his works. By their discussions and publications and by the representation of his plays the members of this society have undoubtedly lent a powerful stimulus to the poet's ever-increasing popularity. Mr. Browning expressed his own sentiments on the subject in the following characteristic letter, quoted by Mr. Sharp:—

The Browning Society, I need not say, as well as Browning himself, are fair game for criticism. I had no more to do with the founding it than the babe unborn; and, as Wilkes was no Wilkeite, I am quite other than a Browningite. But I cannot wish harm to a society of, with a few exceptions, names unknown to me, who are busied about my books so disinterestedly. The exaggerations probably come of the fifty-years'-long charge of unintelligibility against my books; such reactions are possible, though I never looked for the beginning of one so soon. That there is a grotesque side to the thing is certain; but I have been surprised and touched by what cannot but have been well-intentioned, I think. Anyhow, as I never felt inconvenienced by hard words, you will not expect me to wax bumptious because of undue compliment (p. 189).

Among the publications which owe their existence to the Browning Societies is Mrs. Orr's admirable "Handbook." For this we owe them a large debt of gratitude. No better guide to the study of the poet's works could be conceived than this volume, which has the advantage of being written by one of Mr. Browning's most tried and closest friends. The clear summaries of the different poems there given, the explanation of historical or personal allusions, and the light thrown on the leading characteristics and development of the poet's genius do more to help the student than the most elaborate treatises of more ambitious writers. The question remains, Is Browning really obscure, or is the "fifty-years'-long charge of unintelligibility" brought against him to be put down, to the obtuseness of the British public during that period? The charge of wilful and intentional obscurity which was formerly levelled at him may now be safely dismissed, but that his poems do present difficulties, even to serious and cultivated readers, must be recognized. In the first place, no doubt, much of the clamor arose from the mistaken idea that all poetry must necessarily be easy reading, the recreation of a tired worker, the pastime of an idle hour. This Browning has never meant his poetry to be. He never pretended to offer such literature as should be "a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes." The complexity and rapidity of his thought require sustained effort on the part of the reader, and make continual demands on his mental energy and alertness. But beyond this his verse has always been subordinate to an intellectual theory — the principle that sense should not be sacrificed to sound. In Mrs. Orr's words: —

He values thought more than expression, matter more than form, and judging him from a strictly poetic point of view he has lost his balance in this direction, as so many have lost it in the opposite one. He has never ignored beauty, but he has neglected it in the desire for significance. He has never intended to be obscure, but he has become so from the condensation of style which was the excess of significance and of strength. . . . His genius removed him from the first from that sphere of popular sympathy in which the tendency to excess would have been corrected, and the distance, like the mental habit which created it, was self-increasing. He began early to defy public opinion because his best endeavors had failed to conciliate it, and he would never conciliate it at the expense of what he believed to be the true principles of his art (p. 10).

Again, the difficulty of Browning's po-

etry is enhanced by his peculiarities of style. The involved structure of his phrases, his harsh and crabbed metre, the strange words which he coins, and the extraordinary abruptness with which at times he descends from the loftiest flights of poetry to the most grotesque prose, naturally repel many readers. But these undoubted blemishes will be forgiven by the student who dives far enough down to find the pearl which lies hidden in these depths. Once we have become accustomed to his style, and "learnt his great language," we shall find the rest of our task easy. His meaning will grow clearer at every page, and we shall learn to follow the poet's thought through all the tangle of its intricate maze. But to arrive at this stage it is best to begin with the simpler poems — any of the "Men and Women," and most of the Dramatic Romances, "The Flight of the Duchess," "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book," and so by degrees work our way into the more hidden recesses of the poet's thought, and explore "Fifine," "Paracelsus," "Sordello" itself.

But the sceptical mind still asks, Is the result worth all this toil? "Le jeu en vaut-il la chandelle?" The answer must be given by those who have found in Browning wisdom, strength, and consolation, courage for this life and hope for another. Many there are who, long before Browning Societies were heard of, had learned to love the small brown volumes on their shelf, for the treasure of noble and inspiring thought they held, and who not once, but often, had risen from the study the richer in faith and trust.

We cannot here attempt to analyze Browning's philosophy of life. It is a subject upon which much has already been written, and much more will be written in days to come. We can only single out one or two points which appear to lie at the root of his thought. Not the race but the individual, not the larger life of humanity but the single soul in its struggles, growth, and aspiration, is his constant theme. "Little else," he said himself, "is worth study." In this, as the Bishop of Durham has pointed out in a deeply interesting paper read before the Browning Society at Cambridge some years ago, he supplements the teaching of Wordsworth.

He looks for the revelation of the Divine as coming through the spiritual struggles of man, and not through Nature. Both poets, however, agree in this, that they assert the sovereignty of feeling over knowledge, of that within us which they hold to have affinity with

the heavenly and eternal over that which must be earthly and temporal. But Browning justifies the position with the fullest detail of illustration, as was natural from the current of contemporary thought which he has encountered. He never wearies of dwelling on the relativity of physical knowledge, on its inadequacy to satisfy man, on its subordinate action in the crises of moral growth. The keynote of his teaching, in a word, is not knowledge but love (p. 7).

Man here on earth is in a state of probation. Life is a school where the soul is trained for higher uses, where it learns the lesson of love and the power of self-sacrifice.

Life with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear, . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning
love,
Hers love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

Even human love, the union of soul with soul, saves and glorifies man. Whether it attains its object, and two lives are made complete in one, or whether it fails and has to wait till heaven repairs the wrong earth's journey did, the lesson has been learnt. Earthly love is the training for the perfect life of eternity, the redeeming power by which the sinner rises to God. Each individual soul has his work to do, his place in the divine order. In God's eyes there is neither first nor last. Our times are in his hand. He adapts the circumstances of life to the needs of each separate soul, as if there were none other in the whole universe.

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance . . .
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently im-
pressed.

But our lives here fall short of their ideal; the servant of God finds each day how hard it is to be a Christian; the artist dreams, strives to do and fails in doing; the scholar and the statesman sees the gulf which lies between the petty Done, the vast Undone; the palace of sound reared by the musician dies away in the air; the patriot lays down his life in a hopeless cause. And these very failures, this imperfection of man is the secret of his greatness, the pledge of his future triumph.

And what is our failure here but an evidence
Of the fulness of our days?

The dream of the poet, the task which
proved too high for earth, the love which

has been cheated of its fruition here, the pain of the finite heart which yearns, are each and all the promise of a fuller existence. The faulty art of the old Florentines was a far higher thing than the most perfect art of Greece, because it strove after a divine ideal, and held within it the germ of immortal growth.

To-day's brief passion limits their range,

It seethes with the morrow for us and more.

For the work of this life will be tried by a God who looks not on the completed work but on the motive which prompted its endeavor, and judges the man not by what he has done but for what he is. But the inward voice must not be stifled by the pressure of outward circumstances. Precious beyond all else in the soul's history are those moments of spiritual insight, when the light flashes from within, and, under the influence of some vivid emotion, a new resolve is taken which changes the current of a life. "When a soul declares — to wit, by its fruit — the thing it does." Woe to the man or woman who neglects these moments of sudden inspiration, for whom they come and go in vain. To miss them is to miss the mark of life — to fail indeed — "and when God fails — despair." But as long as there is a spark of love in the soul, a trace of this upward movement towards the light, all may yet be well. To aspire is everything. The one fatal thing is to rest content with the perishable joys and success of this world, to accept material bliss, and seek for nothing further. This was how Andrea failed, faultless painter though he was; this was the crime of the soul which chose the world in "Easter Day," and so at the last found itself shut out of heaven and condemned to glut its senses on the finite joys which it had preferred to the infinite.

On the other hand, the conditions of this life must be accepted with all its limitations if we are to make full use of our opportunities here. We are made up of body and soul, and the claims of the material must not be ignored as long as we are here on earth. The Bishop of Durham points out beautifully how this is exemplified in the contrast between Cleop and Lazarus. On one side we see the Greek poet who enjoys the fairest fruits of civilization, and yet cannot find satisfaction for the joy-hunger which yearns after an infinite bliss. On the other we have the soul who, while yet on earth, has seen heaven opened, and in the overwhelming sense of that vision has lost all care for this life, and has not even the

power or will to win men to his own faith. So, too, Aprile in his thirst for infinite love, Paracelsus in his striving after infinite knowledge, and Sordello in his boundless ambition, overleap the limits of this life, and by vainly "thrusting in time eternity's concern" alike end in failure. The proper balance of body and soul must be preserved if man is to make full use of life and attain the end for which he was created. And this union of body and soul, this perfect blending of the human and divine, has been realized in its highest form in the Incarnation. This is the theme of David's inspired song, "The Word made Flesh," in whose person we see that union of Divine might and tender love which can alone satisfy the needs of erring and suffering humanity.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for!
 my flesh that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O
 Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a
 Man like to me
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a
 Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
 See the Christ stand!

This belief in Christ as God and man lies at the root of all Browning's poetry. Here, in his eyes, the mysteries of life and death find their only true solution. And this very orthodoxy of his has been the cause of much surprise and perplexity to his critics. Some of them do their best to explain it away, others put it down to physical causes, and describe it as the result of a good digestion. They cannot bring themselves to acknowledge that this wondrous intellect should have been content to believe in the controlling power of Providence and hope in a life beyond the grave. Yet nothing is more absolutely certain. His friends smiled to each other over his antiquated notions, and wondered when they heard how boldly he had argued with an atheist orator whom he happened to find haranguing a crowd in the streets. Mr. Moncure Conway has told us how once, when a contemptuous allusion to the Judgment Day as an exploded superstition was made in his presence, Browning replied: "I don't see that. Why should there not be a settling day in the universe as when a master settles with his workmen at the end of the week?" The best proof of the sincerity with which he held the convictions expressed in his poetry is to be found in his own utterances. One of these, a letter written in 1876 to a dying friend who had thanked him for the com-

fort and help he had found in his poems of "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," has lately appeared in print and deserves to be quoted at length:—

It is a great thing—the greatest—that a human being should have passed the probation of life and sum up its experience in a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer in my poor degree is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope, and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary. And for your sake I wish it to be true, that I had so much of genius as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of genius have thrilled my soul to its depths, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: "Savez-vous que je me connais en hommes? Eh bien! celui-là ne fut pas un homme." Or, as when Charles Lamb in a gay fancy with some friends as to how he and they would feel if the greatest of the dead were to appear suddenly in flesh and blood once more, on the final suggestion, "And if Christ entered this room?" changed his manner at once, and stuttered out as his manner was when moved: "You see, if Shakespeare entered, we should all rise; if *He* appeared, we must kneel." Or, not to multiply instances, as when Dante wrote what I will transcribe from my wife's testament, wherein I recorded it fourteen years ago: "Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, and that from this life I shall pass to another better, there where that Lady lives, of whom my soul was enamored." Dear friend, I may have wearied you, in spite of your good-will. God bless you, sustain you, and receive you.

The lines from Dante's "Vita Nuova," which the poet here quotes, are the same which he paraphrases in "La Saisiaz," where he argues the same problem of life and death:—

Certain am I—from this life I pass into a
 better, there
 Where that lady lives of whom enamored was
 my soul—where this
 Other lady, my companion dear and true, she
 also is.

All through his long life Browning bore the same unflinching witness to the faith of his youth. His parents were Dissenters, and at one period, Mr. Sharp tells us, the poet thought seriously of becoming a Nonconformist minister. In later years his theological opinions became modified, perhaps owing to his wife's influence. Mr. Sharp tells us (p. 15) that he was tolerant of all religious forms, but had a

natural bias towards Anglican Evangelicalism. Professor Dowden, one of Browning's ablest and most sympathetic critics, thinks his creed was more in accordance with the theology of Maurice; and Cardinal Wiseman, we know, after reading Bishop Blougram's apology, did not despair of his conversion. But as a matter of fact the Protestant influences of early youth retained a strong hold upon him. Once, not many years after his wife's death, he wrote a long letter to a young friend whom he feared was about to leave our own communion and join the Church of Rome. Against such a change Mr. Browning protested with all the fire of his being. In several closely written pages of forcible argument he sought to prove the retrograde nature of the step, and the surrender of reason it would involve. He dwelt especially on the want of faith in Christ's atoning power, which in his eyes had given rise to the invocation of saints and of the Virgin, and quoted the old text: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And in the course of his argument, he insisted strongly on the claims of the Anglican Church as approaching, in his opinion, more nearly to the pattern of the primitive Church of the Apostles than any other communion. Whatever the exact form of his creed, that it was a large and tolerant one we may be sure. Further we need not inquire. But this one thing is certain. His faith in God and the soul never wavered. He always describes himself as one who through the stress and battle of life "holds on, hopes hard in the subtle thing that's spirit." And this clearness of vision in things unseen, this spiritual ardor, is the more remarkable in one who was so entirely a child of his age. He never stood aloof from the crowd, but was keenly alive to every breath of thought that stirred in the air about him. He represents the nineteenth century in all its feverish restlessness, its energy of thought, its complexity of life, more fully than any other poet. But there is in his poetry none of the habitual gloom and uncertainty which embitters the strains of our sweetest singers and overshadows the dreams of our most earnest thinkers. The *welt-schmers* of our latter-day prophets, the despair of the modern world, were unknown to him. For him old age had no sadness, death no terrors. To the last his

hopes were high, his glance into the future serene. At the close of that long life we find him singing on with the same brave certainty:—

Life is — to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less
To the heaven's height, far and steep.

This is Browning's legacy to the world, this the message he has left us. And for this we may well be grateful. In an age when doubt and despondency are abroad, when all around us hearts are failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth, it is well to have heard the sound of that clear trumpet-call ringing on the air, bidding us quit ourselves like men. In these days, when they tell us love has grown cold and the old faith has lost its might and the story of Christ no longer has power to move souls, it is a great thing to know that the profoundest thinker among living poets has found in these worn-out themes inspiration for his noblest strains, has dared to sing once more the triumph of goodness and the certainty of an immortal hope. Not in vain has been the witness of that half century of song, not in vain has he taught us how to live and how to die. None of all our poets has had greater influence on the current of contemporary thought. None is likely to have more on the generations which are yet to come. For himself, he has told us, in those farewell lines from Asolo, how we are to think of him, now he is gone:—

One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

And in those other lines of twelve years ago, he has left us an epitaph worthy to be written on the stone where he sleeps in the great Abbey among our noblest dead:—

He there with the brand flamboyant, broad
o'er night's forlorn abyss,
Crowned by prose and verse; and winking
with Wit's bauble, Learning's rod.
Well? Why, he at least believed in Soul, was
very sure of God!

From The Edinburgh Review.
PROGRESS IN JAPAN.*

THE recent promulgation by the mikado of Japan of a monarchical constitution, which imposes strict limitations to his own powers as sovereign, and brings into being a Parliament composed of Houses of Peers and Commons, furnishes a measure of the unparalleled changes which have been introduced into Japan in the short space of three and twenty years. Within that period this extraordinary nation has advanced without hesitation from the twilight of semi-barbarism into the full blaze of European civilization, and has fearlessly exchanged its old-world institutions for those most recently developed in Western lands. Nor up to the threshold of this great era of change were there any symptoms that the people generally were dissatisfied with the existing order of things. The country was governed on a feudal system, which finds its nearest parallel in the state of China before the second century. The various states of which the empire was composed were ruled over by daimios, who owed political obedience to the *de facto* ruler, the shogun, and homage to the mikado, with whom rested in theory the supreme power. The laws which these authorities administered were in accordance with the Chinese code, as modified to suit the more impulsive and reckless nature of the Japanese; and the morality taught was that preached by Confucius in the fifth century before Christ. With the doctrines of the Chinese sage and the religion of Buddha were associated also the whole body of Chinese literature. No Chinaman ever regarded the writings of the philosophers of the Chow, the Han, the T'ang, and the Sung dynasties with greater respect and admiration than did Japanese scholars, who accepted them as models of all that was true in thought, just in sentiment, and graceful in style. The gift of half-sight to a blind man

is an infinite advantage; and so, when the Japanese, who were ignorant even of letters, first became acquainted with the Chinese system of writing and the mass of literature which even then—in the sixth century A.D.—had been collected in the Middle Kingdom, they eagerly welcomed it as a revelation, and drank greedily of the wisdom which they found in its pages. They established schools, built temples, and worshipped the god of literature with even more than Chinese devotion.

How long the country might have continued to strut in its borrowed Confucian plumes if the visits of the foreign envoys had been indefinitely postponed it is impossible to say. But just as in the sixth century the introduction of Chinese culture converted a nation of savages into a semi-civilized kingdom, so the arrival of the American Commodore Perry at Uraga, in 1853, was the beginning of a movement which has changed the face of the country as though by an enchanter's wand, and has raised the nation to a level incomparably higher than that at which its former guide and instructor has remained.

It so chanced that, at the time of which we speak, the empire was already approaching a crisis in its fate. The Tokugawa dynasty of shoguns, which had ruled the country for three centuries, was tottering towards its fall. The race of able men who had founded it had dwindled down to puny representatives of their sires, and a strong party among the daimios was already preparing to act against the shogun, Iyeyoshi, whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself. While the body politic was thus disturbed, news was brought to Yedo that four "barbarian" vessels had appeared off the coast, and that "an individual named Perry" had had the audacity to attempt to open communications with the government. The shogun, taken by surprise, summoned a council, which, however, failed to help him to a decision. "The assembled officials," writes a native author, "were exceedingly disturbed, and nearly broke their hearts over consultations which lasted all day and all night." The city of Yedo was greatly perplexed, and numbers of the wealthier classes moved their furniture and goods beyond the range of the "barbarian" guns, for which, while affecting a contempt, they had a most sincere dread. We have no intention of repeating again the more than twice-told tale of the political events which led up to the abolition of the shogunate and to the restoration of the governing power to the

* 1. *Outlines of Modern Education in Japan*. Translated and published by the Department of Education. Tokio: 1888.

2. *Descriptive Outlines of the Various Schools in Japan*. Translated and published by the Department of Education. Tokio: 1887.

3. *A Short History of the Department of Education*. Translated and published by the Department of Education. Tokio: 1887.

4. *Annual Reports of the Minister of State for Education*. Tokio: 1884-1886.

5. *Annual Reports of the Postmaster-General of Japan*. Tokio: 1875-1886.

6. *Annual Reports of the Director of Imperial Government Telegraphs, Japan*. Tokio: 1875-1886.

7. *Résumé Statistique de l'Empire du Japon*. Tokio: 1889.

8. *Gleanings from Japan*. By W. G. Dickson. Edinburgh and London: 1889.

hands of the mikado. It is sufficient here to say that in 1868 the young emperor, who still reigns under the name of Meiji, issued a notification to the effect that from that time forward he alone would both reign and govern.

But, sweeping as this reform was, it left the relations of foreigners with the empire in no better condition than formerly. The mikado and his advisers were bitterly hostile, and it required the impetus begotten by a fresh danger to convert the new government to a friendly attitude towards the treaty powers. Oriental statesmen are commonly opportunists, and the narrowly contracted torrent of hatred felt by the mikado's ministers towards Europeans was based on no better foundation than the traditions which were current in the empire. It required, therefore, nothing more than some strong political inducement to convert into friends those foes the measure of whose policy was regulated by that of their immediate wishes. This inducement the ex-shogun supplied. Regretting apparently the haste with which he had resigned the power into the hands of the mikado, Keiki, who had succeeded Iyeyoshi, assembled the northern clans to oppose the imperial power and the western daimios. This venture enlisted some support from the foreign powers, who contrasted favorably the friendly attitude which had been assumed towards them by Keiki when in power, with the bitterly hostile spirit which had been evinced by the new government.

The prospect which thus presented itself to the mikado's ministers was that of a possible alliance between the ex-shogun and the European powers. And though it was the custom of the court nobles to vaunt their countrymen's power and prowess, they had as wholesome a fear of foreign guns as had the inhabitants of Yedo who fled at sight of Commodore Perry's ships. They determined, therefore, to prevent the possibility of an alliance by accepting all and every treaty obligation, and by entering into friendly personal relations with the European envoys. This judicious change of front produced the expected result. The ex-shogun, deprived of the support which he had looked for, maintained for a short time a feeble resistance, and finally surrendered himself to the mikado, who, with an enlightened generosity unusual among victorious Eastern potentates, granted an unconditional pardon to his former foe.

But though the "star of peace" was now in the ascendant, domestic difficulties

pressed hard upon the new government; and foremost among these difficulties was that of ways and means. The abolition of the shogunate had left the feudal constitution of the empire unchanged, while the obligations of the central power had been increased a hundredfold. It was clear, therefore, that some further reform was needed to give stability to the new order of things. In this dilemma the daimios, who had been foremost in bringing about the revolution, came forward with a proposal which, if it is to be regarded as an act of patriotism, deserves to be placed on a level with the brightest deeds of political chivalry which the world has seen. With one consent the princes of Satsuma, Chôshiu, Tosa, and Hizen presented a memorial to the mikado, in which they said:—

In our opinion the Imperial Government must not lose a single day, the Great Strength must not delegate its power for a single day. . . . The heaven and the earth is the Emperor's: there is no man who is not his retainer. . . . By the conferring of rank and property the Emperor governs his people; it is his to give and his to take away: of our own selves we cannot hold a foot of land; of our own selves we cannot take a bit of land: this constitutes the Great Strength. In ancient times the Emperor governed the seagirt land, and trusting to the Great Body and to the Great Strength, the Imperial wisdom of itself ruled over all. . . . In the Middle Ages the ropes of his net were relaxed, so that men, toying with the Great Strength, and striving for power, crowded upon the Emperor, and half the world tried to appropriate the people and to steal the land. Beating and gnawing, and theft and rapine, were the order of the day. . . . Now the Great Government has been newly restored, and the Emperor himself undertakes the direction of affairs. This is indeed a rare and mighty event! . . . Our first duty is to illustrate our faithfulness and to prove our loyalty. When the line of Tokugawa arose it divided the country amongst its kinsfolk, and there were many who founded the fortunes of their families upon it. . . . How were loyalty and faith confused and destroyed! . . . The place where we live is in the Emperor's land, and the food which we eat is grown by the Emperor's men. How can we make it our own? We now reverently offer up the best of our possessions and men, with the prayer that the Emperor will take good measures for rewarding those to whom reward is due, and for taking from those to whom punishment is due. Let the Imperial orders be issued for altering and remodelling the territories of the various clans. Let the civil and penal codes, the military laws, down to the rules for uniform and the construction of engines of war, proceed from the Emperor.

Let all the affairs of the Empire, great and small, be referred to him. After this, when the internal relations of the country shall be upon a true footing, the Empire will be able to take its place side by side with the other countries of the world. This is now the most urgent duty of the Emperor, as it is that of his servants and children. Hence it is that we, in spite of our own folly and vileness, daring to offer up our humble expression of loyalty, upon which we pray that the brilliance of the heavenly sun may shine, with fear and reverence bow the head and do homage, ready to lay down our lives in proof of our faith.

It sometimes happens that statesmen, confident in the security of their positions, resign their offices out of a show of self-abnegation. But this memorial was not the outcome of any such simulated virtue. What the daimios said they meant, and this is best shown by the readiness with which they resigned their fiefs the instant that the government was prepared to act on their representation. The Japanese are not as a rule a far-seeing race. Sudden and quick in quarrel, and ever ready to act on the impulse of the moment, they are often betrayed into acts which, done in haste, are repented of at leisure; and it is not uncharitable to suppose that if Satsuma and his colleagues could have accurately foreseen the consequences of their proposal, and could have forgotten for a moment their bitter feud with the shogun, they would have hesitated to resign all the pride and pomp to which they were accustomed in exchange for the comparatively paltry incomes which they were afterwards awarded.

But, however this may be, the action of the memorialists was followed by that of the remaining daimios, and thus in the space of a few months the feudal system ceased to exist, and a body of nobles who had been more individually and collectively powerful than any in the East sank forever into the ranks of the people. It is impossible to regard this startling change without astonishment. The love of power is part of man's nature, and there was much in the position of the daimios which made the power they wielded of special value to them. The territories over which they ruled with sovereign sway were vast; their incomes were magnificent; they possessed numerous and great privileges of a kind which were likely to be especially gratifying to men of a martial spirit; they were surrounded by large bodies of followers who dared do all that becomes men at the bidding of their lords; and from the common people they received the most abject homage. Their

castles bore no mean resemblance to the strongholds of the Percys, Talbots, and Darnleys of England in the olden time. When they moved abroad they were attended by long retinues of armed retainers, and at home they maintained the state of monarchs.

By the stroke of a pen they resigned all these advantages. They transferred their lands to the mikado, they abdicated their authority over their clans, they vacated their castles, and accepted, in lieu of all, incomes at the rate of one-tenth of the old assessments of their territories. Great as was the direct result of this displacement of the nobles, it had other and even more important consequences. It placed at the service of the State a number of men who were highly educated according to Japanese ideas, who were anxious to give a new direction to their now disused energies, and who saw a means of adding to their diminished incomes by taking the lead in the multitude of reforms which began to take shape immediately on the acceptance of the foreign treaties by the mikado.

With a modesty which would have been astonishing if we had not known that precisely parallel events occurred when the Japanese were first brought into contact with their Chinese neighbors, the mikado's government practically acknowledged the inferiority of their civilization by adopting wholesale the learning, science, and arts of Europe. Embassies were despatched to the European courts, and commissions were sent to study the systems of government, of administration, of education and of religion in the Western world, as well as the dockyards, workshops, and arsenals of the principal manufacturing countries. In speaking of the changes which were instituted at this time, the late Marquis Ts'eng writes in his diary, "One of the first reforms the Japanese made was to exchange their national costume for European clothes, which was very stupid." But they did far more than this, and a collection of annual reports on the education office, the post and telegraph offices, and railways, which lies before us, tells a story of rapid progress such as has never been accomplished by the people of any other country.

It must be remembered that, up to the time of the conclusion of the foreign treaties, Japanese education consisted only of the study of Chinese literature and of the native works which were confessedly based upon that literature. The one object of Japanese scholars was to write

Chinese prose as nearly in the style of the authors of the T'ang and Sung dynasties as possible, and to make verses as closely resembling the poems of Li Taipih and Tu Fu as it was in their power to do. They devoted themselves with untiring diligence to the study of the minute questions of diction and style. They weighed every sentence and adhered with abject sycophancy to every canon of the Chinese literary art, never departing one hair's breadth from the rules which were consecrated by tradition and usage. They accepted the Chinese ideas on cosmogony, and were as credulous on the subject of dragons and other monsters as Confucius himself.

With the arrival of foreigners the faith in Chinese literature which had been delivered to their fathers began rapidly to wane, and on the accession of Meiji, 1868, the desire for wider knowledge found expression in a series of edicts on the subject of national education. There was at first, however, a natural disinclination to admit that it was intended in any way to depart from the ancient lines; and thus we find it gravely stated in the "History of Education," published by the government, that "education attained its highest level in ancient times and declined towards the Middle Ages." In this spirit the first act of the new Board of Education at Kioto was to enlarge the existing schools, and to compel the nobles and officials to attend the lectures given at the colleges on the Chinese and Japanese classics. But the demands of the people soon outstripped the capabilities of this antiquated machinery, and it quickly became necessary to establish universities, middle schools, and elementary schools throughout the empire. In 1871 an edict was issued announcing the intentions of the government.

All knowledge [so ran this document] from that necessary for daily life to that higher knowledge necessary to prepare officials, farmers, merchants, artisans, physicians, etc., for their respective vocations is acquired by learning. And although learning is essential to success in life for all classes of men, yet for farmers, artisans, and merchants, and for women, it was regarded as beyond their sphere; and, even among the upper classes, aimless discussions and vain styles of composition only were cultivated, from which no practical use could ever be deduced. . . . It is intended that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member.

In pursuance of the policy announced

in this edict the schools were still further multiplied. For educational purposes the empire was divided into districts, each of which was charged with the maintenance of schools in exact ratio to the population. For every six hundred people one elementary school was to be provided, besides the normal schools, middle schools, and female schools, which were arranged on other calculations. Having arrived in advance of Lord Salisbury at the conviction that school pence are based on a wrong principle, the government abolished all fees in the elementary schools, and threw the whole charge on the rates.

This was a strain which even the Japanese in all their newly acquired craving for more knowledge found to be too great to be borne, and in response to urgent appeals the government sanctioned grants in aid, varying in accordance with the needs of each district. In 1875 no less a sum than one million seven hundred thousand dollars was paid out of the imperial exchequer for this purpose. But with the calls upon the public purse for the purchase of ships for the navy, arms for the soldiers, and materials for railway making, the government found that this sum was more than its resources justified, and some of the normal and foreign-language schools were consequently closed. It was impossible, however, to maintain this economical policy. The thirst for learning, and especially such learning as was to be gained from foreigners, was too genuine to allow any consideration to stand in the way of the people acquiring it, and the government becoming, like another Frankenstein, the slave of its own creation, was compelled to contribute the provision which was required for the education of the people.

In response to further demands the numbers and kinds of schools were increased until every class and section of the community, including those who were physically disabled, had special schools provided for them. With the multiplication of schools came also a multiplication of subjects for study. A syllabus was arranged which, while bearing ample evidence to the growing thirst for wider knowledge, paid a partial tribute to the discarded Confucian system by including among its subjects the strict cultivation of outward conduct and morals. At the elementary schools and higher elementary schools an hour and a half a week was thus devoted to fostering "the moral sensibilities by simple maxims, facts, etc., and

to instruction in etiquette." The prominence given to this branch of education was due to a reaction against the dangerous disregard of social etiquette, which was one of the first results of the reformation. With the introduction of the "new learning" were loosed the bands which had bound people together in matters of outward conduct. The old morality which had been sufficiently powerful to influence the behavior of children towards their parents, husbands towards their wives, and friends towards friends, had been thrown to the winds, and, there being nothing ready at hand to take its place, a period of social disorder followed. The profound obeisances, the respectful manner, and the polite greetings, customary among all classes, were exchanged for brusque and impolite behavior, and even inferiors treated with scant respect those to whom they had been accustomed to pay abject reverence.

Composition, writing, arithmetic, gymnastics, geography, history, science, drawing, singing, and sewing for girls, are the other subjects which now claim the attention of the scholars at elementary schools, where English, agriculture, handiwork, and commerce form optional subjects. In the middle schools special attention is paid to languages, two European living languages, in addition to Latin, being diligently taught.

As a consequence of the establishment of a new form of civil and military administration the foundation of a new capital naturally followed, and with the transfer of the court from Miako to Yedo, or Tokio, as it was newly christened, there were established at that now favored spot a university, an imperial library, and a museum, in addition to specimens of all the schools established for the instruction of young Japan. At the university, to which is attached a library containing one hundred and eighty thousand volumes, courses of lectures are delivered in law, chemistry, mathematics, physics, astronomy, biology, engineering, geology and mining, literature, history, philosophy, political philosophy, and, last and not least, Chinese and Japanese literature. All these classes are largely attended by diligent students to whom the dicta of the most celebrated European authorities on the various subjects are becoming as familiar as household words. If, however, we are to judge of the comparative favor with which these subjects are regarded by the number of translations which have appeared in Japanese of works upon them, the palm must

unquestionably be given to international law, the French code, and philosophy as expounded by Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill. These form the most cherished studies of the young undergraduates, while in the one thousand four hundred and forty miscellaneous schools which are scattered over the empire, English is the most popular subject, next to that German, and then French and Russian.

Up to the present time there has been abundance of employment for all those who have been able to acquire a sufficient knowledge of foreign languages, arts, and sciences, to meet the requirements created by the many and the great changes which are in course of being made. With the establishment of universities, schools, libraries, museums, the active construction of railways, ships, dockyards, and telegraphs, and the sudden development of foreign intercourse, there has been work enough and to spare for all young men who have been able to qualify in any of these branches of useful knowledge. But if scholars, engineers, and linguists continue to be produced at the present rate, there can be no doubt that a time will come when the supply will more than equal the demand, and when the vaulting ambition of the present age will entail want and poverty on succeeding generations. At present everything goes as merrily as a marriage bell. Under a liberal administration which has learned with facility that money can be borrowed on the European bourses with little trouble and at trifling interest, incomes are easily secured, and the day of reckoning seems to be so far off that there does not appear to be any necessity as yet for "Care to keep his watch."

Our concern now does not lie with the future, but with the present, and it cannot be denied that the very material grants in aid of education which have been advanced by the government have been of infinite benefit to the youth of the country. The class on which the new learning has produced the greatest change is that of the women. Until the restoration the women of the country were left, as a rule, in the most complete ignorance of letters. It was not considered necessary that girls should be taught either to read or write. Their sole object in life was to learn such accomplishments as might make them attractive in the eyes of their husbands and useful in their households. To be able to perform skilfully on the guitar, to dance gracefully, and to sing melodiously were considered more essential attain-

ments than a knowledge of Confucian literature and the art of composing essays. A large number of girls were like the *hetairæ* of ancient Greece, carefully trained in all these accomplishments for the basest of purposes; but in the households of all ranks and degrees the graces of life were considered the special heritage of the women. This system of education harmonized in a marked degree with the natural disposition of Japanese womanhood. Endowed by nature with pleasing features, vivacious dispositions, and quick sensibilities, the arts and graces of life found congenial development in their fascinating persons. The complete contrast they offered to the male portion of the community formed an attraction in strict accordance with the laws of nature. In their sparkling society the merchant forgot his commercial cares, the student his books, and officials found the best antidote to the worries inflicted by foreign ministers and consuls in the prettily decorated boudoirs of the ladies of their households. The stern realities of life made little impression upon them. They were rather formed of such stuff as dreams are made of, and exercised, by virtue of their "airy tongues" and winning grace, an unbounded influence over their husbands and admirers. With the most artless art they devoted themselves to the gracious task of trying to please, and found their reward in the successful results of their endeavors.

Since, however, the schoolmaster has been abroad a change has come over the life of Japanese maidens. They are no longer allowed to wander fancy free through their early years, but at the age of six are compelled by law to attend school, where a most substantial course of instruction is provided for their youthful minds. At the same time that "their moral sensibilities are fostered," they are taught reading, mathematics, writing, composition, dictation, English, handiwork, singing, gymnastics, history of Japan, natural history, physics, chemistry, drawing, sewing, etiquette, household management, and music. When reading this list it is impossible not to feel compassion for the poor children who are nurtured on mental fare which is so little suited to their constitutions, and some alarm lest their new nutriment should prove destructive to that fascinating joyousness which possesses so potent a charm. How these wild plants will bear transplantation into educational hothouses may soon be seen, for the process is being vigorously carried

on, and the female schools are in full play all over the country. In the Tokio district the female scholars in the private elementary schools are nearly as numerous as the boys, the numbers being, according to a recent report, 15,737 and 16,407 respectively; while in the higher schools of the same district 585 girls and 823 boys are taught. This proportion is not maintained among the students sent abroad for instruction, only one girl to nineteen young men being allowed this privilege.

That the ignorance of Japanese women was, under the old order of things, deplorable, cannot be denied. Very few of them could read, only a very small portion of them could sign their names, and the instruction they received was almost entirely derived from the discourses of Buddhist priests and the lectures of professional story-tellers. Of course there were occasionally to be met with girls who, having an intuitive taste for learning, acquired a considerable amount of scholarship, as, for instance, the brilliant authoress of the "Genji Monogatari;" but these were as rare as flowering aloe, and cannot be said to have affected the general ignorance of their sex. The Educational Report for 1886—some years after the opening of the reformed schools—states that in the province of Shiga, one of the most cultured districts in the empire, nearly half the female population were unable to sign their names, the exact number being 122,009 against 146,719 who had just enough skill in penmanship to be able to scrawl a signature. In the same year, throughout the empire, there were 30,367 schools of all kinds, at which 84,703 instructors taught 3,232,719 pupils, of which number 986,615 were girls. Not satisfied with these means of education, thirty-eight Kindergartens have been established in various cities, in which 2,585 infants are taught obedience, attention, and the rudiments of learning. At the other end of the educational scale universities are open to receive the more advanced students, and forty of the most eminent scholars of the empire are elected to the Tokio Academy, where they form a society in strict imitation of the "forty immortals" of the Académie Française. Under the auspices of this august body works of national importance are compiled and published, and questions of scholarship are submitted to their combined wisdom for solution.

It must not be supposed that the system now in force was that which was in the

first instance determined on. A nation which makes such a plunge as Japan did in 1868 must inevitably flounder for a time, and it reflects great credit on the authorities that, in spite of the many difficulties in their way, arising from financial pressure, administrative perplexities, and inapt instruments, they have never for an instant swerved from their original purpose. That there have been constant changes of the machinery is only what might have been naturally expected. If they had arrived at their present matured system at once, they would have been more than mortal, and the only difference between their progress and that accomplished by ourselves is that they, in a single decade, went through the experiences which it took us a century to gain. According to the present arrangements the Education Department plays much the same part in Japan that the like institution does with us, except that its decrees are more autocratically delivered and obeyed than is possible in a country where representative government holds sway. In 1886 seven hundred and thirty-two officials were employed in connection with the department, besides twenty-seven foreign instructors, and the entire cost amounted to 1,014,116.406 *yen*, with a contingent expenditure of 25,357.908 *yen*.

It was a remark of the late Sir Harry Parkes that, unless the Japanese established museums for the preservation of antiquities, there would soon be nothing left in the country that was nationally characteristic; and no doubt the Japanese have, in their new-born ardor, shown a want of appreciation of the comparative value of their own arts and civilization. There are not a few who must regret the exchange of the graceful robes worn by men and women for the cloth clothes and Parisian dresses which are now *la mode* in Japan. "Foreign dress is the best to work in, and Japanese is best to play in," remarked a waiter to Mr. Dickson; and, though this may be true of male attire, no such apology can be made for the European style of ladies' dress. Petticoats and tight-fitting dresses cannot be compared, for healthiness, convenience, or economy, with the loose and graceful robes which were wont to adorn the figures of Japanese ladies.

But whatever may be advanced by its apologists in favor of this reform, nothing can be adduced in support of the tendency which has of late years been shown by Japanese artists to adopt European methods of painting in lieu of their exquisite

native art. In all good Japanese pictures there are observable a vividness of representation, a freedom of touch, a realistic conception, and a beauty of coloring which are rarely to be found in the production of artists of any other country. But their art is essentially one which, for its fullest development, requires to be set free from all technicalities and rules. The painter sketches off on his canvas the objects as they appear to his eye with all the wealth of coloring which he attributes to them. No observance of any recognized canons interferes with the freedom and individuality of his touch. He brings all his innate love of beauty and his Oriental power of imagination to beautify his subject and to impart to others the joy which he himself feels in the loveliness of the natural objects before him. But, unfortunately, even this incomparable art has not escaped the reformer's zeal. With the study of European letters and literature came a knowledge of perspective and of the principles of Western coloring. The new-born ardor for all things bearing the stamp of Europe, which had laid it down as an axiom that everything from the Western world was to be preferred to native products, tempted, in an evil moment, the artists of the country to exchange their incomparable methods for very imperfect imitations of European paintings.

There was also another inducement which helped to precipitate this unwelcome reform. The admiration which Japanese pictures excited when the country was first opened up to foreigners led to a rush on the market for all paintings bearing the signatures of well-known artists. It was not long before Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans became as enthusiastic over the works of Sesshiu, Kano Masanobu, and Hokusai as the Japanese themselves. At almost any prices the works of these and other masters were bought up with avidity, until a large proportion of the best pictures in the country had been carried off to adorn the walls of galleries in London, Paris, and Berlin. When these *chefs d'œuvre* became exhausted inferior works supplied their places in the market, and when, in turn, these became scarce the production of a new supply formed the trade of any artist who could wield a brush. To these men speed was a condition of success, and the hours employed in compounding the pigments which produced the incomparable coloring common to Japanese paintings appeared to be so much time wasted when cheap European colors stood ready

to hand. The temptation of an eager market overcame, for the moment, the innate love of art which belongs to the Japanese as a race, and the descent from perfect to indifferent coloring was intensified by the attempt to conform in all cases to the rules of perspective taught in the schools. The result was the production of paintings which had lost all the freshness and harmony of the works of bygone artists, and in which were exchanged the cramped effects of mechanical methods for the freedom and vigor which were characteristic of Japanese paintings. Fortunately the artistic instincts of the people are too strong to be permanently overcome by the assault of greed, and a better spirit has arisen which has condemned these products of a prostituted art, and has restored artists to a proper sense of the value of their native skill.

A somewhat similar fluctuation has been experienced in the religions of Japan. Buddhism, which had been the means of introducing Chinese civilization into the country, and Shintoism, which may be described as an unsacerdotal worship of nature, supplied the religious wants of the people until the time of the restoration. The contest which arose between Shintoism and Buddhism, when the latter invaded Japan in the sixth century, was much the same as that which was fought out in China between Confucianism and the faith of Sakya Muni. In each case Buddhism supplied a spiritual want which the indigenous faith was unable to gratify, and it was received by the people of both countries with enthusiasm. In Japan stately temples were rapidly erected in all parts of the empire, and the people listened eagerly to the teachings of Chinese instructors and native priests. Nor was imperial patronage wanting to the faith. Several of the early emperors and empresses bestowed royal largesse on the church, and through the religious zeal of the empress Shiyautoku (770 A.D.) have been preserved the earliest specimens of printing known, in the shape of Buddhist prayers, which have been guarded by the custodians of the temples as sacred mementos of the fervent devotion of the munificent benefactress.

But, as has been the case in China, the faith of the people waxed faint as the centuries advanced. Carelessness and indifference succeeded to zeal and fervor; and the priests, sharing in the general decadence, too often forgot their vows until their vices became a byword among

men and their greed passed into a proverb. Under the influence of these blind leaders of the blind the people lost all trust in a religion whose doctrines they had never very clearly understood, and whose precepts they had long ceased to obey. In outward appearance, however, the Church still showed evidences of vitality. The temples were kept up in their old grandeur, the priests still mumbled through the services, and people, principally women, still flocked to the temples to record their vows and to ask for the protection of the Goddess of Mercy. By the sudden light, however, which was thrown on the faith at the time of the restoration, its practice was discredited and the anti-religious tone of the "new learning" condemned the system as demoralizing to the people and degrading to the State. This verdict was sufficient to justify the reformers of the day in disendowing and disestablishing Buddhism. With the same ease with which it had been originally adopted as a State religion, it was now relegated to the condition of an impoverished and despised sect. The priests, deprived of their government grants, not unfrequently deserted their temples, leaving them to the decay which rapidly overtakes neglected buildings in Oriental climates; and the bronze idols which had formed the objects of worship to generations of devotees were melted down to serve the more practical requirements of the State.

The prospect of the future as regards Buddhism was at this time dark indeed. Thrown over by the government, in many cases deserted by the priests, and opposed by the growing materialism of the age, there seemed little hope that the embers of the faith could ever be kindled again into a flame. But to a certain extent the influence which had produced the bane supplied also the antidote. With the civilization brought from Europe came also a renewed knowledge of the sacred languages of Buddhism, Sanskrit and Pali. The interest which this discovery evoked in the minds of educated Buddhists induced several scholars amongst them to come to England to study at Oxford and Cambridge the languages of India and Ceylon. With this revival of Buddhistic zeal came a turn in the tide in favor of the neglected faith. The countenance of scholars encouraged a revival of devotional feeling among the people. The apparently dead bones of religious fervor were reanimated, and on all sides people flocked to the deserted shrines, restored

the ruined buildings, and erected others as spacious and imposing as any which had formerly beautified the land. In this good work the women took a leading part. Those who were rich subscribed largely of their wealth, others converted their ornaments into money which they laid at the feet of the priests, and not a few who were destitute of worldly goods undertook manual labor in the cause which they had at heart. Mr. Dickson mentions a curious instance of the devotion of such women in connection with the rebuilding of a temple at Kioto. "At the entrance of the temple," he writes, "were lying two coils of large rope, black in color, about four feet in height and six in diameter. These were made of women's hair, and were destined to the work in the future of pulling the *wani gutchi*, or the gong above the entrance, to call the divinity's attention to the worshipper. Each faithful creature had the thought that by the consecration of her hair she was not only helping on, but taking a part in the devotion of every worshipper."

A less promising direction has been given to the renewed religious zeal of the Japanese by an attempt which is being made to carry the faith of Buddha into Europe. A periodical entitled the *Bijou of Asia* has been lately launched with the sole object of advocating this religious crusade. Christianity, so says this redoubtable organ, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Its hold of the people professing its doctrines in Europe and America is rapidly losing its force, and the time has come when the true faith as represented by Buddhism should step in and occupy the ground from which the worn-out Christianity has receded. We may well smile at this proposed war of the pigmies against the giants, and may be content to leave these misguided enthusiasts, whose principal European ally appears to be Colonel Olcott, to the certain disillusion which will follow on their missionary effort.

Turning now from the mental and religious reforms which have agitated the country to those physical changes which have revolutionized the lives of the people, we are met by the most prominent among these, the introduction of railways. Rightly to appreciate the difference which this innovation has made, it is necessary to remember the nature of the conveyances by means of which travellers were in the habit of moving from one part of the country to another. Like all Orientals, the Japanese, up to the time of their con-

tact with Europeans, were accustomed to travel slowly and leisurely. Twenty or thirty miles was considered a long day's journey even by those who travelled with luxurious speed. Time had no particular value to them, and the temptations to loiter on the way were numerous and seductive. In most parts of the empire the scenery is extremely lovely, and, as in all countries where travelling is slow, the inns are the perfection of comfort according to native ideas. The first of these temptations appeals with double force to men who are proud of their country and who have an instinctive love of the beautiful; and the second is one which will be readily understood by all who have taken their ease in Japanese inns. After having been carried for hours in a *norimono*, or *kago*, the luxury of gaining a timely inn, and, surrounded by every comfort, receiving the ministrations of the trim, neat-fingered waitresses, is such as quite to account for the length of time commonly consumed on a journey. These inns were almost invariably placed on coigns of vantage, from which the choicest views of the surrounding country were to be obtained. The fare they provided was excellent, and the charges were so moderate that the farmer and artisan found it as cheap to travel abroad as to remain at home.

Thus there was every inducement to people to move about, and the great roads of the country testified by their ever-crowded condition to the readiness with which the natives availed themselves of their opportunities. Every one acquainted with Japanese sketch books must be familiar with the scenes on the Tokaido, the great road leading from Yedo to Osaka. There are the daimios' processions with their double-sworded samurai and clouds of attendants, there are groups of equestrians, ladies in their sedan-chairs, itinerant vendors of wares, and companies of men and women laughing as they trudge along amid the sunshine and bright-colored flowers which bloom forth on every side.

It is true that the idyllic beauty of the highways was at times disturbed by the clash of arms. The presence of large bodies of armed men owing loyal obedience to various and often hostile feudal chieftains supplied at once an element of mischief which not unfrequently bore congenial fruit. So prominent was this evil that the great roads were placed under a department of state, to which every daimio or noble had to report an intended journey, and which was charged

with the duty of so arranging times and seasons as to prevent the possibility of hostile meetings. On one occasion, shortly before the abolition of the daimios, a chief was coming with his retinue to Yedo, when the Prince of Satsuma was going down to Miako. "In two days they were to meet on the Tokaido, when the whole country expected to see a fight, for which both parties were prepared." But the officer, hearing of it, sent peremptory orders to the chief to go round by another road, and so the encounter was avoided. For the preservation of peace the minutest regulations were found to be necessary, and any infringement of these commonly met with condign punishment at the hands of the samurai, whose swords were by no means glued to their scabbards. Various degrees of reverences and obeisances were carefully laid down for all ranks and classes, and a broad rule provided that the common people should at all times kneel down and take off their hats to passing nobles and daimios. It was for an infringement of this law that in 1862 Shimadzu Saburo ordered his followers to cut down Mr. Richardson, who, on meeting the daimio's procession on the Tokaido, failed to make him the required obeisance. But such incidents were fortunately rare, and the common aspect of the highroads was one of gaiety and bustle as "if all the year were playing holidays."

A great change has now come over these busy and amusing thoroughfares. With the reformation disappeared the daimios and their followings, with all their pomp of power, and now railways have so revolutionized the travelling habits of the people in the districts through which they pass that the great roads are comparatively deserted, even by the humbler folk, and the inns are left desolate. But throughout its reforms the Japanese government has had in view the material advancement of the country only; and, seeing in railways a means of strengthening the national defences and adding to the prosperity of the people, it has urged on their construction with untiring energy and success. The first which was opened was the line from Yedo to the port of Yokohama, a distance of eighteen miles. The gauge was three feet six inches, a gauge which has since been generally adopted; but, unlike all the other iron roads, this one has double ways. First experiments are always expensive, and this was no exception to the rule. The whole cost of the line was 616,734 $\frac{1}{2}$,

or at the rate of 34.263 $\frac{1}{2}$ per mile. It was opened in 1872, and during the following year 1,223,071 passengers travelled on it. But, large as this return was, that of 1884 was nearly double, the exact number for that year being 2,172,105.

At first the government proposed a railway policy by which a trunk line was to be run through the length of the empire. But by the light of the bill for the Yedo and Yokohama railway this was shown to be too expensive an undertaking, and the authorities were obliged to content themselves with making short lines in districts chiefly requiring them. In 1874 a railroad was opened connecting Osaka, the great commercial city of Japan, with the coast at Kobe. This line was rather longer than its predecessors, being twenty-two miles, and the cost per mile was 33,970 $\frac{1}{2}$. When it is recollected that these lines traversed a level country without any serious engineering difficulties, the length of the bills becomes as surprising as the patience of the government in paying them without a murmur. Shortly afterwards this line was extended to the ancient capital of Kioto, a distance of twenty-seven miles, and in 1879 a still further extension was built to Otsu (eleven and one-half miles) on the beautiful Lake Biwa. A considerable reduction was made in the cost of these sections, about 20,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ per mile being the amount paid. Even with this and the still higher rate of expenditure incurred, the traffic has been sufficiently large to make the lines remunerative. Like the Indians and the Burmese, the Japanese rapidly develop a taste for railway travelling, as is sufficiently shown by the fact that, in 1884, 2,653,872 passengers, or about one-fifteenth of the population of the empire, made use of the line between Kobe and Otsu. Other railways from Tsuruga to Ogaki, from Temiya to Horonai, and between other points, have since been constructed, and the work is still going on with all the energy belonging to the Japanese character. Not only is the government cordially co-operating in undertakings which pay so well, but a railway company with a capital of twenty million *yen*, or dollars, has been formed for the purpose of securing some of the profits. The districts through which the present lines have been made are no doubt some of the richest in the empire, but there remains a stretch of country not less densely populated and prosperous, between Ogaki and Yedo, which has yet to be invaded by the iron horse. In fact, all

the central provinces of Japan show a capability for almost unlimited development. In the other portions of the empire there will probably be more difficulty in constructing lines, and the returns will be less favorable; but as part of a policy of developing the country they are inevitable, and the leaps and bounds by which the traffic returns on the existing lines have gone up afford some hope that even these may not be unremunerative.

In one respect railways in Japan must always have to face serious competition. The formation of the islands, stretching as they do in a long, narrow line from north-east to south-west, and indented as they are by numerous deep bays and the celebrated island sea, is such that at no point in the country is the sea very far distant. The adoption, therefore, of steam vessels has enabled people to get about from place to place, and goods to be transported, with remarkable ease and economy. Coasting steamers of all sizes and capabilities carry on a thriving trade under conditions which were unknown under the old *régime*. The coast has been thoroughly surveyed and mapped out; lighthouses warn the sailor of dangers; and the now well-understood regulations with regard to the lights to be carried at night are strictly enforced. Under these favorable conditions voyages along the coast have lost their terror to timid passengers, and the possibility they afford of traveling by night has shortened the journey by one-half.

Simultaneously with railways, telegraphs, and, later again, telephones were introduced to this very receptive country. The Chinese have, for the time being, stopped short at telegraphs, but not so the Japanese. They were as eager to travel quickly, as to communicate with each other quickly, and, while making railways they put a girdle of telegraph wires round and across the empire. The first line was constructed in 1869, and extended for eight hundred and forty yards only, between a lighthouse and Yokohama. The next, following the line of the railway, was from Kobe to Osaka; and then, when the great trunk line of railway from Tokio to Nagasaka had to be abandoned, its place was taken by telegraph wires. At first one wire was stretched across the eight hundred and seventy miles of land, and under the 1,118 yards of sea separating Nipon from Chōshiu. But this was soon found to be insufficient for the purpose, and two others were added. Stretching again northwards from Tokio, wires were

carried to Awomori and thence to Yezo, where the "lightning wires" must have added a new cause of amazement to the hairy Ainos.

Gradually the network of wires has spread over the whole country, until, it is not too much to say, Japan is as well supplied with these useful means of communicating thoughts as we are in England. These results could not have been attained if it had not been that the natives eagerly welcomed the innovation. They had already practised a system of telegraphic signalling. At Osaka, for example, where the different markets are scenes of great excitement, Mr. Dickson tells us that

each godown has a little platform on the roof, on which a man stands with a glass and a flag. In walking about the streets at Kobe one may be attracted by a girl standing at a corner of a house in the open street with a flag in her hand, going through an apparently vigorous but aimless whirling of her flag, paying no attention to passers-by, and they paying none to her: on she goes, whirling the flag first one way, then stops, looks up at the hills for a second, then whirls back in the opposite direction, then again looks at the hills, and then goes through a series of waves of the flag like a mad woman. If one follows the direction of her eyes, one may detect high up on the hill a little flag apparently reflecting every movement of hers. That is the flag which is watched with telescopes from the housetops at Osaka, and the items of information as to price or rate are at once carried to the principal.

But the telegraph wire has improved upon this system, and so much have its services grown in demand that, from July, 1885, to March, 1886, no fewer than 1,829,310 messages were sent out from the offices. Payment for these produced 541,499 *yen*, which, if we may judge of the expenditure incurred by the estimated outlay for the following year, 1886-87, probably realized a profit. At first Europeans were of necessity employed in all offices connected with the telegraphs requiring skill and knowledge, but these have now been replaced by natives, who are trained in schools especially established for the purpose, and, within the last year or two, women have been enlisted in the service, and thus have exchanged their previous frivolous employments for the serious duty of transmitting market prices and general news to the furthest corners of the empire. The areas covered by telephones are naturally more restricted, only two hundred and thirty-three

miles being covered by these instruments; but their use is growing rapidly, and, before long, it is probable that they will be more generally employed than among ourselves. In the adoption of these and all other practical inventions the Japanese are keeping pace with the most advanced nations. The laboratories and workshops of well-known inventors are eagerly watched, and the results of their inventive skill find a ready home among the Japanese, with whom, a quarter of a century ago, the life of a European was not safe, and who were wont to regard the mechanical skill of Westerns as the inspired work of the author of all mischief.

Up to the time of the restoration the mode in which correspondence was carried on between distant places was uncertain and irregular. Special couriers carried the imperial despatches and the letters of the nobles and daimios, but no provision existed in any shape for the transport of the correspondence of the people, who were entirely dependent on chance opportunities for the means of communicating by letter with friends and relations at a distance. But with the new order of things post-offices were established in the principal towns, and, as the necessity arose, their number was increased, until in 1876 there were as many as 3,738 offices. Nine years later this number had become 4,136. From the first this reform was welcomed with even more than usual avidity by the Japanese. Railways and steamers had, in a certain sense, interfered with vested interests, and there were some, therefore, who could not look on their introduction without discontent. But no such fancied disability attached to the postal system. Far from throwing a single man out of employment, it provided work for many hundreds, and it was therefore hailed with universal approval. From the first the people made a ready use of it, and, in 1876, 27,825,366 letters were entrusted to it for delivery. This number at the time was considered enormous, but year by year the return increased until, in 1885, the figures of 1876 were nearly quadrupled, the exact number being 97,216,019. Nearly the same proportional increase occurred in the case of newspapers, the numbers being respectively 4,077,095 and 15,258,671. But the return of books and parcels in 1885 was nearly seven times as much as in 1876, the 317,837 books, etc., of that year having become 2,594,156 in 1885.

To any one who has had experience

of Japanese letters, the statement that a large number are annually returned to the dead-letter office will not appear surprising. In the old days any great accuracy of address was considered unnecessary, since the letters were commonly accompanied by verbal instructions to the friendly bearer as to the dwelling and position of the recipient. The habit of indifference in this respect is one which the people have found it difficult to overcome, and the result is that a large number of letters are never delivered at all. In 1885, 22,870 letters were returned as "dead." During the year before a still larger number had shared the same fate — 28,308; and of these 19,749 were destroyed, after every effort had been made to discover their proper destination.

As part of the postal system money orders have been introduced with success, and the authorities even preceded us in the adoption of telegraph money orders and postal notes. We have not as yet seen a return of the number of these two last kinds of orders; but we find that, in 1885, no fewer than 733,639 postal orders, representing 5,762,545 *yen*, were issued. An even larger sum (7,820,148 *yen*) was deposited in the postal savings banks during the year, thus supplying a most practical testimony to the entire confidence of the people in the government.

But while these peaceful administrative changes have been in course of introduction, the defences of the empire have by no means been neglected. Japanese illustrated works are full of representations of the native soldiers as they were dressed and armed before 1867. We see them in their coats of mail and their horned helmets, carrying spears, gingalls, and the inevitable sword or swords. Some were armed with bows and arrows, and their drill consisted of leaps, contortions of the body calculated to instil fear into the enemy, and the skilful use of their motley weapons. To any one witnessing a modern drill on the parade ground at Yedo, the recollection of the change which has come over the accoutrements, appearance, and manœuvres of the men suggests an interval of centuries instead of one of less than thirty years. With their usual energy and diligence the authorities have converted an ill-armed, undrilled rabble into an army which, apart from the number and height of the men, would do credit to any European state of the second rank. The soldiers are all armed with the newest weapons, they are dressed in neat uniforms after the French model, and they

march and wheel with the precision of veterans. The small stature of the Japanese becomes very noticeable on the parade ground, but experience has shown that this does not interfere with the martial qualities of the men. Bravery is natural to them, and the power of endurance they showed when engaged in the civil war of 1877, and in the invasion of Formosa, proves that they are no carpet knights. Under the old *régime*, when the forces of the empire were composed of a number of territorial armies depending on the daimios, it was difficult to arrive at a just estimate of the number of men under arms, and it is impossible, therefore, to compare the numerical strength of the feudal levies with that of the modern army. But the very accurate returns which are now kept in every department furnish us with full information as to different divisions of the land forces. From them we learn that there are 46,268 men on the active list, with a reserve composed of 91,489, and a territorial army, or second line of reserve, of 33,929 men.

As the ranks are filled by conscription these numbers, and especially those of the reserve, will continually increase, and the time will come when, as in Germany, a large proportion of the male population will have served their time. Although the pay which the officers and soldiers receive sounds little more than a starvation allowance to us accustomed to European rates, it is amply sufficient for the simple wants of the Japanese, who, far from resenting the idea of being compelled to serve, take a pride in a profession which gives a new dignity and power to the calling of arms.

The model on which the defences of the empire have been formed having been taken from France and Germany, the main strength rests in the army. And possibly, considering the enormous naval forces which any one of the European powers could bring to bear in case of a war, the Japanese have been wise in developing that branch of the service in which any invading power would be weakest. With the coast well fortified, and the land forces strong in numbers, discipline, and weapons, the navy may be regarded as the second line of defence. Thirty ships, however, of 41,616 tons burden, and carrying 172 guns, guard the shores. All these are armed with the newest and most destructive guns, and are manned by men who have been drilled by English officers, and who, according to those who are best able to judge, are smart and able seamen.

Great, however, as have been the intellectual and material reforms which have been effected, these would not have raised Japan to the position which she now occupies unless a firm basis, provided by a more or less popular government and a just administration of the law, had been at the same time established. From the time of the restoration the foundations of the government have been gradually widened, until now a complete system of representative government has been brought into existence. The system of administration and the laws of the land have been borrowed wholesale from Europe, with such modifications as have been found necessary to assimilate them to native ideas. Under the old order of things law can scarcely be said to have existed. The lives and property of the people were practically at the mercy of the daimios and the officials of the shogunate, and the only weapons which kept in check the tyranny which these persons might exercise were those of assassination and rebellion. The history of Japan supplies abundant evidence that these weapons were not allowed to rust. Time after time prominent officials were struck down by murderers, who on completion of the deed committed *harakiri* in testimony to the fact that they had been actuated by patriotic and not mercenary motives. Even within the last few years statesmen have fallen victims to the fanaticism or the outraged sense of justice of individuals or factions. For it cannot be denied that the new order of things has pressed heavily upon the middle classes. It was a just observation of Montesquieu that, according to the invariable law of nature, the measure of the public imposition increases with freedom, and diminishes in a just proportion to servitude. So it has certainly been with the Japanese. Under the rule of the daimios the taxes were light, and were collected under the orders of chieftains, who were actuated in the collection of them by feelings of regard and consideration for their clansmen. But with the assumption of sovereignty by the State not only were the taxes increased, but they were farmed out to agents, who demanded their pounds of flesh with inexorable severity, and the result has been that, in spite of the advantages which education and material civilization have showered on modern Japan, there are to be found some who still sigh for the time when the daimios held sway, and before the outer barbarian had invaded the sacred soil of Nipon.

The first step towards that system of representative government which has ever been before the eyes of the reformers was the establishment in 1875 of locally elected bodies in the nature of the county councils lately brought into existence among ourselves. The duties of these councils were to assess the taxes, and to administer generally the affairs of each locality. With the wisdom which appears to have guided the Japanese in all their recent measures these councils were intended to educate the people up to the idea of Parliamentary government, and at the time of their institution the mikado gave the nation a pledge that a new constitution, which should include a house or houses of representatives, should be promulgated during the present year. This promise has been kept, and an upper and a lower house now form part of the administration of the country. Five orders of nobility, answering to dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, were created to supply members to the House of Peers, and the possession of either land to the taxable value of six hundred dollars, or an annual income of one thousand dollars, entitles householders to vote for the election of the three hundred members destined to sit in the lower house. At the present time five hundred nobles have been created peers, and have been endowed with all the privileges enjoyed by the nobility in European countries, subject to some few modifications such as were necessarily suggested by the circumstances of the case. Females are barred from succession to titles, and no peer is to be allowed to marry without the consent of the minister of the imperial household. It was not to be expected that men suddenly raised to the peerage should in all cases remember that *noblesse oblige*, and it was considered essential, therefore, that this condition should be inserted to prevent *mésalliances* which might bring the new order into discredit. To avoid a like dishonor it is further ordered that peers should provide such maintenance for their near relatives as to obviate the possible disgrace of having nobles associated by family ties with persons occupying menial positions.

Pari passu with the development of representative institutions, the administration of the law has undergone a succession of beneficent reforms. No longer do the rulers exercise a summary jurisdiction over the people. No longer can it be said that a cruel and malignant chieftain can outrage the inalienable rights of humanity

and justice or that mercy can so be bought that

Qui nil habet quo torqueat leges, miser
In pelle pauper plectitur.

All the corruptions and impurities which in past times disgraced the administration of so-called justice have been abolished. The courts have been swept and garnished, and even-handed justice is meted out to all—to peasants as well as to nobles. The prefects and district magistrates, who exercised jurisdiction on the Chinese model, have gone the way of the daimios and double-sworded samurai, and in their place has been established an imposing staff of judges and magistrates after the manner of the French judicial administration. Two hundred and six judges and magistrates, with nine hundred and sixty-nine deputy judges, preside over two hundred and ninety-three courts, while sixty-one judges sit in seven courts of appeal to revise the decisions of these *tribunaux de première instance*. Suitors dissatisfied with the rulings of these superior courts are enabled to test the findings there delivered by the establishment of a supreme court of appeal, where as many as twenty-one judges take it in turns to pronounce final judgments.

Of course it would be quite possible to have this elaborate array of judges and magistrates without even a semblance of justice. But this is not the case in Japan. With the natives of that strange and interesting country we are dealing with a people the like of whom are beyond our experience. Judged by the standard which we have been accustomed to apply to Oriental races, it might fairly have been assumed that their enthusiasm for European civilization was but the result of the childish delight of a semi-barbarous nation in some new thing. But the reforms that have been introduced into Japan have been undertaken from a sincere desire to place the country on an assured position in relation to the Western powers. From the time when the mikado frankly accepted the European treaties, his government has pursued a persistently progressive course, and it is impossible not to admire and respect a people who, through good report and evil report, have determined to act in all things according to the law. It would be well for the credit of certain of the treaty powers if they had always acted in the same spirit. But no infractions of treaty obligations or blustering demands have made the Japanese swerve from their obligations, and the result has been that

in nine cases out of ten the disputes which have agitated the diplomatic world at Yedo have ended in moral victories to the Japanese.

It is the deep conviction of the sincerity of its aims and the justice of its plea which makes the Japanese government so earnest to abolish the ex-territoriality clauses from the treaties. The existence of these it regards as a slur on its honesty and as a badge of barbarism. The ministers point to the complete abolition of cruelty and torture from judicial procedure, and to the establishment of a reign of law which has put an end to tyranny and injustice; and they ask the treaty powers to place sufficient confidence in their good intentions to entrust them with the complete exercise of judicial rule. The American government has recognized the justice of this demand and has ceded the point. The European powers have shown less disposition to do so. The saying of Napoleon, that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar, represents, to a certain extent, the feeling with which the Japanese are popularly regarded. People find it difficult to believe that whereas, a short time ago, they were haters of foreigners and oppressors of their own people, they are now walking in the paths of progress and liberty with all honesty and truth. It is a necessity of the case that due consideration should be given to this feeling. Some further time must be allowed to elapse before people will see and believe that the Japanese government is acting in good faith, and that the lives, liberties, and rights of foreigners may be safely entrusted to its absolute control. Meanwhile, a middle course suggests itself, which, while protecting foreign interests, might reasonably be accepted as a compromise by the Japanese. If, in all cases where Europeans were concerned, a foreign assessor sat on the bench to watch the course of justice, an effectual check would be put to any irregularities, should there ever be a disposition towards any, and, in the absence of such, the Japanese would have a free hand in the administration of the law. Such an experiment would not be altogether a new thing. In the British settlement at Shanghai there has existed for years a mixed court, in which a consular officer and a Chinese magistrate sit side by side. There, however, a more prominent part has to be played by the British assessor than would probably have to be the case in Japan; and yet, in spite of some slight occasional friction, the system has worked well, and

has satisfied all the expectations which its founder, the late Sir Harry Parkes, formed of it. It cannot be supposed that it would not be equally successful in Japan, when applied in the modified form required, and the *amour propre* of the Japanese must be sensitive indeed if so harmless a precaution can be offensive in their sight.

With this point settled the future relations of Japan with the Western world seem to be unclouded, and it is within her own borders that the only rift in the lute is foreshadowed. With the widening of her political sphere the mercantile energies of the people have found a development which has overstepped the bounds of prudence and threatens financial difficulties. The enormous amount of share capital issued in companies at home and undertakings abroad is out of all proportion to the real wealth of the people, and the result has of late been the creation of a dangerous pressure on the money market. The government has loyally stepped in to the relief of this "tightness" by the issue of an increased amount of exchangeable notes, on which a tax of five per cent. is charged, and it is to be hoped that by these means, and by a return to a sounder commercial system, the embarrassment may be removed. If the Japanese can steer clear of like dangers in the future, we have the utmost confidence that their marvellous efforts to make all things new will be rewarded by prosperity at home and by an increasing measure of sympathy and confidence from abroad.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER VI.

"A HUNTING MORNING.

THE roar of the morning gun has rolled up to the city and passed over the nearer cantonment. Two English lads are lying asleep in the open air, side by side, on a couple of bedsteads placed on a raised circular masonry platform which stands in the centre of a little circular garden in front of a small bungalow situated at the eastern or city-ward edge of the cantonment. These masonry platforms, raised a few feet above the ground so as to be

above its dust and heat and above the reach of reptiles, were very common adjuncts of bungalows in those days; they were built, not only for the purpose of sleeping out on at night, but of sitting out on in the cool of the evening — a form of enjoyment much in favor at a time when people did not dine late and badminton and lawn tennis were unknown. Most delightful is that sleeping out in the open air, beneath the open vault of heaven, across which the stars and planets are making their grand procession. The boom of the morning gun has passed over the house and rolled away over the valley of the Jumna, thinned over the vast stretch of arid fallow beyond; the morning light is increasing fast, but still the two lads lie locked in sleep.

A horseman enters the little compound, and riding into the garden and up to the platform shouts out, —

“What, you young scoundrels! not up yet —”

“Is that you, colonel?” cries a sleep-smothered boyish voice from the nearest bedstead.

“Yes.”

“On your way home, sir?”

“On my way home!”

“From a midnight carousal — from some scene of revelry —”

“Come, none of your nonsense. You know it is morning, and not night. You promised to be ready by gun-fire.”

The young lad, clad in the now well-known Anglo-Indian night garb, rises up in the bed, and throwing off the sheet, his only covering, and kicking off the terrier who has shared it with him, hurls a pillow at his brother sleeper with the cry: “Get up, Loo, you lazy beast!” The other replies with a smothered groan, a groan so monstrously deep as to be evidently of an artificial character. Then still in the same deep voice he chants: “You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again!”

“’Tis the voice of the sleeper, I heard him complain,” sings out the other lad, turning his face towards the horseman and moving his hand towards his still prone companion.

“I will give you five minutes and no more to get dressed in,” says the horseman.

“Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men!” sings the first lad, as he springs out of his bed on one side.

“For ’tis our hunting day!” sings the second as he jumps out of his bed on the other.

“Ho! Boodhun! Ho!” shouts one.

“Ho! Matadeen!” shouts the other.

“Where is my sooty slave?”

“Where is my prince of darkness?”

Messrs. Walton and Hill are the junior ensigns in the 66th N.I. The former is known as Tommy, his name being Thomas, or more commonly, from his smooth and chubby countenance, as the Babe; while the pretty, girlish face of Louis Hill has procured for him the name of Louisa, shortened to Loo. The two boys are overflowing with youth and silliness — the undesirable combination of an old head on young shoulders does not exist in their case. They are full of fun, and frolic, and foolishness. The dusky valets for whom they have shouted, and who are now busy helping them to dress, are the subjects of many a jest and joke; but neither of them has ever received a painful or degrading kick or blow or buffet from “master.” “It would be cowardly to hit a fellow who cannot hit you back again,” say both the lads. They are both as gamesome as colts, but there is nothing low, or mean, or vicious, or dishonest about them.

Shall they not rejoice in their youth? Are they not lords of themselves? Are they not as lords in the land? Have they not a bamboo cart between them? Have they not bull-dogs, terriers, guns? Has not each of them a pony of his own, and another between the two? Have they not a house of their own and many servants? Are they not in the Military Service of the Honorable the East India Company — well placed, made men for life? Do they not wear a sword?

They are soon dressed. They are soon hastily swallowing the tea which another of their servants, the khidmutgar, has brought them, together with some buttered toast.

“Take something to eat,” says the horseman good naturedly. “I will give you an extra five minutes for that. It is not good to be out in the sun on an empty stomach.”

“We have already provided against that contingency, sir,” says Tommy Walton.

“Have you? How?”

“We took something to eat a little while ago.”

“Something to eat! A little while ago!”

“Yes, and something to drink, too. We had some grilled bones —”

“Grilled bones!”

“And baked potatoes —”

“Baked potatoes!”

"With a little beer."

"Beer!"

"I took anchovy toast," says Master Hill reflectively.

"Anchovy toast! Grilled bones! Beer!" cries the horseman. "When?"

"At two o'clock," says Loo Hill.

"Half past by the clock," says his companion.

"Two it was — Thomas, thou son of Didymus," rejoins his friend.

"Where?" asks the man on horseback.

"At the mess."

"Oh, I see; you were having a little supper."

Two dapper syces or grooms have brought up a couple of ponies. We do not speak from any personal knowledge, but still we are perfectly sure that the visits of his Grace the Duke of Westminster to the stable of Bend Or were not more frequent, or more productive of pride and pleasure and satisfaction, than were the visits of Tommy Walton and Loo Hill to the stables of these two animals.

The three horsemen have soon reached the road which runs along the top of the Ridge, and as Colonel Grey — he has a small and slight but well-knit figure, and a bright, clever, handsome face, broad-foreheaded, blue-eyed, aquiline-nosed, broad-chinned, with a sweeping moustache curling up at the ends and yellow-colored, of which same color is his hair — gives the reins there to his splendid Arab horse, a dark bay with black points, they have soon passed over it. This road ends in another which leads out from the Ajmere gate of the city. This they follow, not citywards, but the other way, countrywards, until they come to a high brick wall running along its edge. They pass in at a high gateway, by which stands a sentry. The grounds they have entered on exhibit a combination of park and garden, and, as the Babe remarks to Loo Hill, recall to mind "the Zoo;" for under these lofty, wild cotton-trees stands a zebra, and under these tamarind-trees is chained a rhinoceros; in this strong wooden cage a magnificent Bengal tiger is pacing to and fro; they pass by a little tank in which strange water-fowl are floating or wading; here is an aviary, there a monkey-house; beneath these mango-trees is tethered a twelve-tined stag; here is a black bear, with his pit and his pole; they pass by an enclosure in which stand some spotted deer; and in this paddock paces about that huge, strange animal, the English dray-horse. The road they are on, after winding round

a large, circular flower-garden, enclosed by a thick laurel hedge, leads up to the fine, tall-columned portico in front of the mansion, which, though only one-storied, well deserves for its size and stateliness the name of *mahal* or palace, by which it is commonly known. But Colonel Grey leaves it and enters on a smaller side road which runs towards a bungalow situated in a separate corner of the grounds.

The Rajah Gunput Rao, to whom this palace belongs, is remarkable for his friendly relations with the English; he is very fond of their society, has almost daily intercourse with them; he plays cards and billiards with them; has coursing matches and cock-fights with them; goes to their entertainments and gives them entertainments in return; he often has them to live with him, but not under his own immediate roof — differences of manners and customs, and personal habits and personal requirements, social and religious prejudices, forbid that. He has had this separate bungalow built and furnished for their special use and accommodation; here they may eat and drink and sleep in their own elaborate and uncomfortable, and in many respects to him horrible, fashion. "Tis our hunting day!" had sung one of the light-hearted lads, and they find the hunting-party assembled in front of this bungalow — three or four of their brother officers on horseback; natives on foot carrying rifles and guns; shikarees, or huntsmen, with hounds in leash; falconers with hawk on wrist; led horses.

The stout man who is looking at the hawks and talking to the falconers is the Rajah Gunput Rao. He is a big, stout, jovial-looking man, an eastern counterpart in face and figure of the "Re galantuomo," the late Victor Emmanuel of Italy. His short beard is divided in the middle and brushed upwards on either side; his moustache is brushed upward; and his nose, as would be expected from the resemblance indicated above, has a strong upward turn too. In his dress you observe that intermingling of the East and West, which is so curious and interesting to watch in India. Of course he wears a turban; so much significance is attached to the head gear that that is the last to be changed. He also wears an Oriental short jacket and has a cummerbund round his waist; in one ear he carries a large circlet of gold wire, on which is strung one single pearl of great size, and he has a gold torque round his neck. But he also wears a pair of English-fashioned cordu-

roy breeches and gaiters, and English-fashioned boots. He advances towards the new-comers with a light, springy gait, remarkable in a man of his size. He and Colonel Grey exchange most cordial greetings; they are great friends.

"I am afraid I am a little late," says the colonel, in the Hindustanee he speaks so well — the rajah does not speak English. "It was these *baba logue* (children) who delayed me," pointing to the two young ensigns.

"They are indeed *baba logue, buchas*" (young 'uns), says the stout man, smiling. "We will now start at once."

He mounts a magnificent horse, whose condition and appointments also display the influence of Western ideas; a horse which has not been fattened up so as to resemble a beer-barrel, whose mane and tail are not plaited or his legs colored; who does not carry a padded saddle with rope reins and a broad standing martingale of cloth; who has his ribs just showing, with a coat like satin, and who bears an English hunting-saddle. The rajah sits him well. When the cavalcade reaches the gateway it is joined by a light bamboo cart, drawn by a small pair of bullocks. On this sits, chained and hooded, the hunting leopard, to witness whose performances is one of the chief objects of their coming together this morning.

They proceed along the Ajmere road for about a mile, until they arrive at the edge of the huge barren plain extending over many a mile, which is to be the scene of the sport, if they are fortunate enough to get any. They are to be so fortunate; the rajah scans the plain through a pair of English binoculars, and immediately announces that there is a large herd of antelope upon it, not very far off. They all dismount; only the rajah and his English guests and the cart with the leopard and its attendants move forward on to the plain; the grooms and horses and dogs, and falconers, and all the other attendants are left in the shelter and concealment of the magnificent avenue of trees by the side of the road. Now they have come in sight of the herd of antelopes. It is a large one. As usual, the females with their young keep together in a close mass; the young bucks form small separate herds, and the old "black" bucks move about by themselves in solitary grandeur. Two of these, whose tall, spirated horns and jet-black sides are indicative of their age and of the strength and wariness which have enabled them to keep the horns on their heads so long, are

engaged in a fierce combat — perhaps for the possession of a lovely young fawn, perhaps for the possession of a bit of green herbage, just now rare — and the quick, sharp strokes of their horns resound over the plains like the clatter of single-sticks. But at sight of the cart, perhaps at smell of its occupant, they disengage, and with a bound or two into the air rush swiftly away.

The rajah now manœuvres the cart, which he directs himself, so as to get it near to a fine young buck feeding by himself on the plain. He makes all the natives move on the side of the cart towards the animal, while all the Englishmen, who are more likely to startle him, walk on the other. He does not, of course, direct the cart straight at the buck, but edges up to him gradually, making him believe that the cart is moving towards another point of the plain. The young buck is feeding eagerly; he has come to a little cup in the plain in which the herbage is soft and succulent; he is perhaps apprehensive that a bigger buck may come and drive him away — he must make the most of his opportunity. The rajah gives a signal. The cart is stopped, the hood is whipped off the leopard's head, the quick-eyed beast has caught sight of the quarry and leaped noiselessly to the ground, and begins to move towards the antelope with soft, soundless footfall. Now is the moment of excitement. Will he get near enough to make his rush? His gleaming eyes are fixed intently on the feeding antelope; he moves with long, slow, silent footsteps, his tail straight out and slightly raised, the mane or ruff of hair, which procured for his tribe the name of *Leo*, erect and bristling. The cart had been stopped about one hundred and fifty yards from the antelope. The leopard has got over a third of that distance before the antelope has become aware of his presence. The young buck starts, he moves away a little. The leopard begins to trot, then to canter — both soundless. The antelope now darts away at fullest speed, and the leopard makes his rush, flies after him with inconceivable rapidity. The speed of both is now indeed, by actual timing, greater than that of any other four-footed animals on the face of the earth — greater than that of horse or greyhound. The leopard has reached, has struck; they are both on the ground together.

The rajah and the others rush forward. The swift-footed, excited English lads are the first to reach the struggling pair; but they start back, absolutely appalled, from

the ferocious gleam in the leopard's eyes that greets their near approach. The deer, a fine strong young animal, is still full of life and strength, but he is so paralyzed by fear, that deadliest of the emotions, that he lies quite still while the leopard is pressing him to the ground — mark the flaccid relaxation of the body of the one animal, the fierce straining of every limb of the other — and driving his long, sharp fangs deeper into his throat. But now the leopard's keepers have come up. They cut the antelope's throat and receive the jetting stream in the large wooden ladle the leopard is usually fed from, and then hold the warm fluid under the leopard's nose, so that the reek of it rises up into his brain; he relaxes his deadly grip, lets go, and begins to lap eagerly at the warm, rich fluid still glowing with life. While so engaged the hood is once more drawn over his head and the collar put round his neck. The antelope is dismembered. The limb first cut off is held close to the bowl, which the leopard has no sooner emptied and licked quite dry than he seizes on the meat with a vice-like grip; the two men holding the two chains attached to the collar pull them taut, so that the leopard can only move backward and forward; the man holding the joint of venison by the bone, draws the growling, purring beast gently to the cart and then lets it go; the leopard leaps on to the cart, the chains are secured, and he is left to devour his lump of flesh.

The horses are again mounted, for the next sport to be indulged in is that of hawking. The falconers, men of great importance at the courts of Eastern princes, as they were once at the courts of Western monarchs too, now come forward. Each of them carries on his wrist a hooded peregrine, the noblest of the tribe; the chief falconer carries the falcon, the female bird, while his assistant carries the smaller, the less strong, the less fierce male bird, the tiercel. The latter is thrown at the small birds they find on the plain, and affords many an amusing if not very long or very exciting gallop. Walton and Hill enjoy the sport which they are engaged in for the first time immensely. When the birds skim along the surface of the ground it resembles that of coursing. This goes on for some time; but no opportunity has been afforded for the nobler kind of sport attendant on the flying of the falcon, and the rajah is getting impatient. He is very proud of his falcon, and wishes to display its performances. But at length the wished-for quarry presents

itself. They sight a large, black-backed crane standing quite still, with its head buried in its shoulders, and looking in this attitude very much like a man in a long-tailed coat. The chief falconer unhoods the falcon and sets her free. She sights the crane and darts towards it. The crane, too, has sighted the coming foe, but with its heavy body it takes it some time to launch itself into the air; first it has to run, and then half run, half fly for some distance, before it can gain the impetus needed to do so. In the mean while the falcon is rushing toward it through the air, the horsemen along the surface of the earth. But no sooner has the crane himself quitted the earth than he proceeds to try to place himself at once as high above it as he can. He plies his broad pinions and goes rising in circles higher and higher into the air. And the falcon goes soaring up after him. It is a pretty sight. And now the sport no more resembles that of coursing. You can no longer ride with your eyes scanning the ground as well as the birds. Now is the time of danger and excitement. You must ride with your eyes fixed high up in the air, blindly, trusting only to your horse. Down come Tommy Walton and his pony; the Babe is much bruised and shaken, the surface of the plain being as hard as a prison-yard or brick-field. But he is up and off again in an instant; nothing short of a broken neck would have prevented him from mounting again. And still the birds are striving to outsoar one another. At length the peregrine has gained the ascendant, the point of advantage, and drops like a thunderbolt on the big, awkward bird beneath; she is almost on the top of the crane; it seems as if she must strike it and bring it to the ground; but, impelled by the imminence of the peril, worked on by the strong instinct of self-preservation, the crane performs a most extraordinary movement; he doubles up his wings and legs and neck and makes a turn in the air; the falcon has missed its aim, lost its chance, its advantage, for, unable to stop itself, having fallen like a stone, it continues to descend fathoms deep towards the earth. The potent force of gravity is no longer an ally but an enemy, no longer with it but against it. The crane pursues his onward way with renewed vigor, plying his big wings hard to make the most of his advantage. But the falcon is a princely one; she rallies splendidly; she regains her position by a quick upward shoot, and soon begins to recover the distance she has lost. And now both

birds are doing their best, and the horse-men have to do their best, too, to keep them in view.

"Tally-ho!" shrieks the Babe.

"Yoicks! yoicks!" yells Loo Hill.

How their heels are working at their ponies' sides! They are wild with excitement. So furious and fearless is the riding of both of them that they by no means occupy a rearmost rank among the rushing horsemen. Once it had seemed as if the birds must get out of sight even of the rajah and Colonel Grey, who, racing one another, are well ahead of the others. But now the flight of the birds gets slower. The falcon has regained the superior position, the upper place, and is now floating over the crane and making short dashes at it whenever its defensive, upturned bill is for a moment diverted. Floating feathers indicate a successful hit, and each dash makes the crane descend a few yards from its lofty course. At last the crane begins to make for the earth in a long, descending line. The birds are then lost to view of all. They have been marked down. But when the horsemen arrive at the spot where they fell they cannot see them or find them. They had evidently descended in a narrow belt of jungle bordering a little drainage line which pursued its devious course across the plain; the crane had evidently made for the shelter of the jungle. "I saw them fall behind this tree," says Colonel Grey, "and I rode straight for it." But the men on foot have come up too, and still the search—even the eager search of Tommy Walton and Loo Hill—has not proved successful. A jackal or fox may go to earth, but the birds must be above ground.

"She must be found," says the rajah. The falcon has cost him a great deal of money, but that is not what he is thinking of; it will be so difficult to get another one like her; she is a bird of such rare strength and spirit and training. And so a more strict and systematic search is entered upon. "Here they are!" at length cries one of the falconers in a joyful voice. They all crowd to the spot. There, down in the narrow drainage channel, is the crane leaning against one of its sides, dead beat, while the falcon is hopping around it, and making feeble, vicious clutches at it, which the crane is feebly warding off. Neither seems capable of flying another yard. The falconers jump down and seize the crane, and are about to wring its neck, when the rajah cries out, —

"No, do not kill it. Carry it up to the palace. Let it be kept as a memorial of this splendid run."

The falcon, too, has been secured. The run has brought them back to the Ajmere road. It has been a long and fast one; men and horses are bathed in sweat; the clothes of the riders are in fact as thoroughly drenched as if they had been caught in a heavy shower. It is a morning in May. The sun is getting overhead. The sweet coolness of the morning has passed away; the hot discord of the day is about to begin. They have not made any use of the guns and rifles they have brought out; but they can enjoy that kind of sport any day. They determine to take advantage of the road, and return home in the as yet cool shade of the umbrageous avenues which border it on both sides.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNPLEASANT QUESTION.

THE Rajah Gunput Rao is in high good humor as he and Colonel Grey ride in the cool shade side by side and talk over the incidents of the run. The talk about that has ended, but the look of joy and satisfaction still lingers on the rajah's face. He is lounging easily in his saddle. His horse is a splendid walker. The rajah's intercourse with the English has been greatly promoted by his love of horses; he himself, notwithstanding his bulk, is an excellent horseman. It is an inherited accomplishment, he being a Mahratta by birth. He is a great patron of the turf; has himself an excellent stable. He recalls how in that splendid run he had held his own against Colonel Grey, notwithstanding the great difference of weight between them; and hence the continuance of the look of satisfaction on his face. But a swift and sudden and curious change comes over it, when Colonel Grey breaks the silence by asking: "Rajah Sahib! what did the Nana Sahib go to Lucknow for the other day?"

The face loses the frank, open expression, and becomes secret and close. There is on it a sudden cunning, crafty look, which descends on it like a veil, like a thing from without—it does not seem natural and innate. There is a professional, a tribal, and a national, as well as an individual look. The open, good-humored look on the rajah's face is his own individual one; this cunning, crafty look the tribal one. Those were the two main characteristics of the Mahratta race.

Its power had first risen by their exercise ; they had always characterized, not only their dealings in peace, but also their operations in war. Gunput Rao is a cousin of that Dhondoo Punt, more commonly known as the Nana Sahib, whose name is destined to stand out in letters of blood in the annals of the coming year.

"Oh!" says the rajah, "merely on a pleasure trip — to amuse himself."

"He went to Calpee, and then he came here on a visit to you, when I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance," says Colonel Grey, as he lights a cigar, "and now he has gone to Lucknow. I do not suppose he has made so many journeys in his life before."

"Since his uncle's death he is master of his own movements," says the rajah quickly. "He has greater command of money. He goes about to amuse himself — to see new places."

"I can understand his going to Lucknow or coming here to amuse himself. But to go to Calpee!"

Calpee was an out-of-the-way place, a decayed old town."

The rajah's face is still more ruffled. He does not like this questioning, more especially at the present time. We have to explain the reasons for this.

In the course of the eighteenth century the Mahrattas had become the leading Hindu power in India, and on the decay of the Mogul Empire it seemed as if they were about to re-establish the ancient Hindu sovereignty in the land. It was with the Mahrattas, and not with the Mahomedans, that we fought for supremacy. Their power had been founded by the cruel and crafty Sivaji, but had begun to decline in the hands of his feeble descendants, when it was reinvigorated and placed on a more lasting basis by the genius of a servant of the State, who rose to be peishwa, or prime minister. The power of the peishwas continued to increase, that of Sivaji's descendants, the princes of Sattarah, to decline. Other great leaders (and marauders) arose. They carved out kingdoms for themselves and extended the Mahratta confederacy; but the peishwa still continued to be recognized as the head of the commonwealth, as the centre of national unity. In the year 1818 the peishwa, Bajee Rao, was defeated by the English, and surrendered to them. He was deprived of his throne and kingdom, but he was allowed a pension, and within the limits of the small estate assigned to him at Bithoor, near Cawnpore, he was allowed to exercise

sovereign rights; he was also allowed to retain his title. Many held that he was treated with excessive and foolish liberality. An Eastern conqueror would have slain him and all belonging to him, thus preventing all future complications: "stone dead hath no fellow." Bajee Rao lived to see the English, with whom he had struggled on no unequal terms for the sovereignty of India, extend their power completely over the whole of the great peninsula. He did not die until the year 1851, only six years before the present time. He died childless, but he had adopted Dhondoo Punt, his nephew, known therefore as the Nana Sahib, as his son, and had besought the English government to let this adoption make Dhondoo Punt heir to his title and pension, as well as his private estate. In his will he had named Dhondoo Punt "sole master of the throne and the dominions of the peishwa." The East India Company, however, declined to continue to the Nana Sahib, the title or the pension, though it allowed him to retain the rent-free estate near Cawnpore. The Nana Sahib contended "that though the pension was a poor equivalent for the revenues of a kingdom, yet it was in common equity payable so long as those revenues were retained;" that to withhold the title and pension was to invalidate the act of adoption, and thereby "abrogate the Hindoo sacred code and interdict the practice of the Hindoo religion;" but he pleaded and contended in vain.

Two years before that time the principality of Sattarah, ruled over by the descendants of Sivaji, whose princes therefore formed the "royal house" of the Mahrattas, had been annexed by the British, on the death of the rajah without "male heirs of the body;" three years after it the principality of Nagpore was annexed for a similar reason, "by right of lapse." Within five years three of the great Mahratta houses had been extinguished by the English. The small principality of Jhansi, to whose chiefs we had ourselves given an independent status, had also during the same period been absorbed into the Company's dominions for a similar reason — failure of heirs of the body. The rane of Jhansi, only twenty-two years of age, but a woman of strong, fierce character, who subsequently fell fighting against us in the field, protested vehemently against this annexation as a most unjust and arbitrary measure. Now the rane of Jhansi and the Nana Sahib, and the Rajah Gunput Rao, who has just shown his English friends so excellent a

morning's sport, were nearly connected; and Calpee lies midway between Cawnpore and Jhansi, and Gunput Rao knows well enough why the Nana Sahib had gone there. And so Colonel Grey's persistent questioning on that point disturbed him, more especially at this time — more especially to-day. More especially now, when the increasing spirit of mutiny in the Sepoy army held out a hope of being able to overturn the English power to the many desirous of doing so; to the Mahomedans desirous of restoring their supremacy, political and religious; to the Brahmins, fearing the loss of their ancient power; to the representative of the Great Mogu' the king of Delhi, hopeful of the re-establishment of the ancient imperial position of his house; to the king of Oudh, desirous of regaining his kingdom; to the semi-independent, lawless barons of Oudh and elsewhere — birds of prey, who found themselves restricted in the use of beak and claw, turned into domestic fowl; to the Mahrattas, whose great commonwealth had begun to be dismembered. More especially to-day, when a band of emissaries, sent forth to stir up and foment the feeling of antagonism to the English power, is to arrive in Khizrabad, and one of the chief of them, a Mahratta, sent forth from the palace of the Nana Sahib at Bithoor, is to put up with himself.

But Colonel Grey had put the question casually, idly, of no set purpose. Ere the rajah, considering how to do so, can answer it, Colonel Grey has put him another connected with a subject of much more interest to the English people of Khizrabad than the movements of the Nana Sahib, viz., the anticipated deficiency of the rice in the pits.

And now they have reached the gateway of the rajah's palace, and the English officers take leave of him, after thanking him most heartily for the excellent morning's sport he has shown them.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSPIRATORS.

THE three travellers whom we saw crossing the bridge of boats have reached River Gate — they pass in — the sepoy standing on guard there looking curiously at them — and they move up the road leading from it to Star Street. That famous thoroughfare is crowded from end to end; these cool early morning hours have to be taken advantage of for business or amusement. It presents a very picturesque sight. It has not the gay,

tulip-bed look it has on a gala day, when the people come out in their many-hued holiday attire; but the crowd presents a brighter appearance than does any outdoor gathering of our own dark-clad countrymen. The sweetmeat makers are busy disposing of their luscious wares; the money-changers sit cross-legged behind their heaps of shells and silver and copper coins; the cloth merchants recline by the side of their bales and bundles; the silversmiths are at work on their little anvils; the brazier and coppersmith sits in the midst of his pots and pans and cauldrons; the grain-dealer is weighing out wheat and barley with a great pair of leather scales; sepoys saunter about with a lordly air and browbeat the shopkeepers and ogle the women; crows are cawing, kites keening, sparrows pecking at the heap of grain, from which the passing Brahminy bull takes a leisurely mouthful; the water-carriers move about, bent double under the weight of the goat-skin bags they carry across their loins, and tinkle their little brass cups and cry, "Water for the thirsty! water!" Pariah dogs prow about. "Remember the poor! Feed the hungry! Take thought of the needy! In the name of God!" shout the beggars. Women pass to and fro with faces veiled or unveiled. Loiterers loiter about, and the buyers are busy buying.

The travellers make their way through the busy throng of Star Street until they come to a cross street leading to the Ajmere Gate. This they follow until they arrive at a large square building lying just within the gate. They pull up before it, and after exchanging a few words the Mahratta moves on with his own following and passes out of the Ajmere Gate, so leaving the city again; his destination is the palace of his fellow-countryman, the Rajah Gunput Rao; the others pass into the big building. By the large open space within and the encircling rows of rooms; by the scattered groups of people; by the bales and bundles; by the rows of horses; by the kneeling camels; by the carts and bullocks; by the cinder-heaps and dung-heaps; by the stinks and stenches; by the swarm of flies — you know this to be a serai, a word perhaps better known to the English reader as caravanserai.

The boom of the gun on the Ridge has proclaimed the midday hour. Its reverberation does not now, like the last one, pass through a cool fresh atmosphere, but through one glowing and quivering with heat. As its first report was the signal for the commencement of work and move-

ment, so is this for their cessation. The public offices, which were opened at six o'clock, are now closed. All the English women and children and most of the men have retired into the innermost recesses of their close-shut, darkened bungalows. The roads and streets are deserted. The fiery hot wind is blowing from the west; the fierce sunshine pouring down in fiery deluge. Heat and dust and glare usurp the day. Even the pariah dogs and the crows seek the shade; the sparrow sits with open beak. Only the kites continue to circle in the fiery air, amidst the fierce turmoil of the sunshine, and mingle their shrill cries with the rushing of the wind.

Usually at this hour quiet and stillness reign over the lines of the various sepoy regiments; the sepoy has bathed at the well, and prepared his little plot of ground — which then becomes holy ground, on which no rajah or nuwâb, not even the governor-general himself, may even so much as let his shadow fall — and cooked his food and eaten it, giving the fragments to the attendant crows and sweepers, and scoured his brass vessels, and smoked his hooqah and gone into his little hut to pass away the afternoon hours in sleep. But to-day at the lines of two of the regiments, the 66th and 76th, there is an unusual bustle and movement, an unusual issuing forth of men. And there is also, for the midday hour, an unusual bustle at the gate of the serai, an unusual passing in of men; and these men all have the unmistakable look and air of sepoys.

These caravanserais are generally miserable buildings. But this one forms an exception to the rule. It had been built as an act of public beneficence by one of the princesses of the royal house of Khizrabad in the day of its power and glory. The gateway in the centre of the side facing the road was a fine one, and in the centres of the other three sides of the square enclosure were fine large blocks of buildings intended for the use of the better class of travellers. These contained some fine large rooms. On a raised daïs at the end of one of these apartments sit the two travellers, the burly Mahomedan and the Hindoo with a military air, together with another Hindoo and another Mahomedan. The latter is named Rustum Khan (after the great Rustum) and is the soubahdar major, or senior native officer, of the 66th; while the other, named Matadeen Panday, holds a similar position in the 76th, the regiment to which William Hay, engaged and about to be married to Beatrice Fane, belongs. The faces of the two

men present a striking contrast. The Mahomedan has a full, low forehead, large, full eyes, a large, hooked nose, full cheeks, a large-lipped mouth, a full, broad chin. The Hindoo has a high forehead, very hollow over the eyes, very protuberant above; small, deep-set eyes; a long, thin nose running a little awry; hollow cheeks; a thin-lipped mouth and a long, pointed chin. On both a look of self-satisfaction; the one bold and jovial, the other sharp and shrewish.

There is a continual stream of men passing into the apartment; sepoys who squat themselves down on the floor, native officers who are presented to Mehndi Ali Khan, the Mahomedan traveller, and find a seat on the daïs or on rude wicker-work stools. It is easy to see that Mehndi Ali Khan is a man of rank, a man of very different stamp from all about him, who are all, even the officers, peasant born. His mode of speech is different from theirs; he gives to the words derived from the Persian and Arabic in their common Hindoostanee the proper original pronunciation; he says *suroor* and *sahir*, while they say *jurroor* and *jahir*; he gives to the oft-used word *maloom* (known) its deep guttural sound. There is a certain courtly grace in his bearing. He had held high offices at the court of Delhi; he had represented the nuwâb of Lucknow at Calcutta, until the fiat of the East India Company had extinguished the kingdom of Oudh and his own office with it. He was one of the most trusty and devoted adherents of the deposed nuwâb of Lucknow, or king of Oudh as we had made him, now himself resident in Calcutta, under surveillance, his kingdom shrunk to a park. Mehndi Ali Khan was now acting as the emissary of the plotting monarch, or rather of his plotting family.

The apartment is now quite full.

"We are all of one breath here?" (*hum-dum* — of one breath — conspirators), says Mehndi Ali, looking around him.

"All." — "All." — "All."

"There is no one here who is likely to betray us?"

"Not one."

"We have sworn by the Koran," says a Mahomedan.

"We have lifted the Ganges water," says a Hindoo.

"Then say what you have to say," goes on Mehndi Ali, turning to his Hindoo fellow-traveller, lately the senior native officer of the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry, disbanded for mutiny three months before.

"I have little to say. All you who hear me know why five hundred Brahmins like myself, three hundred Rajpoots of high caste, have been deprived of their daily bread and turned adrift on the world after they had served the English government for many years, in many places, where neither the air nor water were conformable—in many campaigns, on many battle-fields. Why? Because they would not pollute themselves, because they would not lose their caste—their religion. Five hundred Brahmins—three hundred Rajpoots! Would not you have done the same? What is there a man will balance or measure against his religion? Not the weight of gold or silver, not the length of life. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his caste? Will you lose your caste or keep it?"

"Keep it!"—"Keep it!"

"All that I have to say to you is this. I have journeyed from Calcutta to here. I have been to every station where sepoy regiments are quartered, been in the lines of thirty or forty regiments. They are all of the same mind. They will not let themselves be the victims of this base and cruel treachery. They will not let their caste be filched from them; they will not let their religion be stolen from them. They are firmly of one mind. I have seen many kings and princes and noblemen, rajahs and nuwabs and taluquaders and great zemindars. They are all of one mind. The reign of the English must cease. I have seen the people in the country and in the towns and cities. They are all of one mind. The reign of the English must cease. There may be some who do not wish to go against the English because of fear. Let them know that the fear is on the other side. It will be better for those who go against them than for those who side with them." He ceases, and there is an interval of silence.

Then a man in the assembly says: "The whole intention of the government is to take away our caste. They have ordered bone-dust to be mixed with the flour ground at their mills."

"And fat to be mixed with the *ghae*" (clarified butter, an article of daily consumption), cries another excitedly.

"And bone-dust to be mixed with the salt," cries a third.

"Faugh!"—"Phew!"—"What villainy!"—"What damage!"—"How terrible!"—"God preserve us!"

"And it is said that the flesh of cows and pigs is to be thrown into the wells,"

cries a fat-faced, goggle-eyed young recruit.

"*Yah Illahi!*" (O God!), cry the Mahomedans; "*Ay Purmesur!*" (O God!), cry the Hindoos, in one breath.

And then a silence of horror and disgust falls upon them. The horror and disgust find expression otherwise than by words. Heads are shaken; faces twitch; finger-joints are cracked; eyes are shut; some sniff strongly through the nose; some bend the head or turn it over the shoulder; mouths work; those near the walls spit under them.

"These things cannot be endured," says one man.

"They cannot be suffered," says another.

"Of course not," says a third; "how can we live without flour and salt?"

"And without water we are dead," cries the goggle-eyed young recruit.

"Yes, the whole intention of the English government is to take away our religion and caste, to make us Christians. The new governor-general has come out with express orders from the queen to do this," says the ex-soubahdar of the lately disbanded 19th. "He has passed a law permitting Hindoo widows to marry; and the children of the shameful women who do so are not to forfeit their rights of inheritance, nor those Hindoos who become Christians, as has been the law hitherto. The English officials have now withdrawn from the care and management of the endowments of our temples, from the management of our great religious festivals, in order that these may suffer. They write books in favor of their own religion and against ours. Some officers even preach. English schools rise up everywhere." "They have reduced, or taken altogether, the endowments of our mosques and colleges," puts in a Mahomedan. "And ceased to maintain our *Kasis* as state officials, so that our marriages are hardly legal," interpolates another. "They are establishing girls' schools." "They wish to do away with the *pardah* (veil-screen) and the *senana*, so that our women may go about in the shameless way their own do."

"All these things prove the same intention," says the ex-soubahdar. "Formerly," he goes on, "the service of the Company was a good service. The sepoy had not to go far from his own home, not far from Ganges or Jumna. Now he is sent thousands of miles away, into strange and terrible places—is made to cross the

sea. He gets no extra pay for doing so. He loses half his leave in getting to his house. Formerly he had special privileges, about his cases in court, about his letters, and in many other ways. These have all been taken away from him. There is now no gain in belonging to the service; rather loss. Nothing can weigh against the loss of one's caste. It certainly is not worth while to lose it for the sake of the Company's service."

"When the rule of the English has been set aside and that of the king of Delhi re-established," says Mehndi Ali Khan quietly, in his smooth, fluent voice, as if the change were a mere matter of course, "the sepoy may have to go to other parts of India in case of a campaign, but he will not have to cross the sea, and he will always be quartered near his own home. He will enjoy all the privileges he ever enjoyed under the Company, and more; he will be favored and cherished as a soldier should be. And he will then be able to attain to those higher ranks which the English people now keep greedily to themselves. They will then become captains and majors and colonels."

"That would be very agreeable," says the Soubahdar Matadeen Panday, with a sarcastic intonation in his voice and poking his long chin forward in a way he has. "But it may not be so easy to overturn the power of the English. They are great fighters. They have no fear. They are very brave and very crafty."

"Can we not be crafty too — and brave? Have we no manhood?" says Mehndi Ali Khan. "Why, Soubahdah Sahib, have you yourself not displayed great valor on the battlefield? And I think you can be crafty too," he adds, looking at him insignificantly. Then turning his face again towards the men in the hall, and waving his hand towards them, he exclaims in a louder tone of voice than he habitually uses, —

"Are you funk-sticks?" (so only can his colloquial expression of *dur-phankna* be translated). "Do you allow that you are cowards — chicken-hearted — lily-livered? Are you brave men or cowards? — say."

"Brave men!" they shout.

"Of course," says Mehndi Ali Khan. He knew how to address himself to the braggadocio spirit of the sepoys. "All that is needed is that the whole army should be of one mind, one heart. Let all the regiments rise together against the English, and they will be swept away as a bank of earth is swept away by the Jumna when it rises in flood."

The conference has ended. Even Mehndi Ali's Hindoo fellow-emissary has retired to his own apartment. There are now on the daïs only Mehndi Ali and his co-religionist, Rustum Khan the soubahdar major of the 66th.

"Did you observe how that dog of an infidel — that idolater of a Matadeen Panday — wanted to argue against me?" says Mehndi Ali.

"Yes," says Rustum Khan, "he is of a crooked disposition; he would do so merely to trouble you; but he also wished to enhance the value of his services —"

"But will the unbeliever be with us when the day of action comes?"

"He is a Brahmin, and therefore crafty — a trickster. But, as I said, he wished to enhance the value of his services. They are to be bought."

"Ha!"

"But he can now expect nothing more from the English but his pension. Let him be paid a sum that will satisfy him for the loss of that and he will be with us."

"It shall be looked to. And you will tell the Sikunder Begum why I could not wait on her. I must leave for Abdoolapore early this evening. It is necessary for me to be there early to-morrow morning. I do not know what course of action the decision of the court-martial may necessitate. You will tell her?"

"Yes."

"You will be sure to see her to-night?"

"Yes," says Rustum Khan, with a smile.

"Of course, yes," says Mehndi Ali, also with a smile.

The other, the Mahratta traveller, is now seated by the side of Gunput Rao on the daïs in the rajah's own private apartment, on which he, the rajah, passes most of his indoor hours. For this daïs supplies to him the place of bedstead, sofa, settee, chairs, and tables; serves him for bedroom, drawing-room, library, study. A carpet is a house in the East. In this huge apartment there is no other piece of furniture but this daïs, with the exception of the globular earthenware jar for water with a silver cup on the top of it which stands in one corner. There is a very handsome carpet on the large square daïs, but none on the cemented floor. That bare room gives the key to the economic condition of India. There the secondary wants have not yet been developed. There money is not spent on the purchase of numerous articles of convenience and comfort, and so usefully distributed, but

on the purchase of a few articles of luxury, on jewelry and gems — wasted on a numerous retinue of idle retainers, in marriage ceremonies, in donations to priests — or hoarded, buried in the ground. That hoarding has gone on to an enormous extent during the past fifty — more especially during the past thirty (post mutiny) — years; an enormous quantity of the precious metals have been withdrawn from circulation — and this doubtless has had its effect on the present disastrous disturbance of the relative values of gold and silver. When the use of knife and fork and spoon, of crockery and glass, becomes general in India, this will have a great effect on its social condition, on the caste system, even perhaps on its religious systems — a great one on its economic conditions. Imagine how the demand for such articles will be increased, how much useful industry will be set in motion! But to return to our narrative — only stating, on the other side, that the large, empty apartment has a calm repose and dignity of its own, and that its bareness makes it more cool and airy — things very desirable, at this season of the year at all events.

The Mahratta traveller was the visitor, the emissary of the Nana Sahib, whom the Rajah Gunput Rao has been expecting, which expectation had caused Colonel Grey's questions about the Nana Sahib to be so disturbing to him this morning.

The visitor, the emissary, presents in his person a strong contrast to his host; the rajah is big and burly, of a fine, stately presence; his newly arrived guest a small, slight, insignificant looking man. But insignificant looking as he is, this man, Tantia Topee, is to prove himself the only good commander on the side of the mutineers, the only one to display any dash or generalship in the field, the only one to inflict a reverse on the British arms. The complete absence of capable leaders, civil or military, on the side of the rebels and mutineers, was to prove one of the most notable features of the coming great convulsion.

"That is all that we wanted; the English government has done for us what we could not have done for ourselves; it has passed the weapon from its own hand into ours. It has made its army over to us" — the little man is saying — "its well-trained army, the source of its power. The English have turned the heart of the sepoy against them; done it the only way

they could, by setting his religion against his self interest. We have a great army ready made — infantry, cavalry, guns; three great armies. We seize the fortresses. We are masters of the land."

"Yes; but they will send an army from England to reconquer it."

"By the time they can do so we shall have possession of the whole country and all three great armies at our command. When this Bengal army has risen, those of Madras and Bombay will be sure to do so too. I do not think much of the Madras sepoys, but the cavalry is very good. The arsenals are full of the munitions of war. And what army could the English send? One that would not be half the size of any one of these three. Azeem-oola-Khan, who visited their camp, has told me how small was the army they could send against the Russians four years ago. No; they have only been able to conquer and keep India by means of their great sepoy army — by disciplining it carefully and arming it well."

"And leading it."

"We shall find leaders, men like Holkar and Scindiah. I will be a leader. We can employ other Europeans, Italians and Frenchmen, as we did before; capable men, such as Perron and De Boigne."

"But all this will end in putting the king of Delhi on his throne again, in restoring the sovereignty of the Mussulmans."

"That must be done at first. We must set up the king of Delhi against the English. His name is still a potent force. But we should have our own power restored. We should regain our lost principalities of Sattarah, Nagpore, Jhansi; and re-establish the supreme power of the peishwas. The English got rid of, other arrangements can be made hereafter. We might keep the king of Delhi on the throne and appoint our peishwa his guardian, as he was but a few years ago. But why should not we Mahrattas assume the supreme power? Almost the whole land was tributary to us. We should extend our possessions, found new kingdoms, as Holkar and Scindiah did. Why should not you and I become independent chieftains too? I should like to have the Punjâb for my kingdom. I should lead an army thither and seize it. Oh, to lead armies and rule kingdoms, and not to be nobody as now!"

The little man has a large ambition.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE MODERN SPIRIT IN ROME.

"ON days," says Seendhal, "when I am wholly attuned for sympathy, I would be at Rome; but residing here tends to enfeeble the soul, and plunge it in a sort of stupor; there is nothing like alacrity, nothing like energy, to be seen; everything draws and languishes." These words will find their response in the minds of most northerners who sojourn in the famous city of the Cæsars and the popes. Do what the modern Romans may, they cannot convince us that Rome is like other cities, — a place of commercial activity, of the deep, earnest thought that generates among large assemblies of men engaged in practical modes of life, a place, in short, of reality. We do not want that sort of thing here; and so, even if we see a semblance of it when we are among the ruined walls and columns of its past, we turn our backs on these a little pettishly. "If you stay here a week," say English people who have deserted their own land for Rome, "you will leave with no great regret. Your idea of Rome will be so confusing and formless that it will give you no more satisfaction than a puzzle you cannot solve. If you stay a month, you will begin to get fond of the place. And if you are so circumstanced (happily or unhappily for yourself) that you are able to spend three months among these ruins, and the churches and seminarists that flavor life as it is flavored nowhere else, you will, it is probable, yield to the kind of Roman fever that keeps men and women spell-bound here for a lifetime."

Rome and its people are in curious contrast with one another. To be sure, it will not be the fault of the speculative builders if the city does not soon take the character of its people. Twenty years ago this discord was not so marked. Papal Rome was somniferous to the last degree, an invention was something to be viewed at arm's length, and, when curiosity on the subject was sated, to be slighted and even villified as though it were a sin. Gregory the Fourteenth denounced gas in such terms as his predecessors applied to heretics and evil spirits. It was dangerous to display excessive originality in anything except the turn of an epigram or a sonnet, or the reading of an inscription. They who profit by the doctrine of passive obedience are not likely to look with sympathetic eyes upon men whose abilities do not submit to be tethered. It was due to this that in the old days almost all the flourishing artisans of Rome were for-

eigners, — men who were tolerated in the city only for the sake of the extortionate taxes that were imposed upon them.

The stern solidity that marked the old Romans as a class is well typified for us in the ruins of Rome that are still to be seen. One is stupefied by the sight of such edifices as the Colosseum and the ponderous walls of the Baths of Caracalla. And yet perhaps it is mere fancy that suggests the concord between a people and its buildings. Else, what of the Peruvians ere Spain came upon them, to put an end to their Incas, and to carry away their gold and silver by the shipload? Even Rome did not use for its palaces and fortifications chiselled rocks forty feet long by eighteen broad and six deep, such as the Indians of the plains of the Andes dragged scores of miles to the city for which they were destined. It is the same in Egypt and elsewhere. The hand of the despot (whether as capitalist or ruler) is declared in the magnitude of a nation's buildings, rather than in the character of the people. If the greatness of the former seem to be connected, like son and father, with the greatness of the latter, the affinity is one of chance only.

Be that as it may, there is as little resemblance between a modern Roman and his classical forefathers as between the Colosseum and the tall blocks of lath and plaster and cement which speculators are raising so fast in Rome for the modern Romans. One is prone to imagine that the fellow-citizens of the Fabricii and of the first Cæsars would have had more in common with Englishmen than with Romans of the nineteenth century. It were absurd to say this as a vaunt, yet the notion is borne home to one in many ways. One remembers Lockhart's words about Sir Walter Scott and his children, and cannot but apply them here. "The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle." Of stilted pretension, there is enough and to spare everywhere. Modern Italians have no monopoly of it. Indeed, the courtesy of demeanor which is one of the excellences of the Roman may be thought to be in absolute opposition to such a feature of conduct. A young Englishman, and many an old one too, shows much more of it on an average than his Italian coeval. As for the "inactive, inglorious humility" of character in the

Roman, now that Italy is under a king, that is likely to be less noticeable than formerly when Christian cardinals were the senators of the city. The humility of earlier days was Macchiavelian to the core. No one, except the innocent and those born to be victimized, were deceived by it. The pope himself, who on gala days rode through the city upon a tranquil white mule, seeming to symbolize his Master's journey in Jerusalem upon an ass, was generally ready enough, when his interests demanded it, to issue an anathema or an interdict in comparison with which a blow on the face was a trifle.

In the Corso or in the Pincian Gardens, you may nowadays chance to see a Roman youth of noble blood, slim, smooth-faced and smiling as any girl, leading a bull-dog ugly as sin, and of such proportions that in the event of a quarrel between the dog and its master, it is not on the latter that you would be inclined to wager. The boy will most likely be elaborately dressed after the latest pattern; and you may be sure that he has not the ghost of an idea that he is as pretty and incongruous a figure of fun as ever tickled the wicked soul of a humorist. A youth like this is sure to be loved by the ladies of Rome as if he were Adonis himself. The doors of a hundred boudoirs are open to him, where he may look into the dark eyes of his adorers without the least thought of the husband of the owner of the dark eyes. The latter, poor fellow, before he surrendered himself into the matrimonial market, was just such a one as he. So long as he could retain his slim, elegant shape, depend upon it, if the state of his family territories allowed him to please himself, he continued to be one of Rome's butterfly bachelors. But the cruel hour arrived when prudence whispered to him that if he desired to make a pretty match he must lose no more time. Negotiations and contracts, and last of all the wedding itself eventually sheared him of two-thirds of his charms. The *cicisbeo* is not quite so accredited an institution as he was a century ago; but he still flourishes, and the Roman wife would, now as then, not hesitate to tell her husband he was an annoyance, if he gave her so much of his society that she was debarred from enjoying other society of her own heart's choice.

When the boy and his bull-dog have therefore sufficiently shown themselves to the fashionable world, he returns to his paternal home, and prepares for those evening hours the pleasures of which he is almost too young to appreciate. He

attains the reputation of a gallant without much effort. The fair dames of Rome tutor him in the ways of the world, and trifle lightly with his affections. Their preference for him is as much a matter of pride and congratulation in the esteem of himself and his brethren, as in England the achievements of a great traveller or a successful general are reckoned to be. As a rule, indeed, the boy may be safely left to the promptings of his own peculiar nature. He is the son of his father, and therefore likely to be at least as selfish as the ordinary man or woman since Adam. His father's maxims about the fair sex have stayed in his memory; those of the married men of his acquaintance run on the same line, and are sure to be amusingly bitter. If his own instincts do not make him accord with the opinion of those better able than himself to judge of womankind, he is an exception among men, and will probably give the ladies much entertainment ere he begins to grow fat and lose his beauty.

In the satire called "Morning" Parini, a hundred years ago, introduced an allegory which was assuredly in his day well applicable to social life in Rome, and which has a certain value as the portraiture of domestic incidents in the present age. Venus, it was said, had two children, the one Hymen and the other Love, who were wont at first to go to and fro in the world, exercising their influence over the human race in company. The child Love, being blind, seemed indeed to be prevented by nature from ever dispensing with such guidance as his sober sister Hymen so gladly gave him. By-and-by, however, the boy grew peevish, obstinate, rebellious, and vastly self-consequent. "I want to go about alone," he protested to his mother, — "and go about alone I will," he added. In vain Venus argued against such imprudence. It were a waste of time to capitulate the objections; they were and are so obvious. But the urchin persisted; and so at last, to pacify him, Venus acceded to his wish. She decreed, therefore, that henceforward Hymen should concern herself with one-half of the world, and Love should do his best with the other half; their control being independent, and each working alone. This allegory no doubt serves a fair purpose if it be put forward in explanation of the indifferent figure cut by the southern husband in his own house. Hymen alone is responsible for the match. There is little intercourse of the affections between the husband and the wife. In like manner,

the numerous friendships, Platonic and otherwise, formed by the wife, whose hands alone have been tied by Hymen but whose heart is free, are equally clear evidence of the tricks of the blind boy Love in his own capricious movements about the world. And it is another of the incongruities of Love's contriving (though the philosophical student of nature may think differently) that the large, strong-featured Roman dames should find such delight in the society of the thin, little, effeminate dandies who are the surviving representatives of the descendants of the great fathers of Rome.

To some of us Rome is just now profoundly interesting, less for its ruins and romance than for the drama that is daily being brewed in it. What a spectacle is that of the head of the Christian Church in bonds! True, the bonds are largely of his own forging, and he has assumed them of his own free will. The phrase "a prisoner in the Vatican" is as mendacious as most popular phrases. No one could prevent his Holiness or any member of his Holiness's palace from leaving it, crossing the Tiber, and going where he pleased in the city, or indeed elsewhere. Contrast this with the old papal restrictions, whereby the man of talent was compelled either to stay in Rome all his days, or submit to eternal banishment if he presumed to use the permission that was offered him in response to his request for provisional leave of absence. It is policy, and policy alone, that induces the pope to cry that all the world may hear him. "I have been harshly and sacrilegiously used," and to turn the other cheek also to the smiter. Many of the Romans, who now find their intellectual sustenance in the lucubrations of M. Zola and the ribald anti-clericalism of their favorite journals, are deterred by no scruples of conscience or respect from villifying the Church in acknowledgment of this apparent invitation of his Holiness.

Meanwhile in most externals life (save at such famous seasons as Holy Week) proceeds here as of yore. One cannot go a hundred paces in the streets without meeting a troop of youths in white or purple, crimson or green — the members of one or other of the colleges for ecclesiastics which still abound in the city. The boys stride to and fro for their recreation, with a self-contented swing of the skirts, and holding their tonsured heads high as they gesticulate and argue with each other about matters of casuistry and faith. Their deportment towards the world is

based on good sense rather than Christian teaching. It reminds the writer of one of a series of maxims which he read on the walls of a room in a certain archiepiscopal college of Italy: "Do not think to win the love of others by rendering them services. You only acquire their envy." One can imagine this in the mouth of Rochefoucauld or Chamfort; but what has it ethically in common with Christianity, that it should be driven home to the minds of boys who are destined to be exponents of Christ's doctrines? It savors strongly of that spirit of compromise between Christ and the world by which the disciples of Loyola raised themselves to such a pitch of power. Some think the salvation of the Church in our day depends on the Jesuits. It may be so. Their order is not exactly in the ascendant. But it has by no means bitten the dust; and, as we know, it has the wisdom of the serpent, and, when it pleases, the gentleness ascribed to the dove.

In certain ways the crisis is like to have an invigorating effect upon the Roman intelligence. In the old days when the pope was supreme in his own city, there was none of the clashing of mind with mind which evokes strong sparks of thought. It was more decorous to trifle gracefully than to be heroic. Leopardi, in a letter to his father in 1822, shows us something of this. "The frivolity of these creatures," he says, "is incredible. Were I to give the whole letter to it, I could not tell you of the many ridiculous matters they delight to talk about. For instance, this morning, I have heard a long and grave discussion about the fine voice of a bishop who chanted the mass the day before yesterday, and his dignified bearing while the ceremony lasted. They asked him how he had contrived to acquire this fine characteristic; whether he ever felt embarrassed at the beginning of a mass; and the like. The bishop replied that he had taught himself during a long spell of apprenticeships in chapels; that such training had been very useful to him; that the chapel is a necessary experience for ecclesiastics like himself; that he was not in the least embarrassed; and a thousand other things equally intelligent. I have since heard that several cardinals and other personages congratulated him upon the success of this particular mass. Believe me when I say that I am not exaggerating, and that the subjects of Roman conversation are all such as this." There is still as much interest in the melody of a bishop's voice, and the

fluency of his periods at a sermon, as there was then; but it is confined to the ecclesiastics themselves. And even they are forced to admit that the dilemma of their spiritual father is a matter of more general concern than the state of their own throats. It is all very well for the papal papers to designate his Holiness as "The light of the nations, and the salvation of Italy;" and to scoff at Signor Crispi for saying, as if in retaliation, "Italy is the land of the starving, and the classic country of misery." It were easier to verify the words of the prime minister than those of the editor. Moreover, it is notorious that Rome was full of abuses, crimes, and maladministration that would have been scandalous anywhere, but were monstrous here under the ægis of the vicar-general of Christ; scandals which thrived more or less until Victor Emmanuel put an end to them. Conceive the Vatican not only tolerating, but even licensing as a monopoly, the exhibition of a board over a barber's shop, announcing that herein boys were mutilated for the service of his Holiness in the papal choir! This was not esteemed very gross in the old days. But the writers of King Humbert's reign comment on iniquity like this with all the emphasis that italics can give to a page of print. In Forsyth's day a priest excused the iciness of the spring east wind at Pisa by pleading that "this cold is a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and will continue till Easter, because it was cold when Peter sat at the high priest's fire on the eve of the Crucifixion." Perhaps he spoke from conviction. His was an age which still pinned its faith fast to statues of the Virgin with eyes that rolled, and pictures of Christ that sweated blood when erring mortals were to be peculiarly reminded of their weak and wicked condition. The hierarchy would excite sympathy in some of us if they would aver that they recognized in their present loss of temporal dignity the hand of Heaven, employed in mortifying them for their lethargy and sins of commission when they had the happiness and welfare of so many human beings at their disposal.

The change from the rule of the Church to the rule of the sovereign of their own choice is to the Italian, and especially to the Roman, like stepping from servitude to independence. It is a small matter, relatively speaking, if Rome be less visited by foreigners now than she was when enlivened to the full extent by the fascinating pomp of the papacy. True, visitors

still supply much of the life-blood of the city. But it is well that the citizens and artisans should be set upon their own legs, and made to try what they can do for themselves when deprived of the sovereigns and napoleons and thalers of the northern nations. They confess that the struggle is a hard one. Rents and provisions are dearer by far than they were when Pius the Ninth was master in Rome. The era of privilege, too, has passed away. Every man must pay what the State lawfully requires of him. The coat of an *abbé* no longer serves its wearer like a cuirass, impenetrable by the tax-gatherer. The favorite barber of a cardinal can nowadays as little procure an exemption from all such dues for a friend, as he can pretend to shield his patron. This rule of equity is new to Rome, but it will beget strength and self-reliance. If it be true that "the plant man is born more robust in Italy than in any other country," the Romans are not men to sink under certain hardships such as generally follow in the train of political revolution, and especially when, as in this case, the revolution has been a salutary one.

Change of this kind is necessarily one man's meat and another man's poison. You see this signified quite amusingly in Rome's public proclamations. When the king addresses a manifesto to his affectionate people, the preamble runs thus: "In these days of progress and enlightenment," etc. On the other hand, a papal epistle or placard goes in a minor key: "In these days of infidelity and persecution," etc. Persecution indeed! It may surely be protested that the word is used with some exaggeration. But that will depend upon the standpoint from which you regard the actions that are termed "persecution." If you view the State as supreme, and the Church as essentially subordinate, you may readily justify King Humbert in appropriating for the relief of the State the accumulated lands and properties of the Church. But if the Church seems to you supreme and inviolate, such seizure is of course both unjust and sacrilegious.

But what of the persecution in the past (considering only the milder forms of it), when it was as much as a householder's liberty was worth to do almost anything without the sanction of the vicar of his parish! Those were the days, too, of domestic tyranny as well as clerical. The one tyranny begat the other. Writers of our age recall their early experiences with a shudder, and thank heaven for the

brightness of the latter half of our century. As the priest ruled the father, so the father ruled his children. The man dared not leave the city without a license; could not eat what he pleased except under penalty of chastisement; if his means of livelihood displeased his vicar, the latter put an end to them; and his very steps in the city were liable to be watched, reported on, inquired about, and bring upon him censures and worse. The child, on his part, having been duly born, burdened with divers amulets as preservatives against witchcraft and the devil, and endowed with earrings for the good of his eyesight, was sent to school as soon as he was weaned. Here the next seven or eight years of his life were mainly spent. The school discipline was severe, the punishments abominable. Among the latter, flogging in the old style was common enough. One sees the priestly mind in certain other of the recognized means of castigation; for example, the being made to kneel for a painfully long time, sometimes with the hands under the knees (try it for but five minutes on an uncarpeted stone floor, with the knuckles to the ground!), and the being compelled to lick the pavement crosswise, disposing in the best way possible of the dirt and dust that the tongue inevitably gathered to itself. When the pleasure of such a day's schooling was at an end, the boy returned home, ate his supper, and went off to bed. To him his father was less a being to love than a severe and even terrible personage, whose word in the household was law, whose hand he had to kiss twice a day as if in token of fealty, and who was particular in seeing that he did not have too much to eat. As Signor Silvangi says, in his recent clever studies of Roman domestic life: "Children then spent but little time at home. They rose in the morning and went to school; returned in the evening and went to bed. Many a boy became a young man without ever having seen the moon." The lad's amusements were as curious as his discipline. If he and his school-fellows played at being priests, attired themselves in mock vestments, and even went so far as to celebrate a mock mass, both schoolmasters and parents were delighted. Nothing could have been more exemplary. It showed that their minds were fitly attuned for the reception of holy things. Such parodies as this, and the religious processions in the streets, with the singing of the rosary and other offices of the Church, were the boy's chief solace from educational tasks. Ac-

tive games were discountenanced. Even nowadays you may see the native seminarians of the Roman colleges watching with unfeigned wonder the exertions of the American or Irish students at base-ball or tennis in the Borghese gardens and elsewhere. Traditional influences have left their mark upon them.

Journeying by such a road, the average boy became a representative son of the Church, and diverged not a step from the high road of external propriety and mediocrity. The training of a girl was of a kindred nature. Even as it was the father's earnest wish (whether with a view to his welfare in this world or his salvation in the next) that his son might become a priest; so it was his and his wife's fondest ambition that their daughters should become nuns. Thereby, as the phrase went, the blessings of eternal life were assured to them. As for the unhappy lad whose nature revolted against the tyranny of his youthful training, he was forced to play the hypocrite until he could acquire a semblance of the freedom that ought to wait upon manhood. He had no very excellent possibilities of worldly success in a city like Rome, but his mind was admirably bent for the appreciation of the pleasures of intrigue and gaming which were likely soon to ensnare him.

The above may be regarded as typical sketches of the alternative careers of a Roman lad of what we may call the middle-class — the son of an *abbé*, or one of those doctors and advocates who were so much a prey and a fear to the papal court. For the children of the nobility there were of course resident tutors, for the most part Jesuits, who had a special interest in keeping the intellects of their pupils in due subjection. The lower classes might in one sense be considered the happiest of all. They at least were free from such educational trammels.

Under King Humbert there is so little restraint upon personal freedom in Rome that some regard the present time as an age of deplorable license. A superior in station is not now a being to fear and cringe to, as well as to respect. It is as much as an official's place is worth to practise the tyranny of the old times. The press, thanks to what Gregory the Sixteenth prettily called its damnable license, is nowhere more keen upon abuses of all kinds. The vicar of the parish has lost his hold upon the parishioners — at least upon the masculine portion of them. The relaxation makes itself felt in all sections

of social life. The father is more genial towards his child. The boy's school-masters are not nowadays priests almost of necessity, and the boy himself is no longer made to perform disgusting penances for his misdeeds. A bolder and more aspiring spirit has developed in the youth of the land. They try their pinions abroad in the world sooner and with more confidence than in the old time. Not a little of the American ardor of enterprise stirs in them with the first instincts of their manhood. It is not now a sin to desire to grow rich by toiling in other lands. Indeed, offices for the information of emigrants are perhaps a little too obtrusive and numerous in some parts of Italy, considering how imperfectly much of the peninsula itself is cultivated. The consequence is that week by week the steamers from Naples and Genoa carry their hundreds of these sons of the South across the Atlantic, full of hope and determination. Others less venturesome do but climb the Alps in increasing numbers to tempt fortune in the foreign capitals of Europe as organ-grinders, pastry-cooks, and manufacturers of ice-cream.

It is vain for the Church to try to stem this fervor of independence by stigmatizing it as a criminal aspiration. During Lent of last year the Franciscan preacher, Padre Agostino, in his sensational crusade against the spirit of the times, dwelt largely upon this subject. In the first of his series of sermons he drew a frenzy of applause from his congregation (composed chiefly of the fair sex) by the following words: "In these days ambition reigns supreme. Every one wishes to be his own master. Every one devotes himself entirely to the satisfaction of his own desires. Sublime ideas, magnanimous sentiments, and noble actions no longer serve as a spur to the minds of men. Hence springs anarchy." The good father's premises may in part be accepted; but his conclusions hardly. He spoke as the mouth-piece of the pope, and his words had tremendous echo in Rome. But again the changed spirit of the times was shown by the insults as well as the enthusiasm which were his reward. One morning a bomb-shell was exploded in the church; at another time he himself was deluged in filth as he was stepping into the carriage that was to convey him from the church to his monastery; and daily during Lent he was the butt of those Roman newspapers whose editors have turned their backs on matters of faith, and scoff, with an energy of which we in England have no experi-

ence, at all things and influences religious. This lament of the Church in the person of the friar was continued somewhat oddly by the papal newspapers of the day. "Galantry is dead. Men no longer concern themselves about women; they neither converse with them, nor pay them civilities. Politics, business affairs, the money market, the various engagements of practical life fully occupy them." Perhaps the gravity of this paragraph can only be understood by us in the light of that recent utterance of the pope: "Woman in Europe is the sole hope of the Church." Otherwise one may expect this particular editor to give us a jeremiad of the most heart-rending kind when the finance minister of the State is able to announce that he has at last brought the balance between expenditure and revenue to the right side.

Anarchy, however, was not quite the fit word to express the debauch of mental freedom which Italians are enjoying in the present age. They are vastly, indeed extravagantly, exhilarated; but they are not turbulent. For a while they are likely to be led to do and say much that in the after time they will regret; but this is the accompaniment (perhaps in their case the inevitable accompaniment) of their solid advance upon what we have agreed among ourselves to term the paths of civilization. They are too bitter about the past to be able to regard it calmly, when they compare it with their present liberty and the promise of their future. It is so undoubted a boon for Italy that Rome is now the seat of a constitutional king that one may excuse the presence of sundry evils which seem to have come with the change. In the pope's days it would probably have been dangerous to practise the three-card trick upon the peasants of the Campagna in the Appian Way. But brigands and wolves were a more serious pest than than is the occasional card-sharper of to-day. Of old, the Forum was a cow-market and a place for the bestowal of rubbish. Nowadays, on Sunday afternoons you may see the sons of modern Rome listening with rapt attention to the lecture of a fellow-countryman about the history and import of the proud ruins that surround them. Fifty years ago, you might tarry a week in the Holy City waiting for permission to travel fifty miles from it. To-day there are automatic weighing and measuring machines in its railway station for the entertainment of the few minutes you may have upon your hands before your train starts.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From Temple Bar.

DRYDEN AND SCOTT.

ALTHOUGH the materials for a continuous life of Dryden have always proved very insufficient for the purposes of biographers, there is perhaps no English writer who in the course of his works reveals his personal character more completely—the kind of people, the things and occupations that he liked best, the very forms of his thought, and the prevalent modes of his reasoning, are all made clear to any one who studies his writings with sufficient attention.

It might seem at first sight that a parallel drawn between him and his principal biographer, Sir Walter Scott, could only be of the nature of a violent contrast. That the two poets are, as to moral tone, wide as the poles asunder; that the ideas of Scott were essentially unchanged throughout his long life, while those of Dryden were in a perpetual flux and variation; that whereas the elder poet was primarily a lover of the court and city, the younger was devoted to the country and country life; that each was a man strongly influenced by, and influencing, his period, and that their periods were very different—all this might seem to create so unfathomable a chasm between the two, as to make it unlikely that any similarity worth mentioning should be found to exist between them.

And yet the pair, at all events as politicians and as writers, are so far alike, that it may safely be averred that Scott would have been by no means exactly what he is, if Dryden had not gone before him, enlisting him as a pupil, admirer, and editor, before any of the more important works of the latter had been given to the world, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion" alone excepted.

Each was, to begin with, a Tory of his own period, though Dryden was so as an Englishman, Scott as a Scotchman. And herein lies, as we imagine, a most interesting and important distinction. Both, indeed, belonged by descent to the *noblesse* of the Border, the Dryden family having originally sprung from the neighborhood of the Cheviots, and it would be difficult to say in which of the two the appreciation of good birth and of a long pedigree was the more profound and gustative.

But the clannish ideas, in which Scotland and Ireland have always been distinguished from their sister-country, showed themselves to great advantage in the Toryism of Scott, by leading him to value good birth in an open and generous

manner, as a privilege in which the humblest laborer might claim the share. In his eyes the name of Scott was a prouder badge of honor than any other which he ever obtained; but even if every man in the county had borne it, that would only have been, according to his ideas, a strengthening of its value. To be a member of the most famous fighting clan on the Border, to have the Duke of Buccleuch for his chief, Scott of Harden as his nearer kinsman and chieftain, and to be himself the founder of a family at Abbotsford, which should lead all of the name in his own immediate neighborhood,—all this was to Sir Walter Scott not merely a romance of the olden time, with which the imagination might amuse itself in secret, but a very real and tangible fact, to be utilized for all good, benevolent, and self-sacrificing purposes.

Dryden, on the other hand, followed the English fashion, in valuing good birth as denoting membership, not of a clan, but of a more or less fluctuating caste. It follows that, like many other good people, he was more nearly led into being a snob on this subject than on any other. His birthplace and family property lay in Northamptonshire, and there is quite enough in his works to justify the inference that nothing would have disgusted him more than to find the whole population of the Nene valley claiming to be Drydens.

It is possible that a warmer sympathy with the Celtic feeling on this matter might in former times have secured for Englishmen a much more favorable consideration, both in Scotland and in Ireland.

It remains, however, that both our poets were Tory and Jacobite. Both, therefore, were possessed with that imaginative tendency in religious matters which gives men a bias (we do not imply misleadingly) towards Catholic theory and practice.

This tendency, which helped to bring Dryden over to the Roman Catholic Church in his later years, turned Scott at an early period of life from a Presbyterian into a devout Episcopalian, and made his writings, as Cardinal Newman has remarked, a kind of mental ploughing-machine which broke up the ground, and prepared the minds of very many Englishmen for the definite theological teaching which was supplied immediately after his death by Newman himself, and by those who acted with him.

The parallel between Dryden and Scott should not indeed be pressed in this

respect beyond a certain point, the mind of the former being of the more rigidly argumentative character — at least, so far as this, that he could always find arguments with a fair capacity of holding water for any theory which it was his purpose at the moment to defend; whereas Scott, in spite of his legal training, was much less of a formal reasoner. Of the widely different amount of influence exercised by the religious ideas of the two writers on their character and practice, it is needless to speak.

It will be gathered, however, from what has been said so far, that both our writers were, as poets should be, essentially imaginative and romantic. And here we would plead against the prevailing inadvertence of considering Dryden (so far truly) as the founder of the critical or classical school of poetry, whose typical representative is Pope; and therefore as being of necessity put out of relation to that later Romantic school which found one of its earliest and best exponents in Walter Scott.

The truth is, that Dryden was many-sided, and really stands in the relation of literary ancestor, or at least of model, to almost every English poet of importance since his time. All that has been said as to his influence on the school of Pope is true enough, but his romantic side, which Macaulay indicates by saying that the court, the camp, the tournament, and the chase, were the subjects in which he showed to most advantage, renders him a forerunner of the Romantic school in general, and of Scott very particularly.

It has been before observed that "Ivanhoe" is on the lines of the "Conquest of Granada." Another illustration of our point may be drawn from the dialogue between two ærial spirits in the heroic play entitled "Tyrannic Love," a passage which has, perhaps, been more severely ridiculed than anything else in Dryden, but which, having possibly afforded hints for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," not to say for the "Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast," is most certainly not a composition in the classical style, whatever else may be said about it.

Nakar.

Hark, my Damilcar, we are called below!

Damilcar.

Let us go, let us go!

Nakar.

Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East,
Half tipp'd at a rainbow feast;

In the bright moonshine, while winds whistle
loud,
We mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud;
And, lest our leap from the sky prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star,
And drop from above in a jelly of love.

Damilcar.

But now the sun's down, and the element's
red,
The spirits of fire against us make head.

Nakar.

They muster, they muster, like gnats in the
air.

Alas! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light horsemen repair.

Damilcar.

Oh, stay! for you need not to fear them to-
night,
The wind is for us, and blows full in their
sight;
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall
down,
And hiss in the water, and drown.

Nakar.

But their men lie securely intrenched in a
cloud,
And a trumpeter-hornet to battle sounds loud.

The sentence about falling stars and jelly has been mercilessly parodied; but is so far defensible that it is founded on an old idea that meteors, falling to ground, leave a substance like jelly on the spot where they descend. So in Lee's "Edipus:"—

The shooting stars end all in purple jellies;

and in Dryden's own dedication of the "Spanish Friar," where he says of a play more suited for representation than for private reading:—

When I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly—nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting.

In the last weeks of Dryden's life he wrote a "Secular Masque," to celebrate the beginning of the eighteenth century, in which the lines spoken in the character of Diana, apart from chronology and from the betraying word "wexing," might either have been written by Dryden imitating Scott, or by Scott imitating Dryden.

With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskined soon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon;
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of
rocks;

With shouting and hooting we pierce through
the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

The fact that Scott chose the eight-syllabled metre of the old English ballads as the vehicle of his poetical narratives has tended to foster the idea that whatever is written in the heroic couplet, measuring ten syllables to the line, must necessarily be of the classical rather than of the romantic school. But it need not be said that the metre of a poem is one thing, the subject and style of treatment quite another. Canning and George Ellis, the most accomplished London critics of their time, agreed in urging Scott to adopt the Drydenian heroic couplet for his narrative poetry; and the preference shown for Byron's metrical tales by the public of that day, as well as afterwards, would seem to indicate that Scott would have done well to follow their advice, always supposing that he had mastered Dryden's method of employing that metre, which is at once the most famous and workmanlike in English poetry, and also the most dangerous, simply because it seems to be, and is, up to a certain point, so fatally easy.

It may be true, as Scott himself urges (*Life by Lockhart*, p. 195), that in Pope's lines, for example, —

The wrath which sent to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain,

the italicized words might be omitted with advantage; but this only strengthens our own contention that Dryden, and not Pope, is the true model for English heroic verse-writing.

Dryden, as a rule, is far too able a craftsman to load his work with weak epithets.

When Scott, on a subsequent occasion, so far adopted the advice of his friendly critics as to attempt the Spenserian stanza, the following remark was sent to him by Canning in a private letter (*Lockhart*, p. 206): —

I am very glad that you have essayed a new metre — new, I mean, for you to use. That which you have chosen is perhaps at once the most artificial and the most magnificent that our language affords, and your success in it ought to encourage you to believe that, for you at least, the majestic march of Dryden (to my ear the perfection of harmony) is not, as you seem to pronounce it, irrecoverable.

It must always be a satisfaction to Dryden's admirers that such an opinion was elicited from one who, as an accomplished statesman, satirist, and critic, occupies a

place in history peculiar to himself. He would, it may be conjectured, have been gratified, if he had lived long enough, by seeing the majestic march of Dryden reproduced by our present poet laureate in the "Vision of Sin," whose hero riding in youth on the winged Pegasus

that would have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down,

entering a palace that might have been Whitehall after the Restoration, and ending his days as a cynical satirist, of whom it is said that

A little grain of conscience made him sour,
has always appeared to us as possibly intended for the fetch or presentment of Dryden himself, the Drydenian couplet being employed as a key to the riddle. Be this as it may, Scott's own friends appear to have considered that nothing but the desire to save himself labor had hindered him from strengthening "Marmion" and the rest by using the Drydenian couplet.

Before leaving the subject of the political influence of our two poets, it should be observed that while both were Tories, assisting their party to an extent which it is hardly possible to exaggerate, Dryden's influence was only exercised in a literary way, through his dramatical and satirical writings. Wherever the character or action of an opponent furnished an occasion for a pointed epigram, a not too elegant lampoon, or, generally speaking, for a volley of literary dead cats and mud, there Dryden was to the fore; and both Charles II. and James II., after the accustomed manner of the Stuarts, owed a great deal more to his advocacy than they ever chose to acknowledge or repay. On the other hand, the influence of Scott, exercised in a manner infinitely more worthy and dignified, was not only literary, but also territorial and personal; and although he was as stiff and unbending a party-man as could well be conceived, there is scarcely anything in his political action which appears unworthy of him. And if the political fairness of his writings were in question, it was allowed by his opponents that the severity with which he exposed the cruelty of Lauderdale and Claverhouse sufficiently freed him from any suspicion of wilfully favoring his own side at the expense of the truth.

The personal character of the two men has been set before us in each case by a devoted but not untrustworthy admirer; that of Dryden, namely, by his pupil and

dramatic successor, Congreve; that of Scott by his son-in-law, Lockhart. If, indeed, we were to speak of Scott in the same breath with Dryden, in respect of general nobility of aim, or consistent elevation of moral or religious tone, the injustice done to the former would be as great as is imaginable. But, this very large reservation once being made, there remains more than one point on which the two poets seem to have similarly impressed those who came into contact with them.

Both appear to have been born with an essentially kindly disposition, one prone to dwell on the good points of their friends, and to overlook their shortcomings. To use a familiar expression, "all their geese were swans." It was this which is described by the biographer as having led Scott into business connections, which, if on the one hand they benefited the public by spurring him up to constant and prolific writing, yet on the other hand clouded his private life by continual anxieties, culminating in financial misfortune. It appears to have been a similar spirit of easy kindness which, as so often happens in such cases, helped to keep Dryden a poor man.

We have it on the authority of Congreve and others that, although his family property afforded him little more than a bare competency, he was, nevertheless, the most easy-going of landlords, never raising his rent at a time when every reason existed why he should have done so; and that he not unfrequently went out of his way to help others by donations from his private purse.

It may, indeed, be fairly objected that if Dryden was like Scott in readiness to give, he was extremely unlike him in his still greater readiness to receive. Four years after the loss of office and income which the Revolution had inflicted on him, we find him thanking Lord Dorset for assistance, in terms of which the following is a condensation:—

At the time of the loss of the poor substance which I had from two kings, whom I had served more faithfully than profitably to myself, your lordship was pleased of your own nobleness, without the least solicitation from me, to make me a most bountiful and seasonable present, a favor of itself sufficient to bind any grateful man to all the future service, which one of my mean condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty return it for me both in blessing you here, and rewarding you after.

This anticipation of Edie Ochiltree's

nasal snuffle, "Heaven reward your honor," in which we may be sure that Scott would have been the last person to wish to imitate that wonderfully humorous creation of his fancy, throws so much cold water on one's personal admiration of Dryden, that we have great need to recall to mind the literary customs of that age, in which even such expressions as these appear to have passed with credit, as a compliance with the ordinary obligations of formal courtesy.

If Scott was far too lenient a critic of other people who pretended to be poets or novelists, he certainly was in this respect extremely like Dryden, the catholicity of whose literary taste shows itself in the great variety of the writers whom he studied and imitated. If, again, the more modern poet lost money by unsatisfactory business connections, Dryden has lost a great deal of literary credit by strange and ludicrous blemishes, which, when traced to their proper source, are invariably found to be due to his imitative admiration of earlier writers. It would seem, indeed, as though he never decisively condemned any form of expression for which authority existed, until he had tested it by employment in works published by himself. And for this we shall return him, if not praise, at least a very cautious and restricted condemnation, when we remember that it was by this very process of tentative sifting that he brought the English language into the position which it now occupies, as one of the most flexible and efficient instruments existing for the communication of thought.

It may be inferred, then, that both Scott's private fortunes, and Dryden's literary position, so far as they suffered by the action of either poet, were at all events sacrificed in the interests of the public.

It is, however, not a little remarkable that neither of our poets appears to have been in the least degree influenced by the most valuable of his immediate predecessors. We should certainly have expected beforehand to find Dryden standing in some such relation to Herrick, and Scott to Gray; but of this there is, so far as we are aware, no evidence whatever. In regard to Herrick in particular, we are inclined to think that Dryden could never even have heard his name. The coincidence appears to deserve a word of remark, though it may be very difficult to offer a conjecture as to the causes of it.

It is needless to insist upon the prominence of Scott as a poet of country life.

Both by precept and example he was an inculcator of muscular Christianity in its most natural and spontaneous form. Wordsworth, on the other hand, has committed himself to the assertion that "there is not a single image from nature in the whole body of Dryden's works." That Dryden shared the inability of his age to enter fully into the sublimities of landscape scenery, may be freely admitted; but, for the rest, we can only say, that Wordsworth's remark shows complete ignorance of the author on whom he is commenting. It should rather be said that Dryden is the poet, not of still life, but of movement in nature, the varying phenomena of light, the indications of a gathering storm, the actions of the lower animals, whatever, in short, can be used to illustrate a corresponding movement among men. We know as a matter of fact that he was a brother of the angle. We infer from many passages of his works that he took some interest in the chase, especially in falconry, and most of all, we cannot avoid noticing how closely he observed the habits of birds.

For instances of this we need only refer to the description of an indecisive naval action in our favorite "Annus Mirabilis." The silvery effect of moonlight on water is set forth in a few touches; while the shattered English fleet is compared, first to a bevy of hurt wild duck:—

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less,
And, like maimed fowl, swim lagging on the
main;

then (the flagship at least) to a falcon
checked in mid career:—

Have you not seen when, whistled from the
fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye de-
signed,
And, with her eagerness the quarry missed,
Straight flies at check and clips it down the
wind?

The dastard crow, that to the wood made
wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does
bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

The weakened fleets are compared to
thinned-out plantations:—

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,
Their ships, like wasted patrimonies, show,
Where the thin scattering trees admit the
light,
And shun each other's shadows as they
grow.

The lying side by side of hostile vessels,
disabled, but unconquered, is thus illus-
trated:—

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tired before the dog she lay,
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the
plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his
prey,
His warm breath blows her flix up as she
lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching
eyes.

It is hoped that Wordsworth's sweeping
statement may now be considered as suffi-
ciently disproved.

It might be expected that writers of
such proclivities as we have described
would treat the clerical profession with
considerable respect. This, however, is
only partially true in the case of Scott,
His many sketches of clergymen are
mostly good-tempered caricatures. Of
the two exceptions which at this moment
we can call to mind, Mr. Morton in "Wa-
verley" is a very subordinate character,
while Reuben Butler in the "Heart of
Mid-Lothian" was not nearly good enough
for Jeanie. On the other hand we remem-
ber Pembroke, Sampson, Blattergowl,
Poundtext, the wilder Calvinists of "Old
Mortality," all weird, grotesque, or com-
ical. Something must of course be al-
lowed for the fact that they are necessarily
sketched in, not as leading characters, but
as foils; something also for those profes-
sional mannerisms, which, in Scott's time
as now, if not stronger than those of other
bodies of men, were at all events more
conspicuous as a mark for popular satire.

But Dryden's dislike of any kind of
priesthood, Christian or otherwise, taken
side by side with his submission to the
most sacerdotal form of European Chris-
tianity, is truly remarkable, and a fresh
proof of the fact that to accept a system
in the abstract is one thing, to defer heart-
ily to its individual representatives of the
time being is quite another. If our poet
satirizes a Moorish mufti, he does no less
to his Father Dominic; if he holds Burnet
up to contempt, he is, even after the
change of his opinions, not so very much
less severe upon Petre. He accounts for
his feeling, if anywhere, in the third verse
of his harvest-song in "King Arthur,"
which will repay quoting in full:—

Your hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped,
Your barns will be full, and your hovels
heaped.

Come, my boys, come!
And merrily roar out harvest home.

We make a present of the next verse
to the agricultural population of north
Wales:—

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him
again,

For why should a blockhead have one in ten—
One in ten!

Why should a blockhead have one in ten?

The lines next ensuing explain the
cause of Dryden's bitterness. He had sat
under country clerics at some expense to
his patience:—

For prating so long like a book-learned sot,
Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot—
Burn to pot!

Till pudding and dumpling burn to pot.

The concluding stanza might even at
the present day find acceptance with a
beer-house keeper of Conservative princi-
ples:—

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,
And hoigh for the honor of old England—
Old England!

Hoigh for the honor of old England.

That our two writers, in spite of the
immense moral distance between them,
had many points of resemblance both as
men and authors, and that Scott early
adopted Dryden, both as a warning and an
example for his own career, has been sug-
gested by Lockhart himself. It cannot,
therefore, be interpreted as a disrespect to
the noble and benignant memory of Scott,
that we should have attempted to follow
the lead of his son-in-law, by bringing
him into a somewhat more detailed com-
parison with one who, if in some respects
his artistic superior, was in others so very
much below him.

If the intended result of the present
article were to any degree attained, it
would be, not the depreciation of Scott in
the popular view, but, so far as is fair and
reasonable, the rehabilitation of Dryden.

JOHN AMPHLETT EVANS.

From The Spectator.
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

THAT was a sad saying, that "Life
would be very tolerable if it were not for
its amusements;" but still, one feels in-
clined to echo it, and to add the more

serious reflection that it would be livable
if it were not for its meals. We seem to
have inherited all the appetite of our an-
cestors, without their powers of digestion;
but then, it must be remembered that our
ancestors contented themselves with two,
or at the most three meals a day, while we
do not think we have properly done our
duty unless we consume four. The five
o'clock tea is an admirable institution, no
doubt; but its dimensions have swollen
out of all proportion with human capacity.
What mortal man is there who is capable
of assimilating within eight short hours a
hearty lunch, a long dinner of most varied
courses, and an intermediate refectory of
muffins, cake, and sandwiches? And yet
this is expected of poor, suffering man,
and he has to accommodate himself to the
exigencies of the situation, and try to cre-
ate a demand for all that unlimited supply.
We would not say that the five o'clock tea
was not an admirable institution—some-
times. On those long, wintry evenings
that extend so drearily before and after
Christmas; when the streets are full of
wet and cold, of mud and misery; when
the fleeting comfort of our luncheon is
already a memory of the past, and the
expectation of our dinner so far in the
remote future,—what greater consolation
is there for the cheerless present than the
tea-table? The friendly fire that flashes
on the silver urn and lights up the friendly
face behind it; the cup of tea, not too hot,
not too strong, not too anything, but duly
sweetened by the sugar and softened with
the fulsome cream; the pretty hands that
busy themselves with the cheerful music
of the tea-spoons; the low and gentle voice
that accompanies that music with pleasant
talk; and above all—above all—the
rich, the soothing, the unctuous muffin.
Who cares about his dinner then, or has
any other thought save of enjoying that
well-buttered and comfortable present?
Some one said that a woman never looked
so well as when she was behind a tea-
table. There was a great deal of truth in
the remark; all the womanly virtues thaw
and come forth under the influence of the
steaming kettle, and are reflected in the
shining equipage of the tea-tray. But
there should not be too many of them—
of the ladies, not the virtues. This is the
essential quality of the five o'clock tea,—
that it is a meal that belongs to the *vie
intime*, and not to the bustling crowd of
society; it ought to be held a sacred mys-
tery, to be shared only with a select few
of one's intimate friends, and not a fash-
ionable function for the entertainment of

indifferent acquaintance. The Parisians, who have borrowed both the meal and its hour from us, thoroughly understand its real meaning and nature, though they apparently misunderstand its name; and when Gontran receives the invitation, "Venez five-o'clocker chez-moi à six heures," he knows that he will meet the object of his admiration, if not alone, at least in the company of but few and sympathetic friends. That is how it should be. But the "five-o'clock" of London — and in summer too! It is a perilous thing, not only from the quantity and variety of the fare that is provided, but also from the quantity of the people who are invited to consume it. Our modern hostess, like an ancient Pythagorean, has the greatest faith in the saving virtue of numbers; she is never quite happy until she has inveigled more people into her house than it will hold. As far as balls, concerts, and evening parties are concerned, she is welcome to do so; but not at five o'clock, not at five o'clock tea! Weak man is not strong enough at that hour to brave the dangers of a crowded staircase, nor hungry enough to console himself with a meal that is lunch, tea, and supper rolled into one; he pines for the comparative solitude of his club, or the less fatiguing society of one or two friends, with whom he will have no temptation to spoil his dinner.

Of course this appalling plenty is not the lady's fault. Man, the unaccountable, the irrational, suddenly showed a disinclination for his tea; he fled into the fastnesses of his club or other haunts; ceased to frequent "five-o'clocks," and shunned the flowing teacup. Matrons and maidens took counsel together how best to lure back the shy quarry. They came to this conclusion — to feed the beast. Straightway the tea-tables of Mayfair groaned under an unwonted fare; cold hams, and tongues, and hot muffins; sandwiches, *pâtés*, *de foie gras*, jam, plovers' eggs, cake, caviare, Camembert cheeses, and cream-tarts, all jostled each other on the festive board, and made up a moderate repast suitable to the hour and the occasion. Then they gave it forth — but this probably was a shameless fiction — that an exalted personage, a very exalted personage, liked what an Irishman would call "trimmings to his tea;" that he was in the habit of consuming beef and ham with his muffins; and that it was the duty of all good and loyal subjects to make sandwiches of their muffins also. Man came out; he came, he looked, he ate, — and he got dyspepsia and fled back again.

What is more, he is still in hiding. You may roam through all the "at-homes" of Mayfair and Belgravia at the hour of five, and you will hardly find a single man. Some few there are, but as a rule those few are so ladylike that they cannot be fairly counted. Maidens and matrons are still left lamenting.

In the immortal "Battle of Limerick" — the one immortalized by Thackeray — there is a rich and appetizing description of the "tay-party" that was given to Mr. Smith O'Brien. After recounting the conveniences and the glories of the house in which it was given, the ballad proceeds:—

'Twould binifit your sowl
To see the buttered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craym
galore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Society had got as far as the buttered rolls, the sugar-tongs, and the sandwiches; but the band of harps and trumpets was yet untried. The next time that Mrs. So-and-So was at home at five o'clock, there was the magic word "Music" printed in the corner of the invitation. It might well have been written in the corner; that was the position that it eventually occupied; it never played more than the second fiddle in the subsequent proceedings, nor ever emerged from the corner to which it had been relegated. We are a very musical nation; we say so ourselves, and we ought to be the best judges on the subject. And music has the most extraordinary influence over us; it makes us talk. Perhaps it is well that the drawing-room songs that are now in vogue should be drowned in conversation; drowning is almost too happy a fate for the feeble wail of sickly sentiment that is dignified by the name of singing. But it is rather hard upon a real artist — a violinist, let us say — who is playing good music and throwing his whole soul into it, to overhear, above the din of those many well-bred voices, some such remarks as these: "Were you at the opera last night? Oh! I always go myself; but then I love music. Eh! what did you say?" — and then, petulantly: "I do wish that man would stop scraping that horrid thing; one can't hear oneself speak." No; music has no place at the five o'clock tea any more than the crowd that it is used to attract. This at least may be said of it, that it is better than some attractions that are offered. Recitations by broad daylight and in cold

blood! Why, even the reciter, who is generally a fairly hardened person, might shrink from that ordeal. What must be the feelings of an unhappy man who is expected to listen to him at that hour of the afternoon? Another inducement that is often held out, is the hope of meeting some celebrity who is enjoying the doubtful honor of being lionized by the public. Unfortunately, no one seems to consider an afternoon engagement to be a binding one, and very often the lion is only conspicuous by his absence. In that case, the other guests help to render his absence very conspicuous indeed, by asking for him at every moment; they have been promised their lion, they want their lion, and they have no consideration for their hostess's feelings. It sometimes happens that he does come, but will not roar; that is the worst of the pampered lion, — he is an inconvenient beast, and one cannot depend upon him. Invitations to tea and court-trains after her Majesty's drawing-room; a very pleasant and legitimate entertainment for ladies; but why should a man be required to take part in it? What does he know about gowns and frills, except that he has to pay for them? Afternoon tea and a missionary meeting form another painful combination; one cannot help thinking of that famous tea-meeting when the Reverend Brother Stiggins was asked to oblige, and the elder Mr. Weller folded the shepherd himself, by the simple process of doubling him up. Afternoon tea and a scientific lecture are incongruous enough. But most painfully incongruous of all is the following invitation for a five o'clock gathering: "Mrs. — at home. To hear Miss — tell of Marie Bashkirtseff." Marie Bashkirtseff is dead, poor soul, leaving behind her one of the most mournful legacies that ever a woman left to the world, the most private history of her own wilful and wayward life. Surely we might be content with

what she has so freely given us. Is it seemly that a crowd of indifferent and unfeeling people should be asked to take their afternoon tea upon her grave? Are we ghouls, that we should do this thing?

Five o'clock tea was never intended to be a peg for an unwieldy social function; that is the hour of the day which one ought to give to one's friends, and not to society. Society should be satisfied with monopolizing the rest of the evening. There is no historical precedent for herding together at the tea-table. Mrs. Gamp, when she gave a tea-party, only invited one friend. Dr. Johnson, who loved tea, and would drink twenty-five cups at a sitting, does not appear to have committed these excesses in public. Alas! when one comes to consider the question, there is not much evidence one way or the other. The history of tea and tea-drinking has yet to be written. No poet has yet arisen to sing its praises, as Omar Khayyam or Anacreon sang the praise of wine. Dr. Johnson, who loved it not wisely but too well, has hardly a good word to say for it. Cibber can say no more than, "Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid." Not a very inviting description; the advertisements of cocoa are more full of poetic feeling. While as for the poet — was it Cowper? — who wrote of "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," he was not even original. Bishop Berkeley had already described that nauseous draught, his favorite tar-water, in those identical words. Here is an excellent opportunity for a poet of temperate convictions, to advance at once the cause of sobriety and his own reputation. Odes in favor of tea should have an immense success among certain members of the community. In the mean time, some of us who may not love it much, but who have at least an infinite respect for it, will "sometimes counsel take, and sometimes — tea," with our friends only.

SWEETS FOR THE HAREM.— According to the report of the Syndicate Chamber of the sweetmeat trade, France exports now but £100,000 worth of sweetmeats. England alone used to be her customer before the sugar bounties for considerably more than that sum each year, but she is now a rival in the European market. But she still takes a large quantity of acidulated sweets, and the other great customers of France are Russia,

Turkey, Egypt, and the United States. Spain only takes fondants and chocolate. Five-tenths of all the sweets exported go to Turkey and Egypt, to be eaten in harems. England has not yet acquired the art of making the fondants or of sugaring the chestnut, nor is she yet abreast of France in making the light cakes which serve as *entrées* *sacres* of diners, and which do not bear exportation.

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